

FYODOR MIKHAILOVICH DOSTOYEVSKY

THE POSSESSED (DEMONS)

CONSTANCE GARNETT

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Characters

Alexei Yegorovich, or Yegorych (no family name) Drozdov, Mavriky Nikolaevich (Maurice)

_____, Praskovya Ivanovna. (Drozdikha)

Erkel (no first name or patronymic)

Fyodor Fyodorovich, called 'Fedka the Convict' (no family name) Gaganov, Artemy Pavlovich

_____, Pavel Pavlovich

G____v, Anton Lavrentievich

Karmazinov, Semyon Yegorovich

Kirillov, Alexei Nilych

Lebyadkin, Ignat (patronymic 'Timofeevich' never used)

_____, Marya Timofeevna, or Timofevna

Liputin, Sergei Yegorovich (or Vasilyich)

Lyamshin (no first name or patronymic) Matryosha (no patronymic or family name) Semyon Yakovlevich (no family name)

Shatov, Darya Pavlovna (Dasha)

_____, Ivan Pavlovich (Shatushka)

_____, Marya Ignatievna (Marie)

Shigalyov (no first name or patronymic) Stavrogin, Nikolai Vsevolodovich (Nicolas) _____, Varvara Petrovna

Tikhon

Tolkachenko (no first name or patronymic) Tushin, Lizaveta Nikolaevna (Liza, Lise) Ulitin, Sofya Matveevna Verkhovensky,

Pyotr Stepanovich (Petrusha, Pierre)

_____, Stepan Trofimovich

Virginsky (no first name or patronymic)

_____, Arina Prokhorovna von Blum, Andrei Antonovich von Lembke, Andrei Antonovich (also called 'Lembka')

_____, Yulia Mikhailovna (Julie)

The name 'Stavrogin' comes from the Greek word *stavros*, meaning 'cross'. 'Shatov' comes from the Russian verb *shatat'sya*, 'to loosen, become unsteady, wobble', and, by extension, 'to waver, vacillate'. The name 'Verkhovensky' is rich in suggestions for the Russian ear: *verkh* means 'top, head, height'; *verkhovny* means 'chief, supreme'; *verkhovnstvo* means 'command, leadership'.

EPIGRAPH

Upon my life, the tracks have vanished,
We've lost our way, what shall we do?
It must be a demon's leading us
This way and that around the fields.
How many are there? Where have they flown
to? Why do they sing so plaintively?
Are they burying some household goblin?
Is it some witch's wedding day?

A. S. Pushkin, *Demons*

Now a large herd of swine was feeding there on the hillside; and they begged him to let them enter these. So he gave them leave. Then the demons came out of the man and entered the swine, and the herd rushed down the steep bank into the lake and were drowned.

When the herdsmen saw what had happened, they fled, and told it in the city and in the country. Then people went out to see what had happened, and they came to Jesus, and found the man from whom the demons had gone, sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind; and they were afraid. And those who had seen it told them how he who had been possessed with demons was healed.

Luke 8:32-36 (rsv)

PART I

01: Instead of an Introduction

A few details from the biography of the much esteemed Stepan Trofimovich Verkhovensky

I

In setting out to describe the recent and very strange events that took place in our town, hitherto not remarkable for anything, I am forced, for want of skill, to begin somewhat far back—namely, with some biographical details concerning the talented and much esteemed Stepan Trofimovich Verkhovensky. Let these details serve merely as an introduction to the chronicle presented here, while the story itself, which I am intending to relate, still lies ahead.

I will say straight off: Stepan Trofimovich constantly played a certain special and, so to speak, civic role among us, and loved this role to the point of passion—so much so that it even seems to me he would have been unable to live without it. Not that I equate him with a stage actor: God forbid, particularly as I happen to respect him. It could all have been a matter of habit, or, better, of a ceaseless and noble disposition, from childhood on, towards a pleasant dream of his beautiful civic stance. He was, for example, greatly

enamored of his position as a "persecuted" man and, so to speak, an "exile."^[1] There is a sort of classical luster to these two little words that seduced him once and for all, and, later raising him gradually in his own estimation over the course of so many years, brought him finally to some sort of pedestal, rather lofty and gratifying to his vanity. In a satirical English novel of the last century, a certain Gulliver, having returned from the land of the Lilliputians, where people were only some three inches tall, had grown so accustomed to considering himself a giant among them that even when walking in the streets of London, he could not help shouting at passers-by and carriages to move aside and take care that he not somehow crush them, imagining that he was still a giant and they were little. For which people laughed at him and abused him, and rude coachmen even struck the giant with their whips—but was that fair? What will habit not do to a man? Habit brought Stepan Trofimovich to much the same thing, but in a still more innocent and inoffensive form, if one may put it so, for he was a most excellent man.

I even think that towards the end he was forgotten by everyone everywhere; but it is by no means possible to say that he had been completely unknown earlier as well. It is unquestionable that he, too, belonged for a while to the famous pleiad of some renowned figures of our previous generation, and for a time—though only for one brief little moment—his name was uttered by many hurrying people of that day almost on a par with the names of Chaadaev, Belinsky, Granovsky, and Herzen, who was just beginning abroad.^[2] But Stepan Trofimovich's activity ended almost the moment it began—due, so to speak, to a "whirlwind of concurrent circumstances."

^[3] And just think! It turned out later that there had been not only no "whirlwind" but not even any "circumstances," at least not on that occasion. Just the other day I learned, to my great surprise, but now with perfect certainty, that Stepan Trofimovich had lived among us, in our province, not only not in exile, as we used to think, but that he had never even been under surveillance. Such, then, is the power of one's own imagination! He himself sincerely believed all his life that he was a cause of constant apprehension in certain spheres, that his steps were ceaselessly known and numbered, and that each of the three governors who succeeded one another over the past twenty years, in coming to rule our province, brought along a certain special and worrisome idea of him, inspired from above and before all, upon taking over the province. Had someone then convinced the most honest Stepan Trofimovich, on irrefutable evidence, that he had nothing at all to fear, he would no doubt have been offended. And yet he was such an intelligent man, such a gifted man, even, so to speak, a scholar—though as a scholar, however... well, in a word, he did very little as a scholar, nothing at all, apparently. But with scholars here in Russia that is ever and always the case.

He returned from abroad and shone briefly as a lecturer at the university back at the end of the forties. But he managed to give only a few lectures, apparently on the Arabians; he also managed to defend a brilliant thesis on the nearly emerged civic and Hanseatic importance of the German town of Hanau, in the period between 1413 and 1428,^[4] together with the peculiar and vague reasons why

that importance never took place. This thesis cleverly and painfully needled the Slavophiles^[5] of the day, and instantly gained him numerous and infuriated enemies among them. Later—though by then he had already lost his lectureship—he managed to publish (in revenge, so to speak, and to show them just whom they had lost), in a monthly and progressive journal, which translated Dickens and

preached George Sand,^[6] the beginning of a most profound study—having to do, apparently, with the reasons for the remarkable moral nobility of some knights in some epoch, or something of the sort. At any rate, some lofty and remarkably noble idea was upheld in it. Afterwards it was said that the sequel of the study was promptly forbidden, and that the progressive journal even suffered for having printed the first part. That could very well have happened, because what did not happen back then? But in the present case it is more likely that nothing happened, and that the author himself was too lazy to finish the study. And he stopped his lectures on the Arabians because someone (evidently from among his retrograde enemies) somehow intercepted a letter to someone giving an account of some "circumstances," as a result of which someone demanded some explanations from him. I do not know if it is true, but it was also asserted that in Petersburg at the same time they unearthed a vast anti-natural, anti-state society of some thirteen members which

all but shook the foundations. It was said that they supposedly intended to translate Fourier himself.^[7] As if by design, at the same time in Moscow they seized a poem by Stepan Trofimovich, written six years earlier in Berlin, in his first youth, which circulated in manuscript among two amateurs and one student. This poem is now also sitting in my desk drawer; I received it just last year, in a quite recent copy, handwritten by Stepan Trofimovich himself, with his inscription, and bound in magnificent red morocco. Incidentally, it is not lacking in poetry, or even in a certain talent; it is a strange piece, but in those days (that is, more precisely, in the thirties) that kind of thing was not uncommon. I find it difficult to give the plot, because to tell the truth I understand nothing of it. It is

^[8]
some sort of allegory, in lyrical-dramatic form, resembling the second part of Faust. The scene opens with a chorus of women, then a chorus of men, then of some powers, and it all ends with a chorus of souls that have not lived yet but would very much like to live a little. All these choruses sing about something very indefinite, mostly about somebody's curse, but with a tinge of higher humor. Then suddenly the scene changes and some sort of "Festival of Life" begins, in which even insects sing, a turtle appears with some sort of sacramental Latin words, and, if I remember, a mineral—that is, an altogether inanimate object—also gets to sing about something. Generally, everyone sings incessantly, and if they speak, they squabble somehow indefinitely, but again with a tinge of higher meaning. Finally, the scene changes again, and a wild place appears, where a civilized young man wanders among the rocks picking and sucking at some wild herbs, and when a fairy asks him why he is sucking these herbs, he responds that he feels an overabundance of life in himself, is seeking oblivion, and finds it in the juice of these herbs, but that his greatest desire is to lose his reason as quickly as possible (a perhaps superfluous desire). Suddenly a youth of indescribable beauty rides in on a black horse, followed by a terrible multitude of all the nations. The youth represents death, and all the nations yearn for it. Finally, in the very last scene, the Tower of Babel suddenly appears and some athletes finally finish building it with a song of new hope, and when they have built to the very top, the proprietor of, shall we say, Olympus flees in comical fashion, and quick-witted mankind takes over his place and at once begins a new life with a new perception of things. Well, this is the poem that was found so dangerous then. Last year I proposed to Stepan Trofimovich to publish it, in view of its perfect innocence nowadays, but he declined the proposal with obvious displeasure. My opinion as to its perfect innocence he did not like, and I even ascribe to it a certain coolness towards me on his part, which lasted for a whole two months. And just think! Suddenly, almost at the same time as I proposed publishing it here, our poem was published *there*—that is, abroad, in one of the revolutionary miscellanies, and absolutely without Stepan Trofimovich's knowledge. He was frightened at first, rushed to the governor, and wrote a most noble letter of vindication to Petersburg, read it to me twice, but did not send it, not knowing to whom to address it. In short, he was worried for a whole month; but I am convinced that in the hidden turnings of his heart he was remarkably flattered. He all but slept with the copy of the miscellany that had been sent to him, hid it under the mattress during the day, and even would not allow the woman to make his bed, and though he expected any day some telegram from somewhere, his look was haughty. No telegram came. And then he reconciled with me, which testifies to the extreme kindness of his gentle and unresentful heart.

II

I am by no means claiming that he never suffered at all; only I am now fully convinced that he could have gone on with his Arabians as much as he liked, if he had simply given the necessary explanations. But at the time he made a grand gesture, and with particular hastiness took care to convince himself once and for all that his career had been ruined for the whole of his life by a "whirlwind of circumstances." Though, if one were to tell the whole truth, the real reason for this change of career was a most delicate offer, made once before and now renewed by Varvara Petrovna Stavrogin, the wife of a lieutenant general and a woman of considerable wealth, to take upon himself the upbringing and the whole intellectual development of her only son, in the capacity of a superior pedagogue and friend, to say nothing of a splendid remuneration. This offer had first been made to him in Berlin, and precisely at the time when he had first been left a widower. His first wife was a flighty girl from our province whom he had married in his very first and still reckless youth, and it seems he suffered much grief from this—incidentally attractive—person, for lack of means to support her, and for other, somewhat delicate reasons as well. She died in Paris, having been separated from him for the previous three years, leaving him a five-year-old son, "the fruit of a first, joyful, and still unclouded love," as once escaped the sorrowing Stepan Trofimovich in my presence. The nestling was from the very start sent back to Russia, where he was brought up all the while in the hands of some distant aunts, somewhere in a remote corner. Stepan Trofimovich had declined Varvara Petrovna's offer at that time and quickly got married again, even before the year was out, to a taciturn little German woman from Berlin, and that, moreover, without any special need. But there turned out to be other reasons, besides, for declining the position of tutor: he was tempted by the then resounding glory of one unforgettable professor, and in his turn flew to the chair for which he had been preparing himself, to try out his own eagle's wings. And so now, with his wings singed, he naturally recalled the offer that had already once made him hesitate. The sudden death of his second wife, who did not live even a year with him, finally settled it all. I will say straight out: it was all resolved through Varvara Petrovna's fervent sympathy and precious, so to speak, classical friendship for him, if one may thus express oneself about friendship. He threw himself into the embrace of this friendship, and the thing got set for more than twenty years. I have used the expression "threw himself into the embrace," but God forbid that anyone should think anything idle and unwarranted; this embrace should be understood only in the highest moral sense. The most subtle and delicate bond united these two so remarkable beings forever.

The position of tutor was accepted also because the bit of an estate left by Stepan Trofimovich's first wife—a very small one—happened to be just next to Skvoreshniki, the splendid suburban estate of the Stavrogins in our province. Moreover, it was always possible, in the quiet of one's study and no longer distracted by the vastness of university employment, to dedicate oneself to the cause of learning and enrich the literature of one's fatherland with the most profound research. No research resulted; but what did result

instead was the possibility of standing for the rest of his life, for more than twenty years, as, so to speak, a "reproach incarnate" to his fatherland, to use the expression of a people's poet:^[9]

Reproach incarnate you did stand
Before the fatherland, a liberal idealist.

Perhaps the person of whom the people's poet so expressed himself did have the right to pose all his life in this vein, if he wanted, boring though it is. But our Stepan Trofimovich in truth was only an imitator compared with such persons; then, too, he used to get tired of standing and would often recline. But, even then, the incarnateness of the reproach was still preserved in that reclining position—the more so, speaking in all fairness, as even that was quite sufficient for our province. You should have seen him when he sat down to play cards in our club. His whole look seemed to say: "Cards! Me sit down to play whist with you! Is it compatible? Who must answer for it? Who broke up my activity and turned it into whist? Ah, perish Russia!" and he would trump majestically with a heart.

And to tell the truth he was terribly fond of a little game of cards, for which, especially of late, he had frequent and unpleasant skirmishes with Varvara Petrovna, the more so as he was forever losing. But of that later. I will merely note that he was even a man of tender conscience (sometimes, that is) and therefore often sorrowful. In the course of his twenty-year-long friendship with Varvara

Petrovna he used to fall regularly, three or four times a year, into a state known among us as "civic grief"^[10]—that is, simply a fit of spleen, but our much respected Varvara Petrovna liked the expression. Later on, besides civic grief, he also began falling into champagne; but the alert Varvara Petrovna guarded him all his life against all trivial inclinations. And he did need a nurse, because he would sometimes become quite strange: in the midst of the loftiest grief he would suddenly start laughing in a most plebeian manner. Moments came over him when he would start talking about himself in a humorous vein. And there was nothing Varvara Petrovna feared more than a humorous vein. This was a woman-classic, a woman-Maecenas, whose acts presupposed only the loftiest considerations. Supreme was the twenty-year-long influence of this lofty lady upon her poor friend. One ought to speak of her separately, and so I will.

III

There are strange friendships: two friends are almost ready to eat each other, they live like that all their lives, and yet they cannot part. Parting is even impossible: the friend who waxes capricious and breaks it off will be the first to fall sick and die, perhaps, if it should happen. I know positively that several times, occasionally even after his most intimate outpourings tête-à-tête with Varvara Petrovna, Stepan Trofimovich suddenly jumped up from the sofa when she had gone and started pounding the wall with his fists.

This occurred without a trace of allegory, so that once he even broke some plaster from the wall. Perhaps I shall be asked how I could have learned of such a fine detail. And what if I myself witnessed it? What if Stepan Trofimovich himself sobbed many a time on my shoulder while portraying in vivid colors all his innermost secrets? (And what, oh, what did he not tell me then!) But here is what almost always happened after such weepings: the very next day he would be ready to crucify himself for his ingratitude; he would hurriedly send for me, or come running to me himself, with the sole purpose of announcing to me that Varvara Petrovna was "an angel of honor and delicacy, while he was just the opposite." He not only came running to me, but he described it more than once to her in the most eloquent letters, and confessed, over his full signature, that no more than a day ago, for instance, he had been telling some outsider that she kept him out of vanity, that she envied his learning and talents, that she hated him and was only afraid to show her hatred openly for fear he would leave her and thereby damage her literary reputation; that he despised himself on account of that and had resolved to die a violent death, and was only waiting for a last word from her that would decide it all, and so on, and so on, in the same vein. You can imagine after that how hysterical the nervous outbursts of this most innocent of all fifty-year-old infants could become! I once read one of these letters, after some quarrel between them, venomously acted out, though the cause was a trifling one. I was horrified and implored him not to send the letter.

"Impossible... honor... duty ... I shall die if I do not confess everything to her, everything!" he answered all but deliriously, and he did send the letter.

And here lay the difference between them—Varvara Petrovna would never have sent such a letter. True, he loved writing to distraction, wrote to her even while living in the same house, and on hysterical occasions even two letters a day. I know positively that she always read these letters in a most attentive way, even in the event of two letters a day, and, having read them, lay them away in a special drawer, marked and sorted; what's more, she laid them up in her heart. Then, having kept her friend all day without an answer, she would meet him as if nothing had happened, as if nothing special had taken place the day before. She gradually drilled him so well that he himself did not dare to remind her of the previous day and only kept peeking into her eyes for some time. But she forgot nothing, and he sometimes forgot much too quickly, and, often that same day, encouraged by her composure, would laugh and frolic over the champagne, if friends stopped by. What venom there must have been in her eyes at those moments, yet he noticed nothing! Maybe after a week, or a month, or even half a year, at some special moment, having chanced to recall some expression from such a letter, and then the whole letter with all its circumstances, he would suddenly burn with shame, and suffered so much that he would come down with one of his attacks of cholera. These special attacks of his, resembling cholera, were on certain occasions the usual outcome of his nervous shocks and represented a certain rather interesting peculiarity of his organism.

Indeed, Varvara Petrovna undoubtedly and quite frequently hated him; but there was one thing he failed to notice in her to the very end, that for her he finally became her son, her creation, even, one might say, her invention, became flesh of her flesh, and that she maintained and sustained him not at all out of "envy of his talents" alone. And how insulted she must have been by such suppositions! Some unbearable love for him lay hidden in her, in the midst of constant hatred, jealousy, and contempt. She protected him from every speck of dust, fussed over him for twenty-two years, would lie awake whole nights from worry if his reputation as a

poet, scholar, or civic figure were in question. She invented him, and she was the first to believe in her invention. He was something like a sort of dream of hers... But for that she indeed demanded a lot of him, sometimes even slavery. And she was incredibly resentful. Here, incidentally, I will relate two anecdotes.

IV

Once, back in the time of the first rumors about the emancipation of the serfs,^[11] when the whole of Russia suddenly became exultant and all ready to be reborn, Varvara Petrovna was visited by a traveling Petersburg baron, a man with the highest connections and who stood quite close to these matters. Varvara Petrovna greatly valued such visits, because her connections with high society had grown weaker and weaker since her husband's death, and finally had ceased altogether. The baron stayed for an hour and had tea. No one else was there, but Varvara Petrovna invited Stepan Trofimovich and put him on display. The baron had even heard something about him before, or pretended he had, but he spoke little with him over tea. Of course, Stepan Trofimovich could not fall on his face, and his manners were most refined. Though his origins, it seems, were not high, it so happened that he had been brought up from a very early age in an aristocratic house in Moscow, and, therefore, decently; he spoke French like a Parisian. Thus the baron was to understand from the very first glance what sort of people Varvara Petrovna surrounded herself with, even in provincial seclusion. However, it did not turn out that way. When the baron positively confirmed the complete reliability of the first rumors then just spreading about the great reform, Stepan Trofimovich suddenly could not restrain himself and shouted "Hurrah!" and even made some sort of gesture with his hand signifying delight. His shout was not loud and was even elegant; it may even be that the delight was premeditated and the gesture was rehearsed on purpose in front of the mirror half an hour before tea; but something here must not have come out right, so that the baron allowed himself a little smile, though he at once, with remarkable courtesy, put in a phrase about the general and appropriate tender feeling of all Russian hearts in view of the great event. He left shortly after that and, as he was leaving, did not forget to hold out two fingers to Stepan Trofimovich as well. On returning to the drawing room, Varvara Petrovna remained silent for about three minutes, as if she were looking for something on the table; then she turned suddenly to Stepan Trofimovich, pale, her eyes flashing, and whispered through her teeth:

"I will never forgive you for that!"

The next day she met her friend as if nothing had happened; she never recalled the incident. But thirteen years later, at a tragic moment, she did recollect it, and she reproached him and became pale in just the same way as thirteen years before, when she had reproached him the first time. Only twice in her whole life did she say to him: "I will never forgive you for that!" The occasion with the baron was already the second occasion; the first occasion, for its part, was so characteristic and, it seems, had such significance in Stepan Trofimovich's destiny, that I am resolved to mention it as well.

It was the year 'fifty-five, in springtime, the month of May, just after news reached Skvoreshniki of the demise of Lieutenant General Stavrogin, a frivolous old man who had died of a stomach disorder on his way to the Crimea, where he was hastening on assignment to active duty. Varvara Petrovna was left a widow and clad herself in deep mourning. True, she could not have grieved very much, because for the last four years she had lived completely separately from her husband, owing to the dissimilarity of their characters, and had provided him with an allowance. (The lieutenant general himself had only a hundred and fifty souls and his salary, along with nobility and connections; all the wealth and Skvoreshniki belonged to Varvara Petrovna, the only daughter of a very rich tax farmer.) Nevertheless, she was shaken by the suddenness of the news and withdrew into complete seclusion. Of course, Stepan Trofimovich never left her side.

May was in full bloom; the evenings were remarkable. The bird cherry was blossoming. The two friends came together in the garden every evening and stayed until nightfall in the gazebo, pouring out their feelings and thoughts to each other. There were poetic moments. Under the effect of the change in her destiny, Varvara Petrovna talked more than usual. She seemed to be clinging to her friend's heart, and so it continued for several evenings. A strange thought suddenly dawned on Stepan Trofimovich: "Is the inconsolable widow not counting on him and expecting a proposal from him at the end of the year of mourning?" A cynical thought; but loftiness of constitution sometimes even fosters an inclination towards cynical thoughts, if only because of the versatility of one's development. He began to go more deeply into it and concluded that it did look that way. "True, it's an immense fortune," he pondered, "but. . ." Indeed, Varvara Petrovna in no way resembled a beauty: she was a tall, yellow, bony woman with an exceedingly long face recalling something horselike. Stepan Trofimovich hesitated more and more; he was tortured by doubts, and even shed a few tears now and then from indecision (he wept rather often). But in the evenings—that is, in the gazebo—his face somehow involuntarily began to express something capricious and mocking, something coquettish and at the same time haughty. This happens somehow inadvertently, involuntarily, and is all the more noticeable the nobler the person is. God knows how to judge here, but most likely nothing was awakening in Varvara Petrovna's heart that could fully have justified Stepan Trofimovich's suspicions. And she would not have exchanged her name of Stavrogin for his name, however glorious it might be. Perhaps it was only a feminine game on her part, the manifestation of an unconscious feminine need, so natural on certain extraordinary feminine occasions. However, I would not vouch for it; inscrutable even to this day are the depths of the feminine heart. But, to continue.

One may suppose that within herself she soon understood the strange expression on her friend's face; she was alert and observant, whereas he was sometimes too innocent. But the evenings went on as before, and the conversations were as poetic and interesting. And then once, as night was falling, after a most animated and poetic conversation, they parted in a friendly manner, warmly shaking hands at the porch of the cottage Stepan Trofimovich occupied. Every summer he moved from the huge manor house of Skvoreshniki to this little cottage which stood almost in the garden. He had just walked into his room and, having taken a cigar, before he managed to light it, troubled by thoughts, had stopped, weary and motionless, by the open window, observing some white clouds, light as down, gliding

past the bright crescent moon, when suddenly a faint rustle made him start and turn around. Varvara Petrovna, whom he had left only four minutes earlier, was again standing before him. Her yellow face was almost blue, her lips were pressed together and twitched at the corners. For a full ten seconds she looked silently into his eyes with a firm, implacable gaze, and then suddenly whispered rapidly:

"I will never forgive you for that!"

When, ten years later, Stepan Trofimovich told me this sad story in a whisper, having locked the door first, he swore he had been so dumbfounded then and there that he had not heard or seen how Varvara Petrovna disappeared. Since she never once alluded afterwards to what had taken place, and everything went on as if nothing had happened, he was inclined all his life to think it was just a hallucination before illness, all the more so as he actually did fall ill that same night for two whole weeks—which, incidentally, also put an end to the meetings in the gazebo.

But despite his fancy about the hallucination, he seemed every day of his life to be waiting for the sequel and, so to speak, the denouement of this event. He did not believe it could have ended just like that! And if so, what strange looks he must sometimes have given his friend.

V

She herself even invented a costume for him, in which he went about all his life. It was an elegant and characteristic costume: a long-skirted black frock coat, buttoned almost to the top, but with a dapper look; a soft hat (a straw one for summer) with a wide brim; a white batiste cravat with a big knot and hanging ends; a cane with a silver knob; and shoulder-length hair to go with it all. His hair was dark brown and only recently had begun to go a bit gray. He shaved his beard and moustache. He was said to have been extremely handsome as a young man. But, in my opinion, as an old man he was also remarkably imposing. And how old is fifty-three? Still, out of a certain civic coquetry, he not only did not try to look younger, but seemed to flaunt the solidity of his years, and in his costume, tall, lean, with hair falling to his shoulders, he resembled a patriarch, as it were, or, more precisely, the portrait of the poet

Kukolnik^[12] in a lithograph from some edition of the thirties, especially when he sat in the garden in summer, on a bench, under a flowering lilac bush, leaning with both hands on his cane, an open book beside him, poetically pondering the sunset. Speaking of books, I will note that towards the end he began somehow to withdraw from reading. That, however, was towards the very end. The newspapers and magazines Varvara Petrovna subscribed to in great numbers, he read constantly. He was also constantly interested in the successes of Russian literature, though without in the least losing his dignity. At some point he became involved in a study of the higher modern politics of our internal and external affairs, but soon abandoned the enterprise with a wave of the hand. And there was this, too: he would take Tocqueville with him to the garden, but with Paul de Kock tucked in his side pocket.^[13] That, however, is a trifle.

I will also note parenthetically about Kukolnik's portrait, that Varvara Petrovna had first chanced upon this picture while still a young girl at an upper-class boarding school in Moscow. She at once fell in love with the portrait, as is customary for all young girls in boarding schools, who fall in love with anything at all including their teachers, mainly of drawing and calligraphy. What is curious here is not the young girl's feelings, but that even at the age of fifty Varvara Petrovna still kept this picture among her most intimate treasures, so that perhaps only because of it had she invented a costume for Stepan Trofimovich somewhat resembling the one in the picture. But, of course, that is also a small thing.

For the first years, or, more precisely, for the first half of his residence at Varvara Petrovna's, Stepan Trofimovich still had thoughts of some sort of a work, and was seriously preparing every day to write it. But for the second half he must even have forgotten what it had all been about. More and more often he would say to us: "It seems I'm ready to work, the materials have all been collected, yet the work doesn't come! Nothing gets done!" And he would hang his head dejectedly. No doubt this was supposed to give him even more grandeur in our eyes as a martyr of learning; but he himself wanted something else. "I'm forgotten, no one needs me!" escaped him more than once. This intense spleen took particular hold of him at the end of the fifties. Varvara Petrovna finally understood that it was a serious matter. And she also could not bear the thought that her friend was forgotten and not needed. To distract him, and to patch up his fame at the same time, she then took him to Moscow, where she had a few refined literary and learned connections; but, as it turned out, Moscow was not satisfactory either.

It was a peculiar time; something new was beginning, quite unlike the former tranquillity, something quite strange, but felt everywhere, even in Skvoreshniki. Various rumors arrived. The facts were generally more or less known, but it was obvious that, besides the facts, certain accompanying ideas also appeared, and, what's more, in exceeding numbers. That was what was bewildering: there was no way to adapt and find out just exactly what these ideas meant. Varvara Petrovna, owing to the feminine makeup of her character, certainly wanted to suppose some secret in them. She herself began reading newspapers and magazines, prohibited foreign publications, and even the tracts that were beginning then (she had it all sent to her); but it only made her head spin. She started writing letters: the replies were few, and the longer it went on, the more incomprehensible they became. Stepan Trofimovich was solemnly invited to explain "all these ideas" to her once and for all; but she remained positively displeased with his explanations. Stepan Trofimovich's view of the general movement was scornful in the highest degree; with him it all came down to his being forgotten and not needed by anyone. Finally he, too, was remembered, first in foreign publications, as an exiled martyr, and immediately after that in

Petersburg, as a former star in a noted constellation; he was even compared for some reason with Radishchev.^[14] Then someone printed that he had died, and promised an obituary. Stepan Trofimovich instantly resurrected and reassumed his majesty. All the scornfulness of his views of his contemporaries dropped away at once, and a dream began burning in him: to join the movement and show his powers. Varvara Petrovna instantly believed again and in everything, and started bustling about terribly. It was decided that

they should go to Petersburg without the least delay, to find out everything in reality, to go into it all personally, and, if possible, to involve themselves wholly and undividedly in the new activity. Among other things, she announced that she was prepared to found her own magazine and dedicate her whole life to it from then on. Seeing it had even come to that, Stepan Trofimovich became more scornful than ever, and during the trip began treating Varvara Petrovna almost patronizingly, which she immediately laid up in her heart. However, she also had another quite important reason for going—namely, the renewal of her high connections. She needed as far as possible to remind the world of herself, or at least to make the attempt. And the avowed pretext for the trip was a meeting with her only son, who was then finishing his studies at a Petersburg lycée.

VI

They went and stayed in Petersburg for almost the whole winter season. By Lent, however, everything burst like an iridescent soap bubble. The dreams scattered, and the jumble not only was not clarified, but became even more repellent. First, the high connections all but failed, except perhaps in microscopic form, and with humiliating strain. The insulted Varvara Petrovna threw herself wholly into the "new ideas" and began holding evenings. She invited writers, and they were immediately brought to her in great numbers. Afterwards they took to coming on their own, without invitation, each one bringing another. Never before had she seen such writers. They were impossibly vain, but quite openly so, as if thereby fulfilling a duty. Some (though by no means all) even came drunk, but it was as if they perceived some special, just-yesterday-discovered beauty in it. They were all proud of something to the point of strangeness. It was written on all their faces that they had just discovered some extremely important secret. They were abusive, and considered it to their credit. It was rather difficult to find out precisely what they had written; but there were critics, novelists, playwrights, satirists, expositors among them. Stepan Trofimovich even penetrated their highest circle, the place from which the movement was directed. It was an immensely steep climb to reach the directors, but they met him cordially, though none of them, of course, knew or had heard anything about him except that he "represented an idea." He maneuvered among them so far that he even managed to invite them a couple of times to Varvara Petrovna's salon, despite all their olympianity. These were very serious and very polite people; they bore themselves well; the others were evidently afraid of them; but it was obvious that they had no time. Two or three former literary celebrities who then happened to be in Petersburg, and with whom Varvara Petrovna had long maintained the most refined relations, also came. But, to her surprise, these real and indisputable celebrities were meek as lambs, and some of them simply clung to all this new rabble and fawned on them shamefully. At first Stepan Trofimovich was in luck; they seized on him and began displaying him at public literary gatherings. When he came out on the platform for the first time as a reader at one of these public literary readings, there was a burst of wild applause that continued for about five minutes. He recalled it with tears nine years later—rather more because of his artistic nature than out of gratitude. "I swear to you and will wager," he himself said to me (but only to me, and as a secret), "that no one in that whole audience knew a blessed thing about me!" A remarkable confession: indeed he must have possessed keen intelligence if he could understand his position so clearly, right there on the platform, despite all his rapture; and indeed he must not have possessed very keen intelligence if even nine years later he could not recall it without feeling offended. He was made to sign two or three collective protests (against what, he himself did not know); he signed. Varvara Petrovna was also made to sign

^[15] some "outrageous act," and she signed. However, though the majority of these new people had been Varvara Petrovna's guests, they for some reason considered it their duty to look upon her with contempt and unconcealed derision. Stepan Trofimovich hinted to me afterwards, in bitter moments, that it was then that she had begun to envy him. Of course, she understood that she ought not to associate with these people, but still she received them avidly, with all of a woman's hysterical impatience, and, above all, kept expecting something. At her evenings she spoke little, though she could speak, but rather listened. They talked about the abolition of censorship, about spelling reform, about replacing Russian letters with Roman, about someone's exile the day before, about some scandal in the Passage, about the advantages of dividing Russia into a free federation of nationalities, about abolishing the army and navy, about restoring Poland up to the Dnieper, about peasant reform and tracts, about the abolition of inheritance, the family, children, and priests, about women's rights, about Kraevsky's house, for which no one would ever forgive Mr. Kraevsky, and so on and so forth.

^[16] It was clear that among this rabble of new people there were many swindlers, but it was also unquestionable that there were many honest and even quite attractive persons, despite certain nonetheless surprising nuances. The honest ones were far more incomprehensible than the rude and dishonest ones; but it was not clear who was making use of whom. When Varvara Petrovna announced her idea of publishing a magazine, still more people came flocking to her, but accusations also immediately flew in her face that she was a capitalist and an exploiter of labor. The unceremoniousness of the accusations was equaled only by their unexpectedness. The elderly general Ivan Ivanovich Drozdov, a former friend and fellow officer of the late general Stavrogin, a most worthy man (though in his own way), known to all of us here, extremely obstinate and irritable, who ate terribly much and was terribly afraid of atheism, began arguing at one of Varvara Petrovna's evenings with a famous young man. The latter said straight off: "Well, you're a general if you talk like that," meaning that he could not even find any worse abuse than a general. Ivan Ivanovich got extremely fired up: "Yes, sir, I am a general, a lieutenant general, and I've served my sovereign, and you, sir, are a brat and an atheist!" An impossible scandal took place. Next day the incident was exposed in the press and signatures were gathered under a collective letter against the "outrageous act" of Varvara Petrovna in not wishing to throw the general out at once. A caricature appeared in an illustrated magazine, caustically portraying Varvara Petrovna, the general, and Stepan Trofimovich together as three retrograde cronies; the picture was accompanied by some verses written by a people's poet solely for the occasion. I will add, for my part, that in fact many persons with the rank of general have the habit of saying ludicrously: "I have served my sovereign..." as if they did not have the same sovereign as the rest of us, the sovereign's ordinary subjects, but their own special one.

To remain any longer in Petersburg was, of course, impossible, the more so in that Stepan Trofimovich also suffered a final

fiasco. He could not help himself and started proclaiming the rights of art, and they started laughing at him all the louder. At his last reading he decided to employ civic eloquence, fancying he would touch people's hearts and counting on their respect for his "exile." He unquestioningly agreed that the word "fatherland" was useless and comical; he also agreed with the notion of the harmfulness of

religion; but he loudly and firmly proclaimed that boots are lower than Pushkin, even very much so.^[17] He was hissed so mercilessly that he burst into tears right there, publicly, before he even got off the platform. Varvara Petrovna brought him home more dead than

alive. "*On m'a traité comme un vieux bonnet de coton!*"^[ii] he babbled senselessly. She spent the whole night looking after him, gave him laurel water, and kept telling him until dawn: "You are still useful; you will still make your appearance; you will be appreciated... elsewhere."

The very next day, early in the morning, five writers called on Varvara Petrovna, three of them complete strangers whom she had never set eyes on before. They announced to her with stern faces that they had looked into the case of her magazine and had brought her their decision about it. Varvara Petrovna had decidedly never asked anyone to look into or decide anything about her magazine. The decision was that, after founding the magazine, she should at once turn it over to them, along with the capital, under the rights of a free co-operative; and she herself should leave for Skvoreshniki, and not forget to take along Stepan Trofimovich, "who was obsolete." From delicacy they agreed to acknowledge her right of ownership and to send her one sixth of the net income annually. Most touching of all was that, of these five people, four certainly had no mercenary motive, but were busying themselves only for the sake of the "common cause."

"We left as if in a daze," Stepan Trofimovich used to say. "I was unable to sort anything out and, I remember, kept muttering to the click-clack of the wheels:

Vek and Vek and Lev Kambek, Lev Kambek and Vek and Vek...^[18] and devil knows what else, all the way to Moscow. It was only in Moscow that I came to my senses—as if indeed I could have found anything different there! Oh, my friends," he sometimes exclaimed, inspired, "you cannot imagine what sorrow and anger seize one's whole soul when a great idea, which one has long and piously revered, is picked up by some bunglers and dragged into the street, to more fools like themselves, and one suddenly meets it in the flea market, unrecognizable, dirty, askew, absurdly presented, without proportion, without harmony, a toy for stupid children! No! It was not so in our day, that is not what we strove for. No, no, not that at all. I recognize nothing... Our day will come once more, and once more turn all this wavering, all this present, onto a firm path. Otherwise what will there be?..."

VII

Immediately after their return from Petersburg, Varvara Petrovna sent her friend abroad—to "rest"; besides, they needed to be apart for a time, so she felt. Stepan Trofimovich was delighted to go. "I shall resurrect there!" he kept exclaiming. "There I shall finally take up my studies!" But with his first letters from Berlin he struck his perennial note. "My heart is broken," he wrote to Varvara Petrovna. "I can forget nothing! Here in Berlin everything reminds me of the old days, of my past, my first raptures, and my first torments. Where is she? Where are they both? Where are you, my two angels, of whom I was never worthy? Where is my son, my beloved son? Where, finally, am I, I myself, my former self, strong as steel and unshakable as rock, while now some *Andrejeff*, *un*

Orthodox clown in a beard, *peut briser mon existence en deux*,"^[ii] etc., etc. As for Stepan Trofimovich's son, he had seen him only twice in his life, the first time when he was born, and the second time recently in Petersburg, where the young man was preparing to enter the university. The boy, as has already been mentioned, had been brought up all his life by his aunts (at Varvara Petrovna's keeping), in — province, five hundred miles from Skvoreshniki. And as for *Andrejeff*—that is, Andreev—he was simply one of our local merchants, a shopkeeper, a great eccentric, a self-taught archaeologist and passionate collector of Russian antiquities, who had occasional altercations with Stepan Trofimovich on learned matters, but above all to do with trends. This venerable merchant, with a gray beard and big silver spectacles, still owed Stepan Trofimovich four hundred roubles for the purchase of several acres of timber on his little estate (near Skvoreshniki). Though Varvara Petrovna lavishly provided her friend with means on sending him to Berlin, Stepan Trofimovich had still been counting especially on getting those four hundred roubles before he left, probably for his secret expenses, and nearly wept when *Andrejeff* asked him to wait a month—which, by the way, he had the right to do, since he had paid the first installment almost half a year ahead of time, because Stepan Trofimovich had had special need of it then. Varvara Petrovna read this first letter greedily and, having underlined in pencil the exclamation: "Where are you both?" dated it and locked it away in a box. He was, of course, recalling his two deceased wives. In the second letter that came from Berlin there was a variation in the tune: "I work twelve hours a day ["Or maybe just eleven," Varvara Petrovna grumbled], burrowing in the libraries, checking, taking notes, rushing about; have called on professors. Renewed my acquaintance with the excellent Dundasov family. How charming Nadezhda Nikolaevna is, even now! She sends her regards. Her young husband and all three nephews are in Berlin. In the evenings I converse

with the young people till dawn, and we have almost Athenian nights,^[19] though only in terms of refinement and elegance; it is all

quite noble: there is a lot of music, Spanish airs, dreams of universal renewal, the idea of eternal beauty, the Sistine Madonna,^[20] a light shot through with darkness, but then there are spots even on the sun! Oh, my friend, my noble, faithful friend! In my heart I am

with you and am yours, always with you alone, *en tout pays*, even *dans le pays de Makar et de ses vœux*,^[iii] of which you remember we so often spoke, trembling, in Petersburg, before our departure. I recall it with a smile. Having crossed the border, I felt myself safe—a strange, new feeling, the first time after so many years..." etc., etc.

"Well, it's all nonsense!" Varvara Petrovna decided, folding up this letter, too. "If it's Athenian nights until dawn, then he's not sitting twelve hours over books. Was he drunk when he wrote it, or what? This Dundasov woman, how dare she send me her regards? Oh, well, let him have a good time..."

The phrase "*dans le pays de Makar et de ses vœux*" meant: "where Makar never drove his calves."^[21] Stepan Trofimovich sometimes deliberately translated Russian proverbs and popular sayings into French in a most stupid way, though he undoubtedly understood and could have translated them better. He did it from a special sort of chic, and found it witty.

But his good time was not long. He did not hold out even four months, and came rushing back to Skvoreshniki. His last letters consisted of nothing but outpourings of the most tenderhearted love for his absent friend and were literally wet with the tears of separation. There are natures that become extremely attached to home, like lap-dogs. The reunion of the two friends was rapturous. In two days everything was back the old way, and even more boring than the old way. "My friend," Stepan Trofimovich told me two weeks later, as the greatest secret, "my friend, I've discovered something new and... terrible for me: *je suis un mere sponger et rien de*

^[iv]

plus! Mais r-r-rien de plus!"

VIII

Then came a lull which continued almost unbroken for all these nine years. Hysterical outbursts and weepings on my shoulder, which regularly recurred, did not hinder our prosperity in the least. I am surprised how it could have been that Stepan Trofimovich did not put on weight during that time. His nose only became a little redder, and he grew more benign. Gradually a circle of friends established itself around him, though a perpetually small one. Varvara Petrovna, who had little contact with this circle, was nevertheless acknowledged by us all as our patroness. After the Petersburg lesson, she settled herself permanently in our town; the winters she spent in her town house, and the summers on her suburban estate. Never before had she enjoyed so much importance and influence in our provincial society as during the last seven years, that is, right up to the appointment of our present governor. Our former governor, the mild and unforgettable Ivan Osipovich, was a close relation of hers and had once been the object of her benefactions. His wife trembled at the very thought of displeasing Varvara Petrovna, and the reverence of provincial society even went so far as to resemble something sinful. It was, consequently, good for Stepan Trofimovich as well. He was a member of the club, lost majestically at cards, and earned himself esteem, though many looked upon him as merely a "scholar." Later on, when Varvara Petrovna permitted him to live in a separate house, we felt even more free. We gathered at his place about twice a week; it used to get quite merry, especially when he was generous with the champagne. The wine came from the shop of that same Andreev. Varvara Petrovna paid the bill every six months, and the day of payment was almost always a day of cholera.

The most long-standing member of the circle was Liputin, a provincial official, no longer a young man, a great liberal and known around town as an atheist. He got married for the second time to a young and pretty woman, took her dowry, and had, besides, three adolescent daughters. He kept his whole family in fear of God and under lock and key, was exceedingly stingy, and had set aside a little house and some capital for himself from his service. He was a restless person, and of low rank besides, little respected in town, and not received in higher circles. Moreover, he was an undisguised gossip and had more than once been punished, and punished painfully, for it—once by some officer, and another time by a landowner, the respectable head of a family. But we loved his sharp wit, his inquisitiveness, his peculiar wicked gaiety. Varvara Petrovna did not like him, but somehow he was always able to get in good with her.

She also did not like Shatov, who became a member of the circle only in the last year. Shatov had been a student, but was expelled from the university after some student incident; as a child he had been Stepan Trofimovich's pupil, and he had been born Varvara Petrovna's serf, the son of her late valet Pavel Fyodorov, and had been the object of her benefactions. She disliked him for his pride and ingratitude, and simply could not forgive him for not coming to her at once after he was expelled from the university; on the contrary, he did not even reply to the letter she specially sent him then, and preferred putting himself in bondage to some civilized merchant as teacher of his children. He went abroad with this merchant's family, more as a baby-sitter than as a tutor; but at the time he wanted very much to go abroad. The children had a governess as well, a pert Russian girl who also joined the household just before their departure and was taken mainly for her cheapness. About two months later the merchant threw her out for "free thoughts." Shatov went trudging after her and soon married her in Geneva. They lived together for about three weeks, and then parted as free people not bound by anything; also, of course, because of poverty. For a long time afterwards he wandered around Europe alone, living God knows how; they say he shined shoes in the streets and worked as a stevedore in some port. Finally, about a year ago, he came back to his own nest here and stayed with an old aunt, whom he buried within a month. His communications with his sister Dasha, who was also Varvara Petrovna's ward and lived with her as her favorite on the most noble footing, were very rare and distant. With us he was perpetually glum and taciturn; but occasionally, when his convictions were touched upon, he became morbidly irritated and quite unrestrained in his language. "Shatov should be tied up before you try reasoning with him," Stepan Trofimovich sometimes joked; yet he loved him. Abroad, Shatov had radically changed some of his former socialist convictions and leaped to the opposite extreme. He was one of those ideal Russian beings who can suddenly be so struck by some strong idea that it seems to crush them then and there, sometimes even forever. They are never strong enough to master it, but they are passionate believers, and so their whole life afterwards is spent in some last writhings, as it were, under the stone that has fallen on them and already half crushed them. In appearance Shatov corresponded completely to his convictions: he was clumsy, blond, shaggy, short, with broad shoulders, thick lips, bushy, beetling white eyebrows, a scowling forehead, and unfriendly eyes stubbornly downcast and as if ashamed of something. There was this one lock of his hair that simply refused to lie flat and was eternally sticking up. He was twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old. "It no longer surprises me that his wife ran away from him," Varvara Petrovna once allowed, after studying him intently. He tried to dress neatly, despite his extreme poverty. He again refused to turn to Varvara Petrovna for help, but got by on whatever God sent him; he

also had some doings with shopkeepers. One time he sat in a shop; then he almost left altogether on a trading ship as a salesman's assistant, but fell ill just before the departure. It is hard to imagine what poverty he was able to endure without even giving it a thought. After his illness, Varvara Petrovna secretly and anonymously sent him a hundred roubles. He found out the secret, however, pondered, accepted the money, and went to Varvara Petrovna to thank her. She received him warmly, but here, too, he shamefully deceived her expectations: he sat for only five minutes, silent, staring dully at the floor and smiling stupidly, and suddenly, without letting her finish speaking and at the most interesting point of the conversation, got up, bowed somehow sideways, hulkily, dissolved in shame, incidentally brushed against her expensive inlaid worktable, which went crashing to the floor and broke, and walked out nearly dead from disgrace. Liputin later upbraided him strongly, not only for accepting the hundred roubles instead of rejecting them with contempt as coming from his former despot-landowner, but for dragging himself there to thank her on top of it. He lived solitarily on the outskirts of town, and did not like it when anyone, even one of us, stopped to see him. He regularly came to Stepan Trofimovich's evenings, and borrowed newspapers and books to read from him.

There was yet another young man who used to come to the evenings, a certain Virginsky, a local official, who bore some resemblance to Shatov, though he was also apparently his complete opposite in all respects; but he was a "family man" as well. A pathetic and extremely quiet young man, already about thirty, however, with considerable education, but mainly self-taught. He was poor, married, in the civil service, and supported his wife's sister and an aunt. His spouse and all the ladies were of the latest convictions, but with them it all came out somewhat crudely—here, precisely, was "an idea that ended up in the street," as Stepan Trofimovich put it once on a different occasion. They got everything out of books, and even at the first rumor from our progressive corners in the capital were prepared to throw anything whatsoever out the window, provided they were advised to throw it out. Madame Virginsky practiced the profession of midwife in our town; as a young girl, she had lived for a long time in Petersburg. Virginsky himself was a man of rare purity of heart, and rarely have I encountered a more honest flame of the soul. "Never, never shall I abandon these bright hopes," he used to say to me, his eyes shining.

Of these "bright hopes" he always spoke softly, with sweetness, in a half-whisper, as if secretly. He was quite tall but extremely skinny and narrow-shouldered, and had remarkably thin hair of a reddish hue. He bore meekly all of Stepan Trofimovich's scornful jibes at some of his opinions, and his objections to him were sometimes very serious and in many ways nonplussed him. Stepan Trofimovich treated him benignly, and generally took a fatherly attitude towards us all.

"You are all 'half-baked,'" he observed jokingly to Virginsky, "all your sort; though in you, Virginsky, I have not noticed that narrow-mindedness that I met with in Petersburg *chez ces séminaristes*,^{[v]/[22]} but still you're 'half-baked.' Shatov would very much prefer to have been fully baked, but he, too, is half-baked."

"And me?" asked Liputin.

"And you are simply the golden mean that will get along anywhere ... in your own fashion."

Liputin was offended.

It was told of Virginsky, unfortunately on quite good grounds, that his wife, after less than a year of lawful wedlock, suddenly announced to him that he was being retired and that she preferred Lebyadkin. This Lebyadkin, who was some sort of transient, later turned out to be a rather suspicious character, and was even not a retired captain at all, as he styled himself. He only knew how to twirl his moustaches, drink, and spout the most uncouth nonsense imaginable. The man quite indelicately moved in with them at once, being glad of another man's bread, ate and slept with them, and finally began treating the master of the house with condescension. It was asserted that when his wife announced his retirement, Virginsky said to her: "My friend, up to now I have only loved you, but now I respect you," but it is hardly possible that such an ancient Roman utterance was actually spoken; on the contrary, they say he wept and

sobbed.^[23] Once, about two weeks after his retirement, all of them, the whole "family," went to a grove in the countryside to have tea with friends. Virginsky was somehow feverishly merry and took part in the dancing; but suddenly and without any preliminary quarrel he seized the giant Lebyadkin—who was dancing a cancan solo - by the hair with both hands, bent him down, and began dragging him around with shrieks, shouts, and tears. The giant was so frightened that he did not even defend himself and hardly broke silence all the while he was being dragged around; but after the dragging he became offended with all the fervor of a noble man. Virginsky spent the whole night on his knees begging his wife's forgiveness; but forgiveness was not granted, since he still would not consent to go and apologize to Lebyadkin; he was denounced, besides, for paucity of convictions and stupidity—the latter because he knelt while talking with a woman. The captain soon vanished and reappeared in our town only quite recently, with his sister and with new purposes; but more will be said of him later. No wonder the poor "family man" needed our company to ease his heart. Though he never spoke of his domestic affairs with us. Only one time, as we were returning together from Stepan Trofimovich's, did he begin speaking remotely about his situation, but at once, seizing me by the hand, he exclaimed ardently:

"It's nothing; it's just a particular case; in no way, in no way will it hinder the 'common cause!'"

Chance guests used to visit our circle; a little Jew named Lyamshin used to come. Captain Kartuzov used to come. For a while we had a certain inquisitive old man, but he died. Liputin started bringing an exiled Polish priest named Slonzevsky, and for a time we received him on principle, but later we even stopped receiving him.

IX

For a while there was talk of us around town, that our circle was a hotbed of freethinking, depravity, and godlessness; and this rumor has always persisted. Yet what we had was only the most innocent, nice, perfectly Russian, jolly liberal chatter. "Higher liberalism" and the "higher liberal"—that is, a liberal without any aim—are possible only in Russia. Stepan Trofimovich, like any witty man, needed a listener, and, besides, he needed an awareness that he was fulfilling the high duty of the propaganda of ideas. And,

finally, one also needs someone to drink champagne with, over the wine exchanging jolly little thoughts of a certain sort about Russia and the "Russian spirit," about God in general and the "Russian God" in particular; for the hundredth time repeating scandalous Russian anecdotes known to everyone and repeated by everyone. We were not above local gossip either, and here sometimes reached the point of stern and highly moral verdicts. We also fell into general human things, sternly discussed the future destiny of Europe and of mankind, prophesied doctrinarily that after Caesarism France would fall at once to the level of a secondary state, which we were quite sure could come about terribly quickly and easily. For the Pope we had long ago prophesied the role of mere metropolitan in a united Italy, and were quite convinced that this whole thousand-year-old question was, in our age of humaneness, industry, and railroads, but a trifling matter. Indeed, "higher Russian liberalism" has no other way of treating things. Stepan Trofimovich sometimes used to speak about art, and rather well, too, though somewhat abstractly. He sometimes recalled the friends of his youth—all noted persons in the history of our development—recalled them with tenderness and reverence, but somewhat enviously, as it were. If things got too boring, the little Jew Lyamshin (a petty postal clerk), a good hand at the piano, would sit down to play, and in the intermissions would do mimics of a pig, a thunderstorm, a mother giving birth with the first cry of the baby, and so on and so forth; that was the sole reason for inviting him. If there was too much tippling—and it did happen, though not often—we would grow rapturous, and once even sang the "Marseillaise"^[24] in chorus to Lyamshin's accompaniment, though I do not know that it came out very well. The great day of February nineteenth^[25] we celebrated with raptures and even began emptying toasts in its honor way ahead of time. That was long, long ago when there was as yet no Shatov and no Virginsky, and Stepan Trofimovich still lived in the same house with Varvara Petrovna. Some time prior to the great day, Stepan Trofimovich took to muttering to himself the well-known though somewhat unnatural verses, written most likely by some former liberal landowner:

Peasants come, they're bringing axes, Something terrible will happen.

I believe it went something like that, I do not remember it literally. Varvara Petrovna overheard it once, shouted "Nonsense! Nonsense!" at him, and angrily walked out. Liputin, who happened to be present, remarked caustically to Stepan Trofimovich:

"What a pity if the former serfs get so joyful as to really cause some unpleasantness for their gentleman landowners."
And he drew his index finger across his throat.

"*Cher ami*," Stepan Trofimovich remarked to him good-humoredly, "believe me, *this*" (he repeated the gesture across his throat) "will be of no use whatsoever either to our landowners or to the rest of us in general. Even without heads, we will not be able to arrange anything, though it's our heads that hinder our understanding most of all."

I should note that many among us thought something extraordinary, such as Liputin predicted, would take place on the day of the proclamation, and they were all so-called knowers of the people and the state. It seems Stepan Trofimovich also shared these thoughts, so much so that almost on the eve of the great day he suddenly began asking Varvara Petrovna to let him go abroad; in short, he began to worry. But the great day went by, and more time went by, and the scornful smile again appeared on Stepan Trofimovich's lips. In our presence he gave utterance to several remarkable thoughts on the character of the Russian man in general and of the Russian peasant in particular.

"We, being hasty people, were in too great a hurry with our dear little peasants," he concluded his series of remarkable thoughts. "We brought them into fashion, and for several years in a row the whole literary sector fussed over them as over some newly discovered treasure. We placed laurels upon lousy heads. In all its thousand years, the Russian village has given us only the

'komarinsky.'^[27] A remarkable Russian poet, and one not wanting in wit, when he saw the great Rachel^[28] on stage for the first time, exclaimed in rapture: 'I'd never trade Rachel for a peasant!' I am prepared to go further: I will trade all Russian peasants for one Rachel.

It is time to take a more sober look and stop mixing our lumpish native tar with bouquet de l'impératrice."^[29]

Liputin agreed at once, but observed that for the moment it was still necessary to play the hypocrite and praise peasants for the sake of the trend; that even high-society ladies flooded themselves with tears reading Anton the Wretch,^[30] and some even wrote from Paris to their managers in Russia that henceforth they were to treat the peasants with all possible humaneness.

And, as if by design, just after the rumors about Anton Petrov,^[31] it so happened that in our province, too, and only ten miles from Skvoreshniki, a certain misunderstanding occurred, so that in the heat of the moment troops had to be sent. This time Stepan Trofimovich became so excited that he even frightened us. He shouted in the club that more troops were needed, that they should be summoned by telegraph from another district; he ran to the governor and assured him that he had nothing to do with it, begged that he not be somehow mixed up in the affair by force of habit, and suggested that his statement be communicated at once to the proper quarters in Petersburg. It was good that it all passed quickly and ended in nothing; but at the time I simply marveled at Stepan Trofimovich.

About three years later, as everyone knows, there began to be talk of nationhood, and "public opinion" was born. Stepan Trofimovich had a good laugh.

"My friends," he would instruct us, "if our nationhood has indeed been 'born,' as they assure us nowadays in the newspapers, it is still sitting at school, in some German Peterschule,^[32] over a German book, grinding out its eternal German lesson, and its German teacher makes it go on its knees when necessary. All praise to the German teacher; but most likely nothing has happened, and nothing of the sort has been born, and everything is still going on as before, that is, by the grace of God. In my opinion, that should be enough

for Russia, pour notre sainte Russie.^[vi] Besides, all these panslavisms and nationhoods—it's all too old to be new. Nationhood, if you like, has never appeared among us otherwise than as a gentlemen's clubroom fancy—a Moscow one at that! To be sure, I'm not talking about Igor's time.^[33] And, finally, it all comes of idleness. With us everything comes of idleness, even what is fine and good. It all

comes of our dear, cultivated, whimsical, gentlemanly idleness. I've been repeating it for thirty thousand years. We are unable to live by our own labor. And what is all this fuss nowadays about some public opinion being 'born'—did it just drop from the sky, suddenly, for no rhyme or reason? Don't they understand that in order to acquire an opinion what is needed first of all is labor, one's own labor, one's own initiative and experience! Nothing can ever be acquired gratis. If we labor, we shall have our own opinion. And since we shall never labor, those who have been working for us all along will have the opinion instead—that is, Europe again, the Germans again, our teachers from two hundred years back. Besides, Russia is too great a misunderstanding for us to resolve ourselves, without the Germans and without labor. For twenty years now I've been ringing the alarm and calling to labor! I've given my life to this call, and—madman—I believed! Now I no longer believe, but I still ring and shall go on ringing to the end, to my grave; I shall pull on the rope until the bells ring for my funeral!"

Alas, we simply yessed him! We applauded our teacher, and with what ardor! But after all, gentlemen, even now do we not at times hear all around us the same "dear," "intelligent," "liberal" old Russian nonsense?

Our teacher believed in God. "I do not understand why everyone here makes me out to be a godless man," he used to say occasionally. "I believe in God, mais distinguons, ^[vii] I believe as in a being who is conscious of himself in me. Why, I cannot go believing like my Nastasya" (the servingwoman) "or like some grand sir who believes 'just in case'—or like our dear Shatov—but, no, Shatov doesn't count, Shatov believes perforce, like a Moscow Slavophil. So far as Christianity is concerned, for all my sincere respect for it, I am not a Christian. I am rather an ancient pagan, like the great Goethe, ^[34] or like an ancient Greek. Take this one thing alone, ^[35] that Christianity has never understood woman—as has been so splendidly developed by George Sand in one of her brilliant novels.

As for the bowings, the fasts, and the rest of it, I do not see why anyone should care about me. However our informers may bustle about here, I have no wish to become a Jesuit. In the year 'forty-seven Belinsky, while abroad, sent his famous letter in Gogol, in which he hotly reproached him with believing 'in some sort of God.' ^[36] Entre nous soit dit, ^[viii] I can imagine nothing more comical than the moment when Gogol (the Gogol of that time!) read this expression and... the whole letter! But, ridiculousness aside, since I still agree with the essence of the matter, I will point to them and proclaim: These were men! They knew how to love their people, they knew how to suffer for them, they knew how to sacrifice everything for them, and they knew at the same time how to disagree with them when necessary, not to indulge them in certain notions. Indeed, Belinsky could hardly seek salvation in Lenten oil or turnips and peas! ..."

But here Shatov would interrupt.

"These men of yours never loved the people, never suffered for them or sacrificed anything for them, no matter what they themselves imagined for their own good pleasure!" he growled gloomily, looking down and turning impatiently on his chair.

"Never loved the people, did they!" Stepan Trofimovich yelled. "Oh, how they loved Russia!"

"Neither Russia nor the people!" Shatov also yelled, flashing his eyes. "One cannot love what one does not know, and they understood nothing about the Russian people! All of them, and you along with them, turned a blind eye and overlooked the Russian people, and Belinsky especially; it's clear in that same letter to Gogol. Belinsky was just like Krylov's Inquisitive Man, ^[37] who didn't notice the elephant in the museum, but gave all his attention to French socialist bugs; and that's where he ended up. Yet he was maybe more intelligent than all of you! Not only have you overlooked the people—you have treated them with loathsome contempt, which is enough to say that by people you meant only the French people, and even then only the Parisians, and were ashamed that the Russian people are not like them. And this is the naked truth! And those who have no people, have no God! You may be sure that all those who cease to understand their people and lose their connection with them, at once, in the same measure, also lose the faith of their fathers, and become either atheists or indifferent. It's right, what I'm saying! The fact will be borne out. That is why all of you, and all of us now, are either vile atheists or indifferent, depraved trash, and nothing more! And you, too, Stepan Trofimovich, I do not exclude you in the least, I've even said it on your account, be it known to you!"

Usually, after delivering such a monologue (and this often happened with him), Shatov would seize his cap and rush to the door, completely certain that it was all over now and that he had broken his friendly relations with Stepan Trofimovich utterly and forever. But the latter always managed to stop him in time.

"Why not make peace, Shatov, after all these nice little words?" he would say, offering his hand good-naturedly from his chair.

Clumsy but bashful Shatov did not like tendernesses. On the surface he was a crude man, but inwardly, it seems, a most delicate one. Though he often lost his sense of measure, he was the first to suffer for it. Having growled something under his nose to Stepan Trofimovich's appeal, and shuffling in place like a bear, he would suddenly grin, lay his cap aside, and sit down in his former chair, stubbornly staring at the ground. Of course, wine would be brought out, and Stepan Trofimovich would pronounce some appropriate toast—say, for example, to the memory of one of the old activists.

02: Prince Harry - Matchmaking

I

There was one other person on earth to whom Varvara Petrovna was attached no less than to Stepan Trofimovich—her only son, Nikolai Vsevolodovich Stavrogin. It was for him that Stepan Trofimovich had been invited as a tutor. The boy was then about eight years old, and the frivolous General Stavrogin, his father, was at the time already living separately from his mama, so that the child grew up in her care alone. One must do Stepan Trofimovich justice: he knew how to win his pupil over. The whole secret lay in his being a child himself. I was not around then, and he was constantly in need of a true friend. He did not hesitate to make a friend of such a small being, once he had grown up a bit. It somehow came about naturally that there was not the least distance between them. More than once he awakened his tenor eleven-year-old friend at night only to pour out his injured feelings in tears before him, or to reveal some domestic secret to him, not noticing that this was altogether inadmissible. They used to throw themselves into each other's embrace and weep. The boy knew that his mother loved him very much, but he hardly had much love for her. She spoke little to him, rarely hindered him in anything, but he always somehow morbidly felt her eyes fixed upon him, watching him. However, in the whole business of education and moral development, his mother fully trusted Stepan Trofimovich. She still fully believed in him then. One may suppose that the pedagogue somewhat unsettled his pupil's nerves. When he was taken to the lycée in his sixteenth year, he was puny and pale, strangely quiet and pensive. (Later on he was distinguished by his extraordinary physical strength.) One may also suppose that when the friends wept, throwing themselves into their mutual embrace at night, it was not always over some little domestic anecdotes. Stepan Trofimovich managed to touch the deepest strings in his friend's heart and to call forth in him the first, still uncertain sensation of that age-old, sacred anguish which the chosen soul, having once tasted and known it, will never exchange for any cheap satisfaction. (There are lovers of this anguish who cherish it more than the most radical satisfaction, if that were even possible.) But in any event it was good that the youngling and the mentor, though none too soon, were parted in different directions.

For the first two years the young man came home from the lycée for vacations. While Varvara Petrovna and Stepan Trofimovich were in Petersburg, he was sometimes present at his mother's literary evenings, listening and observing. He spoke little, and was quiet and shy as before. He treated Stepan Trofimovich with the former tender attentiveness, but now somehow more reservedly: he obviously refrained from talking with him about lofty subjects or memories of the past. In accordance with his mama's wish, after completing his studies he entered military service and was soon enrolled in one of the most distinguished regiments of the Horse Guard. He did not come to show himself to his mama in his uniform and now rarely wrote from Petersburg. Varvara Petrovna sent him money without stint, in spite of the fact that the income from her estates fell so much after the reform that at first she did not get even half of her former income. However, through long economy she had saved up a certain not exactly small sum. She was very interested in her son's successes in Petersburg high society. The young officer, rich and with expectations, succeeded where she had not. He renewed acquaintances of which she could no longer even dream, and was received everywhere with great pleasure. But very soon rather strange rumors began to reach Varvara Petrovna: the young man, somehow madly and suddenly, started leading a wild life. Not that he gambled or drank too much; there was only talk of some savage unbridledness, of some people being run over by horses, of some beastly behavior towards a lady of good society with whom he had had a liaison and whom he afterwards publicly insulted. There was something even too frankly dirty about this affair. It was added, furthermore, that he was some sort of swashbuckler, that he picked on people and insulted them for the pleasure of it. Varvara Petrovna was worried and anguished. Stepan Trofimovich assured her that these were merely the first stormy impulses of an overabundant constitution, that the sea would grow calm, and that it all

resembled Shakespeare's description of the youth of Prince Harry, carousing with Falstaff, Poins, and Mistress Quickly. ^[38] This time Varvara Petrovna did not shout "Nonsense, nonsense!" as it had lately become her habit to shout quite often at Stepan Trofimovich, but, on the contrary, paid great heed to him, asked him to explain in more detail, herself took Shakespeare and read the immortal chronicle with extreme attention. But the chronicle did not calm her down, nor did she find all that much resemblance. She waited feverishly for answers to certain of her letters. The answers were not slow in coming; soon the fatal news was received that Prince Harry had almost simultaneously fought two duels, was entirely to blame for both of them, had killed one of his opponents on the spot and crippled the other, and as a consequence of such deeds had been brought to trial. The affair ended with his being broken to the ranks, stripped of his rights, and exiled to service in one of the infantry regiments, and even that only by special favor.

In the year 'sixty-three he somehow managed to distinguish himself; he was awarded a little cross, promoted to noncommissioned officer, and then, somehow quite soon, to officer. Throughout this time Varvara Petrovna had sent perhaps as many as a hundred letters to the capital with requests and pleas. She allowed herself to be somewhat humiliated in so extraordinary a case. After his promotion, the young man suddenly retired, once again did not come to Skvoreshniki, and stopped writing to his mother altogether. It was learned in some roundabout way that he was back in Petersburg, but was not seen at all in the former society; he seemed to have hidden somewhere. It was discovered that he was living in some strange company, had become associated with some castoffs of the Petersburg populace, with some down-at-the-heel officials, retired military men who nobly begged for alms, drunkards, that he visited their dirty families, spent days and nights in dark slums and God knows what corners, that he had gone to seed, gone ragged, and that he apparently liked it. He did not ask money of his mother; he had his little estate—a former village of General Stavrogin's, which did bring at least some income and which, according to rumors, he had rented out to a German from Saxony. At last his mother begged a

visit out of him, and Prince Harry appeared in our town. It was then that I first had a close look at him, for before then I had never seen him.

He was a very handsome young man, about twenty-five years old, and I confess I found him striking. I expected to see some dirty ragamuffin, wasted away from depravity and stinking of vodka. On the contrary, this was the most elegant gentleman of any I had ever happened to meet, extremely well dressed, of a behavior such as is to be found only in a gentleman accustomed to the most refined decorum. I was not alone in my surprise: the whole town was surprised, having already been informed, of course, of the whole of Mr. Stavrogin's biography, and even in such detail that it was impossible to imagine where it could have come from, and, what is most surprising, half of which turned out to be true. All our ladies lost their minds over the new visitor. They were sharply divided into two parties—one party adored him, the other hated him to the point of blood vengeance; but both lost their minds. Some were especially fascinated by the possibility of some fatal mystery in his soul; others positively liked his being a killer. It also turned out that he was quite well educated, and even rather knowledgeable. Of course, it did not take much knowledge to surprise us; but he could reason about vital and rather interesting issues as well, and, what was most precious, with remarkable reasonableness. I will mention as an oddity that everyone here, almost from the very first day, found him to be an extremely reasonable man. He was not very talkative, was elegant without exquisiteness, surprisingly modest, and at the same time bold and confident like no one else among us. Our dandies looked at him with envy and were totally eclipsed in his presence. I was also struck by his face: his hair was somehow too black, his light eyes were somehow too calm and clear, his complexion was somehow too delicate and white, his color somehow too bright and clean, his teeth like pearls, his lips like coral—the very image of beauty, it would seem, and at the same time repulsive, as it were. People said his face resembled a mask; however, they said much else as well, about his great physical strength, among other things. He was almost a tall man. Varvara Petrovna looked at him with pride, but also with constant uneasiness. He spent about half a year with us—listless, quiet, rather morose; he appeared in society and observed all our provincial etiquette with unswerving attention. He was related to our governor through his father, and was received in his house as a close relative. But several months passed, and the beast suddenly showed its claws.

By the way, I will note parenthetically that dear, mild Ivan Osipovich, our former governor, had something of the woman about him, but was from a good and well-connected family—which explains how he could sit with us for so many years constantly brushing all business aside. With his openhandedness and hospitality he should have been a marshal of nobility of the good old days, and not a governor in such a worrisome time as ours. There was eternal talk in town that it was not he but Varvara Petrovna who ruled the province. It was caustically put, of course, but nonetheless decidedly a lie. And much wit was wasted among us on account of it. On the contrary, in recent years Varvara Petrovna had specifically and consciously withdrawn from any higher destiny, despite the extreme respect accorded her by the whole of society, and voluntarily confined herself within the strict limits she set for herself. Instead of a higher destiny, she suddenly turned to the management of her estate, and in two or three years brought its income up almost to the former level. Instead of the former poetic impulses (visits to Petersburg, plans for publishing a magazine, and so on), she started scrimping and saving. She even removed Stepan Trofimovich from herself, allowing him to rent an apartment in another house (which he himself, under various pretexts, had been pestering her to do for a long time). Stepan Trofimovich gradually began referring to her as a prosaic woman, or, even more jocularly, as his "prosaic friend." To be sure, he allowed himself such jokes not otherwise than in the most highly respectful form and after a long selection of the appropriate moment.

All of us who were close to them understood—and Stepan Trofimovich more sensitively than any of us—that her son appeared to her then as if in the guise of a new hope and even in the guise of some new dream. Her passion for her son dated from the time of his successes in Petersburg society, and had increased especially from the moment she received the news that he had been broken to the ranks. And yet she was obviously afraid of him and seemed like a slave before him. One could see that she was afraid of something indefinite, mysterious, which she herself would have been unable to explain, and oftentimes she studied Nicolas unobtrusively and attentively, pondering and puzzling over something... and then—the beast suddenly put out its claws.

II

Our prince suddenly, for no reason at all, committed two or three impossibly brazen acts upon various persons—that is, the main thing lay in their being so unheard-of, so utterly unlike anything else, so different from what is usually done, so paltry and adolescent, and devil knows why, with no pretext whatsoever. One of the most respectable senior members of our club, Pavel Pavlovich Gaganov, an elderly man and even a decorated one, had acquired the innocent habit of accompanying his every word with a passionately uttered: "No, sir, they won't lead me by the nose!" And so what. But one day in the club, when he uttered this aphorism at some heated moment to a small group of club guests gathered around him (none of them inconsequential), Nikolai Vsevolodovich, who was standing apart by himself and whom no one was addressing, suddenly came up to Pavel Pavlovich, seized his nose unexpectedly but firmly with two fingers, and managed to pull him two or three steps across the room. He could not have felt any anger towards Mr. Gaganov. One might think it was merely a childish prank, a most unpardonable one, of course; yet it was recounted later that at the very moment of the operation he was almost in a reverie, "just as if he had lost his mind"; but this was recalled and grasped long afterwards. At first, in the heat of the moment, everyone recalled only what happened next, by which time he certainly understood how things really were and not only did not become embarrassed but, on the contrary, smiled gaily and maliciously, "without the least repentance." There was a terrible uproar; he was surrounded. Nikolai Vsevolodovich kept turning and looking around, not answering anyone, gazing with curiosity at the exclaiming faces. At last he seemed suddenly to lapse into reverie again—so they said, at least—frowned, stepped firmly up to the insulted Pavel Pavlovich, and with obvious vexation muttered rapidly:

"Forgive me, of course ... I really don't know why I suddenly wanted... silly of me..."

The casualness of the apology amounted to a fresh insult. There was even more shouting. Nikolai Vsevolodovich shrugged and

walked out.

All this was very silly, to say nothing of its ugliness—a calculated and deliberate ugliness, as it seemed at first sight, and therefore constituting a deliberate and in the highest degree impudent affront to our entire society. And that is how everyone understood it. First of all, Mr. Stavrogin was immediately and unanimously expelled from membership in the club; then it was decided on behalf of the whole club to appeal to the governor and ask him at once (without waiting for the affair to be taken formally to court) to restrain the pernicious ruffian, the big-city "swashbuckler, through the administrative power entrusted to him, and thereby protect the peace of all decent circles in our town from pernicious encroachments." It was added with malicious innocence that "some law may perhaps be found even for Mr. Stavrogin." This phrase was prepared for the governor precisely in order to sting him on account of Varvara Petrovna. They delighted in smearing it around. As if by design, the governor happened to be out of town then; he had gone somewhere nearby to baptize the baby of a certain interesting and recent widow who had been left in a certain condition by her husband; but it was known that he would soon return. Meanwhile they arranged a real ovation for the esteemed and offended Pavel Pavlovich: they embraced and kissed him; the whole town came to call on him. They even planned a subscription dinner in his honor, and abandoned the idea only at his urgent request—perhaps realizing finally that the man had after all been dragged by the nose, and therefore there was no reason to be quite so triumphant.

And yet how had it happened? How could it have happened? The remarkable thing was precisely that no one in the whole town ascribed this wild act to madness. Which meant that they were inclined to expect such acts from Nikolai Vsevolodovich even when sane. For my own part, to this day I do not know how to explain it, even despite the event that soon followed, which seemed to explain everything and, apparently, to pacify everyone. I will also add that, four years later, to my cautious question concerning this past event in the club, Nikolai Vsevolodovich responded, frowning: "Yes, I was not quite well then." But there is no point in rushing ahead.

I also found curious the explosion of general hatred with which everyone here fell upon the "ruffian and big-city swashbuckler." They insisted on seeing an insolent deliberateness and calculated intention to insult our whole society at once. In truth, the man pleased no one and, on the contrary, got everyone up in arms—but how, one wonders? Until the last occasion, he had not once quarreled with anyone, or insulted anyone, and was as courteous as a gentleman in a fashion plate, if the latter were able to speak. I suppose he was hated for his pride. Even our ladies, who had begun with adoration, now cried against him still more loudly than the men.

Varvara Petrovna was terribly struck. She confessed later to Stepan Trofimovich that she had long been foreseeing it all, during that entire half year, every day, and even precisely "of that very sort"—a remarkable confession on the part of one's own mother. "It's begun!" she thought with a shudder. The next morning after the fatal evening in the club, she set out cautiously but resolutely to have a talk with her son, and yet the poor woman was all atremble despite her resolution. She had not slept all night and had even gone early in the morning to confer with Stepan Trofimovich and wept while she was there, which had never happened to her in public before. She wished that Nicolas would at least say something to her, at least deign to talk with her. Nicolas, always so courteous and respectful with his mother, listened to her for some time, scowling but very serious; suddenly he got up without a word of response, kissed her hand, and walked out. And that same day, in the evening, as if by design, there came another scandal which, though a bit more mild and ordinary than the first, nevertheless, owing to the general mood, considerably increased the town outcry.

Namely, our friend Liputin turned up. He called on Nikolai Vsevolodovich immediately after his talk with his mama, and earnestly requested the honor of his presence that same evening at a party on the occasion of his wife's birthday. Varvara Petrovna had long looked with a shudder at the low orientation of Nikolai Vsevolodovich's acquaintances, but never dared to remark on it. He had already struck up several other acquaintances in this third-rate stratum of our society, and even lower—but such was his inclination. However, he had not yet visited Liputin's house, though he had met Liputin himself. He realized that Liputin was inviting him as a result of the scandal in the club the day before, that as a local liberal he was delighted by the scandal, sincerely thought it was the proper way to treat senior club members, and that it was all very good. Nikolai Vsevolodovich laughed and promised to come.

Many guests assembled; they were unsightly but rollicksome people. The vain and jealous Liputin invited guests only twice a year, but on those occasions he did not stint. The most honored guest, Stepan Trofimovich, did not come for reason of illness. Tea was served; there was an abundance of appetizers and vodka; cards were being played at three tables, and while waiting for supper the young people started dancing to the piano. Nikolai Vsevolodovich chose Madame Liputin—a very pretty little lady, who was terribly shy of him—took two turns with her, sat down beside her, made her talk, made her laugh. Finally, after remarking on how pretty she was when she laughed, he suddenly put his arm around her waist, in front of all the guests, and kissed her on the lips, three times in a row, to the full of his heart's content. The poor frightened woman fainted. Nikolai Vsevolodovich took his hat, went up to her husband, who stood dumbstruck amid the general commotion, looked at him, became confused himself, muttered hastily "Don't be angry," and walked out. Liputin ran after him to the front hall, helped him into his fur coat with his own hands, and, bowing, saw him down the stairs. And the very next day there came a rather amusing addition to this, comparatively speaking, essentially innocent story—an addition which thereafter even brought Liputin a sort of honor, which he was able to exploit to his full advantage.

Around ten o'clock in the morning, Liputin's servant Agafya, a bold, pert, and red-cheeked wench of about thirty, appeared at Mrs. Stavrogin's house, sent by him with a message for Nikolai Vsevolodovich, saying she absolutely had "to see the master himself, ma'am." He had a very bad headache, but he came out. Varvara Petrovna managed to be present when the message was delivered.

"Sergei Vasilyich" (that is, Liputin), Agafya rattled out pertly, "asked me first of all to bring you his greetings and inquire about your health, sir, how you slept yesterday, and how you feel now after yesterday, sir."

Nikolai Vsevolodovich grinned.

"Bring him my greetings and thanks, and tell your master from me, Agafya, that he is the most intelligent man in the whole town."

"And he told me to answer you on that," Agafya picked up even more pertly, "that he knows it even without you, and he wishes you the same, sir."

"Well, now! And how could he have found out what I was going to tell you?"

"I really don't know what way he found out, sir, but when I'd left and was already at the other end of the lane, I heard him running after me without his cap, sir. 'Agafyushka,' he said, 'if it happens he says to you: 'Tell your master he's the smartest man in town,'"

then be sure to say at once: "We know that ver-ry well ourselves, and the same to you, sir..."

III

The talk with the governor also finally took place. Our dear, mild Ivan Osipovich had just returned and had just had time to hear the club's hot complaint. Without a doubt something had to be done, but he was perplexed. Our hospitable old man also seemed a bit afraid of his young relative. He decided, however, to persuade him to apologize to the club and to the offended man, but in satisfactory form, and if necessary even in writing, and then gently talk him into leaving us and going to Italy, say, for the interest of it, or generally somewhere abroad. In the reception room, where he came out this time to meet Nikolai Vsevolodovich (who on other occasions, as a relative, wandered freely all over the house), the well-bred Alyosha Telyatnikov, an official and also a familiar of the governor's house, was opening envelopes in the corner at a table; and in the next room, by the window nearest the door, a visitor had placed himself, a fat and healthy colonel, a friend and former colleague of Ivan Osipovich's, who was reading the *Voice*, paying no attention, of course, to what was going on in the reception room; he even sat with his back turned. Ivan Osipovich began in a roundabout way, almost in a whisper, but kept getting slightly confused. Nicolas had an ungracious look, not at all like a relative, was pale, sat staring at the floor, and listened with knitted brows, as if overcoming great pain.

"You have a kind heart, Nicolas, and a noble one," the old man included among other things, "you are quite an educated man, you have moved in the highest circles, and here, too, your behavior up to now has been exemplary and you have set at ease the heart of your mother, who is dear to us all. . . And now everything has again taken on a coloring so mysterious and dangerous for everyone! I speak as a friend of your family, as an elderly man who is your relative and loves you sincerely, in whom you can take no offense... Tell me, what prompts you to such unbridled acts, so beyond all convention and measure? What might be the meaning of such escapades, as if in delirium?"

Nicolas listened with vexation and impatience. Suddenly something as if sly and mocking flashed in his eyes.

"Perhaps I'll tell you what prompts me," he said sullenly, and, looking around, he leaned towards Ivan Osipovich's ear. The well-bred Alyosha Telyatnikov withdrew another three steps towards the window, and the colonel coughed over the *Voice*. Poor Ivan Osipovich hastily and trustfully offered his ear; he was an extremely curious man. And here something utterly impossible occurred, which, on the other hand, was all too clear in one respect. The old man suddenly felt that, instead of whispering some interesting secret to him, Nicolas had suddenly caught the upper part of his ear in his teeth and clamped it quite firmly. He trembled and his breath failed.

"Is this a joke, Nicolas?" he moaned mechanically, in a voice not his own.

Alyosha and the colonel had no time to realize anything; besides, they could not see and thought all along that the two were whispering to each other; and yet the old man's desperate face worried them. They looked goggle-eyed at each other, not knowing whether to rush to his assistance, as agreed, or to wait longer. Nicolas noticed it, perhaps, and bit harder on the ear.

"Nicolas! Nicolas!" the victim moaned again, "so... you've had your joke, that's enough..."

Another moment and the poor man would, of course, have died of fright; but the monster had mercy on him and released his ear. This whole mortal terror lasted a full minute, and after it the old man had a sort of fit. But half an hour later Nicolas was arrested and taken for the time being to the guardhouse, where he was locked in a separate cell with a separate guard at the door. The decision was a harsh one, but our mild superior was so angry that he decided to take the responsibility upon himself even in the face of Varvara Petrovna. To the general amazement, this lady, who arrived at the governor's in haste and displeasure for an immediate explanation, was turned away at the porch; whereupon, without getting out of the carriage, she went back home, hardly able to believe it herself.

And finally everything was explained! At two o'clock in the morning, the arrested man, who until then had been surprisingly quiet and had even fallen asleep, suddenly raised a clamor, began beating violently on the door with his fists, with unnatural force tore the iron grating from the little window in the door, broke the glass, and cut his hands all over. When the officer of the guard came running with a detachment of men and the keys and ordered the cell to be opened so as to fall upon the raging man and bind him, it turned out that he was in an acute state of brain fever. He was brought home to his mama. At once everything was explained. All three of our doctors gave the opinion that the sick man could already have been in delirium three days earlier, still in possession of consciousness and cunning, but not of common sense and will—which, by the way, was confirmed by the facts. Thus it turned out that Liputin had been the first to guess right. Ivan Osipovich, a delicate and sensitive man, was extremely embarrassed; but, curiously, that meant that he, too, considered Nikolai Vsevolodovich capable of any crazy act while in his right mind. In the club they were also ashamed and puzzled at how they had failed to notice the elephant and had missed the only possible explanation of all these wonders. Skeptics turned up as well, of course, but they did not hold out for long.

Nicolas spent more than two months in bed. A famous doctor was invited from Moscow for consultation; the whole town came to call on Varvara Petrovna. Forgiveness was granted. Towards spring, when Nicolas had completely recovered and had assented without any objections to his mother's proposal that he go to Italy, she also persuaded him to pay farewell visits to everyone and, while doing so, to make apologies as far as possible and wherever necessary. Nicolas assented quite readily. It became known in the club that he had a most delicate talk with Pavel Pavlovich Gaganov in his own home, which left the man perfectly satisfied. Going around on his visits, Nicolas was very serious, even somewhat gloomy. Everyone received him, apparently, with complete sympathy, but everyone was also embarrassed for some reason and glad that he was going to Italy. Ivan Osipovich even shed a tear, but for some reason did not dare to embrace him even at this final parting. Indeed, some among us remained convinced that the scoundrel was simply laughing at us all, and that his illness was beside the point. He also stopped by at Liputin's.

"Tell me," he asked him, "how could you guess beforehand what I was going to say about your intelligence, and provide Agafya with an answer?"

"I'll tell you how," laughed Liputin. "It's because I also regard you as an intelligent man, and therefore could divine your answer

beforehand."

"Still, it's a remarkable coincidence. Excuse me, however, but does it mean that you regarded me as an intelligent man and not a crazy one when you sent Agafya over?"

"As a most intelligent and reasonable man, and I only pretended to believe that you were not in your right mind ... And you immediately guessed my thoughts then and sent me a patent for my wit through Agafya."

"Well, there you're slightly mistaken. I really... wasn't well..." Nikolai Vsevolodovich muttered, frowning. "Bah!" he cried out, "do you really think I'm capable of throwing myself on people when I'm in my right mind? Why would I do that?"

Liputin cringed and was unable to answer. Nicolas became somewhat pale, or at least it seemed so to Liputin.

"In any case, you have a very amusing turn of mind," Nicolas continued, "and as for Agafya, I realize, of course, that you sent her to abuse me."

"Could I have challenged you to a duel, sir?"

"Ah, yes, right! I did hear something about your dislike of duels..."

"Why translate from the French!" Liputin cringed again.

"You adhere to native things?"

Liputin cringed even more.

"Hah, hah! What's this I see?" Nicolas cried out, suddenly noticing a volume of *Considérant* ^[39] in a most conspicuous place on the table. "Do you mean you're a Fourierist? Good for you! But isn't this also a translation from the French?" he laughed, tapping the book with his finger.

"No, it's not a translation from the French!" Liputin jumped up, even with some sort of spite. "It's a translation from the universal human language, sir, and not just from the French! From the language of the universally human social republic and harmony, that's what, sir! Not just from the French! ..."

"Pah, the devil, but there is no such language!" Nicolas went on laughing.

Sometimes even a little thing strikes one's attention exceptionally and for a long time. Though the whole main story about Mr. Stavrogin still lies ahead, I will note here, as a curiosity, that of all his impressions during all the time he spent in our town, the sharpest stamp was left in his memory by the homely and almost mean little figure of the little provincial official, the jealous husband and crude family despot, the miser and moneylender, who locked up candle ends and the leftovers from dinner, and who was at the same time a fierce sectarian of God knows what future "social harmony," who reveled by night in ecstasies over fantastic pictures of the future

phalanstery, ^[40] in the coming realization of which, in Russia and in our province, he believed as firmly as in his own existence. And that in a place where he himself had set aside "a little house," where he had married a second time and picked up a bit of cash as a dowry, where perhaps for a hundred miles around there was not a single person, beginning with himself, who even outwardly resembled a future member of the "universally all-human social republic and harmony."

"God knows how these people get made!" Nicolas thought in bewilderment, occasionally recalling the unexpected Fourierist.

IV

Our prince traveled for more than three years, so that he was almost forgotten in town. But we knew through Stepan Trofimovich that he had been all over Europe, had even gone to Egypt and stopped off at Jerusalem; then he had stuck himself onto some scientific expedition to Iceland and actually visited Iceland. It was also reported that during one winter he attended lectures at some German university. He seldom wrote to his mother—once in six months or even less often; but Varvara Petrovna was not angry or offended. She accepted the once-established relationship with her son submissively and without a murmur; but, of course, every day of those three years she worried about her Nicolas, pined for him, and dreamed of him continually. She did not tell anyone about her dreams or complaints. Apparently she even withdrew somewhat from Stepan Trofimovich. She formed some plans within herself and, it seemed, became even stingier than before, and began saving even more and getting all the more angry over Stepan Trofimovich's losses at cards.

Finally, in April of this year, she received a letter from Paris, from Praskovya Ivanovna, General Drozdov's widow and her childhood friend. In the letter Praskovya Ivanovna—whom Varvara Petrovna had not seen or corresponded with for about eight years—informed her that Nikolai Vsevolodovich had become a familiar of her house and was friends with Liza (her only daughter), and intended to accompany them to Switzerland in the summer, to Vernex-Montreux, despite the fact that he was received like a son and was almost living in the family of Count K. (quite an influential person in Petersburg), who was now staying in Paris. It was a brief letter and its object was perfectly clear, though apart from the above-mentioned facts it contained no conclusions. Varvara Petrovna did not think long, made her mind up instantly, got ready, took her ward Dasha (Shatov's sister) with her, and in the middle of April went off to Paris and then to Switzerland. She returned alone in July, having left Dasha with the Drozdovs; the Drozdovs themselves, according to the news she brought, promised to come to us at the end of August.

The Drozdovs were also landowners of our province, but the duties of General Ivan Ivanovich (a former friend of Varvara Petrovna's and a colleague of her husband's) constantly prevented them from ever visiting their magnificent estate. After the general's death, which occurred last year, the inconsolable Praskovya Ivanovna went abroad with her daughter, with the intention among other things of trying the grape cure, which she planned to undergo at Vernex-Montreux in the latter half of the summer. On her return to the fatherland she intended to settle in our province for good. She had a big house in town, which for many years had stood empty with its windows boarded up. They were rich people. Praskovya Ivanovna, Mrs. Tushin by her first marriage, was also, like her school friend Varvara Petrovna, the daughter of an old-time tax farmer and had also married with a very large dowry. The retired cavalry captain

Tushin was himself a man of means and of some ability. At his death he bequeathed a goodly capital to his seven-year-old and only daughter Liza. Now that Lizaveta Nikolaevna was about twenty-two, her own money could safely be reckoned at no less than 200,000 roubles, to say nothing of the fortune that would come to her in time from her mother, who had no children from her second marriage. Varvara Petrovna was apparently quite pleased with her trip. In her opinion, she had managed to come to a satisfactory understanding with Praskovya Ivanovna, and immediately upon her arrival she told everything to Stepan Trofimovich; she was even quite expansive with him, something which had not happened to her in a long time.

"Hurrah!" Stepan Trofimovich cried and snapped his fingers.

He was perfectly delighted, the more so as he had spent the whole time of separation from his friend being extremely dejected. She had not even said a proper good-bye to him as she was leaving, and did not mention any of her plans to "that old woman," fearing, perhaps, that he might blurt something out. She was angry with him then for the loss of a considerable sum at cards, which had suddenly been discovered. But while still in Switzerland she had felt in her heart that her abandoned friend should be rewarded on her return, the more so as she had long been treating him severely. The abrupt and mysterious separation struck and tormented the timid heart of Stepan Trofimovich, and, as if by design, other perplexities also came along at the same time.

He suffered over a certain rather considerable and long-standing financial obligation, which could by no means be met without Varvara Petrovna's help. Moreover, in May of this year came the end of our kindly, mild Ivan Osipovich's term as governor; he was replaced, and not without some unpleasantness. Then, in Varvara Petrovna's absence, the entrance of our new superior, Andrei Antonovich von Lembke, also took place; with that there at once began to be a noticeable change in the attitude of almost all our provincial society towards Varvara Petrovna, and, consequently, towards Stepan Trofimovich as well. At least he had already managed to gather a few unpleasant though valuable observations and, it seems, had grown very timid on his own without Varvara Petrovna. He had an alarming suspicion that the new governor had already received reports on him as a dangerous man. He learned positively that some of our ladies intended to stop calling on Varvara Petrovna. It was said repeatedly of the future governor's wife (who was expected here only in the autumn) that though she was, one heard, a haughty woman, at least she was a real aristocrat, not like "our wretched Varvara Petrovna." Everyone knew from somewhere, certainly and with details, that the new governor's wife and Varvara Petrovna had already met once in society and had parted in enmity, so that the mere reminder of Mrs. von Lembke supposedly produced a morbid impression on Varvara Petrovna. Varvara Petrovna's bright and victorious look, the contemptuous indifference with which she heard about the opinions of our ladies and the agitation in society, resurrected the fallen spirits of timid Stepan Trofimovich and cheered him up at once. With a special joyfully fawning humor he began to elaborate upon the new governor's arrival.

"You undoubtedly know, *excellente amie*," he spoke, drawing the words out fashionably and coquettishly, "what is meant by a Russian administrator, generally speaking, and what is meant by a new Russian administrator—that is, newly baked, newly installed...

Ces interminables mots russes! ^[ix] ... But it is unlikely that you can have learned in practice what administrative rapture means and what sort of thing it is!"

"Administrative rapture? I have no idea."

"That is... *Vous savez, chez nous...* *En un mot*, ^[x] set some utter nonentity to selling some paltry railroad tickets, and this nonentity will at once decide he has the right to look at you like Jupiter when you come to buy a ticket, *pour vous montrer son pouvoir*, ^[xi] 'Come,' he thinks, 'I'll show my power over you...' And it reaches the point of administrative rapture with them ... *En un mot*, I've just read that some beadle in one of our churches abroad—*mais c'est très curieux* ^[xii]—chased out, I mean literally chased out of the church, a wonderful English family, *les dames charmantes*, just before the start of the Lenten service—*vous savez ces chants et le livre de Job* ^[xiii]—on the sole pretext that 'it is not in order for foreigners to hang about in Russian churches and they should come at the proper time...' and he sent them all into a faint... This beadle was in a fit of administrative rapture *et il a montré son pouvoir* ^[xiv] . . ."

"Abbreviate if you can, Stepan Trofimovich."

"Mr. von Lembke is now touring the province. *En un mot*, this Andrei Antonovich, though he is a Russian German of Orthodox faith and even—I will grant him that—a remarkably handsome man, of the forty-year-old sort ..."

"Where did you get that he's a handsome man? He has sheep's eyes."

"In the highest degree. But, very well, I yield to the opinion of our ladies..."

"Let's move on, Stepan Trofimovich, I beg you! By the way, since when have you been wearing a red necktie?"

"I... only today..."

"And do you take your exercise? Do you go for a four-mile walk every day, as the doctor prescribed?"

"Not... not always."

"Just as I thought! I felt it even in Switzerland!" she cried irritably. "You are now going to walk not four but six miles a day! You've gone terribly to seed, terribly, ter-ri-bly! You're not just old, you're decrepit ... I was struck when I saw you today, in spite of

your red necktie ... *quelle idée rouge!* ^[xv] Go on about von Lembke, if there really is anything to say, but let it end somewhere, I beg you, I'm tired."

"*En un mot*, I merely wanted to say that he is one of those administrators who start out at the age of forty, who vegetate in insignificance until they're forty and then suddenly make their way by means of an unexpectedly acquired wife or by some other no less desperate means... That he is away now... that is, I mean to say that he at once had it whispered in both ears that I am a corrupter of youth and a fomenter of provincial atheism... He began making inquiries at once."

"Can it be true?"

"I've even taken measures. When it was 're-por-ted' that you 'ruled the province,' *vous savez*, ^[xvi] he allowed himself to say that

'such things will not continue.'"

"Is that what he said?"

"That 'such things will not continue,' and *avec cette morgue* ^[xvii] ... His spouse, Yulia Mikhailovna, we shall behold here at the end of August, direct from Petersburg."

"From abroad. I met her there."

"*Vraiment?*" ^[xviii]

"In Paris and in Switzerland. She's related to the Drozdovs."

"Related? What a remarkable coincidence! They say she's ambitious and... supposedly has good connections?"

"Nonsense! Nothing to speak of! She sat a spinster without a kopeck until she was forty-five, then she went and married her von Lembke, and now, of course, her whole goal is to pull him up. A pair of intriguers."

"And they say she's two years older than he is."

"Five. Her mother wore out the train of her dress on my doorstep in Moscow; she used to get herself invited to my balls out of charity when Vsevolod Nikolaevich was alive. And the girl used to sit alone in the corner all evening with a turquoise fly on her forehead, no one would dance with her, so when it got to be past two I'd take pity on her and send her her first partner. She was already twenty-five then, and they still took her out in short skirts like a schoolgirl. It became indecent to invite them."

"That fly, I can just see it!"

"I tell you, I arrived and stumbled right onto an intrigue. You've just read Drozdov's letter—what could be clearer? And what did I find? That fool Drozdov herself—she's never been anything but a fool— suddenly looked at me as if she were asking why I had come. You can imagine how surprised I was! I looked and there was this finagling Lembke woman, and this cousin with her, old Drozdov's nephew—it was all clear! Of course, I undid it all at once, and Praskovya is on my side again; but the intrigue, the intrigue!"

"Which you overcame, however! Oh, you Bismarck!" ^[41]

"Bismarck or not, I'm still able to see through falseness and stupidity when I meet them. Lembke is falseness, and Praskovya—stupidity. I've rarely met a more flaccid woman, and moreover her legs are swollen, and moreover she's kind. What could be stupider than someone who is stupid and kind?"

"The wicked kind, *ma bonne amie*, the wicked kind are even stupider," Stepan Trofimovich parried nobly.

"Perhaps you're right, but do you remember Liza?"

"*Charmante enfant!*" ^[xix]

"And no longer an *enfant* now, but a woman, and a woman of character. Noble and passionate, and what I love in her is that she stands up to her gullible fool of a mother. The whole story took place because of that cousin."

"Hah, but in fact he's not related to Lizaveta Nikolaevna at all... Does he have intentions or something?"

"You see, he's a young officer, very taciturn, even modest. I wish always to be just. It seems to me that he's against the whole intrigue himself and doesn't want anything, and the only finagler was Lembke. He had great respect for Nicolas. You understand, it all depends on Liza, but I left her on excellent terms with Nicolas, and he himself promised me that he would certainly come to us in November. So Lembke alone is intriguing here, and Praskovya is simply a blind woman. She suddenly told me that my suspicions were all a fantasy, and I told her to her face that she was a fool. I'm ready to repeat it at the Last Judgment. And if it weren't for Nicolas, who asked me to let it be for a while, I would never have gone away without exposing that false woman. She paid court to Count K. through Nicolas, she tried to come between a mother and her son. But Liza is on our side, and I came to an understanding with Praskovya. You know she's related to Karmazinov."

"Who? Madame von Lembke?"

"Why, yes. Distantly."

"Karmazinov, the novelist?"

"The writer, yes—why are you surprised? Of course, he considers himself great. A puffed-up creature! She'll bring him with her, and now she's fussing over him there. She intends to introduce something here, some sort of literary gatherings. He'll come for a month, he wants to sell his last estate here. I very nearly met him in Switzerland, not that I really wanted to. However, I hope he will deign to recognize me. In the old days he used to write me letters, he used to visit our house. I wish you were better dressed, Stepan Trofimovich; you're getting more slovenly by the day ... Oh, how you torment me! What are you reading now?"

"I... I..."

"I understand. Friends, drinking parties, club and cards, as usual— and the reputation of an atheist. I don't like this reputation, Stepan Trofimovich. I'd rather you weren't called an atheist, especially now. I've never liked it, in fact, because it's all just empty talk. It must finally be said."

"*Mais, ma chère ...*"

"Listen, Stepan Trofimovich, compared with you I am, of course, an ignoramus in all matters of learning, but on the way here I was thinking a lot about you. I've arrived at a conviction."

"And what is it?"

"It is that you and I alone are not smarter than everyone else in the world, but that some people are smarter than we are."

"Witty and apt. Some are smarter, meaning some are more right than we are, and therefore we, too, can be mistaken, isn't that so? *Mais, ma bonne amie*, suppose I am mistaken, but do I not have my all-human, all-time, and supreme right of free conscience? Do I not have the right not to be a bigot and a fanatic if I choose? And for that I shall naturally be hated by various gentlemen till the end of

time. *Et puis, comme on trouve toujours plus de moines que de raison*, ^[xx] and since I am in perfect agreement with that..."

"What? What did you say?"

"I said: *on trouve toujours plus de moines que de raison*, and since I am in..."

"That can't be yours; you must have gotten it somewhere."

"Pascal said it."^[42]

"Just as I thought ... it wasn't you! Why don't you ever say anything like that, so brief and so apt, instead of dragging it all out so? It's much better than what you said earlier about administrative rapture ..."

"*Ma foi, chère*"^[xxi] ... why? First, probably, because I'm not Pascal, after all, *et puis...* second, we Russians cannot say anything in our own language ... At least we haven't yet..."

"Hm. Perhaps that's not quite true. You ought at least to write down such words and remember them, you know, in the event of a conversation ... Ah, Stepan Trofimovich, on my way I thought of talking with you seriously, seriously!"

"*Chère, chère amie!*"

"Now that all these Lembkes, all these Karmazinovs... Oh, God, how you've gone to seed! Oh, how you torment me! ... I wished these people to feel respect for you, because they're not worth your finger, your little finger, and look how you carry yourself! What will they see? What am I going to show them? Instead of standing nobly as a witness, of continuing to be an example, you've surrounded yourself with some riffraff, you've acquired some impossible habits, you've grown decrepit, you cannot live without wine and cards, you read nothing but Paul de Kock, and you write nothing, while there they all write; you waste all your time on chatter. Is it possible, is it permissible to be friends with such riffraff as your inseparable Liputin?"

"But why *my* and why *inseparable*?" Stepan Trofimovich timidly protested.

"Where is he now?" Varvara Petrovna went on, sternly and sharply.

"He ... he has boundless respect for you, and has gone to S——k to collect his inheritance from his mother."

"Getting money seems to be the only thing he does. What about Shatov? Same as ever?"

"*Trascible, mais bon.*"

"I can't bear your Shatov; he's angry and thinks too much of himself!"

"How is Darya Pavlovna's health?"

"You mean Dasha? Why her all of a sudden?" Varvara Petrovna looked at him curiously. "She's well, I left her with the Drozdovs ... I heard something about your son in Switzerland, something bad, not good."

"*Oh, c'est une histoire bien bête! Je vous attendais, ma bonne amie, pour vous raconter...*"^[xxii]

"Enough, Stepan Trofimovich, let me rest; I'm exhausted. We'll have time to talk our fill, especially about bad things. You're beginning to splutter when you laugh—there's decrepitude for you! And how strangely you laugh now... God, you're so full of bad habits! Karmazinov will never come to call on you! And they're gleeful over everything here even without that... You've revealed yourself completely now. Well, enough, enough, I'm tired! You might finally spare a person!"

Stepan Trofimovich "spared a person," but he withdrew in perplexity.

V

Our friend had indeed acquired not a few bad habits, especially of late. He had visibly and rapidly gone to seed, and it was true that he had become slovenly. He drank more, grew more tearful and nervous; became overly sensitive to refinement. His face acquired a strange ability to change remarkably quickly, for instance, from the most solemn expression to the most ridiculous and even silly. He could not endure solitude and constantly longed for someone to entertain him at once. He had an absolute need for gossip, for some local anecdote, and it had to be new each day. If no one came for a long time, he wandered dejectedly about his rooms, went up to the windows, pensively chewed his lips, sighed deeply, and finally all but whimpered. He kept having presentiments of something, being afraid of something unexpected, inevitable; he became timorous; began paying great attention to his dreams.

He spent that whole day and evening in extreme dejection, sent for me, was very agitated, talked for a long time, narrated for a long time, but it was all quite incoherent. Varvara Petrovna had long known that he concealed nothing from me. It seemed to me, finally, that he was concerned about something particular, something that he perhaps could not imagine to himself. As a rule, when we were alone together and he began complaining to me, a little bottle was almost always brought out after a while, and things would become more heartening. This time there was no wine, and he obviously suppressed in himself the recurring desire to send for it.

"Why is she so angry all the time!" he complained every moment, like a child. "*Tous les hommes de génie et de progrès en Russie étaient, sont et seront toujours des card players et des drunkards qui boivent en zapoi*"^[xxiii] ... and I'm not such a card player and drunkard yet... She reproaches me, asks me why I don't write anything. Strange notion! ... And why am I lying down? You must stand

'as an example and a reproach,' she says. *Mais, entre nous soit dit,*^[xxiv] what else can a man destined to be a standing 'reproach' do but lie down—doesn't she see that?"

And finally the main, the particular anguish that was then tormenting him so persistently became clear to me. Many times that evening he went up to the mirror and stood before it for a long while. Finally, he turned from the mirror to me and said with some strange despair:

"*Mon cher, je suis un man gone to seed!*"

Yes, indeed, until then, until that very day, he had always remained certain of just one thing—namely, that despite all Varvara Petrovna's "new views" and "changes of ideas," he still had charms over her woman's heart, that is, not only as an exile or as a famous scholar, but also as a handsome man. For twenty years this flattering and comforting conviction had been rooted in him, and of all his

convictions it was perhaps the hardest to part with. Did he anticipate that evening what a colossal ordeal was being prepared for him in the nearest future?

VI

I will now set out to describe the somewhat amusing incident with which my chronicle really begins.

At the very end of August the Drozdovs finally returned. Their appearance slightly preceded the arrival of their relative, our new governor's wife, long expected by the whole town, and generally made a remarkable impression on society. But I will speak of these curious events later; now I will confine myself to the fact that Praskovya Ivanovna brought Varvara Petrovna, who was expecting her so impatiently, a most worrisome riddle: Nicolas had parted with them in July and, meeting Count K. on the Rhine, had gone to Petersburg with him and his family. (*N.B.* All three of the count's daughters were of marriageable age.)

"I could get nothing from Lizaveta because of her pride and her testiness," Praskovya Ivanovna concluded, "but I saw with my own eyes that something had happened between her and Nikolai Vsevolodovich. I do not know the reasons, my dear Varvara Petrovna, but it seems you will have to ask your Darya Pavlovna what the reasons were. I think Liza was offended. I'm only too glad to bring you your favorite at last and hand her over to you: to get her off my back."

These venomous words were spoken with extraordinary vexation. It was obvious that the "flaccid woman" had prepared them in advance and had relished their effect beforehand. But Varvara Petrovna was not one to be taken aback by sentimental effects and riddles. She sternly demanded the most precise and satisfactory explanations. Praskovya Ivanovna lowered her tone at once and even ended by bursting into tears and launching into the most friendly effusions. Like Stepan Trofimovich, this irritable but sentimental lady was in constant need of true friendship, and her chief complaint against her daughter Lizaveta Nikolaevna was precisely that "her daughter was not her friend."

But of all her explanations and effusions the only certainty turned out to be that some sort of a falling-out had indeed taken place between Liza and Nicolas, but what sort of falling-out—of this Praskovya Ivanovna was apparently unable to form any definite idea. As for the accusations she had brought against Darya Pavlovna, in the end she not only renounced them altogether, but even asked especially that her previous words not be given any importance because she had spoken them "in irritation." In short, everything was left rather vague, even suspicious. According to her account, the falling-out arose because of Liza's "testy and derisive" character, and "the proud Nikolai Vsevolodovich, though very much in love, could not endure her derision and became derisive himself."

"Shortly afterwards we made the acquaintance of a young man, the nephew of your 'professor,' I believe, and with the same last name..."

"His son, not his nephew," Varvara Petrovna corrected. Praskovya Ivanovna had never been able to remember Stepan Trofimovich's last name and always called him "professor."

"Well, his son, then, and so much the better; it's all the same to me. An ordinary young man, very lively and easygoing, but there's nothing to him. Well, here Liza herself behaved wrongly, she allowed the young man some closeness, intending to make Nikolai Vsevolodovich jealous. I don't condemn that too much: it's a girl's business, quite usual, even charming. Only instead of being jealous, Nikolai Vsevolodovich, on the contrary, became friendly with the young man himself, as if he didn't notice a thing, or as if it made no difference to him. Liza blew up at that. The young man soon left (he was in a great hurry to get somewhere), and Liza started picking on Nikolai Vsevolodovich at every opportunity. She noticed that he sometimes talked with Dasha and she began to get frantic, at which point, dearest, my life became impossible. The doctors forbade me to be irritated, and I was so sick from that much-vaunted lake of theirs, it gave me toothaches, and such rheumatism! They've even published somewhere that Lake Geneva causes toothaches, it has that property. And then Nikolai Vsevolodovich suddenly received a letter from the countess and left us at once, packed up in a day. They parted in a friendly way, and as she was seeing him off, Liza became very gay and carefree and laughed loudly all the time. Only it was all put on. He left, and she became very pensive, stopped mentioning him completely, and wouldn't let me. And I'd advise you, my dear Varvara Petrovna, not to bring up the subject with Liza, you will only make things worse. If you keep silent, she'll start talking with you first; then you'll learn more. I believe they'll get back together, if only Nikolai Vsevolodovich does not put off coming as he promised."

"I shall write to him at once. If that's how it was, it's just an empty falling-out; all nonsense! And I know Darya only too well. Nonsense!"

"About Dashenka I confess... my sin. They were just ordinary conversations, and aloud, too. But, dearest, it all upset me so at the time. And Liza herself became close to her again as affectionately as before, I saw it..."

That same day Varvara Petrovna wrote to Nicolas, begging him to come at least a month earlier than the time he had fixed. But for her there still remained something unclear and unknown in it. She spent the whole evening and the whole night thinking. Praskovya's opinion seemed too innocent and sentimental to her. "Praskovya has been too emotional all her life, ever since boarding school," she thought. "It's not like Nicolas to run away because of a girl's taunts. There's some other reason, if indeed there was a falling-out. That officer is here, however, they've brought him with them, and he's living in their house like a relative. And Praskovya confessed much too quickly about Darya; she must have left something out, something she didn't want to tell..."

By morning a project had ripened in Varvara Petrovna for putting an immediate end to at least one perplexity—a project remarkable for its unexpectedness. What was in her heart when she created it? It is difficult to say, and I will not undertake to explain beforehand all the contradictions that went into it. As a chronicler I limit myself simply to presenting events in an exact way, exactly as they occurred, and it is not my fault if they appear incredible. Nevertheless, I must testify once again that by morning she had no remaining suspicions about Dasha, and, in truth, there had been none to begin with—she was too sure of her. And she could not admit the idea that her Nicolas could take a fancy to her ... "Darya." In the morning, while Darya Pavlovna was pouring tea at the tea table,

Varvara Petrovna studied her long and fixedly and, perhaps for the twentieth time since the day before, said confidently to herself:

"It's all nonsense!"

She only noticed that Dasha looked somehow tired and that she was even quieter than before, even more apathetic. After tea, following a custom established once and for all, they both sat down to needlework. Varvara Petrovna told her to make a full report of her impressions abroad, mainly of nature, the inhabitants, the towns, their art and industry—everything she had managed to notice. Not one question about the Drozdovs or her life with the Drozdovs. Dasha, who was sitting next to her at the worktable helping her with some embroidery, had already been talking for about half an hour in her even, monotonous, but somewhat weak voice.

"Darya," Varvara Petrovna suddenly interrupted her, "is there anything special you wish to tell me?"

"No, nothing," Darya thought for a moment and looked at Varvara Petrovna with her light eyes.

"Nothing on your soul, on your heart, on your conscience?"

"Nothing," Dasha repeated softly, but with a sort of sullen firmness.

"So I thought! Believe me, Darya, I shall never have doubts of you. Now sit and listen. Come and sit on this chair, facing me, I want to see all of you. So. Listen—do you want to be married?"

Dasha responded with a long, questioning, though not too surprised look.

"Wait, don't speak. First of all there is a difference in age, a very great difference; but you know better than anyone what nonsense that is. You're a reasonable girl, and there should be no mistakes in your life. He is still a handsome man, by the way ... In short, Stepan Trofimovich, whom you have always respected. Well?"

Dasha looked even more questioningly, and this time was not only surprised, but even blushed visibly.

"Wait, don't speak, don't be hasty! You have money left to you in my will, but if I should die, what will become of you even with money? They will deceive you and take your money—well, and that's the end of you. But with him you will be the wife of a noted man. Now look at it from the other side: if I were to die now—even if I provide for him—what will become of him? But on you I can truly rely. Wait, I haven't finished: he is light-minded, a maunderer, cruel, an egoist, with base habits, but you will appreciate him, first of all, because there are much worse. I'm not trying to get you off my hands by marrying you to some scoundrel, you're not thinking that! And above all because I ask it of you, that's why you will appreciate him," she broke off irritably all of a sudden. "Do you hear? Why are you staring?"

Dasha listened and kept silent.

"Wait, one more thing. He's an old granny—but so much the better for you. A pitiful old granny, by the way; it's not worthwhile a woman's loving him. But it is worthwhile loving him for his defenselessness, and you will love him for his defenselessness. Do you understand me? Do you?"

Dasha nodded affirmatively.

"I just knew you would, I expected nothing less of you. He will love you, because he must, he must; he must adore you!" Varvara Petrovna shrieked with some peculiar irritation. "And in any case he will fall in love with you even without any duty, I know him. Besides, I will be here myself. Don't worry, I will always be here. He will start complaining about you, he will begin to slander you, he will whisper about you with the first person he meets, he will whine, whine eternally; he will write letters to you from one room to another, two letters a day, but still he won't be able to live without you, and that is the main thing. Make him obey; if you can't, you're a fool. He will want to hang himself, he will threaten to—don't believe him; it's just nonsense! Don't believe him, but still keep your ears pricked up; who knows, maybe he will: it does happen with his kind; they hang themselves not out of strength but out of weakness; so you must never push it to the last limit—that is the first rule of married life. Remember also that he is a poet. Listen, Darya: there is no higher happiness than to sacrifice yourself. Besides, you will give me great pleasure, and that is the main thing. Don't think I'm just blathering out of foolishness; I understand what I'm saying. I am an egoist, and you be an egoist, too. I'm not forcing you; it's all your will; as you say, so it shall be. Well, why are you sitting there? Say something!"

"It makes no difference to me, Varvara Petrovna, if it's necessary for me to be married," Dasha said firmly.

"Necessary? What are you hinting at?" Varvara Petrovna looked sternly and fixedly at her.

Dasha was silent, poking the needle into her embroidery.

"Though you're an intelligent girl, that's just blather. Though it's true that I've firmly decided to get you married now, it's not from necessity, but only because the thought occurred to me, and only because it's Stepan Trofimovich. If it weren't for Stepan Trofimovich, I wouldn't have thought of getting you married now, though you're already twenty years old... Well?"

"I'll do as you please, Varvara Petrovna."

"So you consent! Wait, don't speak, there's no rush, I haven't finished: in my will I've left you fifteen thousand roubles. I will hand them over to you at once, after the wedding. You will give him eight thousand—that is, not him, but me. He has a debt of eight thousand; I will pay it, but he should know that the money is yours. Seven thousand will remain in your hands; by no means give him a single rouble, ever. Never pay his debts. Once you pay, you'll never see the end of it. Anyway, I'll always be here. The two of you will receive an annual allowance of twelve hundred roubles, fifteen hundred with extras, besides room and board, which I will also provide, just as I do for him now. Only you will have to hire your own servants. I will give you your annual money all at once, right into your own hands. But be kind: give something to him, too, occasionally; and allow his friends to visit once a week, but if they come more often, chase them out. But I will be here myself. And if I die, your pension will not stop until his death, do you hear, only until *his* death, because it's his pension, not yours. And besides the seven thousand which you will have left intact, unless you're going to be stupid yourself, I will leave you another eight thousand in my will. And you will get nothing more from me; you should know that. Well, do you consent, eh? Will you finally say something?"

"I already did, Varvara Petrovna."

"Remember that it is entirely your will; as you wish, so it shall be."

"Only, forgive me, Varvara Petrovna, has Stepan Trofimovich said anything to you?"

"No, he has not said anything, he doesn't know yet, but... he'll start saying something now!"

She jumped up instantly and threw on her black shawl. Dasha again blushed a little and was following her with a questioning

look. Varvara Petrovna suddenly turned to her with a face burning with wrath.

"You fool!" she fell upon her like a hawk, "you ungrateful fool! What's in your mind? Do you think I would compromise you in any way, even the slightest bit? Why, he himself will come crawling on his knees and begging, he must die from happiness—that is how it will be arranged! Don't you know that I would never allow you to be offended? Or do you think he'll take you for the eight thousand, and that I'm running now to sell you? Fool, fool, you're all ungrateful fools! Give me my umbrella!"

And she flew on foot over the wet brick walks and wooden planks to Stepan Trofimovich.

VII

It was true that she would not allow Darya to be offended; on the contrary, she considered that she was now acting as her benefactress. The most noble and blameless indignation flared up in her soul when, putting on her shawl, she caught the embarrassed and mistrustful glance of her ward fixed upon her. She had sincerely loved her from her very childhood. Praskovya Ivanovna had justly called Darya Pavlovna her favorite. Long ago Varvara Petrovna had decided once and for all that "Darya's character is not like her brother's" (that is, like the character of her brother Ivan Shatov), that she was quiet and meek, capable of great self-sacrifice, unusually devoted, remarkably modest, possessed of rare reasonableness and, above all, of gratitude. So far Dasha had apparently justified all her expectations. "There will be no mistakes in this life," Varvara Petrovna had said when the girl was just twelve years old, and as she had the quality of clinging stubbornly and passionately to any dream that captivated her, and to any new design, to any idea that seemed bright to her, she had decided at once to bring Dasha up like her own daughter. She at once set a sum of money aside for her and sent for a governess, Miss Criggs, who lived in her house until the ward was sixteen years old, but for some reason was suddenly dismissed. Teachers also came from the high school, among them a real Frenchman who taught Darya her French. He, too, was dismissed suddenly, as if thrown out. One poor lady who came to town, a widow of gentle birth, taught her to play the piano. But the chief pedagogue remained Stepan Trofimovich. In fact, he was the first to discover Dasha: he began teaching the quiet child before Varvara Petrovna had even thought about her. Again I repeat: it was remarkable how children took to him! Lizaveta Nikolaevna Tushin studied with him from the age of eight to eleven (of course, Stepan Trofimovich taught her without fee, and would not have taken one from the Drozdovs for anything). But he fell in love with the lovely child and told her some sort of poetic tales about the order of the world, the earth, the history of mankind. His lectures on primitive peoples and primitive man were more engaging than Arabian tales. Liza, who used to be thrilled by these stories, would imitate Stepan Trofimovich at home in a very funny way. He found out about it, and once caught her unawares. Embarrassed, Liza threw herself into his arms and burst out crying. So did Stepan Trofimovich, from rapture. But Liza soon left, and only Dasha remained. When teachers started coming to Dasha, Stepan Trofimovich abandoned his lessons with her and gradually ceased paying attention to her. It went on like that for a long time. Once, when she was already seventeen, he was suddenly struck by her comeliness. This happened at Varvara Petrovna's table. He got into conversation with the young woman, was very pleased with her responses, and in the end suggested that he give her a serious and extensive course in the history of Russian literature. Varvara Petrovna praised and thanked him for the wonderful idea, and Dasha was delighted. Stepan Trofimovich set about making special preparations for the lectures, and finally they began. He started with the ancient period; the first lecture proved fascinating; Varvara Petrovna was present. When Stepan Trofimovich finished and announced to his pupil, upon leaving, that next time

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he would begin analyzing *The Song of Igor's Campaign*, Varvara Petrovna suddenly stood up and announced that there would be no more lectures. Stepan Trofimovich winced, but said nothing. Dasha blushed. However, that was the end of the enterprise. This happened exactly three years before Varvara Petrovna's present unexpected fantasy.

Poor Stepan Trofimovich was sitting alone and had no presentiment of anything. In sad pensiveness he had long been glancing out the window to see if some acquaintance was coming. But no one would come. It was drizzling outside; it was getting cold; the stove needed lighting; he sighed. Suddenly a dreadful apparition appeared before his eyes: Varvara Petrovna was coming to see him in such weather and at such an odd hour! And on foot! He was so struck that he forgot to change his costume and received her just as he was in his usual pink quilted dressing jacket.

"*Ma bonne amie!* ..." he cried weakly in greeting.

"You're alone, I'm glad: I cannot bear your friends! It's always so smoky here! Lord, what air! You haven't finished your tea yet, and it's past eleven! Disorder is bliss to you. Messiness is a delight! What are these torn papers doing on the floor? Nastasya, Nastasya! What is your Nastasya up to? Open the windows, my dear, open the vents, the doors, everything should be wide open. And we will go to the drawing room; I've come to you on business. And sweep the floor, my dear, at least once in your life!"

"It does get messy, ma'am," Nastasya squeaked in an irritably plaintive little voice.

"Sweep up, then, sweep fifteen times a day! A wretched drawing room you've got" (when they had come to the drawing room). "Shut the door properly; she'll eavesdrop. You must change this wallpaper. Didn't I send you a paperhanger with samples? Why didn't you choose something? Sit down and listen. Sit down, finally, I beg you. Where are you going? Where are you going?"

"I... just a moment," Stepan Trofimovich cried from the other room, "here I am again!"

"Ah, you've changed your costume!" she looked him up and down mockingly. (He had put on his frock coat over the dressing jacket.) "That is certainly more fitting for... our conversation. Sit down, finally, I beg you."

She explained everything to him at once, abruptly and convincingly. Hinted at the eight thousand he so desperately needed. Spoke in detail of the dowry. Stepan Trofimovich sat wide-eyed and trembled. He heard everything, but could not understand it clearly. Wanted to speak, but his voice kept failing. He knew only that everything would be as she was saying, that to object or disagree would be a futile undertaking, and that he was irretrievably a married man.

"*Mais, ma bonne amie*, a third time, and at my age... and to such a child!" he said at last. "*Mais c'est une enfant!*" [xxv]

"A child who, thank God, is twenty years old! Please stop rolling your eyes, you're not on stage. You are very intelligent and learned, but you understand nothing of life, you need a nanny constantly looking after you. I will die, and what will become of you? And she will be a good nanny for you; she's a modest girl, firm, reasonable; besides, I will be here myself, I won't die right away. She's a homebody, an angel of meekness. This happy thought kept occurring to me still in Switzerland. Do you understand, since I myself am telling you she's an angel of meekness!" she suddenly cried out fiercely. "Your place is a mess, she'll make it clean, she'll put everything in order, it will be like a mirror... Ah, but do you still fancy I should bow and scrape before you with such a treasure, enumerating all the benefits, playing the matchmaker? No, you yourself should ... on your knees... Oh, empty, empty, pusillanimous man!"

"But ... I'm old!"

"So what if you're fifty-three! Fifty isn't the end, it's the middle of life. You're a handsome man, and you know it yourself. You also know how she respects you. If I were to die, what would become of her? But with you she will be at ease, and I will be at ease. You have distinction, a name, a loving heart; you receive a pension, which I regard as my duty. You may even save her, save her! In any case, you will do her an honor. You will shape her life, develop her heart, guide her thoughts. So many people perish nowadays because their thoughts are misguided! By then your work will be ready, and all at once you will remind the world of yourself."

"I was just..." he mumbled, flattered now by Varvara Petrovna's clever flattery, "I was just going to sit down and write my *Stories from Spanish History* ..."

"There, you see, everything is falling into place."

"But... her? Have you told her?"

"Don't worry about her, and there's no need for you to be curious. Of course, you must ask her yourself, beg her to do you the honor, understand? But don't worry, I will be here. Besides, you love her..."

Stepan Trofimovich became dizzy; the walls began spinning around. There was one dreadful idea here which he was unable to cope with.

"*Excellente amie!*" his voice suddenly trembled, "I ... I could never have imagined that you would decide to give me in marriage ... to some other... woman!"

"You're not a young maiden, Stepan Trofimovich; only young maidens are given in marriage, and you yourself are doing the marrying," Varvara Petrovna hissed venomously.

"*Oui, j'ai pris un mot pour un autre. Mais... c'est égal,*" ^[xxvi] he stared at her with a lost look.

"I see that *c'est égal,*" she said through her teeth, contemptuously. "Lord! he's fainted! Nastasya, Nastasya! Water!"

But it did not get as far as water. He revived. Varvara Petrovna took her umbrella.

"I see there's no point in talking to you now..."

"*Oui, oui, je suis incapable,*" ^[xxvii]

"But by tomorrow you will have rested and thought it over. Stay home, and if anything happens, let me know, even during the night. Don't write letters, I won't read them. Tomorrow at this time I will come myself, alone, for a final answer, and I hope it will be satisfactory. Try to see that no one is here, and that there's no mess, because just look at this! Nastasya, Nastasya!"

Of course, the next day he accepted; and he could not have done otherwise. There was one special circumstance here...

VIII

^[44] Stepan Trofimovich's estate, as we used to call it (about fifty souls by the old way of reckoning, and adjoining Skvoreshniki), was not his at all, but had belonged to his first wife, and so now to their son, Pyotr Stepanovich Verkhovensky. Stepan Trofimovich was merely the trustee, and thus, once the nestling was fully fledged, acted through a formal warrant as manager of the estate. For the young man it was a profitable deal: he received up to a thousand roubles a year from his father as income from the estate, while under the new regulations it did not yield as much as five hundred (and perhaps even less). God knows how such arrangements were set up. However, the entire thousand was sent by Varvara Petrovna, and Stepan Trofimovich did not contribute a single rouble to it. On the contrary, he pocketed all the income from this bit of land, and, furthermore, ruined it altogether by leasing it to some dealer and, in secret from Varvara Petrovna, selling the timber that was its main valuable asset. He had been selling this timber piecemeal for a long time. Its total worth was about eight thousand at least, yet he got only five for it. But he sometimes lost too much at the club, and was afraid to ask Varvara Petrovna. She ground her teeth when she finally learned of it all. And now the boy suddenly notified him that he was coming himself to sell his property at all costs, and charged his father with promptly arranging for the sale. It was clear that Stepan Trofimovich, being a lofty and disinterested man, felt ashamed before *ce cher enfant* (whom he had last seen as a student in Petersburg all of nine years earlier). Originally, the entire estate might have been worth some thirteen or fourteen thousand, but now it was unlikely that anyone would give five for it. Stepan Trofimovich undoubtedly had every right, in terms of the formal warrant, to sell the timber, and taking into account the impossible annual income of a thousand roubles, which had been sent punctually for so many years, could make a good defense of himself in any final settlement. But Stepan Trofimovich was noble and had lofty aspirations. A remarkably beautiful thought flashed in his head: to lay out nobly on the table, when Petrusha came, the highest maximum of the price—that is, even fifteen thousand—without the slightest hint at the sums that had been sent previously, and then firmly, very firmly, with

tears, to press *ce cher fils* ^[xxviii] to his heart, and so settle all accounts. He began remotely and cautiously unfolding this picture before Varvara Petrovna. He hinted that it would even add some special, noble tinge to their friendly connection ... to their "idea." It would

show former fathers and former people generally in such a disinterested and magnanimous light, as compared with the new frivolous and social youth. He said many other things, but Varvara Petrovna kept silent. At last she dryly informed him that she would agree to buy their land and would pay the maximum price for it—that is, six or seven thousand (even four would have been enough). Of the remaining eight thousand that had flown away with the timber, she did not say a word.

That was a month before the matchmaking. Stepan Trofimovich was struck and began to ponder. Before then there could still have been a hope that the boy might perhaps not come at all—a hope, that is, judging from outside, in the opinion of some third person. Stepan Trofimovich, as a father, would have rejected indignantly the very notion of such a hope. In any case, up to then all sorts of strange rumors kept reaching us about Petrusha. At first, after finishing his studies at the university about six years before, he had hung about Petersburg with nothing to do. Suddenly there came news that he had taken part in the composing of some anonymous tract and was implicated in the case. Then he suddenly turned up abroad, in Switzerland, in Geneva—might have fled there for all we knew.

"It is surprising to me," Stepan Trofimovich, deeply embarrassed, preached to us then. "*Petrusha c'est une si pauvre tête!*" ^[xxix] He is kind, noble, very sensitive, and I was so glad then, in Petersburg, comparing him with modern young people, but *c'est un pauvre sire tout de même* ^[xxx] ... And, you know, it all comes from that same half-bakedness, from sentimentality! They're fascinated not by realism, but by the sensitive, ideal aspect of socialism, its religious tinge, so to speak, its poetry ... to someone else's tune, of course. And yet me, what about me! I have so many enemies here, and even more *there*, it will all be put down to his father's influence... God! Petrusha—a moving force! What times we live in!"

Petrusha, by the way, very soon sent his exact address from Switzerland, so that his money could be sent as usual: therefore he was not entirely an émigré. And now, after spending about four years abroad, he suddenly reappeared in his fatherland and sent word of his imminent arrival: therefore he had not been accused of anything. Moreover, someone had supposedly even taken an interest in him and become his patron. He wrote now from the south of Russia, where he was on a private but important mission for someone and was making arrangements for something. This was all wonderful, but still, how get hold of the remaining seven or eight thousand to make up a decent maximum of the price for the estate? And what if there were an outcry, and instead of that majestic picture it should all wind up in court? Something told Stepan Trofimovich that the sensitive Petrusha would not relinquish his interests. "Why is it, as I've noticed," Stepan Trofimovich once whispered to me at the time, "why is it that all these desperate socialists and communists are at the same time such incredible misers, acquirers, property-lovers, so much so that the more socialist a man is, the further he goes, the more he loves property... why is it? Can that, too, come from sentimentality?" I do not know what truth there is in Stepan Trofimovich's observation; I only know that Petrusha had obtained some information about the sale of the timber and the rest of it, and that Stepan Trofimovich knew he had obtained this information. I also happened to read Petrusha's letters to his father; he wrote extremely rarely, once a year or even less often. But just recently he had sent two letters, almost one after the other, giving notice of his imminent arrival. All his letters were short, dry, consisting only of directives, and as the father and son, ever since Petersburg, had been addressing each other on familiar terms, according to the fashion, Petrusha's letters looked decidedly like those letters of instruction that old-time landowners used to send from the capital to the house-serfs appointed to manage their estates. And now suddenly the eight thousand that would resolve the situation came flying out of Varvara Petrovna's proposal, and with that she let him understand clearly that it could not come flying from anywhere else. Naturally, Stepan Trofimovich accepted.

As soon as she left he sent for me, and locked the door to everyone else for the whole day. Of course, he wept a little; he spoke much and well, got much and badly mixed up, accidentally made a pun and remained pleased with it; then came a slight choleric—in short, everything took place in due order. After which he brought out a portrait of his little German wife, now twenty years deceased, and began calling to her plaintively: "Will you forgive me?" Generally, he was somehow befuddled. And we had a bit to drink in our grief. Soon, however, he fell fast asleep. Next morning he expertly knotted his tie, dressed with care, and went frequently to look at himself in the mirror. He sprayed perfume on his handkerchief—just a tiny bit, by the way—and then, as soon as he caught sight of Varvara Petrovna through the window, he quickly took another handkerchief and hid the perfumed one under the pillow.

"That's splendid!" Varvara Petrovna praised, after hearing his consent. "A noble determination, first of all, and, second, you've heeded the voice of reason, which you so rarely heed in your private affairs. However, there's no need to rush things," she added, examining the knot of his white tie, "say nothing for the time being, and I will say nothing. It will soon be your birthday; I will come to see you with her. Prepare an evening tea and, please, no wine or appetizers; however, I'll see to everything myself. Invite your friends—you and I will make the selection, however. You may have a talk with her the day before if need be; and during your evening we will not really make an announcement or some sort of betrothal, but simply hint or let it be known without any solemnity. And then in two weeks or so you'll be married, with as little noise as possible ... You both might even go away for a while, right after the ceremony, let's say to Moscow, for instance. Perhaps I'll go with you as well... And, above all, say nothing till then."

Stepan Trofimovich was surprised. He tried to murmur that it was impossible that way, that he must have a talk with the fiancée, but Varvara Petrovna fell upon him irritably:

"And what for? First, it's still possible that nothing will happen..."

"What? Nothing?" the fiancé muttered, now totally flabbergasted.

"Just so. I still have to see... However, everything will be as I've said, and don't worry, I'll prepare her myself. There's no need for you at all. Everything necessary will be said and done, and there's no need of you for that. Why? In what role? Do not come yourself and do not write letters. Not a breath, not a whisper, I beg you. I, too, will say nothing."

She was decidedly unwilling to explain herself and left visibly upset. It seemed she was struck by Stepan Trofimovich's excessive readiness. Alas, he decidedly did not understand his position, and the question had not yet presented itself to him from any other point of view. On the contrary, some new tone emerged, something triumphant and frivolous. He swaggered.

"I like that!" he exclaimed, standing before me and spreading his arms. "Did you hear? She wants to push me so far that I finally will stop wanting it. Because I, too, can lose my patience and... stop wanting it! 'Sit still, there's no need for you to go there'—but why,

finally, must I get married? Just because of her ridiculous fantasy? But I am a serious man and may not want to submit to the idle fantasies of a whimsical woman! I have duties towards my son and... towards myself! I am making a sacrifice—does she understand that? Perhaps I agreed because I'm tired of life and it makes no difference to me. But she may provoke me, and then it will make a difference; I will get offended and refuse. *Et enfin, le ridicule* ^[xxxii] ... What will they say at the club? What will... what will Liputin say? 'It's still possible that nothing will happen'—fancy that! But that's the limit! That's ... I don't know what! *Je suis un forçat, un Badinguet, un* ^{[45][xxxii]} man pushed to the wall! ..."

And at the same time a certain capricious smugness, something frivolously playful, peeped out through all these plaintive exclamations. In the evening we drank some more.

03: The Sins of someone else

I

About a week went by, and the affair began to expand itself somewhat.

I will observe in passing that I endured much anguish during this unfortunate week, staying almost constantly at the side of my poor matchmade friend in the quality of his closest confidant. It was mainly shame that oppressed him, though during this week we did not see anyone and sat by ourselves all the time; but he was ashamed even before me, and to such an extent that the more he revealed to me, the more vexed he was with me for it. In his insecurity he suspected that everyone already knew everything, all over town, and was afraid to show himself not only at the club but in his own circle as well. Even for a stroll, to get the necessary exercise, he would go out only at full dusk, when it was already quite dark.

A week went by, and he still did not know whether he was engaged or not, and had no way of finding out for certain, however much he tried. He still had not seen the fiancée; did not even know if she was his fiancée; did not even know if there was anything serious in it all! Varvara Petrovna for some reason decidedly did not want to admit him to the house. She replied to one of his first letters (and he wrote her a great many) with a direct request that he spare her any relations with him for the time being, because she was busy, and as she herself had much of the greatest importance to tell him, she was deliberately waiting for a freer moment than the present, and would *in time* let him know herself when he could come to her. And she vowed to send his letters back unopened, because it was all "just sheer indulgence." I myself read this note; he showed it to me.

And yet all of it, all this rudeness and uncertainty, was nothing compared with his chief care. This care tormented him greatly, relentlessly; he kept losing weight over it, and his spirits declined. It was something he was ashamed of most of all, and which he by no means wished to speak about even with me; on the contrary, whenever the occasion arose, he lied and hedged before me like a little boy; and yet he himself would send for me every day, he was unable to be without me even for two hours, needing me like water or air.

Such behavior wounded my pride somewhat. Needless to say, I had long since guessed this chief secret for myself and seen through it all. According to my deepest conviction then, the revealing of this secret, this chief care of Stepan Trofimovich's, would not have added to his credit, and therefore, being still a young man, I was somewhat indignant at the coarseness of his feelings and the ugliness of some of his suspicions. In the heat of passion—and, I confess, finding it boring to be a confidant—I perhaps blamed him too much. In my cruelty, I tried to obtain a full confession from him, though, by the way, I did allow that to confess certain things might prove embarrassing. He, too, understood me thoroughly; that is, he clearly saw that I understood him thoroughly, and that I was even angry with him, and was himself angry with me for being angry with him and for understanding him thoroughly. Perhaps my irritation was petty and stupid; but shared isolation is sometimes extremely damaging to true friendship. From a certain angle he understood some aspects of his position correctly, and even defined it quite subtly in those points about which he did not find it necessary to be secretive.

"Oh, is this how she was then?" he would sometimes let slip about Varvara Petrovna. "Is she the same woman she once was, when she and I used to talk ... Do you know that she was still able to talk then? Can you believe that she had thoughts then, her own thoughts! That's all changed now! She says it was all just the same old blather! She despises the former times... She's become some sort of steward, an economist, a hard person, and she's angry all the time..."

"What is there for her to be angry about, since you've done what she demanded?" I objected to him.

He gave me a subtle look.

"*Cher ami*, if I hadn't consented she would have been terribly angry, ter-ri-bly! But still less than she is now that I have consented."

He remained pleased with this phrase of his, and we finished a little bottle that evening. But it was only momentary; the next day he was more terrible and morose than ever.

But I was vexed with him most of all because he could not even bring himself to go and pay the necessary call on the just-arrived Drozdovs, to renew the acquaintance, which it was heard they themselves desired, for they had already asked about him, and which grieved him daily. He spoke of Lizaveta Nikolaevna with a sort of rapture which was incomprehensible to me. No doubt he remembered in her the child he had once loved so much; but, besides that, for some unknown reason he fancied that near her he would at once find relief from all his present torments and would even resolve his most important doubts. He hoped to find some extraordinary being in Lizaveta Nikolaevna. And yet he would not go to her, though he made ready to do so every day. The main thing was that at the time I myself wanted terribly to be introduced and recommended to her, for which I had only Stepan Trofimovich to count on. I had been greatly impressed then by my frequent meetings with her—in the street, of course, when she went for an outing on horseback, dressed in a riding habit and mounted on a beautiful horse, accompanied by her so-called relative, a handsome officer, the late General Drozdov's nephew. My blindness lasted only a moment, and soon afterwards I understood all the impossibility of my dream—but it really did exist, if only for a moment, and therefore it may be imagined how indignant I occasionally became with my poor friend at that time for his persistent seclusion.

Our group was officially notified from the very beginning that Stepan Trofimovich would not be receiving for a while and asked to be left in perfect peace. He insisted on a circular notification, though I advised against it. And so I went around, at his request, and

gave out to everyone that Varvara Petrovna had charged our "old man" (as we all referred to Stepan Trofimovich among ourselves) with some urgent work putting in order some correspondence from several years past; that he had locked himself in, and I was helping him, and so on and so forth. Only I had no time to go to Liputin and kept postponing it—or, rather, I was afraid to go. I knew beforehand that he would not believe a single word I said, would certainly imagine that there was some secret which we wanted to keep strictly hidden from him alone, and as soon as I left him would at once scuttle off inquiring and gossiping all over town. It so happened that while I was picturing all this to myself, I accidentally ran into him in the street. It turned out that he had already learned everything from the friends I had just notified. But, strangely, he was not only not curious, and asked nothing about Stepan Trofimovich, but, on the contrary, he himself interrupted me when I tried to apologize for not coming to him sooner, and skipped at once to another subject. True, he had stored up a lot to say; he was in an extremely excited state of mind, and was glad to have caught me as a listener. He began talking about town news, about the arrival of the governor's wife "with her new conversations," the opposition that had already formed in the club, how everyone was shouting about the new ideas, and how well it suited them all, and so on and so forth. He talked for nearly a quarter of an hour, and was so amusing that I was unable to tear myself away. Though I could not stand him, I confess that he had a gift for making one listen to him, especially when he was very angry about something. The man was, in my opinion, a natural-born spy. He knew at any moment all the latest news and all the innermost secrets of our town, mostly of the nasty sort, and one marveled at the degree to which he took things to heart that sometimes did not concern him at all. I always thought that the main feature of his character was envy. When, that same evening, I told Stepan Trofimovich about my morning meeting with Liputin and about our conversation, to my surprise he became extremely agitated and asked me a wild question: "Does Liputin know or not?" I started proving to him that he could not possibly have found out so soon, and had no one to find out from; but Stepan Trofimovich held his own. "Believe it or not, then," he finally concluded unexpectedly, "but I am convinced that he not only knows all about *our* position in all its details, but also knows something beyond that, something you and I do not know yet, and perhaps will never know, or will find out only when it's already too late, when there will be no turning back! ..." I said nothing, but these words hinted at a lot. After that we did not so much as mention Liputin for five days; it was clear to me that Stepan Trofimovich very much regretted having displayed such suspicions before me and having talked too much.

II

One morning—that is, on the seventh or eighth day after Stepan Trofimovich had consented to become engaged—at about eleven o'clock, when I was rushing as usual to my sorrowful friend, I had an adventure on the way.

I met Karmazinov, the "great writer," as Liputin styled him. ^[46] I had been reading Karmazinov since childhood. His novellas and stories were known to the whole of the previous generation and even to ours; as for me, I reveled in them; they were the delight of my adolescence and youth. Later I grew somewhat cold to his pen; the tendentious novellas he had been writing lately I liked less than his first, original creations, in which there was so much ingenuous poetry; and his most recent works I even did not like at all.

Generally speaking, if I dare express my own opinion in such a ticklish matter, all these gentlemen talents of the average sort, who are usually taken almost for geniuses in their lifetime, not only vanish from people's memory almost without a trace and somehow suddenly when they die, but it happens that even in their lifetime, as soon as a new generation grows up to replace the one in whose time they were active—they are forgotten and scorned by everyone inconceivably quickly. This happens somehow suddenly with us,

^[47] like a change of sets in the theater. Oh, it is quite another matter than with the Pushkins, Gogols, Molières, Voltaires, with all these figures who came to speak their new word! It is also true that these gentlemen talents of the average sort, in the decline of their venerable age, usually write themselves out in a most pathetic way, without even noticing it at all. Not infrequently it turns out that a writer to whom an extreme profundity of ideas had long been attributed, and from whom an extreme and serious influence upon the movement of society was expected, in the end displays such thinness and puniness in his basic little idea that no one is even sorry that he has managed to write himself out so quickly. But the old graybeards do not notice this and get angry. Their vanity, precisely towards the end of their career, sometimes takes on proportions worthy of wonder. God knows who they begin to think they are—gods, at the least. It was said of Karmazinov that he valued his connections with influential people and with higher society almost more than his soul. It was said that he would meet you, show you kindness, seduce you, charm you with his ingenuousness, especially if he needed you for some reason, and most certainly if you had been recommended to him beforehand. But at the first prince, at the first countess, at the first person he was in fear of, he would regard it as his sacred duty to forget you with the most insulting disdain, like a speck, like a fly, then and there, even before you had time to leave him; he seriously considered it the most lofty and beautiful tone. In spite of his complete self-possession and perfect knowledge of good manners, he was said to be so vain, to the point of such hysterics, that he was simply unable to conceal his authorial petulance, even in those social circles where there was little interest in literature. And if someone chanced to confound him with their indifference, he would be morbidly offended and seek to revenge himself.

About a year before, I had read an article of his in a magazine, written with a terrible pretension to the most naïve poetry and, at the same time, to psychology. He described the wreck of a steamer somewhere on the English coast, of which he himself had been a witness and had seen how the perishing were being saved and the drowned dragged out. The whole article, quite a long and verbose one, was written with the sole purpose of self-display. One could simply read it between the lines: "Pay attention to me, look at how I was in those moments. What do you need the sea, the storm, the rocks, the splintered planks of the ship for? I've described it all well enough for you with my mighty pen. Why look at this drowned woman with her dead baby in her dead arms? Better look at me, at how I could not bear the sight and turned away. Here I am turning my back; here I am horrified and unable to look again; I've shut my eyes—interesting, is it not?" I told Stepan Trofimovich my opinion of Karmazinov's article, and he agreed with me.

When rumors began to spread recently that Karmazinov was coming, I, of course, wanted terribly to see him and, if possible, to

make his acquaintance. I knew that I could do so through Stepan Trofimovich; they had been friends once upon a time. And now I suddenly met him at an intersection. I recognized him at once; he had already been pointed out to me three days earlier as he rode past in a carriage with the governor's wife.

He was quite a short, prim little old man, though no more than fifty-five, with a rather red-cheeked little face, with thick gray locks emerging from under his round cylindrical hat and curling behind his clean, pink little ears. His clean little face was not exactly handsome, with its thin, long, slyly compressed lips, its somewhat fleshy nose, and its sharp, intelligent little eyes. He was dressed somehow shabbily, with a sort of cloak thrown over his shoulders such as would have been worn at that season somewhere in Switzerland, say, or the north of Italy. But at least all the minor accessories of his costume—the little cuff links, collar, studs, the tortoiseshell lorgnette on its narrow black ribbon, the little signet ring—were most assuredly just as they are with people of irreproachably good tone. I am sure that in summer he certainly went around in bright prunella bootikins with mother-of-pearl buttons at the side. When we ran into each other, he had stopped for a moment at the street corner and was looking around with attention. Noticing that I was looking at him curiously, he asked me in a honeyed, though somewhat shrill, little voice:

"Would you be so good as to tell me the shortest way to Bykov Street?"

"Bykov Street? But it's here, right here," I cried out in unusual excitement. "Keep straight on this way, then second turn to the left."

"I am much obliged to you."

Cursed be that moment: I seemed to have grown timid and looked fawning! He instantly noticed everything, and, of course, understood everything at once—that is, understood that I already knew who he was, that I had read him and revered him since childhood, and that I had just grown timid and looked fawning. He smiled, nodded his head once more, and went straight on as I had directed him. I do not know why I turned to follow him; I do not know why I went running alongside him for about ten paces. He suddenly stopped again.

"And might you be able to tell me where the nearest cabstand is located?" he shouted to me again.

A nasty shout; a nasty voice!

"Cabstand? The nearest cabstand ... is by the cathedral, that's where they always stand"—and I almost turned and ran to fetch a cab. I suspect that that was precisely what he expected of me. Of course, I came to my senses at once and stopped, but he had made good note of my movement and went on watching me with the same nasty smile. What happened then I shall never forget.

He suddenly dropped a tiny satchel that he was holding in his left hand. It was not a satchel, by the way, but a sort of little box, or rather a sort of briefcase, or, better still, a little reticule such as ladies once used to carry, but I do not know what it was, I only know that it seems I rushed to pick it up.

I am perfectly convinced that I did not pick it up, but my initial movement was unquestionable; it was too late to conceal it, and I blushed like a fool. The cunning fellow at once derived all that could be derived from this circumstance.

"Don't trouble, I'll do it myself," he said charmingly—that is, once he had fully noted that I was not going to pick up his reticule—picked it up as if forestalling me, nodded his head once more, and went on his way, having made a fool of me. It was the same as if I had picked it up myself. For about five minutes I considered myself disgraced utterly and forever; but coming up to Stepan Trofimovich's house, I suddenly burst out laughing. The encounter seemed so funny to me that I immediately decided to amuse Stepan Trofimovich by telling him about it and even acting out the whole scene.

III

But this time, to my surprise, I found him in an extreme change. True, he fell upon me with a sort of greediness as soon as I entered, and began listening to me, but with such a lost look that at first he appeared not to understand what I was saying. But as soon as I uttered the name of Karmazinov, he suddenly flew into a complete frenzy.

"Don't tell me, don't utter!" he exclaimed, all but in a rage. "Here, here, look, read! read!"

He pulled open the drawer and threw onto the table three small scraps of paper, hastily written on in pencil, all of them from Varvara Petrovna. The first note was from two days ago, the second from yesterday, and the last had come today, just an hour earlier; they were all of the most vapid content, to do with Karmazinov, betraying Varvara Petrovna's vain and ambitious concern for fear that Karmazinov might forget to call on her. Here is the first one, from two days ago (there had probably also been one from three days ago, and perhaps one from four days ago):

If he finally honors you today, not a word about me, I beg you. Not the slightest hint. No mention, no reminder.

V.S.

And yesterday's:

If he finally decides to call on you this morning, I think the most noble thing would be not to receive him at all. That is my opinion, I don't know what yours is.

V.S.

And today's, the latest:

I'm sure you have a whole heap of litter there and clouds of tobacco smoke. I'll send you Marya and Fomushka; they'll tidy up in half an hour. And don't get in their way, just sit in the kitchen while they're tidying up. I'm sending you a Bukhara rug and two Chinese

jars—I've long been meaning to give them to you—and also my Teniers ^[48] (for a time). You can put the vases on the windowsill and hang the Teniers to the right above Goethe's portrait, it's a more conspicuous place and always light in the morning. If he finally appears, receive him with refined courtesy, but try to talk about trifles, about something learned, and make it seem as if you parted only

yesterday. Not a word about me. Perhaps I'll stop by for a look this evening.

V.S. P.S. If he doesn't come today, he won't come at all.

I read and was surprised that he was so agitated over such trifles. Glancing at him questioningly, I suddenly noticed that he had had time, while I was reading, to change his usual white tie for a red one. His hat and stick lay on the table. He was pale, and his hands were even trembling.

"I won't hear of her worries!" he cried out frenziedly, in response to my questioning glance. "*Je m'en fiche!*"^[xxxiii] She has the heart to worry about Karmazinov, and yet she doesn't answer my letters! Here, here is a letter she returned to me unopened yesterday, here on the table, under the book, under *L'Homme qui rit*."^[49] What do I care if she's grieving over Ni-ko-lenka! *Je m'en fiche et je*

proclame ma liberté. Au diable le Karmazinoff! Au diable la Lembke!"^[xxxiv] I put the vases away in the front hall, and Teniers into the chest, and demanded that she receive me at once. Do you hear: demanded! I sent her an identical scrap of paper, in pencil, unsealed, through Nastasya, and I am waiting. I want Darya Pavlovna herself to tell me with her own lips, and before the face of heaven, or at

least before you. *Vous me seconderez, n'est-ce pas, comme ami et témoin.*"^[xxxv] I do not want to blush, I do not want to lie, I do not want secrets, I will not allow secrets in this matter! Let them confess everything to me sincerely, guilelessly, nobly, and then... then perhaps I'll surprise the whole generation with my magnanimity! ... Am I a scoundrel or not, my dear sir?" he concluded suddenly, giving me a menacing look, as though it were I who considered him a scoundrel.

I suggested that he drink some water; I had never before seen him like this. All the while he was speaking, he kept running from one corner of the room to the other, but suddenly he stopped before me in some extraordinary attitude.

"Can you really think," he began again, with morbid haughtiness, looking me up and down, "can you really suppose that I, Stepan Verkhovensky, will not find moral strength enough to take my box— my beggar's box—and, heaving it onto my weak shoulders, go out the gate and disappear from here forever, if honor and the great principle of independence demand? This is not the first time that Stepan Verkhovensky will have to repel despotism with magnanimity, be it only the despotism of a crazy woman—that is, the most offensive and cruel despotism that can possibly exist in the world, despite the fact that you now permit yourself, it seems, to smile at my words, my dear sir! Oh, you do not believe that I can find enough magnanimity in myself to be able to end my life as a tutor in some merchant's house, or die of hunger in a ditch! Answer me, answer me at once: do you believe it, or do you not?"

But I purposely held my tongue. I even pretended that I did not dare to offend him with a negative answer, but could not answer positively either. There was something in all this irritation that decidedly offended me, and not personally—oh, no! But... I will explain myself later.

He even turned pale.

"Perhaps you're bored with me, G——v" (that is my last name), "and would prefer... not to come to me at all?" he said, in that tone of pale composure that usually precedes some extraordinary explosion. I jumped up in fright; at the same moment, Nastasya walked in and silently handed Stepan Trofimovich a piece of paper with something written on it in pencil. He glanced at it and threw it over to me. On the piece of paper, in Varvara Petrovna's hand, were written just two words: "Stay home."

Stepan Trofimovich silently grabbed his hat and stick and went quickly to the door; I followed him mechanically. Suddenly voices and the sound of someone's rapid footsteps came from the hallway. He stopped as if thunderstruck.

"That's Liputin, and I am a lost man!" he whispered, seizing my arm.

At the same moment, Liputin entered the room.

IV

Why he should be a lost man as the result of Liputin I did not know, nor did I attach much importance to his words; I ascribed it all to nerves. But even so his fright was extraordinary, and I decided to watch closely.

By his look alone the entering Liputin already announced that this time he had a special right to enter, in spite of all prohibitions. He led in an unknown gentleman who must have been a newcomer to town. In reply to the senseless stare of the dumbfounded Stepan Trofimovich, he at once loudly proclaimed:

"I bring you a visitor, and a special one! I make so bold as to break in upon your seclusion. Mr. Kirillov, a remarkable structural engineer. And the main thing is that he knows your boy, the much respected Pyotr Stepanovich; very closely, sir; and he has an errand from him. He has just arrived, if you please."

"You added that about the errand," the visitor remarked curtly, "there was never any errand, but it's true I know Verkhovensky. I left him in Kh—— province, ten days before here."

Stepan Trofimovich mechanically held out his hand and pointed to the seats; he looked at me, looked at Liputin, and suddenly, as if coming to his senses, hastened to sit down, still holding his hat and stick without noticing it.

"Hah, but you were about to go out! And I was told that your studies had left you quite indisposed."

"Yes, I'm ill, I was just intending to go for a walk, I..." Stepan Trofimovich stopped, quickly threw his hat and stick on the sofa, and—blushed.

Meanwhile, I made a hurried examination of the visitor. He was still a young man, about twenty-seven years old, decently dressed, trim and lean, dark-haired, with a pale face of a somewhat muddy tinge and black, lusterless eyes. He seemed somewhat pensive and absentminded, spoke abruptly and somehow ungrammatically, somehow strangely shuffling his words, and became confused when he had to put together a longer phrase. Liputin noticed very well how extremely frightened Stepan Trofimovich was,

and this apparently pleased him. He sat on a wicker chair, which he pulled almost into the middle of the room so as to be at an equal distance from the host and the visitor, who had installed themselves facing each other on two opposing sofas. His sharp eyes darted curiously into every corner.

"I . . haven't seen Petrusha for a long time now... Did you meet abroad?" Stepan Trofimovich barely muttered to the visitor.

"Both here and abroad."

"Alexei Nilych himself has just returned from abroad, after a four-year absence," Liputin picked up. "He went to advance himself in his profession, and came here having reasons to hope he could obtain a position for the building of our railroad bridge, and is now awaiting an answer. He knows Mrs. Drozdov and Lizaveta Nikolaevna through Pyotr Stepanovich."

The engineer sat looking ruffled and listened with awkward impatience. It seemed to me that he was angry about something.

"He knows Nikolai Vsevolodovich, too, sir."

"You know Nikolai Vsevolodovich, too?" Stepan Trofimovich inquired.

"Him, too."

"I ... I haven't seen Petrusha for an extremely long time, and... I find I have so little right to be called a father... *c'est le mot*; [\[xxxvi\]](#)
I... how did you leave him?"

"I just left him... he'll be coming himself," Mr. Kirillov again hastened to get off. He was decidedly angry.

"He'll be coming! At last I... you see, I haven't seen Petrusha for so very long!" Stepan Trofimovich had gotten mired in this phrase. "I'm now awaiting my poor boy, before whom... oh, before whom I am so guilty! That is, as a matter of fact, I mean to say,

when I left him then in Petersburg, I ... in short, I regarded him as nothing, *quelque chose dans ce genre*, [\[xxxvii\]](#) A nervous boy, you know, very sensitive and ... fearful. Before going to sleep, he'd bow to the ground and make a cross over his pillow, so as not to die in

the night... *je m'en souviens. Enfin*, [\[xxxviii\]](#) no sense of refinement whatsoever, that is, of anything lofty, essential, of any germ of a future idea. . . *c'était comme un petit idiot*. [\[xxxix\]](#) However, I seem to be confused myself, excuse me, I... you have caught me ..."

"You're serious about him crossing his pillow?" the engineer suddenly inquired with some special curiosity.

"Yes, he crossed..."

"No, never mind. Go on."

Stepan Trofimovich looked questioningly at Liputin.

"I thank you very much for your visit, but, I confess, right now I'm ... unable... However, allow me to ask, where are you staying?"

"In Bogoyavlensky Street, at Filippov's house."

"Ah, the same place where Shatov lives," I remarked involuntarily.

"Precisely the same house," Liputin exclaimed, "only Shatov is staying upstairs in the garret, and he is downstairs, at Captain Lebyadkin's. He also knows Shatov, and he knows Shatov's wife. He met her very closely abroad."

"*Comment!* [\[xl\]](#) Do you really know something about this unfortunate marriage *de ce pauvre ami*, [\[xli\]](#) and this woman?" Stepan Trofimovich exclaimed suddenly, carried away by emotion. "You are the first one I've met who knows her personally; and if only..."

"What nonsense!" the engineer snapped, blushing all over. "How you add on, Liputin! Now how did I see Shatov's wife; just once far off, not close at all... Shatov I know. Why do you add on various things?"

He turned sharply on the sofa, seized his hat, then put it down again, and, having settled himself as before, fixed his black and now flashing eyes on Stepan Trofimovich with some sort of defiance. I was quite unable to understand such strange irritability.

"Excuse me," Stepan Trofimovich remarked imposingly, "I understand that this may be a most delicate matter..."

"There's no most delicate matter here, and it's even shameful, and I shouted 'nonsense' not at you but at Liputin, because he adds on. Excuse me if you took it to your name. I know Shatov, but I don't know his wife at all... not at all!"

"I understand, I understand, and if I insisted, it was only because I love our poor friend, *notre irascible ami*, [\[xlii\]](#) very much, and have always taken an interest ... In my opinion, the man changed his former, perhaps too youthful, but still correct ideas too abruptly.

And now he shouts various things about *notre sainte Russie*, [\[xliii\]](#) so much so that I've long attributed this break in his organism, for I do not want to call it anything else, to some strong family shock—namely, to his unsuccessful marriage. I, who have come to know my poor Russia like my own two fingers, and have given my whole life to the Russian people, can assure you that he does not know the

Russian people, [\[50\]](#) and what's more..."

"I don't know the Russian people either, and... there's no time to study!" the engineer snapped again, and again turned sharply on the sofa. Stepan Trofimovich broke off in the middle of his speech.

"He's studying, he's studying," Liputin picked up, "he's already begun studying, and is composing a most curious article on the reasons for the increasing number of suicides in Russia and generally on the reasons for the increase or restriction of the spread of suicides in society. He's reached some surprising results."

The engineer became terribly agitated.

"You have no right about that," he began to mutter angrily. "Not an article. No such foolishness. I asked you confidentially, quite by chance. Not an article at all; I don't publish, and you have no right..."

Liputin was obviously enjoying himself.

"I beg your pardon, perhaps I was mistaken in calling your literary work an article. He only collects observations, and as for the essence of the question, or its moral side, so to speak, he doesn't touch on that at all, he even rejects morality itself outright, and holds to the newest principle of universal destruction for the sake of good final goals. He's already demanding more than a hundred million

heads in order to establish common sense in Europe, much more than was demanded at the last peace congress. In this sense, Alexei Nilych goes further than anyone."

The engineer listened with a contemptuous and pale smile. For half a minute or so everyone was silent.

"This is all stupid, Liputin," Mr. Kirillov said finally, with a certain dignity. "If I accidentally told you a few points, and you picked them up, it's as you like. But you have no right, because I never tell anyone. I despise about telling ... If one has convictions, it's clear to me ... and you've acted stupidly. I don't reason about these points that are done with. I can't stand reasoning. I never want to reason..."

"And perhaps it's quite wonderful that you don't," Stepan Trofimovich could not help saying.

"I excuse myself to you, but I am not angry with anyone here," the visitor continued in an ardent patter. "For four years I've seen little of people ... For four years I've spoken little and tried to meet no one, for my own purposes, which don't matter, for four years. Liputin found out and laughs. I understand and do not regard. I'm not easy to offend, it's just vexing because of his liberty. And if I don't explain thoughts with you," he concluded unexpectedly, looking around at us with a firm look, "it is not at all as I'm afraid of being denounced to the government, no, not that; please do not think any trifles in that sense..."

None of us made any reply to these words, we merely exchanged glances. Even Liputin himself forgot to titter.

"Gentlemen, I'm very sorry," Stepan Trofimovich rose from the sofa, "but I'm feeling unwell and upset. Excuse me."

"Ah, about us leaving," Mr. Kirillov suddenly recollected, seizing his cap. "It's good you said; I'm forgetful."

He stood up and with a simplehearted look went over to Stepan Trofimovich, holding out his hand.

"Sorry you're not well and I came."

"I wish you all success here," Stepan Trofimovich replied, shaking his hand well-wishingly and unhurriedly. "I understand that if you have lived so long abroad, as you say, avoiding people for your own purposes, and—have forgotten Russia, then, of course, whether you will or no, you must look at us dyed-in-the-wool Russians with surprise, and, in the same measure, we at you. *Mais cela*

[xliv] *passera.* Only one thing puzzles me: you want to build our bridge, and at the same time you declare yourself for the principle of universal destruction. They'll never let you build our bridge!"

"What? What did you say ... ah, the devil!" Kirillov exclaimed, amazed, and suddenly burst into the most gay and bright laughter. For a moment his face took on a most childlike expression, which I found very becoming to him. Liputin was rubbing his hands, delighted with Stepan Trofimovich's little witticism. Meanwhile, I kept wondering to myself why Stepan Trofimovich was so afraid of Liputin, and why he had cried out, "I am a lost man," when he heard him coming.

V

We were still standing on the threshold, in the doorway. It was that moment when hosts and guests hasten to exchange their last and most amiable words and then happily part.

"He's so sullen today just because," Liputin suddenly put in as he was leaving the room and, so to speak, on the wing, "just because of some row he had earlier with Captain Lebyadkin over his dear sister. The captain whips that beautiful sister of his, the crazy one, with a quirt, a real Cossack quirt, sir, every day, morning and evening. So Alexei Nilych has even moved to another wing of the house so as to have no part of it. Well, sir, good-bye."

"Sister? Ill? With a quirt?" Stepan Trofimovich cried out, as if he himself had suddenly been lashed with a quirt. "What sister? What Lebyadkin?"

His former fear instantly returned.

"Lebyadkin? He's a retired captain; only he used to call himself a captain junior-grade..."

"Eh, what do I care about his rank! What sister? My God... Lebyadkin, you say? But we had a Lebyadkin..."

"That's the very one, *our* Lebyadkin—remember, at Virginsky's?"

"But that one was caught with bogus banknotes?"

"And now he's back, since three weeks ago, and under the most peculiar circumstances."

"But he's a scoundrel!"

"What, can't we have any scoundrels around here?" Liputin suddenly grinned, as if he were feeling Stepan Trofimovich all over with his thievish little eyes.

"Ah, my God, I don't mean that... though, by the way, I quite agree with you about the scoundrel, with you precisely. But go on, go on! What did you mean by that?... You must have meant something by that!"

"It's all really such trifles, sir ... that is, this captain, in all likelihood, left us then not from the bogus banknotes, but just so as to find this sister of his, and she was allegedly hiding in some unknown place; well, and now he's brought her, that's the whole story. Why is it you seem so frightened, Stepan Trofimovich? I'm only repeating his drunken babble, anyway; when he's sober he keeps mum about it. He's an irritable man and, shall we say, of military aesthetics, only in bad taste. And this sister is not only mad, but even lame. She supposedly had her honor seduced by somebody, and for that Mr. Lebyadkin has supposedly been taking an annual tribute from the seducer for many years, in reward for a noble offense, so at least it comes out from his babble— but I think it's just drunken talk, sir. He's simply boasting. Such things are handled more cheaply. But that he has money—that is completely correct: a week and a half ago he was walking around without socks, and now I've seen for myself he has hundreds in his hands. His sister has some kind of fits every day, she shrieks, and he 'puts her in order' with a quirt. One has to instill respect into a woman, he says. Only I don't understand how Shatov can go on living near them. Alexei Nilych stayed just three days, he's known them since Petersburg, and now he's living in the wing on account of the disturbance."

"Is this all true?" Stepan Trofimovich turned to the engineer.

"You're babbling too much, Liputin," the latter muttered angrily.

"Mysteries! Secrets! Where did we get so many mysteries and secrets all of a sudden!" Stepan Trofimovich exclaimed, not restraining himself.

The engineer frowned, blushed, heaved his shoulders, and started out of the room.

"Alexei Nilych even snatched away his quirt, sir, broke it, and threw it out the window, and there was a big quarrel," Liputin added.

"What are you babbling for, Liputin, it's stupid, what for?" Alexei Nilych at once turned back again.

"And why conceal out of modesty the noblest impulses of one's soul—your soul, that is, sir, I'm not talking about mine."

"How stupid this is... and quite unnecessary... Lebyadkin is stupid and completely empty—useless for action and... completely harmful. Why do you babble various things? I'm leaving."

"Ah, what a pity!" Liputin exclaimed, with a bright smile. "Otherwise I'd get you to laugh, Stepan Trofimovich, with yet another little anecdote. I even came with that in mind, though anyway you must have heard it yourself. Well, let's wait till next time, Alexei Nilych is in such a hurry... Good-bye, sir. The anecdote is about Varvara Petrovna, she really made me laugh the day before yesterday, she sent for me on purpose, it's really killing! Good-bye, sir."

But here Stepan Trofimovich simply fastened on to him: he seized him by the shoulders, turned him sharply back into the room, and sat him on a chair. Liputin even got scared.

"But it really is, sir!" he began, looking cautiously at Stepan Trofimovich from his chair. "She suddenly sent for me and asked 'confidentially' what I think in my own opinion: is Nikolai Vsevolodovich crazy, or in his right mind? Isn't that surprising?"

"You're out of your mind!" Stepan Trofimovich muttered, and suddenly seemed beside himself: "Liputin, you know perfectly well that you came here only in order to tell me some abomination of that sort and... something worse still!"

I instantly recalled his surmise that Liputin not only knew more about our situation than we did, but even knew something that we ourselves would never know.

"For pity's sake, Stepan Trofimovich!" Liputin muttered, as if terribly frightened, "for pity's sake..."

"Keep still and begin! I beg you, too, Mr. Kirillov, to come back and be present, I beg you! Sit down. And you, Liputin, begin directly, simply... and without any little excuses!"

"If I'd only known you'd be so astounded by it, I wouldn't have begun at all, sir ... But I really did think you already knew everything from Varvara Petrovna herself!"

"You didn't think anything of the kind! Begin, begin, I tell you!"

"Only do me a favor, sit down yourself, or else I'll be sitting and you'll be... running about in front of me all agitated. It will be awkward, sir."

Stepan Trofimovich restrained himself and sank imposingly into an armchair. The engineer sullenly fixed his eyes on the ground. Liputin looked at them with wild delight.

"How shall I begin... you've got me so confused..."

VI

"All of a sudden, the day before yesterday, she sent her servant to me: 'You are requested,' he says, 'to visit tomorrow at twelve o'clock.' Can you imagine? I dropped what I was doing, and yesterday at twelve sharp was there ringing the bell. I'm taken straight to the drawing room; I wait for a minute—she comes in, sits me down, sits down facing me. I sit and just can't believe it; you know how she's always treated me! The lady begins directly, without dodging, in her usual way: 'You remember,' she says, 'that four years ago Nikolai Vsevolodovich, while ill, committed several strange acts, so that the whole town was puzzled until everything became clear. One of these acts concerned you personally. Nikolai Vsevolodovich then came to see you after he recovered and at my request. I am also informed that he had spoken with you several times before. Tell me, frankly and straightforwardly, how did you...' (here she hesitated a little) 'how did you find Nikolai Vsevolodovich then ... how did you regard him generally... what opinion were you able to form of him... and do you have of him now?..."

"Here she really hesitated, so that she even stopped for a whole minute and suddenly blushed. I got scared. She begins again, not so much in a moving tone—that wouldn't be like her—but so imposingly:

"‘I wish you,’ she says, ‘to understand me fully and correctly,’ she says. ‘I sent for you now because I consider you a perspicacious and sharp-witted man, capable of forming an accurate observation’ (such compliments!). ‘You,’ she says, ‘will also understand, of course, that this is a mother speaking to you... Nikolai Vsevolodovich has experienced certain misfortunes and many upheavals in his life. All this,’ she says, ‘could influence his frame of mind. Of course,’ she says, ‘I am not talking about madness—that could never be!’ (spoken firmly and with pride). ‘But there could be something strange, peculiar, a certain turn of thought, an inclination towards certain special views’ (these are all her exact words, and I marveled, Stepan Trofimovich, at how exactly Varvara Petrovna is able to explain the matter. A lady of high intelligence!). ‘I myself, at least,’ she says, ‘have noticed a certain constant restlessness in him, and an urge towards peculiar inclinations. But I am a mother, while you are an outsider and are therefore capable, given your intelligence, of forming a more independent opinion. I implore you, finally’ (uttered just like that: ‘I implore’), ‘to tell me the whole truth, without any contortions, and if at the same time you give me your promise never to forget in future that I have spoken with you confidentially, you may expect of me a complete and henceforth permanent readiness to show my gratitude at every opportunity.’ Well, what do you think of that, sir!"

"You... you astound me so..." Stepan Trofimovich stammered, "that I don't believe you..."

"No, but observe, observe," Liputin picked up, as if he had not even heard Stepan Trofimovich, "how great the trouble and worry must be, if such a question is addressed from such a height to such a man as me, and if she stoops so far as to beg for secrecy. What can it be, sir? Has she received some unexpected news about Nikolai Vsevolodovich?"

"I don't know... any news... it's some days since I've seen... but I must observe to you..." Stepan Trofimovich went on stammering, apparently barely able to master his thoughts, "but I must observe to you, Liputin, that if this was told you confidentially, and now, in front of everyone, you..."

"Absolutely confidentially! God strike me dead if I... And so what if now... what of it, sir? Are we strangers here, even taking Alexei Nilych?"

"I do not share such a view; no doubt the three of us here will keep the secret; it is you, the fourth, that I am afraid of, and I do not believe you in anything!"

"Oh, come now, sir! I'm the one who has most to gain, it's to me the eternal gratitude was promised! And, in this same connection, I precisely wanted to mention an extremely strange occurrence—or more psychological, so to speak, than simply strange. Yesterday evening, under the influence of that conversation at Varvara Petrovna's (you can imagine what an impression it made on me), I addressed Alexei Nilych with a distant question: 'You,' I say, 'used to know Nikolai Vsevolodovich even before, abroad and in Petersburg; what do you think,' I say, 'regarding his intelligence and abilities?' So this gentleman answers laconically, as his way is, that he is a man 'of refined mind and sound judgment,' he says. 'And didn't you ever notice over the years,' I say, 'some deviation of ideas, as it were, or a peculiar turn of thought, or as if some madness, so to speak?' In short, I repeated Varvara Petrovna's own question. And just imagine, Alexei Nilych suddenly turned thoughtful and scowled, just as he's doing now. 'Yes,' he says, 'at times it seemed to me there was something strange.' Note, besides, that if there could seem something strange even to Alexei Nilych, then what might turn out in reality, eh?"

"Is this true?" Stepan Trofimovich turned to Alexei Nilych.

"I wish not to speak of it," Alexei Nilych replied, suddenly raising his head and flashing his eyes. "I want to contest your right, Liputin. You have no right to this occurrence about me. I by no means told my whole opinion. Though I was acquainted in Petersburg, that was long ago, and though I met him now, I still know Nikolai Stavrogin very little. I ask that you remove me and... and this all resembles gossip."

Liputin spread his arms in the guise of oppressed innocence.

"A gossip, am I! And maybe also a spy? It's easy for you to criticize, Alexei Nilych, since you remove yourself from everything. But you wouldn't believe it, Stepan Trofimovich, take even Captain Lebyadkin, sir, one might think he's stupid as a... that is, it's even shameful to say as what—there's a Russian comparison signifying the degree— but he, too, considers himself offended from Nikolai Vsevolodovich, though he bows to his sharp wits. 'The man amazes me,' he says, 'a wise serpent' (his very words). So I asked him (still under yesterday's same influence and after talking with Alexei Nilych), 'And what do you think for your own part, Captain, is your wise serpent crazy, or not?' And, can you believe, it was as if I'd given him a lash from behind without asking permission; he simply jumped in his seat. 'Yes,' he says... 'Yes,' he says, 'only that,' he says, 'cannot affect. . .' but affect what—he didn't finish saying; and then he turned so ruefully thoughtful, so thoughtful that even his drunkenness dropped off him. We were sitting in Filipov's tavern, sir. And only maybe half an hour later he suddenly banged his fist on the table: 'Yes,' he says, 'maybe he is crazy, only that cannot affect...' and again he didn't finish saying what it couldn't affect. Of course, I'm telling you only an extract of the conversation, but the thought is clear; whoever you ask, they all come up with the same thought, even if it never entered anybody's head before: 'Yes,' they say, 'crazy—very intelligent, but maybe also crazy.'"

Stepan Trofimovich sat deep in thought, his mind working intensely.

"And why does Lebyadkin know?"

"Be so good as to make that inquiry of Alexei Nilych, who has just called me a spy. I am a spy, yet I don't know—while Alexei Nilych knows all the innermost secrets and keeps silent, sir."

"I know nothing, or little," the engineer replied, with the same irritation. "You pour drink into Lebyadkin in order to find out. You also brought me here in order to find out, and to get me to say. So you are a spy!"

"I've never yet poured any drink into him, sir, and he's not worth the money, with all his secrets—that's how much he means to me, I don't know about you. On the contrary, he's throwing money around, though twelve days ago he came to beg me for fifteen kopecks, and he's pouring champagne into me, not I into him. But you've given me an idea, and if need be I will get him drunk, precisely in order to find things out, and perhaps I will learn, sir... all your little secrets, sir," Liputin snarled back spitefully.

Bewildered, Stepan Trofimovich observed the two quarreling men. They were giving themselves away and, moreover, were being quite unceremonious about it. It occurred to me that Liputin had brought this Alexei Nilych to us precisely so as to draw him into the conversation he wanted through a third person—his favorite maneuver.

"Alexei Nilych knows Nikolai Vsevolodovich only too well," he went on irritably, "but he conceals it. And as for your question about Captain Lebyadkin, he met him before any of us, in Petersburg, five or six years ago, in that little-known epoch, if I may put it so, of Nikolai Vsevolodovich's life when he had not yet even thought of doing us the happiness of coming here. Our prince, one can only conclude, surrounded himself at that time in Petersburg with a very odd choice of acquaintances. It was then, I believe, that he became acquainted with Alexei Nilych."

"Beware, Liputin, I warn you that Nikolai Vsevolodovich is intending to be here in person soon, and he knows how to stand up for himself."

"And how do I deserve this, sir? I am the first one to shout that he's a man of the most refined and elegant mind, and I set Varvara Petrovna completely at ease yesterday in that regard. 'Only,' I said to her, 'I cannot vouch for his character.' Yesterday Lebyadkin said it in so many words: 'I've suffered from his character,' he said. Ah, Stepan Trofimovich, it's fine for you to shout about gossiping and spying, and that, notice, when you yourself have already extorted everything from me, and with such exceeding curiosity besides. And Varvara Petrovna, she really put her finger on it yesterday: 'You had a personal interest in the matter,' she says, 'that's why I'm turning to you.' And what else, sir! Why talk about purposes, when I swallowed a personal offense from His Excellency in front of a whole

gathering! It would seem I have reasons to be interested, not just for the sake of gossip. Today he shakes your hand, and tomorrow, for no reason at all, to repay your hospitality, he slaps your face in front of a whole honorable gathering, the moment he pleases. From fat living, sir! And the main thing with them is the female sex: butterflies and strutting roosters! Landowners with little wings like antique

cupids, lady-killer Pechorins! ^[51] It's easy for you, Stepan Trofimovich, an inveterate bachelor, to talk this way and call me a gossip on account of His Excellency. But if you, being the fine fellow you still are, were to marry a pretty and young one, you might just keep your door bolted against our prince, and build barricades in your own house! But why go far: if this Mademoiselle Lebyadkin, who gets whipped with knouts, weren't mad and bow-legged, by God, I'd think it was she who was the victim of our general's passions, and that this is what Captain Lebyadkin has suffered 'in his familial dignity,' as he himself puts it. Only maybe it contradicts his refined taste, but that's no great trouble to him. Any berry will do, so long as it comes his way while he's in a certain mood. You talk about gossip, but I'm not shouting about it, the whole town is clattering, while I just listen and yes them—yessing's not forbidden, sir." "The town is shouting? What is it shouting about?" "That is, it's Captain Lebyadkin, in a drunken state, who's shouting for the whole town to hear—well, and isn't that the same as if the whole marketplace was shouting? How am I to blame? I'm interested only as among friends, sir, because I still consider myself among friends here." He looked around at us with an innocent air. "There was an incident here, sirs, just think: it seems His Excellency, while still in Switzerland, supposedly sent three hundred roubles by a most noble girl and, so to speak, humble orphan, whom I have the honor of knowing, to be given to Captain Lebyadkin. But a little later Lebyadkin received most precise information, I won't say from whom, but also from a most noble and therefore most reliable person, that the sum sent was not three hundred roubles, but a thousand! ... 'That means,' Lebyadkin is shouting, 'that the girl filched seven hundred roubles from me,' and he wants to demand it back even if it's through the police, at least he's threatening to, and he's clattering all over town..."

"That is mean, mean of you!" the engineer suddenly jumped up from his chair.

"But you yourself are that most noble person who confirmed to Lebyadkin on Nikolai Vsevolodovich's behalf that it was not three hundred but a thousand roubles that were sent. The captain himself told me in a drunken state."

"That... that is an unfortunate misunderstanding. Someone made a mistake and it came out... that is nonsense, and you are mean! ..."

"But I also want to believe that it's nonsense, and I listen to it with regret, because, whether you like it or not, a most noble girl is mixed up, first of all, with the seven hundred roubles and, second, in some obvious intimacy with Nikolai Vsevolodovich. It's nothing for His Excellency to disgrace the noblest girl or to defame another man's wife, just as in that mishap with me, sir! He'll come across some man full of magnanimity and make him cover up someone else's sins with his honorable name. Just the same way as I suffered, sir; I'm talking about myself, sir..."

"Beware, Liputin!" Stepan Trofimovich rose from his chair and turned pale.

"Don't believe it, don't believe it! Someone made a mistake, and Lebyadkin is drunk..." the engineer exclaimed in inexpressible agitation. "It will all be made clear, but I can no longer... it's baseness... and enough, enough!"

He ran out of the room.

"What's the matter? I'm going with you!" Liputin, all aflutter, jumped up and ran after Alexei Nilych.

VII

Stepan Trofimovich stood in thought for a moment, glanced at me somehow without looking, took his hat and stick, and slowly walked out of the room. I went after him as before. Passing through the gate, he noticed that I was following him and said:

"Ah, yes, you can serve as a witness ... de l'accident. Vous m'accompagnerez; n'est-ce pas?" ^[xlv]

"Stepan Trofimovich, are you really going there again? Think what may come of it!"

With a pathetic and lost smile—a smile of shame and utter despair, and at the same time of some strange rapture—he whispered to me, stopping for a moment:

"I really cannot marry 'someone else's sins!'"

This was just the phrase I had been waiting for. At last this little phrase, cherished, concealed from me, had been spoken, after a whole week of hedging and contortions. I decidedly lost my temper.

"And such a dirty, such a... base thought could come to you, to Stepan Verkhovensky, to your lucid mind, to your kind heart, and... even prior to Liputin!"

He looked at me, made no reply, and continued on his way. I did not want to lag behind. I wanted to testify before Varvara Petrovna. I would have forgiven him if, in his womanish faintheartedness, he had simply believed Liputin, but it was clear now that he had conceived it all even long before Liputin, and Liputin had merely confirmed his suspicions and added fat to the fire. He had not hesitated to suspect the girl from the very first day, still without any grounds, not even Liputin's. He had explained Varvara Petrovna's despotic actions to himself only by her desperate wish to paint over the aristocratic peccadilloes of her priceless Nicolas by a marriage with an honorable man! I certainly wanted to see him punished for it.

"O Dieu qui est si grand et si bon! ^[xlvii] Oh, who will comfort me!" he exclaimed, having gone another hundred steps or so and suddenly stopped.

"Let's go home now, and I'll explain everything to you!" I cried out, forcing him to turn back towards his house.

"It's him! Stepan Trofimovich, is it you? You?" a fresh, playful young voice, like a sort of music, was heard beside us.

We had not noticed anything, but suddenly there beside us was Lizaveta Nikolaevna, on horseback, with her usual companion. She stopped her horse.

"Come, come quickly!" she called loudly and gaily. "I haven't seen him for twelve years and I recognized him, but he... Don't you recognize me?"

Stepan Trofimovich seized the hand she offered him and kissed it reverently. He looked at her as if in prayer and could not utter a word.

"He recognizes me, and he's glad! Mavriky Nikolaevich, he's delighted to see me! Then why haven't you come for two whole weeks? Auntie kept persuading us you were sick and couldn't be disturbed; but I know auntie lies. I stamped my feet and abused you, but I absolutely, absolutely wanted you to be the first to come, that's why I didn't send for you. God, he hasn't changed in the least!" she examined him, leaning down from her saddle, "It's funny how he hasn't changed! Ah, no, there are wrinkles, lots of little wrinkles around the eyes, and on the cheeks, and some gray hair, but the eyes are the same! And have I changed? Have I? But why don't you say something?"

I remembered at that moment having been told of how she was almost ill when she was taken to Petersburg at the age of eleven; during her illness she had allegedly cried and asked for Stepan Trofimovich.

"You ... I ..." he babbled now, in a voice breaking with joy, "I just cried out, 'Who will comfort me!' and then heard your voice ... I regard it as a miracle et je commence à croire,"^[xlvii]

"En Dieu? En Dieu qui est là-haut et qui est si grand et si bon?"^[xlviii] You see, I remember all your lectures by heart. Mavriky Nikolaevich, how he taught me then to believe en Dieu, qui est si grand et si bon! And do you remember your story of how Columbus discovered America and everybody shouted: 'Land, land!' My nurse Alyona Frolovna says that I raved during the night after that and shouted 'Land, land!' in my sleep. And do you remember telling me the story of Prince Hamlet? And do you remember describing to me how poor emigrants were transported from Europe to America? It was all untrue, I learned it all later, how they were transported, but how well he lied to me then, Mavriky Nikolaevich, it was almost better than the truth! Why are you looking at Mavriky Nikolaevich that way? He is the best and most faithful man on the whole earth, and you must come to love him as you do me! Il fait

tout ce que je veux.^[xlix] But, dear Stepan Trofimovich, it must mean you're unhappy again, if you're crying out in the middle of the street about who will comfort you? Unhappy, is it so? Is it?"

"I am happy now..."

"Does auntie offend you?" she went on without listening, "that same wicked, unjust, and eternally priceless auntie of ours! And do you remember how you used to throw yourself into my arms in the garden, and I'd comfort you and weep—don't be afraid of Mavriky Nikolaevich; he has known everything about you, everything, for a long time; you can weep on his shoulder as much as you like, and he'll stand there as long as you like! ... Lift your hat, take it all the way off for a moment, raise your head, stand on tiptoe, I'm going to kiss you on the forehead now, as I kissed you that last time, when we were saying good-bye. See, that young lady is admiring us through the window... Well, closer, closer. God, how gray he's become!"

And, leaning down from her saddle, she kissed him on the forehead.

"Well, now to your house! I know where you live. I'll join you presently, in a moment. I'll pay you the first visit, you stubborn man, and then I'll drag you to our place for the whole day. Go, now, get ready to receive me."

And she rode off with her cavalier. We came back. Stepan Trofimovich sat down on the sofa and wept.

"Dieu! Dieu!" he kept exclaiming, "enfin une minute de bonheur!"^[l]

Not more than ten minutes later she appeared as promised, accompanied by her Mavriky Nikolaevich.

"Vous et le bonheur, vous arrivez en même temps!"^[li] He rose to meet her.

"Here is a bouquet for you; I've just been to Madame Chevalier's, she'll have bouquets for birthday parties all winter. Here is Mavriky Nikolaevich as well, please become acquainted. I almost wanted to get a cake instead of a bouquet, but Mavriky Nikolaevich insists that it's not the Russian spirit."

This Mavriky Nikolaevich was an artillery captain, about thirty-three years old, a tall gentleman, of handsome and impeccably decent appearance, with an imposing and, at first glance, even stern physiognomy, in spite of his remarkable and most delicate kindness, of which everyone became aware almost from the moment of making his acquaintance. However, he was taciturn, appeared rather cool, and did not force his friendship upon anyone. Many in our town said afterwards that he was none too bright; that was not quite correct.

I will not describe the beauty of Lizaveta Nikolaevna. The whole town was already shouting about her beauty, though some of our ladies and young girls indignantly disagreed with the shouters. There were some among them who already hated Lizaveta Nikolaevna, in the first place for her pride: the Drozdovs had hardly even begun to pay any visits, which was insulting, though in fact the cause of the delay was Praskovya Ivanovna's ailing condition. In the second place, she was hated because she was a relative of the governor's wife; and in the third place, because she went for daily outings on horseback. There had never been any horsewomen in our town before; it was natural that the appearance of Lizaveta Nikolaevna, going for her outings on horseback without having paid any visits, was bound to insult society. Incidentally, everyone knew already that she went riding on doctor's orders, and spoke caustically of her poor health. She was indeed ill. One thing that was obvious about her from the first glance was her morbid, nervous, unceasing restlessness. Alas! the poor girl was suffering very much, and everything became clear afterwards. Recalling the past now, I will not say that she was the beauty she seemed to me then. Perhaps she was even not good-looking at all. Tall, slender, but lithe and strong, the irregularity of the lines of her face was even striking. Her eyes were set somehow in Kalmuck fashion, slantingly; her face was pale, with high cheekbones, swarthy and thin; yet there was in this face something so conquering and attracting! Some sort of power told itself in the burning look of her dark eyes; she appeared "as a conqueror, and to conquer." She seemed proud, and sometimes even bold; I do not know if she succeeded in being kind; but I know that she wanted terribly and suffered over forcing herself to be a little bit kind. In her nature there were, of course, many beautiful yearnings and very just undertakings; but it was as if everything in her

were eternally seeking its level without finding it, everything was chaos, restlessness, agitation. Perhaps she made too severe demands on herself, never finding herself strong enough to satisfy them.

She sat down on the sofa and looked around the room.

"Why is it that I always feel sad at such moments—can you solve that, my learned man? All my life I thought I'd be God knows how glad to see you and remember everything, and now I don't seem to be glad at all, though I do love you... Ah, God, he's got my portrait hanging here! Give it to me, I remember it, I remember!"

An excellent miniature watercolor portrait of the twelve-year-old Liza had been sent to Stepan Trofimovich by the Drozdovs from Petersburg nine years before. Since then it had always hung on his wall.

"Was I really such a pretty child? Is that really my face?"

She got up and, holding the portrait in her hand, looked at herself in the mirror.

"Take it, quickly!" she exclaimed, giving the portrait back. "Don't hang it up now, later, I don't even want to look at it." She sat down on the sofa again. "One life passed, another began, then that passed and a third began, and there's still no end. All the ends are cut off as if with a pair of scissors. See what old things I'm saying, and yet so true!"

She grinned and looked at me; she had already glanced at me several times, but Stepan Trofimovich, in his excitement, even forgot that he had promised to introduce me.

"And why is my portrait hanging under those daggers? And why do you have so many daggers and swords?"

Indeed, he had hanging on the wall, I do not know why, two crossed yataghans and, above them, a real Circassian sabre. She looked at me so directly as she asked that I was just about to make some reply, but cut myself short. Stepan Trofimovich finally realized and introduced me.

"I know, I know," she said, "I'm very glad. Maman has also heard a lot about you. And let me also introduce you to Mavriky Nikolaevich, he is a wonderful man. I've already formed a funny idea of you: you're Stepan Trofimovich's confidant, aren't you?"

I blushed.

"Ah, forgive me, please, I used the completely wrong word—not funny at all, but just..." She blushed and became embarrassed. "However, why be ashamed of being a wonderful man? Well, it's time to go, Mavriky Nikolaevich! Stepan Trofimovich, in half an hour you must be at our place. God, how we're going to talk! Now I am your confidante, in everything, *everything*, understand?"

Stepan Trofimovich immediately became frightened.

"Oh, Mavriky Nikolaevich knows everything, don't be embarrassed because of him!"

"What does he know?"

"But can it be, really?" she cried out in amazement. "Hah, so it's true they're hiding it! I didn't want to believe it. They're hiding Dasha, too. Auntie wouldn't let me see Dasha just now, said she had a headache."

"But... but how did you find out?"

"Ah, my God, the same way everyone else did. What could be simpler!"

"But does everyone ... ?"

"Well, and what else? Mama, it's true, was the first to find out, through my old nurse Alyona Frolovna; your Nastasya came running to tell her. And you did tell Nastasya, didn't you? She says you told her yourself."

"I ... I once said..." Stepan Trofimovich stammered, blushing all over, "but... I only hinted ...; 'étais si nerveux et malade et puis. . ."
„[lii]

She burst out laughing.

"And the confidant wasn't around, and Nastasya turned up—and that was it! And the woman's got herself a whole town full of busy-bodies. Well, good heavens, what difference does it make? Let them know, it's even better. Come for dinner as quickly as you can, we dine early... Oh, yes, I forgot," she sat down again, "listen, what is this Shatov?"

"Shatov? He is Darya Pavlovna's brother..."

"I know he's her brother, what's the matter with you, really!" she interrupted impatiently. "I want to know what he is, what sort of man?"

"C'est un pense-creux d'ici. C'est le meilleur et le plus irascible homme du monde..." [liii]

"I've heard he's somehow odd. Anyway, that's not the point. I've heard he knows three languages, English, too, and can do literary work. If so, I have a lot of work for him; I need an assistant, and the sooner the better. Will he take work, or not? He was recommended to me..."

"Oh, most certainly, *et vous fairez un bienfait* ... " [liv]

"It's not for the sake of a *bienfait*; I myself need assistance."

"I know Shatov quite well," I said, "and if you charge me with telling him, I'll go this minute."

"Tell him to come tomorrow morning at twelve o'clock. Wonderful! Thank you. Mavriky Nikolaevich, are you ready?"

They left. Of course, I ran at once to Shatov.

"*Mon ami!*" Stepan Trofimovich overtook me on the porch, "you must be here at ten or eleven o'clock, when I come back. Oh, I am guilty, all too guilty before you, and... before everyone, everyone."

VIII

I did not find Shatov at home; I ran by two hours later—again no one home. Finally, after seven o'clock, I went hoping either to

find him or to leave a note; again I did not find him. His apartment was locked, and he lived alone without any servant. It occurred to me to try knocking downstairs at Captain Lebyadkin's, to ask about Shatov; it was locked there, too, and there was not a sound, not a glimmer, as if the place were empty. I passed Lebyadkin's door with curiosity, being under the influence of the stories I had just heard. Finally, I decided to come back early the next day. Indeed, I did not count very much on the note; Shatov might ignore it, he was so stubborn, so shy. Cursing my bad luck and already going out the gate, I suddenly ran into Mr. Kirillov; he was going into the house and recognized me first. Since he began questioning me himself, I told him all the essentials, and that I had a note.

"Let's go," he said, "I'll do everything."

I remembered that according to Liputin's words he had been occupying the wooden wing in back since morning. This wing, which was too spacious for him, he shared with some old deaf woman who also served him. The owner of the house lived in another, new house, on another street, where he ran a tavern, and this old woman, apparently his relative, stayed to look after the whole of the old house. The rooms in the wing were quite clean, but the wallpaper was dirty. In the room we entered, the furnishings were random, ill-sorted, utter rejects: two card tables, an alder-wood chest, a big plank table brought from some peasant cottage or kitchen, chairs and a sofa with lattice backs and hard leather cushions. In the corner there was an old icon in front of which the woman had lighted an oil lamp before we came, and on the walls there hung two big, dark oil portraits—one of the late emperor Nikolai Pavlovich, painted back in the twenties by the look of it; the other of some bishop.

Mr. Kirillov, having entered, lit a candle, and from his suitcase, which stood in the corner and was still unpacked, took an envelope, a piece of wax, and a crystal seal.

"Seal your note and address the envelope."

I tried to protest that there was no need for that, but he insisted. Having addressed the envelope, I took my cap.

"And I thought perhaps some tea," he said. "I bought tea. Want some?"

I did not refuse. The woman soon brought in the tea—that is, a great big kettle of hot water, a small teapot full of strongly brewed

tea, two large, crudely painted stoneware cups, a kalatch, ^[52] and a whole soup plate of crumbled loaf sugar.

"I like tea," he said, "at night; a lot: I walk and drink; till dawn. Tea at night is awkward abroad."

"You go to bed at dawn?"

"Always; a long time. I eat little; mainly tea. Liputin is cunning, but impatient."

I was surprised that he wanted to talk; I decided to make use of the moment.

"There were some unpleasant misunderstandings today," I observed.

He frowned deeply.

"It's foolishness; great trifles. It's all trifles, because Lebyadkin is drunk. I told Liputin nothing, I just explained the trifles, because the other one gets it all wrong. Liputin has a lot of fantasy; in place of the trifles he made mountains. I trusted Liputin yesterday."

"And me today?" I laughed.

"But you already know everything from this morning. Liputin is either weak, or impatient, or harmful, or ... envious."

The last little word struck me.

"Anyway, you've set up so many categories, it would be surprising if he didn't fit into one of them."

"Or into all together."

"Yes, you're right about that, too. Liputin is—a chaos! Is it true what he was blathering today, that you're planning to write something?"

"Why blathering?" he frowned again, staring at the floor.

I apologized and began assuring him that I was not trying to get it out of him. He blushed.

"He was telling the truth; I am writing. Only it makes no difference."

We were silent for a moment; suddenly he smiled the same childlike smile as that morning.

"He invented about the heads himself, from books, and told me first, and he understands badly, but I'm only looking for the reasons why people don't dare to kill themselves, that's all. And it makes no difference."

"What do you mean, don't dare? Do we have so few suicides?"

"Very few."

"You really think so?"

He did not answer, got up, and began pacing back and forth pensively.

"And what, in your opinion, keeps people from suicide?" I asked.

He looked at me distractedly, as if trying to recall what we were talking about.

"I ... I still know little ... two prejudices keep them, two things; just two; one very small, the other very big. But the small one is also very big."

"What is the small one?"

"Pain."

"Pain? Is it really so important ... in this case?"

"The foremost thing. There are two sorts: those who kill themselves from great sorrow, or anger, or the crazy ones, or whatever... they do it suddenly. They think little about pain and do it suddenly. But the ones who do it judiciously—they think a lot."

"Are there any who do it judiciously?"

"Very many. If it weren't for prejudice, there'd be more; very many; everybody."

"Really? Everybody?"

He did not reply.

"But aren't there ways of dying without pain?"

"Imagine," he stopped in front of me, "imagine a stone the size of a big house; it's hanging there, and you are under it; if it falls

on you, on your head—will it be painful?"

"A stone as big as a house? Naturally, it's frightening."

"Fright is not the point; will it be painful?"

"A stone as big as a mountain, millions of pounds? Of course, it wouldn't be painful at all."

"But go and stand there in reality, and while it's hanging you'll be very much afraid of the pain. Every foremost scientist, foremost doctor, all, all of them will be very afraid. They'll all know it won't be painful, but they'll all be very afraid it will be."

"Well, and the second reason, the big one?"

"The other world."

"Punishment, you mean?"

"That makes no difference. The other world; the one other world."

"Aren't there such atheists as don't believe in the other world at all?"

Again he did not reply.

"You're judging by yourself, perhaps."

"Each man cannot judge except by himself," he said, blushing. "There will be entire freedom when it makes no difference whether one lives or does not live. That is the goal to everything."

"The goal? But then perhaps no one will even want to live?"

"No one," he said resolutely.

"Man is afraid of death because he loves life, that's how I understand it," I observed, "and that is what nature tells us."

"That is base, that is the whole deceit!" his eyes began to flash. "Life is pain, life is fear, and man is unhappy. Now all is pain and fear. Now man loves life because he loves pain and fear. That's how they've made it. Life now is given in exchange for pain and fear, and that is the whole deceit. Man now is not yet the right man. There will be a new man, happy and proud. He for whom it will make no difference whether he lives or does not live, he will be the new man. He who overcomes pain and fear will himself be God. And this God will not be."

"So this God exists, in your opinion?"

"He doesn't, yet he does. There is no pain in the stone, but there is pain in the fear of the stone. God is the pain of the fear of death. He who overcomes pain and fear will himself become God. Then there will be a new life, a new man, everything new... Then history will be divided into two parts: from the gorilla to the destruction of God, and from the destruction of God to..."

"To the gorilla?"

"... to the physical changing of the earth and man. Man will be God and will change physically. And the world will change, and deeds will change, and thoughts, and all feelings. What do you think, will man then change physically?"

"If it makes no difference whether one lives or does not live, then everyone will kill himself, and perhaps that will be the change."

"It makes no difference. They will kill the deceit. Whoever wants the main freedom must dare to kill himself. He who dares to kill himself knows the secret of the deceit. There is no further freedom;

here is everything; and there is nothing further. He who dares to kill himself, is God. Now anyone can make it so that there will be no God, and there will be no anything. But no one has done it yet, not once."

"There have been millions of suicides."

"But all not for that, all in fear and not for that. Not to kill fear. He who kills himself only to kill fear, will at once become God."

"He may not have time," I observed.

"It makes no difference," he replied softly, with quiet pride, almost with scorn. "I'm sorry you seem to be laughing," he added half a minute later.

"And I find it strange that you were so irritated earlier today, and are now so calm, though you talk heatedly."

"Earlier? Earlier today it was funny," he replied with a smile. "I don't like to abuse, and I never laugh," he added sadly.

"Well, you do spend your nights rather cheerlessly over your tea." I rose and took my cap.

"You think so?" he smiled, somewhat surprised. "But why? No, I... I don't know," he suddenly became confused, "I don't know how it is with others, and my feeling is that I cannot be like any other. Any other thinks, and then at once thinks something else. I cannot think something else, I think one thing all my life. God has tormented me all my life," he suddenly concluded, with surprising expansiveness.

"And tell me, if I may ask, why do you speak Russian not quite correctly? Can it be you forgot in your five years abroad?"

"Do I, really, incorrectly? I don't know. No, not because of abroad. I've spoken this way all my life ... it makes no difference to me."

"Another question, a more delicate one: I fully believe that you are not inclined to meet people and that you speak little with them. Why did you get into conversation with me now?"

"With you? You sat there nicely this morning, and you ... anyway it makes no difference... you very much resemble my brother, a lot, extremely," he said, blushing. "He died seven years ago—the older one—very, very much."

"He must have greatly influenced your way of thinking."

"N-no, he spoke little; he said nothing. I'll deliver your note."

He walked me to the gate with a lantern, to lock up after me. "He's crazy, of course," I decided to myself. At the gate a new encounter took place.

Just as I lifted my foot to step over the high sill of the gate, someone's strong hand grabbed me by the chest. "Who's this?" someone's voice bellowed, "friend or foe? Confess!"

"He's one of us, one of us!" Liputin's little voice squealed nearby.

"It's Mr. G——v, a young man of classical upbringing and connected with the highest society."

"I love it, if it's society, clas-si... that means high-ly ed-u-ca-ted... retired captain Ignat Lebyadkin, at the world's and his friends' service ... if they're faithful, faithful, the scoundrels!"

Captain Lebyadkin, over six feet tall, fat, beefy, curly-haired, red, and extremely drunk, could barely stand up in front of me and had difficulty articulating. I had, incidentally, seen him even before, from a distance.

"Ah, and this one, too!" he bellowed again, noticing Kirillov, who was still standing there with his lantern. He raised his fist, but lowered it at once.

"I forgive him on account of his learning! Ignat Lebyadkin—the high-ly ed-u-ca-ted... A cannonball with hot love loaded In Ignat's noble breast exploded. Again with bitter torment groaned Sebastópol's armless one.

[53]

Though I was never at Sebastopol, nor am I armless—but what rhymes!" He thrust himself at me with his drunken mug.

"He has no time, no time, he's going home," Liputin tried to reason with him. "He'll tell Lizaveta Nikolaevna all about it tomorrow."

"Lizaveta!" he shouted again. "Wait, don't move! A variation:
A star on horseback she flies free In Amazonian round-dance wild
And then from horseback smiles on me, The aris-to-crat-ic child.
'To a Star-Amazon.' This is a hymn, see! It's a hymn, or else you're an ass! The slobs, they don't understand! Wait!" he grabbed at my coat, though I was trying with all my might to pass through the gate. "Tell her I'm a knight of honor, and Dashka... With two fingers I'll... She's a serf slave and won't dare..."

At this point he fell over, because I forcibly tore myself from his grip and ran off down the street. Liputin tagged along.

"Alexei Nilych will pick him up. Do you know what I just found out from him?" he babbled, huffing and puffing. "Did you hear that jingle? Well, he's sealed those same verses 'To a Star-Amazon' in an envelope, and is going to send them to Lizaveta Nikolaevna tomorrow with his full signature. How about that!"

"I bet you put him up to it yourself."

"You lose!" Liputin guffawed. "He's in love, in love like a tomcat, and, you know, it actually started with hatred. He hated Lizaveta Nikolaevna at first for riding around on horseback, so much so that he almost abused her out loud in the street; in fact, he did abuse her! Only the day before yesterday he abused her when she rode by—fortunately she didn't hear; and suddenly today—verses! Do you know he means to venture a proposal? Seriously, seriously!"

"I'm surprised at you, Liputin; wherever there's some such trash to be found, you're always there as a leader!" I said in a rage.

"Now, that's going too far, Mr. G——v; hasn't your little heart skipped a beat for fear of a rival, eh?"

"Wha-a-at?" I cried, stopping.

"So, just to punish you, I'm not going to say anything more! And you'd love to hear more, wouldn't you? Just this one thing: that that nitwit is no longer merely a captain, but a landowner of our province, and quite a significant one at that, because Nikolai Vsevolodovich sold him his entire estate, his former two hundred souls, the other day, and by God I'm not lying! I only just found it out, but from a most reliable source. So now go groping around for the rest yourself; I won't tell you anything more; good-bye, sir!"

X

Stepan Trofimovich was waiting for me with hysterical impatience. He had been back for an hour. He was as if drunk when I found him; at least for the first five minutes I thought he was drunk. Alas, his visit to the Drozdovs had knocked the last bit of sense out of him.

"*Mon ami*, I've quite lost the thread... Lise ... I love and respect the angel as before, exactly as before; but it seems they were both waiting for me only in order to find something out, that is, quite simply, to wheedle it out of me, and then—off you go, and God be with you... It's really so."

"Shame on you!" I cried out, unable to help myself.

"My friend, I am completely alone now. *Enfin, il'est ridicule.* [lv] Imagine that there, too, it's all crammed with mysteries. They simply fell on me with these noses and ears and other Petersburg mysteries. It was only here that the two of them found out about those local stories to do with Nicolas four years ago: 'You were here, you saw, is it true that he's mad?' And where this idea came from, I don't understand. Why is it that Praskovya must absolutely have Nicolas turn out to be mad? The woman wants it, she does! *Ce*

Maurice, or what's his name, Mavriky Nikolaevich, *brave homme tout de même*, [lvii] but can it be for his benefit, after she herself was the first to write from Paris to *cette pauvre amie*... *Enfin*, this Praskovya, as *cette chère amie* calls her, is a type, she's Gogol's Korobochka, [54] Mrs. Littlebox, of immortal memory, only a wicked Littlebox, a provoking Littlebox, and in an infinitely enlarged form."

"That would make her a trunk! Enlarged, really?"

"Well, diminished then, it makes no difference, only don't interrupt me, because it all keeps whirling around. They had a final spat there, except for Lise; she still says 'auntie, auntie,' but Lise is sly, and there's something more to it. Mysteries. But she did quarrel with

the old woman. *Cette pauvre* auntie, it's true, is despotic with everyone ... and there's also the governor's wife, and the disrespect of society, and the 'disrespect' of Karmazinov; and then suddenly this notion of craziness, *ce Liputine, ce que je ne comprends pas*,^[lvii] and... and they say she put vinegar to her head, and then you and I come along with our complaints and letters ... Oh, how I've tormented her, and at such a time! *Je suis un ingrat!*^[lviii] Imagine, I come back and find a letter from her— read it, read it! Oh, how ignoble it was on my part."

He handed me the just-received letter from Varvara Petrovna. She seemed to have repented of her morning's "Stay home." It was a polite little letter, but nonetheless resolute and laconic. She invited Stepan Trofimovich to call on her the day after tomorrow, Sunday, at twelve o'clock sharp, and advised him to bring along some one of his friends (my name appeared in parentheses). She, for her part, promised to invite Shatov, as Darya Pavlovna's brother. "You can receive a final answer from her; will this suffice you? Is this the formality you've been striving for?"

"Note that irritated phrase at the end about formality. Poor, poor woman, the friend of my whole life! I confess, this *sudden* deciding of my fate crushed me, as it were ... I confess, I was still hoping, but now *tout est dit*, I know it's finished; *c'est terrible*.^[lix] Oh, if only there were no Sunday at all, and everything could go on as before: you would visit me, and I would..."

"You're bewildered by all that nasty gossip of Liputin's today."

"My friend, you have just put your friendly finger on another sore spot. These friendly fingers are generally merciless, and sometimes muddled, *pardon*, but would you believe that I almost forgot about it all, I mean that nasty gossip—that is, I by no means forgot, but, in my foolishness, all the while I was at Lise's I tried to be happy and kept assuring myself that I was happy. But now... oh, now it's this woman—magnanimous, humane, patient with my mean shortcomings—that is, perhaps not quite patient, but what am I myself, with my bad, empty character! I am a whimsical child, with all the egoism of a child, but with none of the innocence. For twenty years she's been looking after me like a nurse, *cette pauvre* auntie, as Lise graciously calls her... And suddenly, after twenty years, the child decides to get married—get me married, get me married, in letter after letter—and she sits putting vinegar to her head and... and here I've done it, on Sunday I'll be a married man, no joking ... And why did I insist, why did I write letters? Ah, yes, I forgot: Lise idolizes Darya Pavlovna, at least she says she does. '*C'est un ange*,'^[lx] she says of her, 'only a rather secretive one.' They both advised it, even Praskovya... though Praskovya didn't advise it. Oh, how much venom is locked up in that Littlebox! And, as a matter of fact, Lise did not advise it either: 'What do you need to get married for; the pleasures of learning are enough for you.' Gales of laughter. I forgave her the laughter, because she herself is sick at heart. All the same, they said, it is impossible for you to be without a woman. Infirmary is coming upon you, and she will cover you, or whatever... *Ma foi*, all this time I've been sitting here with you, I, too, have been thinking to myself that providence was sending her in the decline of my stormy days and that she would cover me, or whatever ... *enfin*, would be useful around the house. My place is a mess, look, over there, everything's scattered about, I just ordered it to be tidied up, and there's a book lying on the floor. *La pauvre amie* has always been angry at the mess in my place... Oh, no longer

will her voice be heard here! *Vingt ans!*^[lxi] And—and it seems they've got anonymous letters, imagine, Nicolas has supposedly sold his estate to Lebyadkin. *C'est un monstre; et enfin*,^[lxii] who is this Lebyadkin? Lise listens, listens, ohh, how she listens! I forgave her the laughter, I saw the look on her face as she listened, and *ce Maurice*... I wouldn't want to be in his present role, *brave homme tout de même*, but somewhat shy; God help him though..."

He fell silent; he was tired and bewildered, and sat downcast, his tired eyes fixed on the floor. I took advantage of the pause to tell him about my visit to Filippov's house, expressing curtly and dryly my opinion that Lebyadkin's sister (whom I had not seen) might indeed have been some sort of victim of Nicolas's during the mysterious period of his life, as Liputin put it, and that it was quite possible that Lebyadkin was for some reason receiving money from Nicolas, but that was all. As for the gossip about Darya Pavlovna, it was all nonsense, it had all been stretched by the blackguard Liputin, or so at least Alexei Nilych, whom there was no reason to doubt, hotly insisted. Stepan Trofimovich listened to my assurances with a distracted look, as if it did not concern him. I also mentioned, incidentally, my conversation with Kirillov, and added that Kirillov was possibly mad.

"He's not mad, but these people have short little thoughts," he mumbled listlessly and as if unwillingly. "*Ces gens-là supposent la nature et la société humaine autre que Dieu ne les a faites et qu'elles ne sont réellement*.^[lxiii] They are flirted with, but not at any rate by Stepan Verkhovensky. I saw them when I was in Petersburg, *avec cette chère amie* (oh, how I used to insult her then!), and I was

frightened neither of their abuse—nor even of their praise. I will not be frightened now either, *mais parlons d'autre chose*^[lxiv] ... I seem to have done some terrible things; imagine, I sent Darya Pavlovna a letter yesterday, and... how I curse myself for it!"

"What did you write about?"

"Oh, my friend, believe me, it was all done so nobly. I informed her that I had written to Nicolas five days before, also nobly."

"Now I understand!" I cried out hotly. "And what right did you have to put them together like that?"

"But, *mon cher*, don't crush me finally, don't yell at me; I am quite crushed as it is, like... like a cockroach, and, finally, I think it is all so noble. Suppose there had indeed been something there ... *en Suisse* ... or there was beginning to be. Oughtn't I to question their hearts first, so as... *enfin*, so as not to hinder their hearts or stand in their way like a post... solely out of nobility?"

"Oh, God, what a stupid thing to do!" burst from me involuntarily.

"Stupid, stupid!" he picked up, even greedily. "You've never said anything more intelligent, *c'était bête, mais que faire, tout est dit*.^[lxv] I am getting married anyway, even if it's to 'someone else's sins,' and so what was the point of writing? Isn't that so?"

"You're at it again!"

"Oh, you won't frighten me with your shouting now, it's not the same Stepan Verkhovensky you see before you; that one is

buried; *enfin, tout est dit*. And why are you shouting? Only because it's not you who is getting married, and it's not you who is going to wear a certain ornament on your head. You're cringing again? My poor friend, you don't know women; as for me, all I've ever done is study them. 'If you want to overcome the whole world, overcome yourself—the only thing that other romantic like yourself, Shatov, my spouse's dear brother, ever managed to say well. I gladly borrow the utterance from him. Well, now I, too, am prepared to overcome myself and am getting married, and yet what am I conquering in place of the whole world? Oh, my friend, marriage is the moral death of any proud soul, of any independence. Married life will corrupt me, will rob me of my energy, my courage in serving the cause; there will be children, perhaps not even mine, that is, certainly not mine—a wise man is not afraid to face the truth... Liputin suggested today that I save myself from Nicolas with barricades; he's stupid, Liputin. A woman will deceive the all-seeing eye itself. *Le bon Dieu* knew, of course, what he was letting himself in for when he created woman, but I'm sure she herself interfered with him and forced him to make her this way and... with these attributes; otherwise who would want to get himself into such troubles for nothing? Nastasya, I know, will probably be angry with me for freethinking, but... *Enfin, tout est dit*."

He would not have been himself if he could have done without the cheap, quibbling freethinking that had flourished so much in his day, but at least he had comforted himself this time with his little quibble, though not for long.

"Oh, why couldn't there simply not be this day after tomorrow, this Sunday!" he suddenly exclaimed, now in utter despair. "Why couldn't just this one week be without a Sunday—*si le miracle existe?*" ^[lxvii] What would it cost providence to cross out just this one Sunday from the calendar, just to prove its power to an atheist, *et que tout soit dit!*" ^[lxviii] Oh, how I loved her! Twenty years, all these twenty years, and she never, never understood me!"

"But who are you talking about? I also don't understand you!" I asked in surprise.

"*Vingt ans!* And she never once understood me—oh, this is cruel! Can she really think I'm getting married out of fear, out of need? Oh, shame! Auntie, auntie, it is for you that I... Oh, may she know, this auntie, that she is the only woman I have adored for these twenty years! She must know it, otherwise it will not be, otherwise they will have to drag me by force to this *ce qu'on appelle* ^[lxviii] altar!"

It was the first time I had heard this confession, and so energetically expressed. I will not conceal that I had a terrible urge to laugh. I was wrong.

"Alone, he alone is left to me, my only hope!" he clasped his hands all at once, as if suddenly struck by a new thought. "Now only he alone, my poor boy, can save me, and—oh, why does he not come! Oh, my son, oh, my Petrusha... and though I am not worthy to be called a father, but a tiger rather, still. . . *laissez-moi, mon ami,*" ^[lxix] I'll lie down for a while to collect my thoughts. I'm so tired, so tired, and I suppose it must be time for you to go to bed, *voyez-vous,*" ^[lxx] it's twelve o'clock..."

04: The Lame Girl

I

Shatov proved not to be stubborn and, following my note, came at noontime to call on Lizaveta Nikolaevna. We entered at almost the same time; I, too, was paying my first call. All of them—that is, Liza, maman, and Mavriky Nikolaevich—were sitting in the big drawing room, arguing. Maman had requested that Liza play some waltz for her on the piano, and when she began the requested waltz, started insisting that it was the wrong one. Mavriky Nikolaevich, in his simplicity, interceded for Liza and insisted that it was the right one; the old woman got so angry that she burst into tears. She was ill, and even had difficulty walking. Her legs were swollen, and already for several days she had done nothing but wax capricious and find fault with others, despite the fact that she had always been slightly afraid of Liza. They were glad that we came. Liza blushed with pleasure and, after saying *merci* to me, for Shatov of course, went up to him, looking at him curiously.

Shatov stopped clumsily in the doorway. Having thanked him for coming, she led him over to maman.

"This is Mr. Shatov, of whom I spoke to you, and this is Mr. G——v, a great friend of mine and of Stepan Trofimovich's. Mavriky Nikolaevich also made his acquaintance yesterday."

"And which one is the professor?"

"There isn't any professor, maman."

"Yes, there is, you were saying yourself there would be a professor; it must be this one," she pointed squeamishly at Shatov.

"I never told you there would be a professor. Mr. G——v is in the civil service, and Mr. Shatov is a former student."

"Student, professor, anyway it's from the university. You just want to argue. And the Swiss one had a moustache and a little beard."

"It's Stepan Trofimovich's son that maman keeps calling a professor," Liza said, and she led Shatov to a sofa at the other end of the drawing room.

"She's always like that when her legs are swollen—ill, you know," she whispered to Shatov, still studying him with the same extreme curiosity, especially his lock of hair.

"Are you military?" the old woman, to whom I had been so mercilessly abandoned by Liza, addressed me.

"No, madam, I am in the civil service..."

"Mr. G——v is a great friend of Stepan Trofimovich's," Liza echoed at once.

"You serve at Stepan Trofimovich's? But isn't he a professor, too?"

"Ah, maman, you must even dream about professors in your sleep," Liza cried in vexation.

"There are quite enough of them in reality. And you are eternally contradicting your mother. Were you here when Nikolai Vsevolodovich came four years ago?"

I replied that I was.

"And was there some Englishman here with you?"

"No, there wasn't."

Liza laughed.

"Ah, you see, there wasn't any Englishman, so it's all a pack of lies. Varvara Petrovna and Stepan Trofimovich are both lying. And everyone else is lying, too."

"That's because yesterday auntie and Stepan Trofimovich found some resemblance between Nikolai Vsevolodovich and Prince Harry from Shakespeare's *Henry the Fourth*, and in answer to that maman says there was no Englishman," Liza explained to us.

"If there was no Harry, then there was no Englishman either. Nikolai Vsevolodovich was playing pranks all by himself."

"I assure you that maman does it on purpose," Liza found it necessary to explain to Shatov, "she knows perfectly well about Shakespeare. I myself read her the first act of *Othello*; but she's suffering very much now. Maman, do you hear, it's striking twelve, time for you to take your medicine."

"The doctor is here," a chambermaid appeared in the doorway.

The old woman raised herself and began calling her dog: "Zemirka, Zemirka, you come with me at least."

The nasty little old dog Zemirka did not obey and hid under the sofa where Liza was sitting.

"You don't want to? Then I don't want you either. Good-bye, dearie, I don't know your name," she turned to me.

"Anton Lavrentievich..."

"Well, it makes no difference, it goes in one ear and out the other. Don't see me out, Mavriky Nikolaevich, I was only calling Zemirka. Thank God, I can still walk by myself, and tomorrow I shall go for a drive."

She angrily walked out of the drawing room.

"Anton Lavrentievich, talk for a while with Mavriky Nikolaevich. I assure you, you'll both gain from a closer acquaintance," Liza said, and she gave a friendly smile to Mavriky Nikolaevich, who simply beamed all over from her look. There was no help for it, I was left to talk with Mavriky Nikolaevich.

II

The business Lizaveta Nikolaevna had with Shatov turned out, to my surprise, to be indeed only literary. I don't know why, but I had been thinking that she had summoned him for something else. We—that is, Mavriky Nikolaevich and myself—seeing that they were not concealing anything from us and were talking quite loudly, began to listen; then we, too, were invited to join the council. The whole thing was that Lizaveta Nikolaevna had long since conceived of publishing a—in her opinion useful—book, but being completely inexperienced, she needed a collaborator. I was even amazed at the seriousness with which she began to explain her plan to Shatov. "Must be one of the new sort," I thought, "it's not for nothing she was in Switzerland." Shatov listened attentively, his eyes fixed on the ground, not surprised in the least that an idle society girl should undertake affairs seemingly so unsuitable for her.

The literary undertaking was of the following sort. A multitude of metropolitan and provincial newspapers and other journals is published in Russia, and these report daily on a multitude of events. The year goes by, the newspapers are everywhere stacked up in bookcases, or turned into litter, torn up, used for wrapping things or for hats. Many of the facts published produce an impression and remain in the public memory, but are then forgotten over the years. Many people would like to refer to them later, but what an effort it is to search through that sea of pages, often without knowing the day, or the place, or even the year when the event occurred. And yet, if all these facts for a whole year were brought together in one book, with a certain plan and a certain idea, with a table of contents, an index, a classification by month and day—such a combined totality could present a whole characterization of Russian life for that whole year, notwithstanding the extremely small portion of facts as compared with all that had happened.

"Instead of many pages there will be a few fat books, that's all," observed Shatov.

But Lizaveta Nikolaevna hotly defended her project in spite of its difficulty and her inexperience in talking about it. There should be one book, and not even a very fat one, she insisted. But even supposing it were a fat one, still it would be a clear one, because the main thing was the plan and the way the facts were presented. Of course, not everything was to be collected and reproduced. Government decrees and acts, local directives, laws—all facts of that sort, though important, could be entirely omitted from the proposed volume. A great deal could be omitted, and the choice could be limited only to events that more or less expressed the personal moral life of the people, the personality of the Russian people at a given moment. Of course, anything could be included: curiosities, fires, donations, all sorts of good and bad deeds, all sorts of pronouncements and speeches, perhaps even news about flooded rivers, perhaps even some government decrees as well, but with the choice only of those things that portrayed the epoch; everything would be included with a certain view, a direction, an intention, an idea, throwing light on the entire whole, the totality. And, finally, the book should be interesting even as light reading, to say nothing of its being an indispensable reference work! It would be, so to speak, a picture of the spiritual, moral, inner life of Russia over an entire year. "Everyone should want to buy it, the book should become a household item," Liza kept affirming. "I realize that the whole thing depends on the plan, and that is why I'm turning to you," she concluded. She was quite flushed, and though her explanations were obscure and incomplete, Shatov began to understand.

"So the result would be something with a tendency, a selection of facts with a certain tendency," he muttered, still without raising his head.

"Not at all, there's no need to select with a tendency, there's no need for any tendency. Just impartiality—that's the only tendency."

"But there's nothing wrong with a tendency," Shatov stirred, "and it's impossible to avoid, as soon as at least some selection reveals itself. The selection of facts will in itself indicate how they are to be understood. Your idea isn't bad."

"So that means such a book is possible?" Liza rejoiced.

"We'll have to see and think. It's a huge matter. One cannot invent something all at once. Experience is necessary. Even when the book is published, we'll still hardly know how to publish it. Maybe only after many trials; but the idea is nearly there. A useful idea."

He finally raised his eyes, and they even shone with pleasure, so interested he was.

"Did you think it up yourself?" he asked Liza, gently and as if bashfully.

"But it's not hard to think it up, it's the plan that's hard," Liza smiled. "I don't understand much, and I'm not very smart, I only pursue what is clear to me ..."

"Pursue?"

"Maybe not the right word?" Liza inquired quickly.

"It's a possible word; never mind."

"It seemed to me even abroad that I, too, could be useful in some way. I have my own money, and it just sits there, so why couldn't I, too, work for the common cause? Besides, the idea came somehow suddenly, by itself; I didn't sit thinking it up, and I was very glad when it came; but I saw at once that I couldn't do it without a collaborator, because I don't know how to do anything myself. The collaborator will, of course, become co-editor of the book. We'll go half and half: your plan and work, my original idea and the means for publishing it. The book will pay for itself, won't it?"

"If we hit on the right plan, the book will go over."

"I warn you that it's not for the sake of profit, but I wish very much for the book to sell, and I'll be proud of the profit."

"Well, and what does it have to do with me?"

"But it's you I'm asking to be my collaborator... half and half. You will work out the plan."

"What makes you think I'm capable of working out the plan?"

"I was told about you, and I heard here ... I know you're very intelligent and... occupied with important things... and you think a lot; I was told about you by Pyotr Stepanovich Verkhovensky in Switzerland," she added hastily. "He's a very intelligent man, isn't he?" Shatov gave her a momentary oblique glance, but at once lowered his eyes.

"And Nikolai Vsevolodovich also told me a lot about you..."

Shatov suddenly blushed.

"Anyway, here are the newspapers," Liza hastily snatched up from a chair a stack of prepared and tied-up newspapers, "here, I've tried to mark some choice facts, to make a selection, and add numbers... you'll see."

Shatov took the bundle.

"Take it home and have a look—where is it you live?"

"On Bogoyavlensky Street, in Filippov's house."

"I know. I've heard there's also some captain who, it seems, lives next to you—a Mr. Lebyadkin?" Liza went on hastily as before.

Shatov, holding the stack of papers in his still outstretched hand, sat there for a whole minute without replying, staring down.

"Why don't you choose someone else for this business, I won't be of any use to you," he said finally, lowering his voice somehow terribly strangely, almost to a whisper.

Liza blushed.

"What business are you talking about? Mavriky Nikolaevich!" she cried, "that letter, please."

I went up to the table together with Mavriky Nikolaevich.

"Look at this," she suddenly turned to me, unfolding the letter in great agitation. "Have you ever seen anything like it? Please read it aloud; I want Mr. Shatov to hear it, too."

With no little astonishment I read aloud the following epistle:

To the Perfection of the Young Miss Tushin.

Dear lady, Elizaveta Nikolaevna!

Oh, what a lovely vision

Is Elizaveta Tushin.

When she flies sidesaddle with her relation

And her locks share the wind's elation, Or when with her mother in church she bows

And the blush of reverent faces shows, Then matrimonial and lawful delights I do desire, And after her, and her mother, send my tear.

Composed by an unlearned man in an argument.

Dear lady!

I pity myself most of all for having not lost an arm at Sebastopol in the cause of glory, not having been there at all, but served the whole campaign managing vile provisions, considering it baseness. You are a goddess in antiquity, and I am nothing but have guessed about the boundlessness. Consider it as verse and no more, for verse is nonsense after all and justifies what is considered boldness in prose. Can the sun be angry at an infusorian if it composes from its drop of water, where there is a multitude of them, as seen in a microscope? Even the very club of human kindness towards big cattle in Petersburg of high society, rightly commiserating with the dog and the horse, scorns the brief infusorian, not mentioning it at all, because it has not grown big enough. I have not grown big enough either. The thought of marriage might seem killing; but soon I will possess a former two hundred souls through a hater of mankind whom you should scorn. I can tell much, and volunteer it according to documents— enough for Siberia. Do not scorn the offer. The letter from the infusorian is to be understood in verse.

Captain Lebyadkin, a humble friend, with much free time to spend.

"This was written by a man in a drunken state and a scoundrel!" I cried out indignantly. "I know him!"

"I received this letter yesterday," Liza began to explain to us, blushing and hurrying, "and I myself understood at once that it was from some fool, and if I have not yet shown it to maman, it's because I didn't want to upset her still more. But if he continues again, I don't know what to do. Mavriky Nikolaevich wants to go and forbid him. Since I regarded you as my collaborator," she turned to Shatov, "and since you live there, I wanted to ask you, so as to be able to judge what more can be expected from him."

"He's a drunk man and a scoundrel," Shatov muttered, as if reluctantly.

"And is he always such a fool?"

"Oh, no, he's not a fool at all, when he's not drunk."

"I knew a general who wrote exactly the same kind of verses," I observed, laughing.

"Even from this letter you can see that he keeps his own counsel," the taciturn Mavriky Nikolaevich unexpectedly put in.

"They say there's some sister there?" Liza asked.

"Yes, a sister."

"They say he tyrannizes over her—is it true?"

Shatov again glanced at Liza, scowled, and grumbling "What do I care?" moved towards the door.

"Ah, wait," Liza cried out worriedly, "where are you going? We still have so much to talk about..."

"What is there to talk about? I'll let you know tomorrow..."

"But the main thing, the printing! Believe me, I'm not joking, I seriously want to do it," Liza went on assuring him, with ever increasing alarm. "If we decide to publish it, where will we have it printed?"

That is the most important question, because we won't go to Moscow for it, and the local printer is impossible for such a publication. I made up my mind long ago to start my own press, in your name, let's suppose, and I know maman would allow it if it was in your name ..."

"And how do you know I can be a printer?" Shatov asked sullenly.

"But Pyotr Stepanovich, still in Switzerland, pointed me precisely to you, as one who could run a press and was familiar with the business. He even wanted to give me a note for you, but I forgot."

Shatov, as I recall now, changed countenance. He stood there for a few more seconds and then suddenly walked out of the room.

Liza got angry.

"Does he always walk out like that?" she turned to me.

I shrugged, but Shatov suddenly returned, went straight up to the table, and placed on it the bundle of newspapers he had taken:

"I won't be your collaborator, I have no time..."

"But why, why? You seem to have become angry?" Liza asked in an upset and pleading voice.

The tone of her voice seemed to strike him; for a few moments he studied her attentively, as if wishing to penetrate to her very soul.

"It makes no difference," he muttered softly, "I don't want to..."

And he left for good. Liza was completely struck, somehow even excessively, or so it seemed to me.

"A remarkably strange man!" Mavriky Nikolaevich loudly observed.

III

Strange," certainly, yet there was in all this a great deal of obscurity. Something was implied in it. I decidedly did not believe in this publication; then there was this stupid letter, which all too clearly offered some sort of denunciation "with documents," which they all said nothing about, and instead talked of something entirely different; finally, there was this press, and Shatov's sudden departure precisely because they began to speak of a press. All this led me to think that something had already happened here before me of which I knew nothing; that, consequently, I was not wanted, and that it was all none of my business. Besides, it was time to go, it was enough for a first visit. I went up to Lizaveta Nikolaevna to say good-bye.

She seemed to have forgotten I was in the room and continued standing in the same place by the table, deep in thought, her head bowed, staring fixedly at one chosen spot in the carpet.

"Ah, you, too? Good-bye," she prattled, in a habitually sweet voice. "Give my greetings to Stepan Trofimovich and persuade him to come to me soon. Mavriky Nikolaevich, Anton Lavrentievich is leaving. I'm sorry maman cannot come and say good-bye to you..."

I walked out and had even gone down the stairs when a servant suddenly overtook me on the porch.

"My lady begs you very much to come back ..."

"The lady, or Lizaveta Nikolaevna?" "That's the one, sir."

I found Liza no longer in that big drawing room where we had been sitting, but in the adjoining reception room. The door to the drawing room, where Mavriky Nikolaevich now remained alone, was tightly shut.

Liza smiled at me, but she was pale. She stood in the middle of the room, obviously undecided, obviously struggling with herself; but all at once she took me by the hand and silently, quickly led me to the window.

"I want to see *her* at once," she whispered, turning to me her ardent, strong, impatient gaze, not allowing for a shadow of contradiction. "I must see *her* with my own eyes, and I ask your help."

She was in a complete frenzy and—in despair.

"Who is it you wish to see, Lizaveta Nikolaevna?" I asked in fright.

"This Lebyadkin woman, the lame one ... Is it true that she's lame?"

I was astounded.

"I've never seen her, but I've heard that she's lame, I heard it only yesterday," I murmured with hasty readiness and also in a whisper.

"I absolutely must see her. Could you arrange it for this same day?"

I felt terribly sorry for her.

"That is impossible, and, besides, I wouldn't have any idea how to do it," I began persuading her. "I'll go to Shatov..."

"If you don't arrange it by tomorrow, I shall go to her myself, alone, because Mavriky Nikolaevich has refused. I'm counting only on you, I have no one else; I spoke stupidly with Shatov... I'm sure you are a completely honest man and, perhaps, completely devoted to me, only do arrange it."

A passionate desire to help her in everything came over me.

"Here is what I'll do," I thought a bit, "I'll go myself and see her today for certain, *for certain!* I'll make it so that I see her, I give you my word of honor; only—allow me to confide in Shatov."

"Tell him that I have this wish and that I can wait no longer, but that I was not deceiving him just now. He left, perhaps, because he's a very honest man and did not like it that I seemed to be deceiving him. I wasn't deceiving him; I really want to publish and to start a press..."

"He is honest, honest," I confirmed with fervor.

"However, if it doesn't get arranged by tomorrow, then I will go myself, whatever may come of it, and even if everyone finds out."

"I cannot come to you before three o'clock tomorrow," I observed, recollecting myself somewhat.

"At three o'clock, then. I guessed right, then, at Stepan Trofimovich's yesterday, that you are somewhat devoted to me?" she smiled, pressing my hand in parting and hurrying to the abandoned Mavriky Nikolaevich.

I left, oppressed by my promise, and not understanding what had happened. I had seen a woman in real despair, who was not afraid to compromise herself by confiding in a man who was almost a stranger. Her feminine smile in a moment so difficult for her, and the hint that she had already noticed my feelings yesterday, simply stabbed my heart; yet I felt pity, pity—that was all! Her secrets suddenly became something sacred for me, and even if they had been revealed to me right then, I think I would have stopped my ears and refused to hear any more. I only had a foreboding of something... And yet I had absolutely no idea how I was going to arrange anything here. What's more, even then I still did not know precisely what had to be arranged: a meeting, but what sort of meeting? And how bring them together? All my hopes lay in Shatov, though I might have known beforehand that he would not help with anything. But I rushed to him anyway.

IV

Only in the evening, past seven, did I find him at home. To my surprise, he had visitors—Alexei Nilych, and another gentleman I was half acquainted with, a certain Shigalyov, the brother of Virginsky's wife.

This Shigalyov must already have spent about two months in our town; I do not know where he came from; the only thing I had heard about him was that he had published some article in a progressive Petersburg magazine. Virginsky introduced us by chance in the street. Never in my life have I seen a more grim, gloomy, glowering face on a man. He looked as if he were expecting the destruction of the world, and not just sometime, according to prophecies which might not be fulfilled, but quite definitely, round about morning, the day after tomorrow, at ten twenty-five sharp. Incidentally, we said almost nothing then, but only shook hands, looking like a pair of conspirators. I was struck most of all by the unnatural size of his ears—long, broad, and thick, sticking out somehow peculiarly. His movements were clumsy and slow. If Liputin ever did dream that a phalanstery might be realized in our province, this man was sure to know the day and hour when it would come about. He made a sinister impression on me; meeting him now at Shatov's, I was surprised, all the more so in that Shatov generally had no love of visitors.

Even from the stairs they could be heard talking very loudly, all three at once, and apparently arguing; but as soon as I appeared, they all fell silent. They had been arguing standing up, and now suddenly they all sat down, so that I, too, had to sit down. The stupid silence would not get broken for about three full minutes. Shigalyov, though he recognized me, pretended he did not know me—certainly not from hostility, but just so. Alexei Nilych and I bowed slightly to each other, but silently, and for some reason did not shake hands. Shigalyov finally began looking at me sternly and gloweringly, in the most naive conviction that I would suddenly get up and leave. Finally, Shatov rose from his chair, and everyone else suddenly jumped up. They walked out without saying good-bye; only Shigalyov, already in the doorway, said to Shatov, who was seeing them out:

"Remember, you're obliged to report."

"I spit on your reports, and the devil if I'm obliged to anybody." Shatov saw him out and fastened the door with a hook.

"Snipe!" he said, glancing at me and grinning somehow crookedly.

His face was angry, and I felt it strange that he had begun talking. Usually, whenever I had come to see him before (very rarely, by the way), he would sit glowering in the corner, responding angrily, and only after a long time would become quite animated and begin talking with pleasure. On the other hand, each time he said good-bye, he would unfailingly glower again and let you out as if he were getting rid of a personal enemy.

"I had tea yesterday with this Alexei Nilych," I remarked. "He seems to have gone crazy over atheism."

"Russian atheism has never gone further than a pun," Shatov growled, replacing the burnt-down candle with a new one.

"No, the man doesn't seem to be a punster to me; he seems unable to speak even plainly, to say nothing of punning."

"They're paper people; it all comes from lackeyishness of thinking,"^[55] Shatov observed calmly, sitting down in the corner on a chair and placing both palms on his knees.

"And there's hatred there, too," he said, after a moment's silence. "They'd be the first to be terribly unhappy if Russia somehow suddenly got reconstructed, even if it was in their own way, and somehow suddenly became boundlessly rich and happy. They'd have no one to hate then, no one to spit on, nothing to jeer at! All that's there is an endless animal hatred of Russia that has eaten into their

organism... And there are no tears invisible to the world under the visible laughter!"^[56] Nothing more false has ever been said in Russia than this phrase about invisible tears!" he cried out, almost with fury.

"Well, God knows what it's all about!" I laughed.

"And you, you're a 'moderate liberal,'" Shatov also grinned. "You know," he suddenly picked up, "maybe that was just silly talk about 'lackeyishness of thinking'; you'll probably say to me at once: 'It's you who were born of a lackey, but I'm no lackey.'"

"Not at all... how could you think such a thing!"

"Don't apologize, I'm not afraid of you. Once I was simply born of a lackey, but now I've become a lackey myself, just like you. Our Russian liberal is first of all a lackey and is only looking for someone's boots to polish."

"What boots? What kind of allegory is that?"

"I wouldn't call it an allegory! You're laughing, I see... Stepan Trofimovich was right to say that I'm lying under a stone, crushed but not crushed to death, I'm just writhing—it's a good comparison."

"Stepan Trofimovich assures us that you've gone crazy over the Germans," I went on laughing. "In fact, we did filch something or other from the Germans and stick it in our pocket."

"We took twenty kopecks, and gave away a hundred roubles of our own."

We were silent for about a minute.

"No, he got it from lying there in America."

"Who? Got what from lying there?"

"Kirillov, I mean. He and I spent four months there, lying on the floor of a hut."

"Have you really been to America?" I was surprised. "You never talk about it."

"What's there to tell? The year before last, three of us went to the American States on an emigrant steamer, on our last pennies, 'in order to try the life of the American worker for ourselves, and thus by *personal* experience to test on ourselves the condition of man in

his hardest social position."^[57] That was the goal we set out with."

"Lord!" I laughed, "but for that it would have been better to go somewhere in our province at harvest time, if you wanted to 'test by personal experience'—why on earth go to America!"

"We got hired to work there for an exploiter; six of us Russians were gathered there in all—students, even landowners from their

estates, even officers were there, all with the same grand purpose. So we worked, got wet, suffered, wore ourselves out, and finally Kirillov and I left—got sick, couldn't stand it anymore. Our employer-exploiter cheated us when he paid us off; instead of thirty dollars as agreed, he paid me eight and him fifteen; they also beat us there, more than once.

So, without work then, Kirillov and I spent four months lying side by side on the floor in some little town; he thought of one thing, and I of another."

"Can it be that your employer really beat you? In America? How you must have cursed at him!"

"Not in the least. On the contrary, Kirillov and I decided at once that 'we Russians are mere kids next to Americans, and that one must be born in America, or at least live for long years with Americans, to be on the same level with them.'^[58] Not only that: when they asked us to pay a dollar for something worth a penny, we paid it, not just with pleasure, but even with enthusiasm. We praised everything: spiritualism, lynching, six-shooters, hoboos. Once, on a train, a man went into my pocket, took my hairbrush, and began brushing his hair with it; Kirillov and I just looked at each other and decided that it was good and we liked it very much..."

"Strange that with us such things not only enter our heads, but even get carried out," I observed.

"Paper people," Shatov repeated.

"But, all the same, to cross the ocean on an emigrant steamer to an unknown land, even if it's with the purpose of 'learning by personal experience' and so forth, by God, that seems to have some big-hearted staunchness about it... But how did you get out of there?"

"I wrote to a man in Europe, and he sent me a hundred roubles."

All the while he talked, Shatov stared stubbornly at the ground, as was his custom even when excited. But here he suddenly raised his head.

"And do you want to know the man's name?"

"Who was it?"

"Nikolai Stavrogin."

He suddenly rose, turned to his limewood desk, and began rummaging around on it. There was a vague but trustworthy rumor among us that his wife had for some time had a liaison with Nikolai Stavrogin in Paris, and precisely about two years ago, that is, when Shatov was in America—though, true, long after she had left him in Geneva. "If so, what on earth possessed him now to volunteer the name and smear it about?" the thought came to me.

"I still haven't paid him back," he suddenly turned to me again, looked at me intently, went and sat down in his former place in the corner, and asked abruptly, now in a completely different voice:

"You came for something, of course; what do you want?"

I at once told him everything, in exact historical order, and added that though by now I had had time to think better after today's fever, I had become all the more confused: I understood that there was something very important here for Lizaveta Nikolaevna, I greatly wished to help her, but the whole trouble was that I not only did not know how to keep the promise I had given her, but I no longer even understood what precisely I had promised her. Then I repeated to him imposingly that she did not want and had not intended to deceive him, that there had been some misunderstanding there, and that she had been very upset by his remarkable departure today.

He listened very attentively.

"Maybe I did something stupid today, as my custom is... Well, if she herself didn't understand why I left like that, it's ... so much the better for her."

He rose, went to the door, opened it, and began listening on the stairs.

"Do you want to see this person yourself?"

"That's just what I need, but how?" I jumped up, delighted.

"Let's simply go down while she's sitting alone. He'll beat her up when he comes back, if he finds out we were there. I often go to see her on the quiet. I attacked him today when he began beating her again."

"What do you mean?"

"Precisely that; I dragged him away by the hair; he was on the point of thrashing me for it, but I frightened him, and it ended there. I'm afraid if he comes back drunk and remembers, he'll give her a bad thrashing for it."

We went downstairs at once.

V

The door to the Lebyadkins' place was just closed but not locked, and we walked in freely. Their entire apartment consisted of two ugly little rooms with sooty walls on which the dirty wallpaper hung literally in tatters. There had been a tavern there for a few years, until the owner, Filippov, moved it to his new house. The other rooms once occupied by the tavern were now locked, and these two had fallen to Lebyadkin. The furniture consisted of simple benches and plank tables, except for just one old armchair with a missing arm. In the second room, in the corner, there was a bed with a cotton blanket, which belonged to Mille. Lebyadkin, while the captain, when he settled down for the night, would collapse each time on the floor, often just as he was. Everywhere there were crumbs, litter, puddles; a big, thick, soaking-wet rag lay in the middle of the floor in the first room, and in the same pool sat an old, worn-out boot. One could see that no one did anything here; no one lit the stoves, cooked the meals; they did not even have a samovar, as Shatov detailed. When the captain arrived with his sister, he was completely destitute and, as Liputin said, went around to certain houses begging; but, having unexpectedly received money, he at once began drinking and went completely off his head from wine, so

that he could not be bothered with housekeeping.

Mlle. Lebyadkin, whom I wished so much to see, was sitting placidly and inaudibly in the second room, in the corner, at a wooden kitchen table, on a bench. She did not call out to us when we opened the door, she did not even move from her place. Shatov told me that their door to the front hall even could not be locked, and had once stood wide open for a whole night. By the light of a dim, slender candle in an iron candlestick I made out a woman of perhaps thirty, sickly thin, wearing a dark old cotton dress, her long neck not covered with anything, her scanty dark hair twisted at the nape into a small knot no bigger than a two-year-old child's fist. She looked at us quite gaily. Besides the candlestick, she had on the table before her a small rustic mirror, an old deck of cards, a tattered Songbook, and a little roll of white German bread from which one or two bites had been taken. It was obvious that Mlle. Lebyadkin used white makeup and rouge on her face, and wore lipstick. She also blackened her eyebrows, which were long, thin, and dark even without that. Her narrow and high forehead, in spite of the makeup, was marked rather sharply by three long wrinkles. I knew already that she was lame, but this time she did not get up and walk in our presence. Some time ago, in early youth, this thin face might have been not unattractive; but her quiet, tender gray eyes were remarkable even now; something dreamy and sincere shone in her quiet, almost joyful look. This quiet, serene joy, also expressed in her smile, surprised me after everything I had heard about the Cossack quirt and all the outrages of her dear brother. Strangely, instead of the heavy and even fearful repulsion one usually feels in the presence of such God-afflicted creatures, I found it almost pleasant to look at her from the very first moment, and it was only pity, and by no means repulsion, that came over me afterwards.

"She just sits like that, alone as can be, literally for days on end, without moving; she reads the cards and looks at herself in the mirror," Shatov pointed to her from the threshold. "He doesn't even feed her. The old woman brings her something from the wing every once in a while, for the love of Christ. How can they leave her alone like this with a candle!"

To my surprise, Shatov spoke aloud, as if she were not in the room.

"Good evening, Shatushka!" Mlle. Lebyadkin said affably.

"I've brought you a guest, Marya Timofeevna," said Shatov.

"Honor to the guest, then. I don't know who it is you've brought, I don't seem to remember this one." She looked at me attentively from behind the candle and at once turned to Shatov again (and concerned herself no further with me during the whole conversation, as if I were not there beside her).

"Got bored, did you, pacing your little garret alone?" she laughed, revealing two rows of excellent teeth.

"Got bored, and I also wanted to come and see you."

Shatov moved a bench up to the table, sat down, and sat me down beside him.

"I'm always glad for some talk, only you make me laugh anyhow, Shatushka, you're so like a monk. When did you last comb your hair?"

Let me comb it again," she took a comb from her pocket, "you must not have touched it since I combed it that other time."

"But I don't even have a comb," laughed Shatov.

"Really? Then I'll give you mine, not this one, but another, only remind me to do it."

She began combing his hair with a most serious expression, even parted it on one side, drew back a little to see if it was good, and then put the comb back in her pocket.

"You know what, Shatushka," she shook her head, "you may be a sensible man, but you're bored. It's strange for me looking at you all, I don't understand how it is that people are bored. Sorrow isn't boredom. I'm of good cheer."

"And with your brother, too?"

"You mean Lebyadkin? He's my lackey. It makes no difference to me whether he's here or not. I shout at him: 'Lebyadkin, fetch water, Lebyadkin, bring my shoes,' and off he runs. I sin sometimes thinking how funny he is."

"And that's exactly so," Shatov again addressed me aloud and without ceremony, "she treats him just like a lackey; I myself have heard her shouting at him: 'Lebyadkin, fetch water,' and laughing loudly; the only difference is that he doesn't go running for water, but beats her for it; yet she's not afraid of him in the least. She has some sort of nervous fits almost every day, and they take away her memory, so that after them she forgets everything that's just happened and always gets mixed up about time. You think she remembers how we came in, and maybe she does, but she's certainly changed it all in her own way and takes us for someone other than we are, even if she remembers that I'm Shatushka. It doesn't matter that I'm talking out loud; if the talk isn't addressed to her, she immediately stops listening and immediately plunges into dreaming within herself; precisely plunges. She's an extraordinary dreamer; she sits in one place for eight hours, for a whole day. Here's her roll, she may have taken only one bite of it since morning, and won't finish it until tomorrow. And now she's begun reading the cards..."

"Reading the cards I am, Shatushka, only it comes out wrong somehow," Marya Timofeevna suddenly joined in, catching the last words, and without looking she reached for the roll with her left hand (having probably heard about the roll, too). She finally got hold of it, but after keeping it for a while in her left hand, being distracted by the newly sprung-up conversation, she put it back on the table without noticing, and without having taken a single bite. "It keeps coming out the same: a journey, a wicked man, someone's perfidy, a deathbed, a letter from somewhere, unexpected news—it's all lies, I think. Shatushka, what's your opinion? If people lie, why shouldn't cards lie?" She suddenly mixed up the cards. "It's the same thing I said once to Mother Praskovya, a venerable woman she is, she used to stop by my cell to read the cards, in secret from the mother superior. And she wasn't the only one who stopped by. They'd 'oh' and 'ah,' shake their heads, say one thing and another, and I'd just laugh. 'Mother Praskovya,' I said, 'how are you going to get a letter if it hasn't come for twelve years?' Her daughter's husband took her daughter to Turkey somewhere, and for twelve years there wasn't a word or a peep from her. Only the next day I was sitting in the evening having tea at the mother superior's (and our mother superior is

of a princely family), and there was also a lady visitor sitting there, a great dreamer, and some little monk from Athos, [59] rather a funny man in my opinion. And just think, Shatushka, that same monk had brought Mother Praskovya a letter from her daughter in Turkey that same morning—there's the knave of diamonds for you—unexpected news! So we're having tea there, and this monk from Athos says to the mother superior: 'Most of all, blessed Mother Superior, the Lord has blessed your convent because you keep such a

precious treasure in its depths.' 'What treasure?' the mother superior asked. 'Mother Lizaveta the blessed.' Now, this blessed Lizaveta was set into our convent wall, in a cage seven feet long and five feet high, and for seventeen years she's been sitting there behind the iron bars, winter and summer, in nothing but a hempen shift, and she keeps poking at the shift, at the hempen cloth, all the time, with a straw or some twig, whatever she finds, and she says nothing, and she hasn't combed her hair or washed for seventeen years. In winter they'd push in a sheepskin coat for her, and every day a cup of water and a crust of bread. Pilgrims look, say 'Ahh,' sigh, give money. 'A nice treasure for you,' the mother superior replied (she was angry; she disliked Lizaveta terribly). 'Lizaveta sits there only out of spite, only out of stubbornness, and it is all a sham.' I didn't like that; I myself was thinking then about shutting myself away. 'And in my opinion,' I said, 'God and nature are all the same.' And they all said to me in one voice: 'There now!' The mother superior laughed, whispered something to the lady, called me to her, was ever so nice, and the lady gave me a pink bow, want me to show it to you? And the little monk right away began reading me a lesson, and he spoke so tenderly and humbly, and, it must be, with such intelligence. I sat and listened. 'Did you understand?' he asked. 'No,' I said, 'I didn't understand a thing, and just leave me completely in peace,' I said. So since then they've left me completely in peace, Shatushka. And meanwhile one of our old women, who lived with us under penance

^[60] for prophesying, whispered to me on the way out of church: 'What is the Mother of God, in your view?' 'The great mother,' I answered, 'the hope of the human race.' 'Yes,' she said, 'the Mother of God is our great mother the moist earth, and therein lies a great joy for man. And every earthly sorrow and every earthly tear is a joy for us; and when you have watered the earth under you a foot deep with your tears, then you will at once rejoice over everything. And there will be no more, no more of your grief from then on,' she said, 'and such,' she said, 'is the prophecy.' And this word sank into me then. After that I began to kiss the earth when I prayed, each time I bowed to the ground, I kissed it and wept. And I'll tell you this, Shatushka: there's no harm, no harm in these tears; and even if you have no grief, your tears will flow all the same from joy alone. The tears flow by themselves, that's the truth. I used to go away to the shore of the lake—on the one side is our convent, on the other our Pointed Mountain, for so they've named it—Pointed Mountain. I would go up this mountain, turn my face to the east, fall and press myself to the ground, and weep and weep, and I wouldn't remember how long I'd been weeping, and I wouldn't remember or know anything then. After that I'd get up, turn around, and the sun would be setting, so big, so splendid, so fair—do you like looking at the sun, Shatushka? It's nice, but sad. I'd turn back to the east, and the shadow from our mountain would run like an arrow far out on the lake, thin and long, so long, half a mile out, to the very island in the lake, and it would cut right across that stone island, and as soon as it cut across it, the sun would set altogether, and everything would suddenly die out. Now I, too, would be filled with sorrow, now my memory would come back, I'm afraid of the dark, Shatushka. And most of all I weep for my baby..."

"Was there one?" Shatov, who had been listening all the while with extreme attention, nudged me with his elbow.

"But, of course: little, pink, with such tiny fingernails, only my whole sorrow is that I don't remember whether it was a boy or a girl. One time I remember a boy, and another time a girl. And as soon as I gave birth to it then, I wrapped it in cambric and lace, tied it round with pink ribbons, strewed flowers, made it ready, prayed over it, and took it unbaptized, and as I was carrying it through the forest, I'd get frightened of the forest, and I'd be afraid and weeping most of all because I gave birth to it and did not know a husband."

"And might there have been one?" Shatov asked cautiously.

"You make me laugh, Shatushka, with your reasoning. There might have been one, but what of it, if it's the same as if there wasn't? There's an easy riddle for you—try and guess!" she smiled.

"Where did you take your baby?"

"To the pond," she sighed.

Shatov nudged me with his elbow again.

"And what if you never had any baby and all this is just raving, eh?"

"That's a hard question you're asking me, Shatushka," she replied pensively, and without being the least surprised at such a question. "I'll tell you nothing on that account, maybe there wasn't any; I think it's just your curiosity; but anyway I won't stop weeping over him, I didn't just see it in a dream, did I?" And big tears shone in her eyes. "Shatushka, Shatushka, is it true that your wife ran away from you?" She suddenly put both hands on his shoulders and looked at him with pity. "Don't be angry, I feel wretched myself. You know, Shatushka, I had such a dream: he comes to me again, beckons to me, calls me. 'Kitty,' he says, 'here, kitty, come out to me!'

^[61] I was glad of that 'kitty' most of all: he loves me, I thought."

"Maybe he really will come," Shatov muttered under his breath.

"No, Shatushka, it's a dream ... he won't really come. Do you know the song:

^[62] I need no high new house, I'll keep to this little cell. Saving my soul I'll be, And praying to God for thee.

"Ah, Shatushka, Shatushka, my dear, why do you never ask me about anything?"

"But you won't tell, that's why I don't ask."

"I won't tell, I won't tell, put a knife into me, but I won't tell," she chimed in quickly, "burn me, but I won't tell. And however much I suffer, I won't say anything, people will never find out!"

"So you see, to each his own," Shatov said even more softly, bowing his head more and more.

"But if you asked, maybe I'd tell you; maybe I'd tell you!" she repeated rapturously. "Why won't you ask? Ask me, ask me well, Shatushka, and maybe I'll tell you; beg me, Shatushka, so that I myself consent... Shatushka, Shatushka!"

But Shatushka was silent; the general silence lasted for about a minute. Tears quietly flowed down her white made-up cheeks; she sat with both hands forgotten on Shatov's shoulders, but no longer looking at him.

"Eh, what do I care about you, it's even sinful," Shatov suddenly got up from the bench. "Get yourself up!" he angrily jerked the bench out from under me, took it and put it back where it had been.

"So that he won't guess when he comes back; and it's time we left."

"Ah, you're still talking about my lackey!" Marya Timofeevna suddenly laughed. "You're afraid! Well, good-bye, dear guests; only listen for a moment to what I'm going to tell you. Today this Nilych came here with Filippov, the landlord, the big red-beard, just

as my man was flying at me. The landlord, he grabbed him, he dragged him across the room, and my man was shouting: 'It's not my fault, I'm suffering for someone else's fault!' And would you believe it, we all just fell down laughing right there..."

"Eh, Timofevna, it was me, not the red-beard, I pulled him away from you by the hair; and the landlord came the day before yesterday to have a row with you, you've got it all mixed up."

"Wait, I really did mix it up, maybe it was you. Well, why argue over trifles; isn't it all the same for him who pulls his hair?" she laughed.

"Let's go," Shatov suddenly tugged my arm, "the gate is creaking; if he finds us here, he'll beat her."

Before we had time to run up the stairs, there came a drunken shout from the gateway and a flood of curses. Shatov let me into his room and locked the door.

"You'll have to sit here for a moment, if you don't want to get into some whole story. Just listen to him squealing like a pig, he must have stumbled over the sill; he goes sprawling every time."

However, we did not get away without a story.

VI

Shatov stood at his locked door and listened down the stairs; suddenly he jumped back.

"He's coming here, I just knew it!" he whispered furiously. "Now he won't leave us alone before midnight."

There came several heavy thumps of a fist on the door. "Shatov, Shatov, open up!" yelled the captain. "Shatov, my friend! ...

I have come to you with greeting, To tell you that the sun has r-r-risen, And that its hot light down is beating

Upon the... for-r-rest ... as it glistens, To tell you that I have awakened, devil take you, All awa-a-akened 'neath... the boughs...

Just like 'neath the blows, ha, ha!

And every bird ... is stirred... with thirst, To tell you I will dr-r-rink my fill, Drink... lord knows what, but dr-r-rink my fill. ^[63]

So, devil take this foolish curiosity! Shatov, do you understand how good it is to live in the world!"

"Don't answer!" Shatov whispered to me again.

"Open up now! Do you understand that there's something higher than fistfights... among mankind; there are moments of a no-oble person... I'm kind, Shatov; I'll forgive you... To hell with tracts, eh, Shatov?"

Silence.

"Do you understand, you ass, that I'm in love, I've bought a tailcoat, look, a tailcoat of love, fifteen roubles; a captain's love calls for social decency... Open up!" he suddenly bellowed wildly, and again pounded violently with his fists.

"Go to hell!" Shatov suddenly bellowed back.

"Ser-r-rf! Slave! And your sister is a ser-r-rf and a slave woman ... a thief!"

"And you, you sold your sister."

"Lies! I'm a victim of slander, though... with one explanation I could ... do you understand who she is?"

"Who is she?" Shatov, curious, suddenly went up to the door.

"But do you understand?"

"I will, just tell me who she is!"

"I dare to tell! I always dare to tell everything among the public! ..."

"Well, that's hardly true," Shatov taunted him and motioned for me to listen.

"I don't dare?"

"I say you don't."

"I don't dare?"

"Go on, speak, if you're not afraid of the master's rod... You're a coward, captain or no!"

"I... I... she... she's..." the captain babbled in a trembling, agitated voice.

"Well?" Shatov put his ear to the door.

There was silence for at least half a minute.

"Sco-o-oundrel!" finally came from beyond the door, and the captain quickly retreated down the stairs, puffing like a samovar and stumbling noisily on each step.

"No, he's cunning, he won't let it out even when he's drunk," Shatov stepped away from the door.

"But what is all this?" I asked.

Shatov waved his hand, opened the door, and again began to listen down the stairs; he listened for a long time, he even went quietly down a few steps. Finally he came back.

"I don't hear anything, there was no fight; he must have dropped off at once. It's time for you to go."

"Listen, Shatov, what am I to conclude from all that?"

"Eh, conclude whatever you like," he answered in a weary and disgusted voice, and sat down at his desk.

I left. An incredible idea was growing stronger and stronger in my imagination. In anguish I thought of the next day...

VII

That "next day"—that is, the same Sunday on which Stepan Trofimovich's fate was to be irrevocably decided—was one of the most portentous days in my chronicle. It was a day of the unexpected, a day of the unraveling of the old and the unraveling up of the new, a day of sharp explanations and of a still greater muddle. In the morning, as the reader already knows, I was obliged to accompany my friend to Varvara Petrovna's, at her own stipulation, and by three in the afternoon I had to be at Lizaveta Nikolaevna's, in order to tell her—about what I did not know, and to assist her—in what I did not know. And yet it all resolved itself in a way no one could have imagined. In short, it was a day of surprisingly converging accidents.

It all began when Stepan Trofimovich and I, having come to Varvara Petrovna's at exactly twelve o'clock, as she herself had stipulated, did not find her at home; she had not yet returned from the Sunday liturgy. My poor friend was so disposed, or, better, so indisposed, that this circumstance instantly crushed him: almost powerlessly he lowered himself into an armchair in the drawing room. I offered him a glass of water; but, despite his paleness and even the trembling of his hands, he declined it with dignity. Incidentally, his outfit this time was distinguished by its remarkable elegance: a shirt almost fit for a ball, cambric, embroidered, a white tie, a new hat in his hand, fresh straw-colored gloves, and even just a touch of perfume. No sooner had we sat down than Shatov entered, shown in by the valet, also clearly on official invitation. Stepan Trofimovich rose slightly to offer him his hand, but Shatov, after looking at the two of us attentively, turned to the corner, sat down there, and did not even nod to us. Stepan Trofimovich again looked at me timorously.

We sat for a few more minutes in complete silence. Stepan Trofimovich suddenly began to whisper something to me very quickly, but I did not hear, and he himself was so agitated that he dropped it without finishing. The valet came in again to straighten something on the table—or, rather, to have a look at us. Shatov suddenly addressed him with a loud question:

"Alexei Yegorych, do you know whether Darya Pavlovna went with her?"

"Varvara Petrovna went to the cathedral alone, if you please, sir, and Darya Pavlovna stayed in her room upstairs, as she is feeling somewhat unwell," Alexei Yegorych reported didactically and decorously.

My poor friend again glanced at me furtively and anxiously, so that I finally began to turn away from him. Suddenly a carriage clattered up to the entrance, and a certain distant commotion in the house informed us that the hostess had come back. We all jumped up from our chairs—then another unexpected thing: the sound of many steps was heard, which meant that the hostess had not come back alone, and that was indeed somewhat strange, since she herself had stipulated this hour to us. Finally, there came the sound as of someone entering with a strange quickness, almost running, a way in which Varvara Petrovna could not have entered. And suddenly she all but flew into the room, breathless and extremely excited. Following a little behind her, and much more slowly, Lizaveta Nikolaevna came in, and arm in arm with Lizaveta Nikolaevna—Marya Timofeevna Lebyadkin! If I had seen it in a dream, even then I would not have believed it.

To explain this totally unexpected thing, it is necessary to go back an hour and tell in more detail than usual about the remarkable adventure that had befallen Varvara Petrovna in the cathedral.

First of all, nearly the whole town had gathered for the liturgy, meaning, that is, the upper stratum of our society. It was known that the governor's wife would be coming, for the first time since her arrival here. I will note that there were already rumors among us that she was a freethinker and of "the new principles." It was also known to all the ladies that she would be dressed magnificently and with remarkable elegance, and therefore our ladies' costumes this time were distinguished by their refinement and splendor. Varvara Petrovna alone was, as usual, modestly dressed all in black; she had dressed thus invariably over the last four years. Coming to the cathedral, she settled in her usual place, to the left, in the first row, and the liveried footman placed in front of her a velvet cushion for kneeling; in short, all was as usual. But it was also noticed that this time, all through the service, she prayed somehow extremely zealously; it was even affirmed later, when everything was recalled, that tears even brimmed her eyes. Finally the liturgy ended, and our priest, Father Pavel, came out to deliver a solemn sermon. In our town his sermons were loved and highly valued; he had even been urged to publish them, but he could not make up his mind. This time the sermon came out somehow especially long.

And so it was that, during the sermon, a certain lady drove up to the cathedral in a light, hired droshky of the old style, the kind on which a lady could only sit sideways, holding on to the driver's belt and swaying with the jolting of the carriage like a blade of grass in the wind. Such cabbies are still driving about in our town. Stopping at the corner of the cathedral—for there were many carriages and even mounted police standing by the gates—the lady jumped down from the droshky and handed the driver four silver kopecks.

"What, isn't that enough for you?" she cried out, seeing the face he made. "It's all I have," she added pitifully.

"Well, God be with you, I took you without bargaining," the cabbie waved his hand, looking at her as if thinking: "And it would be a sin to offend you." Then he stuffed his leather purse into his bosom, touched up his horse, and drove off, followed by the jeers of the nearby cabbies. Jeers and even surprise also accompanied the lady all the while she was making her way to the cathedral gates, amid the carriages and lackeydom awaiting their soon-to-emerge masters. And indeed there was something unusual and unexpected for everyone in such a person suddenly appearing out of nowhere, in the street, among people. She was sickly thin and limped a little, her face was painted with white makeup and rouge, her long neck was completely bared, with no kerchief or cloak, and she was wearing only a dark old dress, despite the cold, windy, though clear September day; her head was completely uncovered, her hair tied at the nape in a tiny knot, into the right side of which a single artificial rose was stuck, of the sort used to decorate Palm Sunday cherubs. I had noticed precisely such a Palm Sunday cherub with a wreath of paper roses in the corner under the icons the day before, when I was sitting at Marya Timofeevna's. To crown it all, the lady, though she walked with modestly lowered eyes, was at the same time smiling gaily and cooly. If she had lingered a bit longer, she might not have been allowed into the cathedral... But she managed to slip in and, entering the church, pushed her way inconspicuously to the front.

Though the sermon was at its midpoint and the entire packed crowd that filled the church was listening with full and hushed attention, nevertheless a few eyes glanced sideways, with curiosity and bewilderment, at the woman who had just entered. She dropped down on the church dais, lowered her whitened face to it, and lay there for a long time, apparently weeping; but, having raised her head and gotten up from her knees, she very soon recovered and became distracted. Gaily, with obviously extreme pleasure, she let her eyes roam from face to face and around the cathedral walls; she stared with special curiosity at some of the ladies, even standing on tiptoe to

do so, and even laughing a couple of times with a sort of strange giggle. But the sermon came to an end, and the cross was brought out. The governor's wife was the first to go up to the cross, but within two steps of it she stopped, apparently wishing to give way to Varvara Petrovna, who was approaching it from her own side all too directly and as if not noticing anyone ahead of her. The extraordinary courtesy of the governor's wife undoubtedly contained an obvious and, in its way, witty barb; so everyone understood it; so Varvara Petrovna must have understood it; but, as before, not noticing anyone, and with a most unshakable air of dignity, she kissed the cross and at once headed for the exit. The liveried footman cleared the way, though people were all parting before her even without that. But right at the exit, on the porch, her way was momentarily blocked by a closely packed crowd. Varvara Petrovna paused, and suddenly a strange, extraordinary being, a woman with a paper rose in her hair, squeezed through the people and knelt in front of her. Varvara Petrovna, who was not easily perplexed by anything, especially in public, looked at her imposingly and sternly.

I hasten to note here, as briefly as possible, that although Varvara Petrovna had in recent years become exceedingly economical, as they said, and even a bit stingy, still she could on occasion be unsparing of money for charity proper. She was a member of a charitable society in the capital. In a recent famine year she had sent five hundred roubles to Petersburg, to the main committee for the receipt of aid for the victims, and this was talked about in town. Finally, quite recently, before the appointment of the new governor, she had all but established a local ladies' committee to aid the poorest new mothers in our town and in the province. She was severely reproached among us for being ambitious; but the notorious impetuosity of Varvara Petrovna's character, together with her persistence, nearly triumphed over the obstacles; the society was almost set up, and the initial idea broadened more and more in the delighted mind of the foundress: she was already dreaming of establishing a similar committee in Moscow, of gradually expanding its activities through all the provinces. And then, with the sudden change of governors, everything came to a halt; and the new governor's wife, it was said, had already managed to utter in society a few pointed and, above all, apt and sensible objections regarding the supposed impracticability of the basic idea of such a committee, which—with embellishments, of course—had already been passed on to Varvara Petrovna. God alone knows what's hidden in men's hearts, but I suppose it was even with a certain pleasure that Varvara Petrovna now paused at the very gates of the cathedral, knowing that the governor's wife would pass by presently, and then everyone else, and "let her see for herself how it makes no difference to me what she thinks or what further witticisms she may produce concerning the vanity of my charitable works. Take that, all of you!"

"What is it, my dear, what do you ask?" Varvara Petrovna looked more attentively at the petitioner kneeling before her. The latter looked at her with terribly timid, abashed, but almost adoring eyes, and suddenly smiled with the same strange giggle.

"What is she? Who is she?" Varvara Petrovna glanced around at everyone there with a peremptory and inquisitive look. They were all silent.

"You are unfortunate? You are in need of assistance?"

"I need... I've come..." the "unfortunate" woman prattled, in a voice breaking with excitement. "I've come just to kiss your hand..." and she giggled again. With a most childlike look, as when children are being affectionate in order to beg for something, she reached out to seize Varvara Petrovna's hand, but suddenly, as though frightened, she jerked her hands back.

"You've come just for that?" Varvara Petrovna smiled a compassionate smile, but at once quickly took her mother-of-pearl purse from her pocket, took a ten-rouble bill from it, and gave it to the unknown woman. The latter took it. Varvara Petrovna was very interested, and apparently did not consider the unknown woman as some common petitioner.

"Ten roubles she gave her," someone said in the crowd.

"Your hand, please," prattled the "unfortunate" woman, firmly grasping with the fingers of her left hand the corner of the received ten-rouble bill, which was twirling in the wind. Varvara Petrovna frowned slightly for some reason, and with a serious, almost stern, look held out her hand; the woman kissed it adoringly. Her grateful eyes even shone with some sort of rapture. Just at that moment the governor's wife drew near, and the whole crowd of our ladies and senior dignitaries came pouring after her. The governor's wife had unwillingly to stop for a moment in the crush; many people stopped.

"You're shivering; are you cold?" Varvara Petrovna suddenly noticed, and throwing off her cloak, which was caught in midair by the footman, she took from her shoulders her black (far from inexpensive) shawl and with her own hands wrapped it around the bare neck of the still kneeling petitioner.

"But do get up, get up from your knees, I beg you!" The woman got up.

"Where do you live? Doesn't anyone at least know where she lives?" Varvara Petrovna again glanced around impatiently. But the former little crowd was no longer there; she saw familiar society faces gazing at the scene, some with stern surprise, others with shy curiosity and, at the same time, with an innocent desire for a bit of scandal, while still others even began to titter.

"Seems she's one of the Lebyadkins, ma'am," one good man finally stepped forward to answer Varvara Petrovna's question—our venerable and widely respected merchant Andreev, gray-bearded, bespectacled, in Russian dress, and with a round cylindrical hat which he was now holding in his hands. "She lives at Filippov's house, on Bogoyavlensky Street."

"Lebyadkin? Filippov's house? I've heard something... thank you, Nikon Semyonich, but who is this Lebyadkin?"

"They call him a captain—an imprudent man, I'd have to say. And this is his sister right enough. It seems she's escaped from under supervision," Nikon Semyonich said, lowering his voice and giving Varvara Petrovna a significant look.

"I understand; thank you, Nikon Semyonich. So, my dear, you are Miss Lebyadkin?"

"No, I'm not Miss Lebyadkin."

"Then perhaps your brother is Lebyadkin?"

"My brother is Lebyadkin."

"Here's what I'll do, I'll take you with me, my dear, and from my house you will be driven to your family; would you like to come with me?"

"Ah, yes, I would!" Miss Lebyadkin clapped her hands.

"Auntie, auntie! Take me with you, too!" cried the voice of Lizaveta Nikolaevna. I will note that Lizaveta Nikolaevna had come to the liturgy with the governor's wife, and that Praskovya Ivanovna, on doctor's orders, had meanwhile gone for a ride in the carriage, taking Mavriky Nikolaevich along for diversion. Liza suddenly abandoned the governor's wife and sprang over to Varvara Petrovna.

"My dear, you know I'm always glad to have you, but what will your mother say?" Varvara Petrovna began imposingly, but suddenly became confused, seeing Liza's extraordinary agitation.

"Auntie, auntie, I must come with you now," Liza begged, kissing Varvara Petrovna.

"*Mais qu'avez vous donc, Lise!*" ^[lxxii] the governor's wife said with emphatic surprise.

"Ah, forgive me, my dear, *chère cousine*, I am going to my aunt's," Liza turned in midflight to her unpleasantly surprised *chère cousine* and kissed her twice.

"And tell maman to come at once to fetch me at auntie's; maman really, really wanted to come, she told me so today, I forgot to tell you," Liza kept on rattling, "it's not my fault, don't be angry, Julie... *chère cousine*... auntie, I'm ready!"

"If you don't take me with you, auntie, I'll run screaming after your carriage," she whispered, quickly and desperately, right into Varvara Petrovna's ear; luckily no one else heard it. Varvara Petrovna even started back a step and gave the mad girl a piercing look. This look decided everything: she resolved definitely to take Liza with her!

"We must put an end to this," escaped from her. "Very well, Liza, I shall take you with pleasure," she at once added loudly, "if Yulia Mikhailovna consents to let you go, of course," she turned directly to the governor's wife, with an open look and straightforward dignity.

"Oh, I certainly would not want to deprive her of that pleasure, the less so in that I myself..." Yulia Mikhailovna suddenly began prattling with surprising amiability, "I myself... well know what a fantastic, domineering little head we have on our pretty shoulders" (Yulia Mikhailovna smiled charmingly)...

"I thank you greatly," Varvara Petrovna thanked her, with a polite and imposing bow.

"And it is all the more pleasant," Yulia Mikhailovna went on with her prattling, now almost enraptured, even blushing all over with pleasant excitement, "that, besides the delight of visiting you, Liza has been carried away by such a beautiful, such a—I might say—lofty feeling ... compassion ..." (she glanced at the "unfortunate" woman) "and... right on the porch of the church..."

"Such a view does you honor," Varvara Petrovna approved magnificently. Yulia Mikhailovna impetuously offered her hand, and Varvara Petrovna with perfect readiness touched it with her fingers. The general impression was excellent, the faces of some of those present began to beam with pleasure, several sweet and fawning smiles appeared.

In short, it was suddenly revealed clearly to the whole town that it was not Yulia Mikhailovna who had scorned Varvara Petrovna all along and had not paid her a visit, but, on the contrary, it was Varvara Petrovna herself who had "kept Yulia Mikhailovna within bounds, when she would perhaps have run on foot to visit her, if only she had been sure that Varvara Petrovna would not chase her away." Varvara Petrovna's prestige rose in the extreme.

"Do get in, my dear," Varvara Petrovna motioned Mlle. Lebyadkin to the carriage that had driven up; the "unfortunate" woman ran joyfully to the door, where a footman caught her up.

"What! You're lame!" Varvara Petrovna cried out, as if totally frightened, and turned pale. (Everyone noticed it at the time but did not understand...)

The carriage drove off. Varvara Petrovna's house was quite near the cathedral. Liza told me later that Miss Lebyadkin laughed hysterically for all three minutes of the ride, while Varvara Petrovna sat "as if in some magnetic sleep"—Liza's own expression.

05: The Wise Serpent

I

Varvara Petrovna rang the bell and threw herself into an armchair by the window.

"Sit down here, my dear," she motioned Marya Timofeevna to a seat in the middle of the room, by the big round table. "Stepan Trofimovich, what is this? Here, here, look at this woman, what is this?"

"I... I..." Stepan Trofimovich began to stammer...

But the footman came.

"A cup of coffee, now, specially, and as quickly as possible! Don't unhitch the carriage."

"*Mais, chère et excellente amie, dans quelle inquiétude ...*" [\[lxxii\]](#) Stepan Trofimovich exclaimed in a sinking voice.

"Ah! French! French! You can see right off it's high society!" Marya Timofeevna clapped her hands, preparing rapturously to listen to a conversation in French. Varvara Petrovna stared at her almost in fright.

We were all silent, awaiting some denouement. Shatov would not raise his head, and Stepan Trofimovich was in disarray, as if it were all his fault; sweat stood out on his temples. I looked at Liza (she was sitting in the corner, almost next to Shatov). Her eyes kept darting keenly from Varvara Petrovna to the lame woman and back; a smile twisted on her lips, but not a nice one. Varvara Petrovna saw this smile. And meanwhile Marya Timofeevna was completely enthralled: with delight and not the least embarrassment she was studying Varvara Petrovna's beautiful drawing room—the furniture, the carpets, the paintings on the walls, the old-style decorated ceiling, the big bronze crucifix in the corner, the porcelain lamp, the albums and knickknacks on the table.

"So you're here, too, Shatushka!" she suddenly exclaimed. "Imagine, I noticed you long ago, but I thought: It's not him! How could he have come here!"—and she laughed gaily.

"Do you know this woman?" Varvara Petrovna turned to him at once.

"I do, ma'am," Shatov mumbled, stirred on his chair, but remained sitting.

"And what do you know? Quickly, please!"

"But what..." he grinned an unnecessary smile and faltered... "You can see for yourself."

"What can I see? Go on, say something!"

"She lives in that house where I... with her brother ... an officer."

"Well?"

Shatov faltered again.

"There's no point talking..." he grunted, and resolutely fell silent. He even blushed at his own resoluteness.

"Of course, nothing more could be expected of you!" Varvara Petrovna cut him off indignantly. It was clear to her now that everyone knew something, and at the same time that everyone was afraid of something and was evading her questions, wishing to conceal something from her.

The footman entered and offered her the specially ordered cup of coffee on a small silver tray, but at once, on a sign from her, went over to Marya Timofeevna.

"You got very cold just now, my dear, drink it quickly to warm yourself."

"*Merci*," Marya Timofeevna took the cup, and suddenly burst out laughing at having said *merci* to a footman. But, meeting Varvara Petrovna's menacing gaze, she became timid and set the cup on the table.

"You're not angry, auntie?" she prattled, with some sort of frivolous playfulness.

"Wha-a-at?" Varvara Petrovna reared and sat straight up in her chair. "What sort of aunt am I to you? What are you suggesting?"

Marya Timofeevna, who had not expected such wrath, began trembling all over with convulsive little shivers, as if in a fit, and recoiled against the back of her chair.

"I ... I thought that's how it should be," she prattled, staring at Varvara Petrovna, "that's what Liza called you."

"Which Liza?"

"But, this young lady," Marya Timofeevna pointed her finger.

"So she's already Liza to you?"

"You yourself just called her that," Marya Timofeevna regained some courage. "And I saw a beauty just like her in a dream," she chuckled as though inadvertently.

Varvara Petrovna understood and calmed down somewhat; she even smiled slightly at Marya Timofeevna's last phrase. The latter, having caught this smile, rose from her chair and, limping, went timidly up to her.

"Take it, I forgot to give it back, don't be angry at my impoliteness," she suddenly took from her shoulders the black shawl Varvara Petrovna had put on her earlier.

"Put it back on at once, and keep it for good. Go and sit down, drink your coffee, and please do not be afraid of me, my dear, calm yourself. I'm beginning to understand you."

"*Chère amie* ..." Stepan Trofimovich allowed himself again.

"Ah, Stepan Trofimovich, one loses all sense here even without you; you at least might spare us... Please ring that bell, there

beside you, to the servingwomen's quarters."

There was a silence. Her eyes ran suspiciously and irritably over all our faces. Agasha, her favorite maid, came in.

"Bring me the checkered kerchief, the one I bought in Geneva. What is Darya Pavlovna doing?"

"She does not feel very well, ma'am."

"Go and ask her to come here. Add that I want it very much, even if she isn't feeling well."

At that moment some unusual noise of footsteps and voices, similar to the previous one, was heard again from the adjacent rooms, and suddenly, breathless and "upset," Praskovya Ivanovna appeared on the threshold. Mavriky Nikolaevich was supporting her arm.

"Oh, dear me, I barely dragged myself here; Liza, you mad girl, what are you doing to your mother!" she shrieked, putting into this shriek, as is customary with all weak but very irritable people, all her pent-up irritation.

"Varvara Petrovna, dearest, I've come to fetch my daughter!"

Varvara Petrovna gave her a dark look, rose slightly to greet her, and, barely concealing her vexation, said:

"Good day, Praskovya Ivanovna, kindly sit down. I just knew you would come."

II

For Praskovya Ivanovna there could be nothing unexpected in such a reception. Ever since childhood, Varvara Petrovna had always treated her former boarding-school friend despotically and, under the guise of friendship, with all but contempt. In this case, however, the circumstances were also unusual. Over the last few days things had been tending towards a complete break between the two households, a fact I have already mentioned in passing. For Varvara Petrovna the reasons behind this incipient break remained mysterious and, consequently, were all the more offensive; but the main thing was that Praskovya Ivanovna had managed to assume a certain remarkably haughty position regarding her. Varvara Petrovna was wounded, of course, and meanwhile certain strange rumors began to reach her as well, which also annoyed her exceedingly, precisely by their vagueness. Varvara Petrovna was of a direct and proudly open character, a swooping character, if I may put it so. Least of all could she endure secret, lurking accusations; she always preferred open war. Anyhow, it was five days since the ladies had seen each other. The last visit had been paid by Varvara Petrovna, who had left "Drozdikha" offended and confounded. I can say without being mistaken that Praskovya Ivanovna walked in this time with the naïve conviction that Varvara Petrovna for some reason would quail before her; this could be seen even from the look on her face. But, apparently, the demon of the most arrogant pride took possession of Varvara Petrovna precisely when she had the slightest suspicion that she was for some reason considered humiliated. And Praskovya Ivanovna, like many weak people who allow themselves to be offended for a long time without protesting, was notable for being remarkably passionate in the attack the moment events turned in her favor. It is true that she was not well then, and illness always made her more irritable. I will add, finally, that the presence of the rest of us in the drawing room would not have hindered the two childhood friends if a quarrel had flared up between them; we were considered familiars and almost subordinates. I realized this just then, not without alarm. Stepan Trofimovich, who had not sat down since Varvara Petrovna's arrival, sank exhausted into his chair upon hearing Praskovya Ivanovna's shriek, and in despair began trying to catch my eye. Shatov turned sharply on his chair and even grunted something to himself. I think he wanted to get up and leave. Liza rose a little but sat down again at once, without even paying proper attention to her mother's shriek, not because of her "testy character," but because she was obviously all under the sway of some other powerful impression. Now she was looking off somewhere into the air, almost absentmindedly, and had even stopped paying her former attention to Marya Timofeevna.

III

"Oof, here!" Praskovya Ivanovna pointed to an armchair by the table and sank heavily into it with the help of Mavriky Nikolaevich. "I wouldn't sit down in your house, dearest, if it weren't for my legs!" she added in a strained voice.

Varvara Petrovna raised her head slightly, and with a pained look pressed the fingers of her right hand to her right temple, evidently feeling an acute pain there (*a tic douloureux*).

"Why so, Praskovya Ivanovna, why wouldn't you sit down in my house? I always enjoyed the genuine sympathy of your late husband, and as girls you and I played with dolls together in boarding school."

Praskovya Ivanovna waved her hands.

"I just knew it! You always start talking about boarding school when you're going to reproach me—that's your trick. In my view it's just fancy talk. I cannot abide this boarding school of yours."

"You seem to have come in particularly low spirits; how are your legs? Here, they're bringing you coffee; be my guest, drink it, and don't be angry."

"Dearest Varvara Petrovna, you treat me just as if I were a little girl. I don't want any coffee, so there!"

And she petulantly waved away the servant who was offering her coffee. (Incidentally, the others also declined coffee, with the exception of myself and Mavriky Nikolaevich. Stepan Trofimovich took a cup, but then set it on the table. Marya Timofeevna, though she very much wanted another cup, and had already reached for it, thought better of it and decorously declined, apparently pleased with herself for doing so.)

Varvara Petrovna smiled wryly.

"You know, Praskovya Ivanovna, my friend, you must have imagined something again and come here with it. You've lived by

imagination all your life. You just got angry about boarding school; but do you remember how you came once and convinced the whole class that the hussar Shablykin had proposed to you, and how Madame Lefebure immediately exposed you in your lie? And you weren't even lying, you simply imagined it all for your own amusement. Well, speak: what is it now? What else have you imagined, what else are you displeased with?"

"And you fell in love with the priest who taught us religion in boarding school—take that, since you still have such a good memory— ha, ha, ha!"

She burst into bilious laughter and coughing.

"Ahh, so you haven't forgotten about the priest..." Varvara Petrovna gave her a hateful look.

Her face turned green. Praskovya Ivanovna suddenly assumed a dignified air.

"I'm in no mood for laughing now, dearest; why have you mixed my daughter up in your scandal before the eyes of the whole town— that is what I've come for!"

"My scandal?" Varvara Petrovna suddenly drew herself up menacingly.

"And I beg you to be more moderate, maman," Lizaveta Nikolaevna suddenly said.

"What did you say?" the maman was ready to shriek again, but suddenly withered under her daughter's flashing eyes.

"How can you talk of scandal, maman?" Liza flared up. "I came myself, with Yulia Mikhailovna's permission, because I wanted to know this unfortunate woman's story, so as to be useful to her."

"This unfortunate woman's story!" Praskovya Ivanovna drawled with a spiteful laugh. "Is it fitting for you to get mixed up in such 'stories'? Ah, dearest! We've had enough of your despotism!" she turned furiously to Varvara Petrovna. "They say, whether it's true or not, that you've got the whole town marching to your orders, but now it seems your time has come!"

Varvara Petrovna sat straight as an arrow about to fly from the bow. For some ten seconds she looked sternly and fixedly at Praskovya Ivanovna.

"Well, Praskovya, thank God we're among our own here," she spoke at last, with ominous calm, "you've said a great deal that wasn't necessary."

"And I, my dear, am not so afraid of the world's opinion as some are; it's you who, under the guise of pride, are trembling before the world's opinion. And if there are only our own people here, it's so much the better for you than if strangers heard it."

"Have you grown smarter this week, or what?"

"I haven't grown smarter this week, it must be that the truth came out this week."

"What truth came out this week? Listen, Praskovya Ivanovna, don't vex me, explain this very minute, I ask you honestly: what truth came out, what do you mean by that?"

"But here it is, the whole truth, sitting right here!" Praskovya Ivanovna suddenly pointed her finger at Marya Timofeevna, with that desperate resolution which no longer considers the consequences but seeks only to strike at once. Marya Timofeevna, who had been looking at her all the while with gay curiosity, laughed joyfully at the sight of the wrathful guest's finger directed at her, and gaily fidgeted in her chair.

"Lord Jesus Christ, have they all lost their minds, or what!" Varvara Petrovna exclaimed and, turning pale, threw herself against the back of her chair.

She grew so pale that it even caused a commotion. Stepan Trofimovich was the first to rush to her; I also approached; even Liza rose from her place, though she remained standing by her chair; but it was Praskovya Ivanovna herself who was most frightened: she gave a cry, raised herself as much as she could, and almost wailed in a tearful voice:

"Varvara Petrovna, dearest, forgive me my spiteful foolishness! But, at least give her some water, someone!"

"Don't blubber, Praskovya Ivanovna, I beg you, please, and do move back, gentlemen, be so kind, there's no need for water!" Varvara Petrovna pronounced firmly, though softly, with her pale lips.

"Dearest!" Praskovya Ivanovna went on, calming down a little, "Varvara Petrovna, my friend, perhaps I am guilty of imprudent words, but, really, I'm so vexed, by these nameless letters most of all, which some paltry people are bombarding me with; I don't know why they don't write to you, since it's you they're writing about, and I, dearest, have a daughter!"

Varvara Petrovna silently gazed at her with wide-open eyes and listened in astonishment. At that moment a side door in the corner opened inaudibly and Darya Pavlovna appeared. She stopped and looked around; she was struck by our commotion. She must not immediately have noticed Marya Timofeevna, of whom no one had warned her. Stepan Trofimovich caught sight of her first, made a quick movement, blushed, and for some reason loudly announced: "Darya Pavlovna!" so that all eyes immediately turned to her.

"So, this is your Darya Pavlovna!" exclaimed Marya Timofeevna. "Why, Shatushka, your sister doesn't resemble you at all! How is it my man calls such loveliness the serf wench Dashka!"

Darya Pavlovna meanwhile had already gone up to Varvara Petrovna; but, struck by Marya Timofeevna's exclamation, she quickly turned around and remained thus in front of her chair, staring at the blessed fool with a long, riveted look.

"Sit down, Dasha," Varvara Petrovna said with horrifying calm, "Closer, like so; you can see the woman as well sitting down. Do you know her?"

"I've never seen her," Dasha replied softly and, after a pause, added at once: "She must be the ailing sister of one Mr. Lebyadkin."

"And I, my soul, am only now seeing you for the first time, though I've long wished curiously to make your acquaintance, for I can see good breeding in your every gesture," Marya Timofeevna cried enthusiastically. "And that lackey of mine goes around swearing, but can it be that you took his money, and you so well bred and so nice? For you are nice, nice, nice, it's I who tell you so!" she concluded rapturously, waving her hand in front of her.

"Do you understand any of that?" Varvara Petrovna asked with proud dignity.

"I understand all of it, ma'am..."

"Did you hear about the money?"

"It must be the money that I undertook, while I was in Switzerland, to bring to Mr. Lebyadkin, her brother, at the request of Nikolai Vsevolodovich."

Silence ensued.

"Did Nikolai Vsevolodovich himself ask you to bring it?"

"He wanted very much to send this money, just three hundred roubles, to Mr. Lebyadkin. And since he didn't know his address, but only knew that he would be coming to our town, he charged me to give it to Mr. Lebyadkin in case he should come."

"And what money is... missing? What was this woman saying just now?"

"That I really don't know, ma'am; it has also reached me that Mr. Lebyadkin is saying aloud of me that I supposedly did not give him all of it, but I don't understand these words. There were three hundred roubles, and I gave him three hundred roubles."

Darya Pavlovna was now almost completely calm. And I will note that generally it was difficult to astonish this girl or to perplex her for long with anything—whatever she might feel inside herself. She now gave all her answers unhurriedly, responding to each question promptly and with precision, quietly, evenly, with no trace of her first sudden agitation, and with no embarrassment such as might betray the awareness of any guilt in herself. Varvara Petrovna did not tear her eyes from her all the while she was speaking. For a moment, Varvara Petrovna pondered.

"If," she finally said firmly, and evidently for the spectators, though she looked only at Dasha, "if Nikolai Vsevolodovich did not turn even to me with this charge, but asked you, he of course had his own reasons for doing so. I do not think I have any right to be curious about it, if it has been kept secret from me. But the fact alone of your participation in this affair sets me completely at ease about it all, that you should know, Darya, first of all. But you see, my friend, even with a pure conscience you might commit some imprudence, not knowing the world; and this you did, by agreeing to have dealings with some scoundrel. The rumors this blackguard has spread confirm your error. But I shall make inquiries about him and, being your protectress, I shall know how to intercede for you. And now all this must be ended."

"Best of all, when he comes to you," Marya Timofeevna suddenly joined in, leaning forward in her armchair, "send him to the lackeys' room. Let him sit there and play his trumps with them on a bench, and we'll sit here and have coffee. A cup of coffee might be sent to him, too, but I deeply despise him."

And she shook her head emphatically.

"This must be ended," Varvara Petrovna repeated, having carefully heard out Marya Timofeevna. "Ring, please, Stepan Trofimovich."

Stepan Trofimovich rang, and then suddenly stepped forward, all excited.

"If... if I..." he babbled hotly, blushing, faltering, and stammering, "if I, too, have heard a most repulsive account, or, better to say, slander, then ... in perfect indignation... *enfin, c'est un homme perdu et quelque chose comme un forçat évadé...*" [\[lxxiii\]](#)

He broke off and did not finish; Varvara Petrovna, narrowing her eyes, looked him up and down. The decorous Alexei Yegorovich came in.

"The carriage," Varvara Petrovna ordered, "and you, Alexei Yegorych, get ready to take Miss Lebyadkin home, wherever she tells you."

"Mr. Lebyadkin himself has been waiting downstairs for some time, ma'am, and wishes very much to be announced."

"That is impossible, Varvara Petrovna," Mavriky Nikolaevich, who had been imperturbably silent all the while, suddenly stepped forward in alarm. "If you will allow me, this is not the sort of man who can enter society, this... this... this is an impossible man, Varvara Petrovna."

"Hold off," Varvara Petrovna turned to Alexei Yegorych, and he disappeared.

"*C'est un homme malhonnête et je crois même que c'est un forçat évadé ou quelque chose dans ce genre,*" [\[lxxiv\]](#) Stepan Trofimovich again muttered, again blushed, and again broke off.

"Liza, it's time to go," Praskovya Ivanovna announced squeamishly and rose from her seat. She seemed already to regret that, in her fright a little earlier, she had called herself a fool. While Darya Pavlovna was speaking, she had already begun listening with haughtily pursed lips. But I was struck most of all by the look of Lizaveta Nikolaevna from the moment Darya Pavlovna came in: hatred and contempt, much too unconcealed, flashed in her eyes.

"Hold off for a moment, Praskovya Ivanovna, I beg you," Varvara Petrovna stopped her with the same excessive calm. "Kindly sit down, I intend to speak everything out, and your legs hurt you. There, thank you. I lost my temper just now and said several impatient things to you. Kindly forgive me; it was foolish of me, and I'll be the first to repent, because I love justice in all things. Of course, you also lost your temper and mentioned some anonymous writer. Any anonymous calumny is deserving of contempt, if only because it is unsigned. If you think otherwise, I do not envy you. In any event, if I were in your place I would not drag such trash out of my pocket, I would not dirty myself. But you have dirtied yourself. However, since you started it, I will tell you that some six days ago I, too, received a letter, also anonymous and clownish. In it some scoundrel tries to persuade me that Nikolai Vsevolodovich has lost his mind and that I should beware of some lame woman who 'will play an extraordinary role in my fate'—I remember the expression. I thought it over and, knowing that Nikolai Vsevolodovich has an extraordinary number of enemies, I sent at once for one man here, a secret enemy of his and one of the most vengeful and contemptible of all, and my conversation with him at once convinced me of the contemptible source of the anonymous letter. If you, too, my poor Praskovya Ivanovna, have been bothered *because of me* with the same sort of contemptible letters, and have been 'bombarded,' as you put it, then, of course, I'll be the first to regret having been the innocent cause. That is all I wanted to tell you by way of explanation. I'm sorry to see that you are so tired and are now beside yourself. Furthermore, I am absolutely determined now to *admit* this suspicious man of whom Mavriky Nikolaevich said, in a not quite suitable phrase, that it was impossible to *receive* him. Liza, especially, has no reason to be here. Come, Liza, my friend, and let me kiss you once more."

Liza crossed the room and stopped silently in front of Varvara Petrovna. The latter kissed her, took her by the hands, moved her back a little, looked at her with feeling, then made a cross over her and kissed her again.

"So, good-bye, Liza" (tears almost sounded in Varvara Petrovna's voice), "believe that I shall never cease to love you, whatever

your fate promises hereafter ... God be with you. I have always blessed his holy right hand..."

She was going to add something, but checked herself and fell silent. Liza started walking back to her place, still in the same silence and as if pondering, but suddenly stopped before her mother.

"I won't go yet, maman, I'll stay with auntie a while longer," she spoke in a soft voice, but in those soft words there sounded an iron resolution.

"Oh, my God, what is it!" Praskovya Ivanovna cried out, feebly clasping her hands. But Liza did not answer, and did not even seem to hear; she sat down in her former corner and again began looking somewhere into the air.

Something proud and triumphant shone in Varvara Petrovna's face.

"Mavriky Nikolaevich, I have an extraordinary request: kindly go and have a look at that man downstairs, and if it is at all possible to *admit* him, bring him here."

Mavriky Nikolaevich bowed and went out. A minute later he brought in Mr. Lebyadkin.

IV

I have spoken before about the appearance of this man: a tall, curly, thick-set fellow of about forty, with a purple, somewhat bloated and flabby face, with cheeks that shook at every movement of his head, with small, bloodshot, at times quite cunning eyes, with a moustache and side-whiskers, with a nascent, fleshy, rather unpleasant-looking Adam's apple. But the most striking thing about him was that he appeared now wearing a tailcoat and clean linen. "There are people for whom clean linen is even indecent, sir," as Liputin once objected when Stepan Trofimovich jestingly reproached him for being slovenly. The captain also had black gloves, of which the right one, not yet put on, was held in his hand, while the left one, tightly stretched and refusing to be buttoned, half covered the fleshy left paw in which he held a brand-new, shiny, and probably never-before-sported round hat. It followed, therefore, that yesterday's "tailcoat of love," of which he had shouted to Shatov, actually existed. All this—that is, the tailcoat and linen—had been prepared (as I learned later) on Liputin's advice, for some mysterious purposes. There was no doubt that his arrival now (in a hired carriage) must also have been at someone's instigation and with someone's help; on his own he would never have managed to figure it out, along with getting dressed, ready, and resolved in some three quarters of an hour, even supposing that the scene on the church porch had become known to him immediately. He was not drunk, but was in the heavy, leaden, foggy state of a man who suddenly wakes up after many days of drinking. It seemed you would only have to shake him a couple of times by the shoulder and he would immediately become drunk again.

He all but flew into the drawing room, but suddenly stumbled over the carpet in the doorway. Marya Timofeevna simply died laughing. He gave her a ferocious look and suddenly took several quick steps towards Varvara Petrovna.

"I have come, madam..." he boomed, as if through a trumpet.

"Be so kind, my dear sir," Varvara Petrovna drew herself up, "as to take a seat over there on that chair. I will hear you from there just as well, and from here I will see you better."

The captain stopped, staring dully before him, but turned even so and sat in his appointed place, just by the door. The expression of his physiognomy betrayed extreme insecurity and, at the same time, insolence and some ceaseless irritation. He was terribly scared, one could see that, but his vanity also suffered, and one could guess that out of irritated vanity, despite his fear, he might venture any sort of insolence if the occasion arose. He apparently feared for every movement of his clumsy body. For all such gentlemen, as is known, when by some odd chance they appear in society, the worst suffering comes from their own hands and the constant awareness of the impossibility of somehow decently disposing of them. The captain froze in his chair, his hat and gloves in his hands, not taking his senseless eyes from Varvara Petrovna's stern countenance. He might have liked to take a better look around, but he did not dare yet. Marya Timofeevna, probably again finding his figure terribly funny, burst into another gale of laughter, but he did not stir. Varvara Petrovna kept him in that position for a mercilessly long time, a whole minute, studying him pitilessly.

"First, allow me to learn your name from you yourself," she spoke evenly and expressively.

"Captain Lebyadkin," boomed the captain. "I have come, madam..." he stirred again.

"I beg your pardon!" Varvara Petrovna again stopped him. "This pitiful person, who has so much attracted my interest, is she indeed your sister?"

"My sister, madam, who has escaped from under supervision, for she's in a certain condition..."

He suddenly faltered and turned purple.

"Don't take it perversely, madam," he became terribly disconcerted, "a brother's not going to soil ... in a certain condition—that's not to say that sort of condition ... in the sense that would stain one's reputation ... at this late stage..."

He suddenly broke off.

"My dear sir!" Varvara Petrovna raised her head.

"This sort of condition!" he continued suddenly, tapping the middle of his forehead with his finger. Silence ensued.

"And has she been suffering from it for a long time?" Varvara Petrovna drawled somewhat.

"Madam, I have come to thank you for the generosity you displayed on the church porch, as a Russian, as a brother..."

"As a brother?"

"I mean, not as a brother, but solely in the sense that I'm my sister's brother, madam, and believe me, madam," he went on pattering, turning purple again, "I'm not as uneducated as I may seem at first sight in your drawing room. My sister and I are nothing, madam, compared with the splendor we can observe here. Having our slanderers, besides. But as concerning his reputation, Lebyadkin is proud, madam, and... and... I've come to thank... Here is the money, madam!"

At this point he snatched the wallet from his pocket, tore a wad of bills from it, and began going through them with trembling

fingers in a frenzied fit of impatience. One could see that he wanted to explain something as soon as possible, and needed very much to do so; but, probably feeling himself that this fumbling with the money made him look even more foolish, he lost the last of his self-possession; the money refused to be counted, his fingers got entangled, and, to crown the disgrace, one green bill ^[64] slipped out of the wallet and fluttered zigzag to the carpet.

"Twenty roubles, madam," he suddenly jumped up with the wad in his hand, his face sweaty from suffering; noticing the escaped bill on the floor, he bent down to pick it up, but for some reason felt ashamed and waved his hand.

"For your servants, madam, for the footman who picks it up—let him remember Miss Lebyadkin!"

"I cannot possibly allow that," Varvara Petrovna said hastily and with some fright.

"In that case..."

He bent down, picked it up, turned purple, and, suddenly approaching Varvara Petrovna, held the counted money out to her.

"What is this?" she finally became altogether frightened and even shrank back in her armchair. Mavriky Nikolaevich, myself, and Stepan Trofimovich all stepped forward.

"Don't worry, don't worry, I'm not mad, by God, I'm not mad!" the captain assured excitedly in all directions.

"No, my dear sir, you are out of your mind."

"Madam, it's not at all what you think! I, of course, am a negligible link... Oh, madam, rich are your halls, but poor are those of Marya the Unknown, my sister, born Lebyadkin, but for now we will call her Marya the Unknown, for now, madam, only *for now*, for God himself will not allow it to be forever! Madam, you gave her ten roubles, and she accepted them only because they came from *you*, madam! Do you hear, madam! From no one else in the world would this Unknown Marya take, otherwise her grandfather, an

officer killed in the Caucasus before the eyes of Ermolov himself, ^[65] would shudder in his grave, but from you, madam, from you she will take anything. She will take with one hand, but with the other she will now offer you twenty roubles, as a donation to one of the charitable committees in the capital, where you, madam, are a member... since you yourself, madam, have been published in the *Moscow Gazette*, that you are the keeper of this town's local book for this charitable society, where anyone can subscribe ..."

The captain suddenly broke off; he was breathing heavily, as though after some difficult feat. All that about the charitable committee had probably been prepared beforehand, and perhaps edited by Liputin as well. He became even more sweaty; beads of sweat literally stood out on his temples. Varvara Petrovna scrutinized him sharply.

"This book," she said sternly, "is always downstairs, with the doorkeeper of my house, you may enter your donation in it if you like. And therefore I ask you now to put your money away and not to wave it in the air. That's right. I also ask you to take your former seat. That's right. I am very sorry, my dear sir, that I was mistaken with regard to your sister, and gave to her as to the poor when she is so rich. One thing only I fail to understand—why it is that she can take money from me alone and not from anyone else. You insisted on it so much that I should like a perfectly precise explanation."

"Madam, that is a secret that can only be buried in the grave!" the captain replied.

"Why so?" Varvara Petrovna asked, somehow less firmly now.

"Madam, madam! ..."

He fell glumly silent, looking down, his right hand pressed to his heart. Varvara Petrovna waited, not taking her eyes off him.

"Madam!" he suddenly bellowed, "allow me to ask you one question, just one, but openly, directly, in the Russian way, from the soul."

"Kindly do."

"Have you, madam, ever suffered in your life?"

"You merely want to say that you have suffered or are suffering because of someone."

"Madam, madam!" he suddenly jumped up again, probably without noticing it, and struck himself on the chest. "Here, in this heart, so much has built up, so much that God himself will be surprised when it's revealed at the Last Judgment!"

"Hm, that's putting it strongly."

"Madam, I am speaking, perhaps, in irritable language..."

"Don't worry, I know myself when you will need to be stopped."

"May I pose one more question, madam?"

"Do pose one more question."

"Can one die solely from the nobility of one's own soul?"

"I don't know, I've never asked myself such a question."

"You don't know! Never asked yourself such a question!" he cried with pathetic irony. "In that case, in that case—'Be silent, hopeless heart!'" ^[66] and he struck himself fiercely on the chest.

By now he was pacing the room again. A trait of such people—this total incapacity to keep their desires to themselves; this uncontrollable urge, on the contrary, to reveal them at once, even in all their untidiness, the moment they arise. When he steps into society not his own, such a gentleman usually begins timidly, but yield him just a hair and he will at once leap to impertinence. The captain was already excited; he paced, waved his arms, did not listen to questions, spoke of himself rapidly, so rapidly that his tongue sometimes tripped, and without finishing he would leap on to the next phrase. True, he could hardly have been completely sober; then, too, Lizaveta Nikolaevna was sitting there, and though he did not glance at her even once, her presence seemed to make him terribly giddy. However, that is only a surmise. There must therefore have been some reason why Varvara Petrovna, overcoming her loathing, decided to listen to such a man. Praskovya Ivanovna was simply quaking with fear, though, to tell the truth, I don't think she quite understood what was going on. Stepan Trofimovich was also trembling, but, on the contrary, because he was always inclined to understand everything to excess. Mavriky Nikolaevich stood in the attitude of universal protector. Poor Liza was pale and was staring fixedly, with wide-open eyes, at the wild captain. Shatov went on sitting in the same attitude; but, what was strangest of all, Marya Timofeevna not only stopped laughing, but became terribly sad. She leaned her right elbow on the table and gazed at her declaiming

brother with a long, sad look. Darya Pavlovna alone seemed calm to me.

"These are all nonsensical allegories," Varvara Petrovna finally became angry, "you have not answered my question—'Why?' I am insistently awaiting an answer."

"I didn't answer your 'why'? You're awaiting an answer to your 'why'?" the captain reiterated, winking. "This little word 'why' has been poured all over the universe since the very first day of creation, madam, and every moment the whole of nature cries out 'Why?'

to its creator, and for seven thousand years ^[67] has received no answer. Is it for Captain Lebyadkin alone to answer, and would that be just, madam?"

"That's all nonsense, that's not the point!" Varvara Petrovna was growing wrathful and losing her patience. "These are allegories, and, besides, you choose to speak too floridly, my dear sir, which I regard as impertinence."

"Madam," the captain was not listening to her, "I might wish to be called Ernest, yet I am forced to bear the crude name of Ignat ^[68]—why is that, do you think? I might wish to be called Prince de Monbars, yet I'm only Lebyadkin, from *lebed*, the swan—why is that? I am a poet, a poet in my soul, and could be getting a thousand roubles from a publisher, yet I'm forced to live in a tub—why, why? Madam! In my opinion Russia is a freak of nature, nothing else!"

"You decidedly cannot say anything more definite?"

"I can recite you a piece called 'The Cockroach,' madam!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Madam, I am not crazy yet! I will be crazy, I will be, that's certain, but I am not crazy yet! Madam, a friend of mine—a most no-o-oble person—has written a Krylov's fable entitled 'The Cockroach'—may I recite it?"

"You want to recite some fable of Krylov's?"

"No, it's not Krylov's fable I want to recite, it's my own fable, mine, I wrote it! Believe me, madam—no offense to you—but I'm not uneducated and depraved to such an extent as not to realize that Russia possesses the great fable-writer Krylov, to whom the

minister of education erected a monument in the Summer Garden for childhood playing. ^[69] Now then, madam, you ask me, 'Why?' The answer is at the bottom of this fable, in flaming letters!"

"Recite your fable."

"'Tis of a cockroach I will tell, And a fine cockroach was he, But then into a glass he fell Full of fly-phagy ..."

"Lord, what is this?" Varvara Petrovna exclaimed.

"It's in the summertime," the captain hurried, waving his arms terribly, with the irritated impatience of an author whose recitation is being hindered, "in the summertime, when lots of flies get into a glass, then fly-phagy takes place, any fool can understand that, don't interrupt, don't interrupt, you'll see, you'll see..." (he kept waving his arms).

"The cockroach took up so much room

It made the flies murmur.

'A crowded glass, is this our doom?

They cried to Jupiter.

But as the flies did make their moan

Along came Nikifor, A kind, old, no-o-oble man ...

I haven't quite finished here, but anyway, in plain words!" the captain rattled on. "Nikifor takes the glass and, in spite of their crying, dumps the whole comedy into the tub, both flies and cockroach, which should have been done long ago. But notice, madam, notice, the cockroach does not murmur! This is the answer to your question, 'Why?'" he cried out triumphantly. "The cock-roach does not mur-mur!" As for Nikifor, he represents nature," he added in a quick patter, and began pacing the room self-contentedly.

Varvara Petrovna became terribly angry.

"And to do with what money—allow me to ask you—supposedly received from Nikolai Vsevolodovich, and supposedly not given to you in full, have you dared to accuse a person belonging to my household?"

"Slander!" bellowed Lebyadkin, raising his right hand tragically.

"No, it is not slander."

"Madam, there are circumstances that make one rather endure family disgrace than proclaim the truth aloud. Lebyadkin will not let on, madam!"

He was as if blind; he was inspired; he felt his significance; he must have been imagining some such thing. He already wanted to offend, to do something dirty, to show his power.

"Ring the bell, please, Stepan Trofimovich," Varvara Petrovna requested.

"Lebyadkin is cunning, madam!" he winked, with a nasty smile, "he's cunning, but he, too, has his stumbling block, he, too, has

his forecourt of passions! And this forecourt is the old hussar's war-bottle, sung by Denis Davydov. ^[70] And so, when in this forecourt, madam, it may happen that he sends a letter in verse, a mag-ni-fi-cent one, but which afterwards he might wish to bring back with the tears of his whole life, for the sense of beauty is violated. But the bird has flown, you can't catch it by the tail! It is in this forecourt, madam, that Lebyadkin could also talk about a noble young lady, by way of the noble indignation of a soul resenting its offenses, which fact has been made use of by his slanderers. But Lebyadkin is cunning, madam! And in vain does the sinister wolf sit over him, pouring more every moment and waiting for the end: Lebyadkin will not let on, and after two bottles what turns up each time, instead of the expected thing, is—Lebyadkin's Cunning! But enough, oh, enough! Madam, your magnificent halls might belong to the noblest of persons, but the cockroach does not murmur! Notice, yes, notice finally that he does not murmur, and know the great spirit!"

At that moment the bell rang from the doorkeeper's room downstairs, and almost at once Alexei Yegorych, who had been rather slow in responding to Stepan Trofimovich's ring, appeared. The decorous old servant was somehow unusually excited.

"Nikolai Vsevolodovich has been pleased to arrive just this minute and is on his way here, ma'am," he said in reply to Varvara

Petrovna's inquiring look.

I especially remember her at that moment: at first she became pale, but suddenly her eyes flashed. She drew herself up in her chair with a look of extraordinary resolution. Everyone else was also astounded. The totally unexpected arrival of Nikolai Vsevolodovich, who was due to be here perhaps no sooner than in another month, was strange not only in its unexpectedness, but precisely in some fatal coincidence with the present moment. Even the captain stopped like a post in the middle of the room, openmouthed, staring at the door with a terribly stupid look.

And then, from the adjacent hall, a long and large room, came the sound of quickly approaching footsteps, small steps, extremely rapid, as if someone were rolling along, and suddenly into the drawing room flew—not Nikolai Vsevolodovich at all, but a young man totally unknown to anyone.

V

I will allow myself to pause and depict, if only in cursory strokes, this suddenly appearing person.

This was a young man of twenty-seven or thereabouts, a little taller than average, with thin, rather long blond hair and a wispy, barely evident moustache and beard. Dressed in clean and even fashionable clothes, but not foppishly; a bit hunched and slack at first sight, and yet not hunched at all, even easygoing. Seemingly a sort of odd man, and yet everyone later found his manners quite decent and his conversation always to the point.

No one would call him bad-looking, but no one likes his face. His head is elongated towards the back and as if flattened on the sides, giving his face a sharp look. His forehead is high and narrow, but his features are small—eyes sharp, nose small and sharp, lips long and thin. The expression of his face is as if sickly, but it only seems so. He has a sort of dry crease on his cheeks and around his cheekbones, which makes him look as if he were recovering from a grave illness. And yet he is perfectly healthy and strong, and has never even been ill.

He walks and moves very hurriedly, and yet he is not hurrying anywhere. Nothing, it seems, can put him out of countenance; in any circumstances and in any society, he remains the same. There is great self-satisfaction in him, but he does not take the least note of it himself.

He speaks rapidly, hurriedly, but at the same time self-confidently, and is never at a loss for words. His thoughts are calm, despite his hurried look, distinct and final—and that is especially noticeable. His enunciation is remarkably clear; his words spill out like big, uniform grains, always choice and always ready to be at your service. You like it at first, but later it will become repulsive, and precisely because of this all too clear enunciation, this string of ever ready words. You somehow begin to imagine that the tongue in his mouth must be of some special form, somehow unusually long and thin, terribly red, and with an extremely sharp, constantly and involuntarily wriggling tip.

Well, so this was the young man who had just flown into the drawing room, and, really, even now it seems to me that he started talking in the next room and came in that way, already talking. Instantly he was standing before Varvara Petrovna.

"... And imagine, Varvara Petrovna," the beads spilled out of him, "I came in thinking to find he'd already been here for a quarter of an hour; it's an hour and a half since he arrived; we met at Kirillov's; he left half an hour ago to come straight here, and told me to come here, too, in a quarter of an hour..."

"But, who? Who told you to come here?" Varvara Petrovna questioned.

"But, Nikolai Vsevolodovich, of course! You don't mean you're only learning of it this minute? His luggage at least should have arrived long ago, didn't they tell you? So I'm the first to announce it. By the way, we could send for him somewhere, but, anyhow, he'll certainly come himself presently and, it would seem, precisely at a moment that answers to some of his expectations and, at least so far as I can judge, to some of his calculations." Here he looked around the room and rested his eyes especially on the captain. "Ah, Lizaveta Nikolaevna, how glad I am to meet you first thing, I'm very glad to shake your hand," he quickly flew over to take the hand which the gaily smiling Liza offered him, "and I notice that the much esteemed Praskovya Ivanovna also seems to remember her 'professor,' and is not even angry with him, as she always was in Switzerland. But, by the way, how do your legs feel here, Praskovya Ivanovna, and were the Swiss consultants right in sentencing you to the climate of the fatherland?... what's that, ma'am? wet compresses? that must be very good for you. But how sorry I was, Varvara Petrovna" (he quickly turned again), "that I was too late to find you abroad and pay my respects in person, and I had so much to tell you besides ... I notified my old man here, but he, as is his custom, seems to..."

"Petrusha!" Stepan Trofimovich cried, instantly coming out of his stupor; he clasped his hands and rushed to his son. "*Pierre, mon enfant*, and I didn't recognize you!" He embraced him tightly, and tears poured from his eyes.

"There, there, don't be naughty, no need for gestures, there, enough, enough, I beg you," Petrusha hastily muttered, trying to free himself from the embrace.

"I have always, always been guilty before you!"

"Now, that's enough; save it for later. I just knew you were going to be naughty. Be a bit more sober, I beg you."

"But I haven't seen you for ten years!"

"The less reason for any outpourings..."

"*Mon enfant!*"

"So, I believe, I believe you love me, take your arms away. You're disturbing the others ... Ah, here is Nikolai Vsevolodovich, now don't be naughty, I beg you, finally!"

Nikolai Vsevolodovich was indeed already in the room; he had come in very quietly, and stopped for a moment in the doorway, quietly looking around at the gathering.

Just as four years ago, when I saw him for the first time, so now, too, I was struck at the first sight of him. I had not forgotten him in the least; but there are, it seems, such physiognomies as always, each time they appear, bring something new, as it were, which you have not noticed in them before, though you may have met them a hundred times previously. Apparently he was still the same as four years ago: as refined, as imposing, he entered as imposingly as then, even almost as youthful. His faint smile was as officially benign and just as self-satisfied; his glance as stern, thoughtful, and as if distracted. In short, it seemed we had parted only yesterday. But one thing struck me:

before, even though he had been considered a handsome man, his face had indeed "resembled a mask," as certain vicious-tongued ladies of our society put it. Whereas now—now, I don't know why, but he appeared to me, at very first sight, as decidedly, unquestionably handsome, so that it could in no way be said that his face resembled a mask. Was it because he had become a bit paler than before, and seemed to have lost some weight? Or was there perhaps some new thought that now shone in his eyes?

"Nikolai Vsevolodovich!" Varvara Petrovna cried, drawing herself up straight but not quitting her armchair, stopping him with an imperious gesture, "stop for one moment!"

But to explain the terrible question that suddenly followed this gesture and exclamation—a question I could not have supposed possible even in Varvara Petrovna herself—I shall ask the reader to recall what Varvara Petrovna's character had been all her life and the remarkable impetuosity she had shown in certain extraordinary moments. I also ask him to bear in mind that, despite the remarkable firmness of soul and the considerable amount of reason, and of practical, even, so to speak, managerial tact she possessed, there was no lack of moments in her life in which she would give all of herself suddenly, entirely, and, if it is permissible to say so, totally without restraint. I also ask him, finally, to consider that for her the present moment could indeed have been one of those in which the whole essence of a life—all that has been lived through, all the present, and perhaps the future—is suddenly focused. I shall also remind him in passing of the anonymous letter she had received, as she had just so irritably let on to Praskovya Ivanovna, though I think she kept silent about the further contents of the letter; and precisely in it, perhaps, lay the key to the possibility of that terrible question which she suddenly addressed to her son.

"Nikolai Vsevolodovich," she repeated, rapping out the words in a firm voice in which a menacing challenge sounded, "I ask you to tell me right now, without moving from that spot: is it true that this unfortunate lame woman—there she is, over there, look at her!—is it true that she is... your lawful wife?"

I remember that moment only too well; he did not even blink an eye, but looked intently at his mother; not the slightest change in his face ensued. At last he smiled slowly, a sort of condescending smile, and, without a word of reply, quietly went up to his mother, took her hand, brought it reverently to his lips, and kissed it. And so strong was his ever irresistible influence on his mother that even then she did not dare snatch her hand away. She simply stared at him, all question, and her whole look confessed that she could not endure the uncertainty a moment longer.

But he continued to be silent. Having kissed her hand, he glanced all around the room once again and, still as unhurriedly as before, went straight to Marya Timofeevna. It is very difficult to describe people's physiognomies at certain moments. It has remained in my memory, for example, that Marya Timofeevna, all numb with fear, rose to meet him and clasped her hands before her as if entreating him; and at the same time I also remember there was rapture in her eyes, a sort of insane rapture that almost distorted her features—a rapture hard for people to bear. Perhaps both were there, both fear and rapture; but I remember myself quickly moving closer (I was standing just next to her), for I fancied she was about to faint.

"You cannot be here," Nikolai Vsevolodovich spoke to her in a caressing, melodious voice, and an extraordinary tenderness shone in his eyes. He stood before her in a most reverent attitude, and his every movement expressed the most sincere respect. In an impetuous half-whisper the poor woman breathlessly murmured to him:

"And may I... kneel to you... now?"

"No, you certainly may not," he smiled magnificently at her, so that she, too, suddenly gave a joyful little smile. In the same melodious voice, and tenderly reasoning with her, as with a child, he added imposingly:

"Consider that you are a girl, and I, though your most faithful friend, am nevertheless a stranger to you, not a husband, not a father, not a fiancé. Now give me your hand and let us go; I will see you to the carriage and, if you permit, will take you to your house myself."

She listened and bent her head as if pondering.

"Let us go," she said, sighing, and gave him her hand.

But then a small mishap befell her. She must have turned somehow awkwardly and stepped on her bad, shorter leg—in a word, she fell full sideways on the armchair, and if it had not been for the armchair, she would have fallen to the floor. He instantly caught her up, supported her, holding her firmly under the arm, and led her carefully and sympathetically to the door. She was obviously distressed by her fall, became embarrassed, blushed, and was terribly ashamed. Silently looking down, limping badly, she hobbled after him, almost hanging on his arm. They walked out like that. Liza, I noticed, for some reason suddenly jumped up from her chair as they were walking out, and followed them with a fixed stare to the very door. Then she silently sat down again, but there was some convulsive movement in her face, as if she had touched some viper.

While this whole scene was taking place between Nikolai Vsevolodovich and Marya Timofeevna, everyone was hushed with amazement; one could have heard a fly buzz; but as soon as they walked out, everyone suddenly began talking.

VI

Or not talking so much as exclaiming. I have somewhat forgotten now the order in which it all happened, because there was a tumult. Stepan Trofimovich exclaimed something in French and clasped his hands, but Varvara Petrovna could not be bothered with

him. Even Mavriky Nikolaevich muttered something abruptly and rapidly. But most excited of all was Pyotr Stepanovich; he was desperately convincing Varvara Petrovna of something, with big gestures, but for a long time I could not understand it. He addressed Praskovya Ivanovna and Lizaveta Nikolaevna as well; in the heat of the moment he even shouted something in passing to his father—in short, he whirled all around the room. Varvara Petrovna, all flushed, jumped up from her seat and cried to Praskovya Ivanovna: "Did you hear, did you hear what he just said to her?" But the latter could no longer even reply, and merely mumbled something, waving her hand. The poor woman had her own troubles: she kept turning her head towards Liza, looking at her in unaccountable fear, and no longer dared even to think of getting up and leaving before her daughter rose. Meanwhile, the captain certainly wanted to slip away, this I noticed. He had been in a great and unquestionable fright from the moment Nikolai Vsevolodovich appeared; but Pyotr Stepanovich seized him by the arm and did not let him leave.

"This is necessary, necessary," he spilled out his beads at Varvara Petrovna, still trying to convince her. He was standing in front of her, and she by then had already sat back down in the armchair and, I remember, listened to him greedily; he had succeeded in holding her attention.

"This is necessary. You can see for yourself, Varvara Petrovna, that there's a misunderstanding here, and much that looks odd, and yet the thing is clear as a candle and simple as a finger. I realize only too well that no one has authorized me to tell about it, and that I perhaps look ridiculous in inviting myself. But, first of all, Nikolai Vsevolodovich himself attaches no great importance to this thing, and, finally, there are still cases when it is difficult for a man to bring himself to explain things personally, and it must be undertaken by a third person, for whom it is easier to express certain delicate matters. Believe me, Varvara Petrovna, Nikolai Vsevolodovich is not in the least to blame for not giving your question a radical explanation at once, even though the matter is a trifling one; I've known of it since Petersburg. Besides, the whole anecdote only does honor to Nikolai Vsevolodovich, if it's necessary to use this vague word 'honor'..."

"You mean to say that you were a witness to some occurrence that gave rise to... this misunderstanding?" asked Varvara Petrovna.

"A witness and a participant," Pyotr Stepanovich hastened to confirm.

"If you give me your word that this will not offend Nikolai Vsevolodovich's delicacy in certain of his feelings towards me, from whom he does not conceal an-y-thing... and if you are so sure, besides, that it will even give him pleasure ..."

"Pleasure, most certainly; that's why I regard it as a particular pleasure for me. I'm convinced he would ask me himself."

It was rather strange, and outside the usual ways, this importunate desire on the part of this gentleman who had suddenly fallen from the sky to tell other people's anecdotes. But he caught Varvara Petrovna with his bait, having touched her sorest spot. I did not know the man's character fully then, and still less did I know his intentions.

"You may speak," Varvara Petrovna announced reservedly and cautiously, suffering somewhat from her indulgence.

"It's a short matter; in fact, if you like, it's not even an anecdote," the beads began spilling out. "However, a novelist might cook up a novel from it in an idle moment. It's quite an interesting little matter, Praskovya Ivanovna, and I'm sure Lizaveta Nikolaevna will listen with curiosity, because there are many things here which, if not queer, are at least quaint. About five years ago, in Petersburg, Nikolai Vsevolodovich got to know this gentleman—this same Mr. Lebyadkin who is standing here with his mouth hanging open and, it seems, was just about to slip away. Forgive me, Varvara Petrovna. Incidentally, I'd advise you not to take to your heels, mister retired official of the former supply department (you see, I remember you perfectly). Both I and Nikolai Vsevolodovich are all too well informed of your local tricks, of which, don't forget, you will have to give an accounting. Once again I ask your forgiveness, Varvara

Petrovna. Nikolai Vsevolodovich used to call this gentleman his Falstaff^[71]—that must be some former character," he suddenly explained, "some burlesque everyone laughs at and who allows everyone to laugh at him, so long as they pay money. The life Nikolai Vsevolodovich then led in Petersburg was, so to speak, a jeering one—I cannot define it by any other word, because he was not a man to fall into disillusionment, and he scorned then to do anything serious. I'm talking only about that time, Varvara Petrovna. This Lebyadkin had a sister—the very one who was just sitting here. This nice brother and sister had no corner of their own, and wandered

about staying with various people. He loitered under the arcades of the Gostiny Dvor,^[72] unfailingly wearing his former uniform, and stopped the cleaner-looking passers-by, and whatever he collected he would spend on drink. His sister lived like the birds of the air. She helped out in those corners and served in exchange for necessities. It was a most terrible Sodom; I'll pass over the picture of this

corner life—the life to which Nikolai Vsevolodovich then gave himself out of whimsicality.^[73] This was only then, Varvara Petrovna; and as for 'whimsicality,' the expression is his. There is much that he does not conceal from me. Mademoiselle Lebyadkin, who at a certain period happened to run into Nikolai Vsevolodovich all too often, was struck by his appearance. He was, so to speak, a diamond set against the dirty background of her life.

I'm a poor describer of feelings, so I'll pass that over; but rotten little people immediately made fun of her, and she grew sad. They generally laughed at her there, but before she didn't notice it. She was already not right in the head then, but less so than now. There's reason to think that in childhood, through some benefactress, she almost received an education. Nikolai Vsevolodovich never paid the slightest attention to her, and rather spent his time playing old greasy cards, the game of preference for quarter-kopeck stakes, with some clerks. But once when she was being mistreated, he, without asking why, grabbed one clerk by the scruff of the neck and chucked him out the second-story window. There wasn't any chivalrous indignation in favor of offended innocence in it; the whole operation took place amid general laughter, and Nikolai Vsevolodovich himself laughed most of all; everything eventually came to a good end, they made peace and began drinking punch. But oppressed innocence herself did not forget it. Of course, it ended with the final shaking of her mental faculties. I repeat, I'm a poor describer of feelings, but the main thing here was the dream. And Nikolai Vsevolodovich, as if on purpose, aroused the dream even more; instead of just laughing at it, he suddenly began addressing Mademoiselle Lebyadkin with unexpected esteem. Kirillov, who was there (an exceedingly original man, Varvara Petrovna, and an exceedingly abrupt one; perhaps you'll meet him one day, he's here now), well, so this Kirillov, who ordinarily is always silent, but then suddenly got excited, observed to Nikolai Vsevolodovich, as I remember, that his treating this lady as a marquise was finally going to finish her off. I will add that Nikolai Vsevolodovich had a certain respect for this Kirillov. And how do you think he answered

him? 'You assume, Mr. Kirillov, that I am laughing at her; let me assure you that I do indeed respect her, because she is better than any of us.' And, you know, he said it in such a serious tone. Though, in fact, during those two or three months he hadn't said a word to her except 'hello' and 'good-bye.' I, who was there, remember for a certainty that she finally reached the point of regarding him as something like her fiancé, who did not dare to 'abduct' her solely because he had many enemies and family obstacles, or something of the sort. There was much laughter over that! In the end, when Nikolai Vsevolodovich had to come here that time, as he was leaving he arranged for her keep, and it seems it was quite a substantial yearly pension, at least three hundred roubles, if not more. In short, let's say it was all self-indulgence, the fancy of a prematurely weary man—let it be, finally, as Kirillov was saying, a new étude by a jaded man, with the object of finding out what a mad cripple can be brought to. 'You chose on purpose,' he said, 'the very least of beings, a cripple covered in eternal shame and beatings—and knowing, besides, that this being is dying of her comical love for you—and you suddenly start to flummox her on purpose, solely to see what will come of it!' Why, finally, is a man so especially to blame for the fantasy of a mad woman to whom, notice, he had hardly spoken two sentences during that whole time! There are things, Varvara Petrovna, of which it is not only impossible to speak intelligently, but of which it is not intelligent even to begin speaking. Well, let it be whimsicality, finally—but that's all one can say; and yet quite a story has been made of it now ... I'm partly informed, Varvara Petrovna, of what is going on here."

The narrator suddenly broke off and was turning to Lebyadkin, but Varvara Petrovna stopped him; she was in the greatest exaltation.

"Have you finished?" she asked.

"Not yet; for completeness, I would have to put some questions on certain matters to this gentleman, with your permission... You will see presently what it's about, Varvara Petrovna."

"Enough, later, stop for a moment, I beg you. Oh, how good it is that I allowed you to speak!"

"And observe, Varvara Petrovna," Pyotr Stepanovich roused himself, "how could Nikolai Vsevolodovich have explained all this to you himself just now, in answer to your question, which was perhaps much too categorical?"

"Oh, much too much!"

"And was I not right to say that in certain cases it is much easier for a third person to explain than for the interested person himself!"

"Yes, yes... But in one thing you are mistaken, and I regret to see that you continue to be mistaken."

"Really? What's that?"

"You see... And, incidentally, why don't you sit down, Pyotr Stepanovich?"

"Oh, if you like, and I am tired, thank you."

He at once pulled out a chair and turned it in such a way that he wound up between Varvara Petrovna on the one side and Praskovya Ivanovna at the table on the other, and facing Mr. Lebyadkin, whom he would not take his eyes off for a moment.

"You are mistaken in calling it 'whimsicality'..."

"Oh, if that's all..."

"No, no, no, wait," Varvara Petrovna stopped him, obviously preparing herself to speak much and ecstatically. As soon as he noticed it, Pyotr Stepanovich became all attention.

"No, this was something higher than whimsicality and, I assure you, even something holy! A man, proud and early insulted, who had arrived at that 'jeering' which you mentioned so aptly—in short, a Prince Harry, to use Stepan Trofimovich's magnificent comparison at the time, which would be perfectly correct if he did not resemble Hamlet even more, at least in my view."

"*Et vous avez raison*," ^[lxv] Stepan Trofimovich echoed, weightily and with feeling.

"Thank you, Stepan Trofimovich, you I thank especially, and precisely for your constant faith in Nicolas, in the loftiness of his soul and calling. You even strengthened this faith in me when I was losing spirit..."

"*Chère, chère ...*" Stepan Trofimovich was already making a step forward, but stopped, realizing that it would be dangerous to interrupt.

"And if Nicolas had always had at his side" (Varvara Petrovna was half singing now) "a gentle Horatio, great in his humility—another beautiful expression of yours, Stepan Trofimovich—he would perhaps have been saved long ago from the sad and 'sudden demon of irony' that has tormented him all his life. (The phrase about the demon of irony is again an astonishing expression of yours, Stepan Trofimovich.) But Nicolas never had a Horatio, or an Ophelia. He had only his mother, but what can a mother do alone and in such circumstances? You know, Pyotr Stepanovich, I can even understand, and quite well, how a being such as Nicolas could appear even in such dirty slums as those you were telling about. I can imagine so clearly now this 'jeering' life (your remarkably apt expression!), this insatiable thirst for contrast, this dark background of the picture, against which he appears like a diamond—again according to your comparison, Pyotr Stepanovich. And so he meets there a creature offended by everyone, a cripple, half crazy, and perhaps at the same time with the noblest feelings!"

"Hm, yes, presumably."

"And after all that you still do not understand that he is not laughing at her like everyone else! Oh, people! You do not understand that he should protect her from her offenders, surround her with respect 'like a marquise' (this Kirillov must have a remarkably deep understanding of people, though he did not understand Nicolas!). If you like, it was precisely through this contrast that the trouble came; if the unfortunate woman had been in different circumstances, she might not have arrived at such a delirious dream. A woman, it takes a woman to understand this, Pyotr Stepanovich, and what a pity that you... that is, not that you are not a woman, but at least for this once, so as to understand!"

"You mean, in a sense, the worse the better—I understand, I understand, Varvara Petrovna. It's like with religion: the worse a man's life is, or the more downtrodden and poor a whole people is, the more stubbornly they dream of a reward in paradise, and if there are a hundred thousand priests fussing about at the same time, inflaming the dream and speculating on it, then ... I understand you, Varvara Petrovna, rest assured."

"I don't suppose that's quite so, but tell me, can it really be that in order to extinguish the dream in this unfortunate organism" (why Varvara Petrovna used the word "organism" here, I could not understand), "Nicolas, too, should have laughed at her and treated her as the other clerks did? Can it really be that you reject that lofty compassion, that noble tremor of the whole organism with which Nicolas suddenly so sternly answered Kirillov: 'I do not laugh at her.' A lofty, a holy answer!"

"*Sublime*," muttered Stepan Trofimovich.

"And, note, he is not at all as rich as you think; it is I who am rich, not he, and at that time he was taking almost nothing from me."

"I understand, I understand all that, Varvara Petrovna," Pyotr Stepanovich was now stirring somewhat impatiently.

"Oh, it is my character! I recognize myself in Nicolas! I recognize that youth, that possibility of stormy, awesome impulses... And, Pyotr Stepanovich, if one day you and I become close, which I for my part sincerely wish, all the more so in that I already owe you so much, perhaps then you will understand..."

"Oh, believe me, I wish it for my own part," Pyotr Stepanovich muttered abruptly.

"Then you will understand the impulse with which, in this blindness of nobility, one suddenly takes a man in all respects even unworthy of one, profoundly lacking in understanding of one, who is ready to torment one at the first opportunity, and, contrary to everything, makes such a man into some sort of ideal, one's dream, concentrates on him all one's hopes, worships him, loves him all one's life, absolutely without knowing why, perhaps precisely because he is unworthy of it... Oh, how I've suffered all my life, Pyotr Stepanovich!"

Stepan Trofimovich, with a pained look, tried to catch my eyes, but I dodged just in time.

". . . And even recently, recently—oh, how guilty I am before Nicolas! You would not believe how they torment me from all sides, all, all of them, enemies, paltry people, friends—friends perhaps more than enemies. When I received the first contemptible anonymous letter, Pyotr Stepanovich, you will not believe it but I did not have enough contempt, finally, to answer all this malice... Never, never will I forgive myself for my faintheartedness!"

"I've already heard something, generally, about anonymous letters here," Pyotr Stepanovich suddenly perked up, "and I'll find them for you, rest assured."

"But you cannot imagine what intrigues have begun here! They've even tormented our poor Praskovya Ivanovna—and why do that to her? I am perhaps all too guilty before you today, my dear Praskovya Ivanovna," she added, in a magnanimous impulse of tender feeling, but not without a certain triumphant irony.

"That'll do, dearest," the other lady muttered reluctantly, "and in my opinion all this should be brought to an end—too much talking..." and she again glanced timidly at Liza, but she was looking at Pyotr Stepanovich.

"And this poor, this unfortunate being, this insane woman who has lost everything and kept only her heart, I now intend to adopt," Varvara Petrovna suddenly exclaimed. "This is a duty which I intend to fulfill sacredly. From this day on I shall take her under my protection!"

"And that will even be very good, madam, in a certain sense," Pyotr Stepanovich became thoroughly animated. "Excuse me, I didn't finish just now. Precisely to do with patronage. Can you imagine, when Nikolai Vsevolodovich left then (I'm starting precisely from where I left off, Varvara Petrovna), this gentleman, this same Mr. Lebyadkin, at once fancied he had the right to dispose of the pension that had been allotted to his sister, the whole of it; and so he did. I don't know exactly how it was all arranged by Nikolai Vsevolodovich, but a year later, from abroad now, having found out what was going on, he was forced to make different arrangements. Again, I don't know the details, he will tell you himself, all I know is that the interesting person was placed somewhere in a remote convent, quite comfortably, even, but under friendly supervision—you understand? And what do you think Mr. Lebyadkin decides to do? First, he makes every effort to find out where the quittance item—that is, his dear sister—has been hidden from him, achieves his goal just recently, takes her from the convent, having presented some sort of rights over her, and brings her straight to this town. Here he doesn't feed her, he beats her, tyrannizes over her, and finally in some way obtains a significant sum from Nikolai Vsevolodovich, immediately starts drinking, and instead of gratitude ends with brazen defiance of Nikolai Vsevolodovich, senseless demands, threatening to go to court in case of the nonpayment of the pension directly into his hands. So he takes Nikolai Vsevolodovich's voluntary gift as his due—can you imagine that? Mr. Lebyadkin, is *everything* I've said here just now true?"

The captain, who up to then had been standing silently and looking down, quickly stepped two steps forward and turned all purple.

"Pyotr Stepanovich, you have dealt harshly with me," he said abruptly.

"How and why is it harsh, sir? But, excuse me, we will talk about harshness and mildness later, and for now I only ask you to answer the first question: is *everything* I said true, or not? If you find it is not true, you may make your declaration at once."

"I... you yourself know, Pyotr Stepanovich..." the captain muttered, stopped short, and fell silent. It should be noted that Pyotr Stepanovich was sitting in an armchair, his legs crossed, while the captain stood before him in a most reverent attitude.

Pyotr Stepanovich seemed to be very displeased with Mr. Lebyadkin's hesitations; his face twitched in a sort of malicious contortion.

"Perhaps you really do want to make some declaration?" he gave the captain a subtle glance. "Go right ahead, then, we're waiting."

"You yourself know, Pyotr Stepanovich, that I cannot declare anything."

"No, I do not know that; it's the first time I've even heard of it; why can you not declare anything?"

The captain was silent, staring at the ground.

"Allow me to leave, Pyotr Stepanovich," he said resolutely.

"Not before you give me some answer to my first question: is *everything* I said true?"

"It's true, sir," Lebyadkin said dully, glancing up at his tormentor. Sweat even came to his temples.

"*Everything*?"

"*Everything*, sir."

"You can think of nothing to add, to observe? If you feel we are being unjust, declare as much; protest, declare your dissatisfaction aloud."

"No, I can think of nothing."

"Did you recently threaten Nikolai Vsevolodovich?"

"That. . . that was drink more than anything, Pyotr Stepanovich!" (He suddenly raised his head.) "Pyotr Stepanovich! If family honor and the heart's undeserved disgrace cry out among men, then—can a man be to blame even then?" he bellowed suddenly, forgetting himself as before.

"And are you sober now, Mr. Lebyadkin?" Pyotr Stepanovich gave him a piercing look.

"I... am sober."

"What is the meaning of this family honor and the heart's undeserved disgrace?"

"It's about nobody, I didn't mean anybody. It's me myself..." the captain crumbled again.

"You seem to have been very offended by the way I spoke about you and your conduct? You are very irritable, Mr. Lebyadkin. Excuse me, but I haven't even begun to say anything about your conduct in its real aspect. I shall begin to talk about your conduct in its real aspect. I shall begin, that may very well be, but so far I haven't even begun in any *real* aspect."

Lebyadkin gave a start and stared wildly at Pyotr Stepanovich.

"Pyotr Stepanovich, I am only now beginning to awaken!"

"Hm. And it's I who have awakened you?"

"Yes, it's you who have awakened me, and I've been sleeping for four years under a dark cloud. May I finally withdraw, Pyotr Stepanovich?"

"Now you may, unless Varvara Petrovna finds it necessary..."

But she waved him on his way.

The captain bowed, walked two steps towards the door, suddenly stopped, put his hand to his heart, was about to say something, did not say it, and quickly rushed out. But in the doorway he ran right into Nikolai Vsevolodovich; the latter stood aside; the captain somehow shrank before him and simply froze on the spot, without tearing his eyes from him, like a rabbit in front of a snake. Nikolai Vsevolodovich, having paused briefly, brushed him aside with his arm and walked into the drawing room.

VII

He was cheerful and calm. Perhaps something very nice had just happened to him, as yet unknown to us; but he seemed to be even especially pleased with something.

"Will you forgive me, Nicolas?" Varvara Petrovna could not help herself and rose hastily to meet him.

But Nicolas positively burst out laughing.

"Just as I thought!" he exclaimed good-naturedly and jokingly. "I see you already know everything. And I, once I'd walked out of here, began thinking in the carriage: 'I ought at least to have told them the anecdote, it's not right to go off like this.' But then I remembered that you'd been left with Pyotr Stepanovich, and my care dropped away."

As he spoke he looked cursorily around.

"Pyotr Stepanovich told us an old Petersburg story from the life of one whimsical fellow," Varvara Petrovna rapturously joined in, "one mad and capricious fellow, though always lofty in his feelings, always chivalrously noble..."

"Chivalrously? Can it have gone as far as that?" Nicolas laughed. "Anyhow, this time I'm very grateful to Pyotr Stepanovich for his hastiness" (here he exchanged a momentary glance with him). "Be it known to you, maman, that Pyotr Stepanovich is a universal peacemaker; that is his role, his disease, his hobbyhorse, and I especially recommend him to you on that point. I can guess what he dashed off for you here. He precisely dashes off when he talks; he's got an office in his head. Note that being a realist he cannot lie, and truth is dearer to him than success ... save, naturally, on those special occasions when success is dearer than truth." (He kept looking around as he was saying this.) "So you can clearly see, maman, that it is not you who should ask forgiveness of me, and if there is madness here anywhere, it is, of course, first of all on my part, and so, finally, I am crazy after all—just to keep up my local reputation..."

Here he embraced his mother tenderly.

"Anyhow, everything is said and done, and so we can finish with it," he added, and some dry, hard little note sounded in his voice. Varvara Petrovna understood this note; yet her exaltation would not leave her, even quite the contrary.

"I really didn't expect you before another month, Nicolas!"

"I will of course explain everything to you, maman, but now..."

And he went towards Praskovya Ivanovna.

But she barely turned her head to him, stunned though she had been by his first appearance half an hour earlier. Now, however, she had some new trouble: from the very moment the captain had gone out and run into Nikolai Vsevolodovich in the doorway, Liza had suddenly begun to laugh—at first softly, fitfully, but then her laughter increased more and more, becoming louder and more obvious. She was flushed. The contrast with her recent gloomy look was extreme. While Nikolai Vsevolodovich was speaking with Varvara Petrovna, she beckoned a couple of times to Mavriky Nikolaevich, as if wishing to whisper something to him; but as soon as he bent down to her, she would dissolve in laughter; one might have concluded that she was laughing precisely at poor Mavriky Nikolaevich. However, she made a visible effort to restrain herself, and put her handkerchief to her lips. Nikolai Vsevolodovich, with a most innocent and guileless air, addressed her in greeting.

"Excuse me, please," she answered in a patter, "you... you have seen Mavriky Nikolaevich, of course... My God, Mavriky

Nikolaevich, how inadmissibly tall you are!"

And again laughter. Mavriky Nikolaevich was indeed tall, but not inadmissibly so.

"Did you... arrive long ago?" she murmured, again restraining herself, even embarrassed, but with flashing eyes.

"A little over two hours ago," Nicolas replied, studying her intently. I will observe that he was remarkably restrained and polite, but, politeness aside, he looked totally indifferent, even listless.

"And where will you be living?"

"Here."

Varvara Petrovna was also watching Liza, but a thought suddenly struck her.

"And where have you been all this time, Nicolas, for more than two hours?" she ventured. "The train comes at ten o'clock."

"I first took Pyotr Stepanovich to Kirillov. And Pyotr Stepanovich I met at Matveevo" (three stations away), "we came here in the same car."

"I'd been waiting at Matveevo since dawn," Pyotr Stepanovich picked up. "Our rear cars got derailed in the night; we almost broke our legs."

"Broke their legs!" Liza cried out. "Maman, maman, you and I were going to go to Matveevo last week, so we could have broken our legs, too!"

"Lord have mercy!" Praskovya Ivanovna crossed herself.

"Maman, maman, dear ma, don't be afraid if I really break both my legs; it's quite likely to happen to me, you yourself say I gallop around at breakneck speed every day. Mavriky Nikolaevich, will you lead me about when I'm lame?" she laughed aloud again. "If it happens, I won't have anyone else but you lead me about, you may safely count on that. Well, say I'll just break one leg... Well, be so kind, tell me you'll consider it a blessing."

"Where's the blessing in having one leg?" Mavriky Nikolaevich frowned gravely.

"But you will lead me about, you alone, I won't let anyone else!"

"You'll lead me about even then, Lizaveta Nikolaevna," Mavriky Nikolaevich murmured even more gravely.

"God, he wanted to make a pun!" Liza exclaimed, almost horrified. "Mavriky Nikolaevich, don't you ever dare to set out on that path! What a great egoist you are after that! No, I'm convinced, to your credit, that you're slandering yourself now; on the contrary, you'll be assuring me from morning till night that I've become even more interesting minus a leg! But one thing is irremediable—you are immensely tall, and I'll become so very tiny minus a leg, how will you be able to take my arm, what sort of couple will we make!"

And she laughed morbidly. Her hints and witticisms were flat, but she apparently no longer cared about quality.

"Hysterics!" Pyotr Stepanovich whispered to me. "A glass of water, quickly!"

He had guessed right; a minute later everyone was bustling about, water was brought. Liza embraced her maman, kissed her fervently, wept on her shoulder, and then, drawing back and peering into her face, at once began laughing loudly again. Finally, the maman also began to whimper. Varvara Petrovna hustled them off to her rooms, through the same door by which Darya Pavlovna had come out to us earlier. But they did not stay away long, about four minutes, no more...

I am now trying to recall every detail of these last moments of that memorable morning. I remember that when we were left alone, without the ladies (except for Darya Pavlovna, who did not move from her place), Nikolai Vsevolodovich went around and greeted each of us, except for Shatov, who continued to sit in his corner, bending towards the ground even more than before. Stepan Trofimovich had just begun talking about something extremely witty with Nikolai Vsevolodovich, but he hastily went towards Darya Pavlovna. On the way he was intercepted almost forcibly by Pyotr Stepanovich, who dragged him to the window and began whispering to him about something evidently very important, judging by the expression on his face and the gestures that accompanied the whisper. But Nikolai Vsevolodovich listened very languidly, even distractedly, with his official smile, even impatiently towards the end, and kept making as if to leave. He stepped away from the window precisely as our ladies came back; Varvara Petrovna sat Liza down in her former place, insisting that it was absolutely necessary to wait and rest for at least ten minutes, and that it was unlikely that fresh air would be good just then for her upset nerves. She really was being awfully attentive to Liza, and herself sat down beside her. The now free Pyotr Stepanovich sprang over to them at once and began a rapid, merry conversation. It was then that Nikolai Vsevolodovich finally went up to Darya Pavlovna with his unhurried gait; Dasha became all aflutter on her seat as he approached, and quickly jumped up in visible confusion, her whole face flushed red.

"I gather you are to be congratulated ... or not yet?" he said, with a sort of peculiar wrinkle on his face.

Dasha made some reply, but it was hard to hear.

"Forgive my indiscretion," he raised his voice, "but, you know, I was specially notified. Do you know that?"

"Yes, I know you were specially notified."

"Anyway, I hope I haven't interfered in anything with my congratulations," he laughed, "and if Stepan Trofimovich..."

"Congratulations for what, for what?" Pyotr Stepanovich suddenly sprang over. "What are you to be congratulated for, Darya Pavlovna? Bah! You mean for that? The blush on your face tells me I've guessed right. Indeed, what else can our beautiful and well-behaved young ladies be congratulated for, and what sort of congratulations makes them blush the most? Well, miss, accept mine as well, if I've guessed right, and pay what you owe me—remember, in Switzerland you bet me that you would never get married ... Ah, yes, about Switzerland— what's the matter with me? Imagine, that's half the reason I'm here, and I almost forgot: tell me," he turned quickly to Stepan Trofimovich, "when are you going to Switzerland?"

"I... to Switzerland?" Stepan Trofimovich was surprised and embarrassed.

"What? You're not going? But aren't you also getting married ... as you wrote?"

"Pierre!" exclaimed Stepan Trofimovich.

"Pierre, nothing... You see, if it pleases you, I came flying here to announce to you that I am not at all against it, since you insisted on having my opinion, and as soon as possible; and if" (he went on spilling) "you need to be 'saved,' as you say and implore right there in the same letter, then again I'm at your service. Is it true that he's getting married, Varvara Petrovna?" he quickly turned to her. "I hope I'm not being indiscreet; he himself writes that the whole town knows and everyone's congratulating him, so that, to avoid it, he

goes out only at night. The letter is in my pocket. But, would you believe, Varvara Petrovna, I understand nothing in it! Tell me just one thing, Stepan Trofimovich, are you to be congratulated or 'saved'? You won't believe me, but next to the happiest lines there are the most desperate ones. First of all, he asks my forgiveness; well, let's say that's just his way... Still, I can't help observing: imagine, the man has seen me twice in his life, and that by accident, and now suddenly, marrying for the third time, he imagines that in doing so he's violating some sort of parental duties towards me, and entreats me, from a thousand miles away, not to be angry and to grant him permission! Please don't go getting offended, Stepan Trofimovich, it's a feature of your time, I take a broad view and do not condemn, and let's say it does you honor, etc., etc., but again, the main thing is that I don't understand the main thing. There's something here about some 'sins in Switzerland.' I'm getting married, he says, on account of some sins, or because of someone else's sins, or however he puts it—'sins,' in short. 'The girl,' he says, 'is a pearl and a diamond,' well, and naturally 'he is unworthy'—that's his style; but because of some sins or circumstances, 'I am forced to go to the altar, and then to Switzerland,' and therefore 'drop everything and fly here to save me.' Can you understand anything after all that? However... however, I notice from the look on your faces" (he kept turning around, holding the letter in his hand, peering into their faces with an innocent smile) "that I seem to have committed a blunder, in my usual fashion... because of my foolish frankness, or hastiness, as Nikolai Vsevolodovich says. I thought we were among our own here—I mean, your own, Stepan Trofimovich, your own—but I, in fact, am a stranger, and I see ... I see that everyone knows something, and something that I precisely do not know."

He still kept looking around him.

"Did Stepan Trofimovich really write to you that he was marrying

'someone else's sins committed in Switzerland,' and that you should fly to 'save him,' in those very expressions?" Varvara Petrovna suddenly went up to him, all yellow, her face distorted, her lips quivering.

"I mean, you see, madam, if there's something here I didn't understand," Pyotr Stepanovich became as if frightened, and hurried on even more, "then of course it's his fault, since that's the way he writes. Here's the letter. You know, Varvara Petrovna, his letters are endless and ceaseless, and in the past two or three months it was simply one letter after another, and, I confess, towards the end I sometimes didn't finish them. Forgive me my foolish confession, Stepan Trofimovich, but do please admit that, though you addressed them to me, you were still writing more for posterity, so it's all the same to you... Now, now, don't be offended; after all, we're no strangers! But this letter, Varvara Petrovna, this letter I did read to the end. These 'sins'—these 'someone else's sins'—these are surely some little sins of our own, and most innocent ones I'll bet, yet because of them we've suddenly decided to start a terrible story, with a noble tinge—it's for the sake of this noble tinge that we started it. You see, something must have gone lame here in the accounting department—one must finally admit. We're very fond of a little game of cards, you know... but, anyway, this is unnecessary, quite unnecessary, excuse me, I babble too much, but, by God, Varvara Petrovna, he put a scare into me, and I really got myself half ready to 'save' him. After all, I'm ashamed myself. Am I holding a knife to his throat, or what? Am I some implacable creditor, or what? He writes something here about a dowry... And, anyway, Stepan Trofimovich, are you really getting married, for pity's sake? It would be just like us, we talk and talk, and it's all more for style... Ah, Varvara Petrovna, but I'm sure you perhaps disapprove of me now, and also precisely for my style ..."

"On the contrary, on the contrary, I see that you have lost patience, and you most certainly had reasons to," Varvara Petrovna picked up maliciously.

She had listened with malicious pleasure to the whole "truthful" torrent of words from Pyotr Stepanovich, who was obviously playing a role (I did not know then what it was, but it was obviously a role, played even much too crudely).

"On the contrary," she went on, "I am only too grateful to you for having spoken; without you I would never have found out. For the first time in twenty years I am opening my eyes. Nikolai Vsevolodovich, you just said that you, too, had been specially notified: did Stepan Trofimovich also write in the same manner to you?"

"I received from him a quite innocent and... and ... a very noble letter..."

"You're embarrassed, fishing for words—enough! Stepan Trofimovich, I expect a great favor from you," she suddenly turned to him, her eyes flashing, "please be so good as to leave us right now, and henceforth never step across the threshold of my house."

I must ask you to bear in mind her recent "exaltation," which still had not passed. True, Stepan Trofimovich really was to blame! But this is what amazed me at the time: that he stood up with remarkable dignity both under Petrusha's "exposures," not even trying to interrupt them, and under Varvara Petrovna's "curse." Where did he get so much spirit? One thing I discovered was that he had been undoubtedly and deeply insulted by his first meeting with Petrusha earlier, namely, by that embrace. This was a deep, *real* grief, at least in his eyes, for his heart. He had yet another grief at that moment, namely, his own morbid awareness that he had acted basely; this he confessed to me later in all frankness. And a *real*, undoubted grief is sometimes capable of making a solid and steadfast man even out of a phenomenally light-minded one, if only for a short time; moreover, real and true grief has sometimes even made fools more intelligent, also only for a time, of course; grief has this property. And, if so, then what might transpire with a man like Stepan Trofimovich? A whole revolution—also, of course, only for a time.

He made a dignified bow to Varvara Petrovna without uttering a word (true, there was nothing else left for him to do). He was about to walk out altogether, just like that, but could not help himself and went over to Darya Pavlovna. She seemed to have anticipated it, because she began speaking at once, all in a fright, as if hastening to forestall him:

"Please, Stepan Trofimovich, for God's sake, don't say anything," she began, in an ardent patter, with a pained look on her face, and hurriedly giving him her hand. "Be assured that I respect you all the same... and value you all the same, and... you think well of me, too, Stepan Trofimovich, and I will appreciate it very, very much..."

Stepan Trofimovich gave her a low, low bow.

"As you will, Darya Pavlovna, you know that this whole matter is entirely at your will! It was and it is, both now and hereafter," Varvara Petrovna concluded weightily.

"Bah, but now I, too, understand it all!" Pyotr Stepanovich slapped himself on the forehead. "But... but in that case what position have I been put in? Darya Pavlovna, please forgive me! ... What have you done to me in that case, eh?" he turned to his father.

"Pierre, you might express yourself differently with me, is that not so, my friend?" Stepan Trofimovich said, even quite softly.

"Don't shout, please," Pierre waved his hands, "believe me, it's all your old, sick nerves, and it won't help anything if you shout. Better tell me, couldn't you have supposed I'd start speaking the moment I came in? How could you not warn me?"

Stepan Trofimovich gave him a searching look.

"Pierre, you know so much about what is going on here, how can it be that you really didn't know anything, that you hadn't heard anything?"

"Wha-a-at? Such people! So we're not only an old child, but a wicked child as well? Varvara Petrovna, did you hear what he said?"

A hubbub ensued; but suddenly an incident broke out which no one could have expected.

VIII

First of all I will mention that during the last two or three minutes some new emotion had taken possession of Lizaveta Nikolaevna; she was quickly whispering something to her maman and to Mavriky Nikolaevich, who was bending down to her. Her face was anxious, but at the same time had a look of determination. Finally, she rose from her seat, obviously hurrying to leave and hurrying her maman, whom Mavriky Nikolaevich began helping up from her chair. But clearly they were not fated to leave without seeing everything to the end.

Shatov, who had been completely forgotten by all in his corner (not far from Lizaveta Nikolaevna), and who apparently did not know himself why he was sitting there and would not go away, suddenly rose from his chair and walked across the entire room, with unhurried but firm steps, towards Nikolai Vsevolodovich, looking him straight in the face. The latter noticed him approaching from afar and grinned slightly; but when Shatov came up close to him, he ceased grinning.

When Shatov stopped silently in front of him, without taking his eyes off him, everyone suddenly noticed it and became hushed, Pyotr Stepanovich last of all; Liza and her maman stopped in the middle of the room. Thus about five seconds went by; the expression of bold perplexity on Nikolai Vsevolodovich's face turned to wrath, he frowned, and suddenly...

And suddenly Shatov swung his long, heavy arm and hit him in the face with all his might. Nikolai Vsevolodovich swayed badly on his feet.

Shatov hit him even somehow peculiarly, not at all as people ordinarily slap someone in the face (if it is possible to put it so), not with his palm, but with his whole fist, and his was a big, heavy, bony fist, covered with red hair and freckles. If he had hit the nose, he would have broken it. But the blow landed on the cheek, touching the left corner of the lip and the upper teeth, which immediately started to bleed.

I think there was a momentary cry, perhaps Varvara Petrovna cried out—I do not recall, because everything at once froze again, as it were. In any case, the whole scene lasted no more than some ten seconds.

Nevertheless, terribly much happened in those ten seconds.

I will remind the reader once more that Nikolai Vsevolodovich was one of those natures that knows no fear. In a duel he would stand cold-bloodedly before his adversary's fire, take aim himself, and kill with brutal calm. If anyone had slapped him in the face then, I think he would not even have challenged the offender to a duel, but would have killed him at once, on the spot; he was precisely that sort, and would kill with full awareness and not at all in rage. I even think that he never knew those blinding fits of wrath that make one unable to reason. For all the boundless anger that would occasionally take possession of him, he was always able to preserve complete self-control, and therefore to realize that for killing someone otherwise than in a duel he would certainly be sent to hard labor; nevertheless, he would still have killed the offender, and that without the slightest hesitation.

I have been studying Nikolai Vsevolodovich all this recent time, and, owing to special circumstances, I know a great many facts about him as I now write. I might perhaps compare him with some past gentlemen, of whom certain legendary memories are still

preserved in our society. It was told, for example, of the Decembrist L——n,^[74] that all his life he deliberately courted danger, reveled in the sensation of it, turned it into a necessity of his nature; when young he would fight duels over nothing; in Siberia he would go against a bear armed only with a knife, liked meeting up with escaped convicts in the Siberian forests—and they, I will note in passing, are more dangerous than any bear. There is no doubt that these legendary gentlemen were capable of experiencing, even to an intense degree, the sensation of fear—otherwise they would have been much calmer, and would not have made the sense of danger into a necessity of their nature. No, but overcoming their own cowardice—that, of course, was what tempted them. A ceaseless reveling in victory and the awareness that no one can be victorious over you—that was what attracted them. Even before his exile, this L——n had struggled with starvation for some time and earned his bread by hard work, solely because he absolutely refused to submit to the demands of his rich father, which he found unjust. His understanding of struggle was thus many-sided; he valued his own staunchness and strength of character not only with bears or in duels.

However, since then many years have passed, and the nervous, tormented, and divided nature of people in our time no longer even admits of the need for those direct and integral sensations which were once so sought after by certain gentlemen of the good old days in their restless activity. Nikolai Vsevolodovich would perhaps have looked down on L——n, would even have called him an eternally strutting coward, a cock—though, true, he would not have expressed it aloud. He would shoot his adversary in a duel, and go against a bear if need be, and fight off a robber in the forest—all as successfully and fearlessly as L——n, yet without any sense of enjoyment, but solely out of unpleasant necessity, listlessly, lazily, even with boredom. Anger, of course, constituted a progress over L

——n, even over Lermontov.^[75]

There was perhaps more anger in Nikolai Vsevolodovich than in those two together, but this anger was cold, calm, and, if one may put it so, *reasonable*, and therefore the most repulsive and terrible that can be. I repeat once more: I considered him then and

consider him still (now that everything is over) to be precisely the sort of man who, if he received a blow in the face or some equivalent offense, would immediately kill his adversary, right there on the spot, and without any challenge to a duel.

And yet, in the present case, something different and wondrous occurred.

As soon as he straightened up, after having swayed so disgracefully to one side, almost as much as half his height, from the slap he had received, and before the mean, somehow as if wet, sound of a fist hitting a face seemed to have faded away in the room, he immediately seized Shatov by the shoulders with both hands; but immediately, at almost the same moment, he jerked both hands back and clasped them behind him. He said nothing, looked at Shatov, and turned pale as a shirt. But, strangely, his eyes seemed to be dying out. Ten seconds later his look was cold and—I'm convinced I'm not lying—calm. Only he was terribly pale. Of course, I do not know what was inside the man, I only saw the outside. It seems to me that if there were such a man, for example, as would seize a red-hot bar of iron and clutch it in his hand, with the purpose of measuring his strength of mind, and in the course of ten seconds would be overcoming the intolerable pain and would finally overcome it, this man, it seems to me, would endure something like what was experienced now, in these ten seconds, by Nikolai Vsevolodovich.

The first to lower his eyes was Shatov, obviously because he was forced to lower them. Then he slowly turned and walked out of the room, but not at all with the same gait as he had just had when approaching. He was walking softly, his shoulders hunched up somehow especially awkwardly, his head bowed, and as if he were reasoning something out with himself. He seemed to be whispering something. He made his way carefully to the door, without brushing against anything or knocking anything over, and he opened the door only a very little way, so as to be able to squeeze through the crack almost sideways. As he was squeezing through, the lock of hair standing up at the back of his head was especially noticeable.

Then, before all cries there came one terrible cry. I saw Lizaveta Nikolaevna seize her maman by the shoulder and Mavriky Nikolaevich by the hand and pull them two or three times, drawing them out of the room, but suddenly she cried out and fell full-length on the floor in a swoon. To this day it is as if I can still hear the back of her head hit the carpet.

PART II

06. NIGHT

I

Eight days passed. Now, when everything is past and I am writing my chronicle, we know what it was all about; but then we still knew nothing, and, naturally, various things seemed strange to us. Stepan Trofimovich and I, at least, first locked ourselves in and watched timorously from afar. Though I did go out here and there as before and bring him all sorts of news, without which he could not even exist.

Needless to say, the most diverse rumors spread around town—that is, concerning the slap, Lizaveta Nikolaevna's swoon, and the rest of what happened that Sunday. The surprising thing for us was: through whom could it all have come out so quickly and accurately? None of the persons then present would seem to have found any need or profit in breaking the secrecy of what had happened. No servants had been there; Lebyadkin alone might have blabbed something, not so much from malice, because he had left then in great fright (and fear of an enemy destroys any malice against him), but solely from lack of restraint. But Lebyadkin, together with his sister, disappeared without a trace the very next day; he was not in Filippov's house, he had moved to some unknown place, as if he had vanished. Shatov, of whom I wanted to inquire about Marya Timofeevna, locked himself in and, it seems, spent all those eight days sitting in his apartment, and even stopped his lessons in town. He would not receive me. I came to see him on Tuesday and knocked at the door. There was no answer, but being convinced by indubitable evidence that he was at home, I knocked once more. Then he, evidently having jumped off the bed, came up to the door with big strides and shouted to me at the top of his lungs: "Shatov's not home." With that I left.

Stepan Trofimovich and I, not without fearing for the boldness of such a suggestion, but mutually encouraging each other, finally arrived at this thought: we decided that the one and only person who could be to blame for spreading the rumors was Pyotr Stepanovich, though sometime later, in a conversation with his father, he himself asserted that he had found the story already on everyone's lips, predominantly at the club, and perfectly known in the smallest detail to the governor's wife and her husband. Another remarkable thing: on the very next day, Monday evening, I met Liputin and he already knew everything to the last word, which meant that he had doubtless been one of the first to find out.

Many of the ladies (and of the best society) were also curious about the "mysterious lame girl"—as they called Marya Timofeevna. There were some who even insisted on seeing her in person and making her acquaintance, so that those gentlemen who had hastened to tuck the Lebyadkins away had obviously acted opportunely. But in the forefront still stood Lizaveta Nikolaevna's swoon, and "all society" was interested in that, if only because the matter directly concerned Yulia Mikhailovna, as Lizaveta Nikolaevna's relation and patroness. And the chattering that went on! The mysteriousness of the situation was conducive to chatter: both homes were shut tight; Lizaveta Nikolaevna was said to be lying in brain fever; the same was also asserted of Nikolai Vsevolodovich, with repugnant details about a tooth that had supposedly been knocked out and a swollen cheek. In some little corners it was even said that there would perhaps be a murder, that Stavrogin was not a man to bear with such an offense, and that he would kill Shatov, but secretly, as in a Corsican vendetta. This idea was liked; but the majority of our young society people listened to it all with disdain and an air of the most scornful indifference—assumed, of course. In general, the ancient hostility of our society towards Nikolai Vsevolodovich was markedly evident. Even the most solid people were eager to accuse him, though they themselves did not know of what. It was whispered that he had supposedly ruined Lizaveta Nikolaevna's honor, and that there had been an affair between them in Switzerland. Of course, cautious people restrained themselves, and yet everyone listened with appetite. There was talk of other sorts, not general but private, rare, and almost covert—extremely strange talk, the existence of which I mention just to warn the reader, solely with a view to further events in my story. Namely: some said, frowningly and God knows on what grounds, that Nikolai Vsevolodovich had some special business in our province, that in Petersburg, through Count K., he had entered into certain high relations, that he was perhaps even in government service and had been all but entrusted with some mission by someone. When very solid and restrained people smiled at this rumor, observing reasonably that a man who lived by scandals and had begun among us with a swollen jaw did not look like an official, it was observed to them in a whisper that he was serving not quite officially but, so to speak, confidentially, in which case the service itself required that the servant look as little as possible like an official. This observation

[76]

produced its effect; it was known among us that the zemstvo of our province was looked upon with somewhat special attention in the capital. I repeat, these rumors only flashed and then disappeared without a trace, for a time, at Nikolai Vsevolodovich's first appearance; yet I will note that the cause of many of these rumors was in part several brief but spiteful remarks uttered vaguely and abruptly in the club by Artemy Pavlovich Gaganov, a retired captain of the Guard, recently returned from Petersburg, a rather big landowner of our province and district, a man of society in the capital, and son of the late Pavel Pavlovich Gaganov, that same venerable senior member with whom, over four years before, Nikolai Vsevolodovich had had a confrontation remarkable for its rudeness and suddenness, which I have already mentioned above, at the beginning of my story.

It immediately became known to everyone that Yulia Mikhailovna had paid an extraordinary visit to Varvara Petrovna, and that it had been announced to her on the porch that "the mistress was ill and not receiving." Also that two days or so after her visit, Yulia Mikhailovna sent a messenger to inquire about Varvara Petrovna's health. Finally, she started "defending" Varvara Petrovna everywhere, of course only in the loftiest—that is, the vaguest possible—sense. To all the first hasty hints about Sunday's story she had

listened sternly and coldly, so that in the following days they were not renewed in her presence. And thus the idea came to be held everywhere that Yulia Mikhailovna knew not only the whole mysterious story but also its whole mysterious meaning in the minutest detail, and not as an outsider but as a participant. I will observe, incidentally, that she had already begun little by little to acquire that lofty influence among us which she was so undoubtedly striving and thirsting for, and she was already beginning to see herself "surrounded." Part of society acknowledged her as having practical sense and tact... but of that later. Her patronage also partly explained Pyotr Stepanovich's rather rapid success in our society—a success which at the time particularly struck Stepan Trofimovich.

Perhaps we were both exaggerating. First of all, Pyotr Stepanovich became acquainted with the whole town almost instantly, in the first four days after his appearance. He appeared on Sunday, and already on Tuesday I met him in a carriage with Artemy Pavlovich Gaganov, a proud man, irritable and overbearing, despite all his worldly polish, and with whom, owing to his character, it was quite difficult to get along. Pyotr Stepanovich was also very well received at the governor's, so much so that he stepped at once into the position of an intimate or, so to speak, a much favored young man; he dined at Yulia Mikhailovna's almost daily. He had already made her acquaintance in Switzerland, but there was indeed something curious about his rapid success in His Excellency's house. After all, whether it was true or not, he was once reputed to have been a foreign revolutionary, to have participated in some foreign publications and conferences, "which can even be proved from the newspapers," as it was spitefully put in my presence by Alyosha Telyatnikov, now, alas, a retired petty official, but formerly also a much favored young man in the old governor's house. Still, the fact remained that the former revolutionary appeared in his beloved fatherland not only without any trouble, but almost with inducements; so perhaps there was nothing to it. Liputin once whispered to me that, according to rumors, Pyotr Stepanovich had supposedly made his repentance somewhere, and had received absolution, after disclosing a few other names, and had thus perhaps already managed to make good his guilt, also promising to be useful in future to the fatherland. I conveyed this venomous remark to Stepan Trofimovich, and he, though he was almost incapable of reflection, lapsed into deep thought. Later on it was disclosed that Pyotr Stepanovich had come to us with extremely respectable letters of recommendation, at least he had brought one to the governor's wife from an extremely important little old lady of Petersburg, whose husband was one of the most distinguished little old men of Petersburg. This little old lady, Yulia Mikhailovna's godmother, mentioned in her letter that Count K. also knew Pyotr Stepanovich quite well through Nikolai Vsevolodovich, had shown him favor, and found him "a worthy young man, in spite of his former errors." Yulia Mikhailovna valued exceedingly her scant and so difficultly maintained connections with the "high world," and was of course very glad of the important little old lady's letter; but there still remained something peculiar here, as it were. She even put her husband into almost familiar relations with Pyotr Stepanovich, which caused Mr. von Lembke to complain... but of that, too, later. I will observe, too, so as not to forget, that the great writer also treated Pyotr Stepanovich quite benignly and immediately invited him to visit. Such haste on the part

of such a self-inflated man stung Stepan Trofimovich most painfully, but I explained it to myself otherwise: in courting a nihilist, Mr. Karmazinov most certainly had in mind his relations with the progressive young men of both capitals. The great writer trembled morbidly before the newest revolutionary young men, and, imagining in his ignorance of the matter that the keys to the Russian future were in their hands, sucked up to them humiliatingly, the more so since they paid no attention at all to him.

II

Pyotr Stepanovich also ran by a couple of times to see his father, but, to my misfortune, I was absent both times. He visited him for the first time on Wednesday, that is, only on the fourth day after that first meeting, and even then on business. Incidentally, the settling of accounts for the estate was concluded between them in some unseen and unheard way. Varvara Petrovna took it all upon herself and paid for everything, acquiring the little piece of land, to be sure, and Stepan Trofimovich was simply informed that it had all been concluded, and Varvara Petrovna's agent, her valet Alexei Yegorovich, presented him with something to sign, which he proceeded to perform silently and with extreme dignity. Speaking of dignity, I will observe that I hardly recognized our former old man in those days. He behaved as never before, became surprisingly taciturn, did not write even one letter to Varvara Petrovna from that Sunday on, which I would consider a miracle, and, above all, became calm. He had settled upon some final and extraordinary idea which enabled him to be calm, one could see that. He found this idea, sat and waited for something. At first, however, he was sick, especially on Monday—an attack of cholera. He also could not do without news all that time; but whenever, leaving facts aside, I moved on to the essence of the matter and voiced some suggestions, he would at once begin waving his hands at me to stop. The two meetings with his boy still had a painful effect on him, though they did not sway him. On both days after these meetings he lay on the sofa, his head wrapped in a handkerchief moistened with vinegar; but he continued to remain calm in the lofty sense.

Occasionally, however, he did not wave his hands at me. Occasionally it also seemed to me that the mysterious resoluteness he had acquired was abandoning him, as it were, and that he had begun to struggle with some new, tempting flood of ideas. These were just moments, but I make note of them. I suspected that he wanted very much to come out of seclusion and declare himself, to put up a fight, to wage his last battle.

"*Cher, I would crush them!*" escaped him on Thursday evening, after the second meeting with Pyotr Stepanovich, as he lay stretched out on the sofa with his head wrapped in a towel.

Until that moment he had not spoken a word to me all day.

"*'Fils, fils chéri, ' and so on—I agree, all these phrases are nonsense, kitchen-maidish vocabulary, but let it be, I see it now myself. I did not give him food and drink, I sent him off from Berlin to ——— province, a nursing, by mail, well, and so forth. I agree... 'You did not give me drink,' he says, 'and sent me off by mail, and here, on top of that, you've robbed me.'* But, wretched man, I

cry to him, my heart ached for you all my life, even if it was by mail! *Il rit.* But I agree, I agree... say it was by mail," he ended, as if in delirium.

"Passons," he began again five minutes later. "I don't understand Turgenev. His Bazarov is some sort of false character, who doesn't exist at all; they were the first to reject him as having no resemblance to anything. This Bazarov is some vague mixture of Nozdryov and Byron, [78] *c'est le mot.* [lxxvii] Look at them attentively: they cavort and squeal with joy like puppies in the sun, they're happy, they're the victors! Forget Byron! ... And besides, how mundane! What kitchen-maidish, irritable vanity, what a trite little desire to *faire du bruit autour de son nom*, [lxxviii] without noticing that *son nom*... Oh, caricature! For pity's sake, I cry to him, but do you really want to offer yourself to people, just as you are, in place of Christ? *Il rit. Il rit beaucoup, il rit trop.* His smile is somehow strange. His mother didn't have such a smile. *Il rit toujours.*" [lxxix]

Again there was silence.

"They're cunning; they had it all set up on Sunday ..." he suddenly blurted out.

"Oh, no doubt," I cried, pricking up my ears, "it was all patched together, with the seams showing, and so badly acted."

"I don't mean that. You know, they left the seams showing on purpose, so that it would be noticed by... the right people. Do you understand?"

"No, I don't."

"Tant mieux. [lxxx] Passons. I'm very irritated today."

"But why did you argue with him, Stepan Trofimovich?" I said reproachfully.

"*Je voulais convertir.* [lxxxi] Laugh, of course, go on. *Cette pauvre auntie, elle entendra de belles choses!* [lxxxii] Oh, my friend, would you believe, I felt like a patriot today! But, in fact, I've always considered myself a Russian... yes, a true Russian cannot but be like you and me. *Il y a là-dedans quelque chose d'aveugle et de louche.*" [lxxxiii]

"Absolutely," I replied.

"My friend, the real truth is always implausible, did you know that? To make the truth more plausible, it's absolutely necessary to mix a bit of falsehood with it. People have always done so. Perhaps there's something here that we don't understand. What do you think, is there something in this victorious squealing that we don't understand? I wish there was. I do wish it."

I kept my silence. He, too, was silent for a very long time.

"They say that the French mind..." he began babbling suddenly, as if in a fever, "but that's a lie, it has always been so. Why slander the French mind? It's simply Russian laziness, our humiliating impotence to produce an idea, our disgusting parasitism among

the nations. *Ils sont tout simplement des paresseux,* [lxxxiv] and not the French mind. Oh, Russians ought to be exterminated for the good of mankind, like harmful parasites! It was not for that, it was not at all for that that we strove; I don't understand any of it. I've ceased to understand! But do you understand, I cry to him, do you understand that if you have the guillotine in the forefront, and with such glee, it's for the sole reason that cutting heads off is the easiest thing, and having an idea is difficult! *Vous êtes des paresseux!*

Votre drapeau est une guenille, une impuissance. [lxxxv] Those carts—or how does it go?—the rumble of carts bringing bread to

mankind' is more useful than the Sistine Madonna, [79] or however it goes... *une bêtise dans ce genre.* [lxxxvi] But do you understand, I cry to him, do you understand that along with happiness, in the exact same way and in perfectly equal proportion, man also needs unhappiness! *Il rit.* You're tossing off bon mots here, he says, while 'pampering your members on a velvet sofa' (he put it more nastily)... And note our new custom of familiar speech between father and son: it's very well when the two agree, but what if they're quarreling?"

We were silent again for about a minute.

"*Cher,*" he suddenly concluded, rising quickly, "do you know that this will most certainly end with something?"

"That it will," I said.

"*Vous ne comprenez pas.* [lxxxvii] Passons. But... in this world things usually end with nothing, but here there will be an end, most certainly, most certainly!"

He got up, paced the room in the greatest agitation, and, coming to the sofa again, strengthlessly collapsed on it.

On Friday morning, Pyotr Stepanovich went somewhere in the district and was gone until Monday. I learned of his departure from Liputin, and just then, somehow in conversation, found out from him that the Lebyadkins, brother and sister, were both somewhere across the river, in the potters' quarter. "It was I who took them across," Liputin added, and, dropping the Lebyadkin subject, suddenly declared to me that Lizaveta Nikolaevna was going to marry Mavriky Nikolaevich, and though it had not been announced yet, there had been an engagement and the matter was concluded. The next day I met Lizaveta Nikolaevna on horseback, accompanied by Mavriky Nikolaevich, venturing out for the first time after her illness. She flashed her eyes at me from afar, laughed, and gave me a very friendly nod. All this I conveyed to Stepan Trofimovich; he paid some attention only to the news about the Lebyadkins.

And now, having described our puzzled situation during those eight days, when we still did not know anything, I will set out to describe the subsequent events of my chronicle, this time knowingly, so to speak, as they have now been revealed and explained. I will begin precisely from the eighth day following that Sunday, that is, from Monday evening, because it was essentially from that evening that the "new story" began.

It was seven o'clock in the evening, and Nikolai Vsevolodovich was sitting alone in his study—his favorite room from long past, lofty, spread with carpets, filled with somewhat heavy, old-fashioned furniture. He sat in the corner on the sofa, dressed as if to go out, but he did not seem to be going anywhere. On the table before him stood a lamp with a shade. The sides and corners of this big room remained in shadow. His look was pensive and concentrated, not altogether at ease; his face was tired and had grown somewhat thin. He was indeed suffering from a swollen cheek; but the rumor about the knocked-out tooth was exaggerated. The tooth had been loosened, but was now firm again; the lower lip had also been cut inside, but this, too, had healed. It had taken a whole week for the swelling to go down only because he did not want to receive the doctor and have him lance the abscess, but waited until it broke of itself. Not just the doctor, he would scarcely even admit his mother, and then only for a moment, once a day, and inevitably at dusk, when it was already dark but before the lights had been brought in. He did not receive Pyotr Stepanovich either, who nevertheless ran by two or three times a day, while he was still in town, to see Varvara Petrovna. And then at last, on Monday, having returned in the morning from his three-day absence, having run all over town, and having dined at Yulia Mikhailovna's, Pyotr Stepanovich came at last in the evening to Varvara Petrovna, who was awaiting him impatiently. The ban had been lifted, Nikolai Vsevolodovich was receiving. Varvara Petrovna herself led the guest to the door of the study; she had long wanted this meeting, and Pyotr Stepanovich gave her his word that he would run to her from Nicolas and recount it all. She timidly knocked for Nikolai Vsevolodovich and, getting no answer, ventured to open the door a couple of inches.

"Nicolas, may I bring Pyotr Stepanovich in?" she asked softly and restrainedly, trying to make Nikolai Vsevolodovich out behind the lamp.

"You may, you may, of course you may!" Pyotr Stepanovich himself cried loudly and gaily, opened the door with his own hand, and walked in.

Nikolai Vsevolodovich had not heard the knock on the door, he heard only his mother's timid question, but had no time to answer it. At that moment there lay before him a letter he had just read, over which he was pondering deeply. Hearing Pyotr Stepanovich's sudden cry, he started and quickly covered the letter with a paperweight that happened to be there, but not quite successfully: a corner of the letter and almost the entire envelope could be seen.

"I cried as loud as I could on purpose, to give you time to get ready," Pyotr Stepanovich whispered hastily, with surprising naivety, running over to the desk and instantly fixing his eyes on the paperweight and the corner of the letter.

"And of course you had time to spy me hiding this just-received letter under the paperweight," Nikolai Vsevolodovich said calmly, without stirring from his seat.

"A letter? For heaven's sake, what's your letter to me!" the guest exclaimed. "But... the main thing," he whispered again, turning towards the door, now closed, and nodding in that direction.

"She never eavesdrops," Nikolai Vsevolodovich observed coolly.

"I mean, what if she did eavesdrop!" Pyotr Stepanovich picked up at once, raising his voice gaily and sitting down in an armchair. "I've got nothing against it, I just ran by to have a private chat with you ... So I've got you at last! First of all, how is your health? I see, it's excellent, and perhaps you'll come tomorrow—eh?"

"Perhaps."

"But, release them, finally, release me!" he was gesticulating frantically, with a jocular and agreeable air. "If you knew the babble I've had to produce for them. But, then, you do know." He laughed.

"I don't know everything. I've only heard from mother that you've been very much ... on the move."

"I mean, it wasn't anything specific," Pyotr Stepanovich suddenly heaved himself up, as if he were defending himself against some terrible attack, "you know, I pulled out Shatov's wife, I mean rumors about your liaison in Paris, which, of course, explained Sunday's incident... you're not angry?"

"I'm sure you tried very hard."

"Ah, just what I was afraid of. Incidentally, what does 'tried very hard' mean? It's a reproach. You put it straight, however; what I was most afraid of when I was coming here was that you wouldn't want to put it straight."

"I don't want to put anything straight," Nikolai Vsevolodovich said, with some irritation, but he grinned at once.

"I don't mean that, not that, don't take me wrong, not that!" Pyotr Stepanovich waved his hands, spilling the words out like peas, delighting at once in the master's irritability. "I won't irritate you with *our* thing, especially in your present situation. I ran by only to talk about Sunday's incident, and that only so far as necessary, because it's really impossible. I've come with the most open explanations, and it's mainly I who need them, not you—that's for your vanity, but all the same it's the truth. I've come so as always to be frank from now on."

"So you weren't frank before?"

"And you know it yourself. I was cunning a lot of the time... you smile; I'm very glad of your smile, as a pretext for an explanation; I evoked your smile on purpose with the boastful word 'cunning,' so that you'd immediately get angry at my daring to think I could be cunning, and so as to explain myself at once. See, see how frank I've become now! Well, sir, will you kindly hear me out?"

The expression of Nikolai Vsevolodovich's face, contemptuously calm and even derisive, despite all the obviousness of the guest's wish to annoy his host with the insolence of his crude naiveties, prepared beforehand and intentionally, expressed at last a somewhat uneasy curiosity.

"Listen, now," Pyotr Stepanovich began to fidget more than ever. "When I set out to come here, I mean, here generally, to this town, ten days ago, I decided, of course, to adopt a role. The best would be no role at all, just one's own person, isn't that so? Nothing is more cunning than one's own person, because no one will believe you. To be frank, I wanted to adopt the silly fool, because the silly fool is easier than one's own person; but since the silly fool is, after all, an extreme thing, and extreme things arouse curiosity, I finally chose my own person. Well, sir, and what is my own person? The golden mean—neither stupid nor smart, rather giftless, and dropped from the moon, as sensible people here say, isn't that so?"

"Well, maybe it is," Nikolai Vsevolodovich smiled slightly.

"Ah, you agree—I'm very glad; I knew beforehand that these were your own thoughts... Don't worry, don't worry, I'm not angry, and I didn't define myself in that way to provoke your reverse praises: 'No, you're not giftless, no, you're smart...' Ah, you're smiling again! ... I've been caught again. You wouldn't say 'you're smart'—well, all right, I accept all that. *Passons*, as papa says, and, in parenthesis, don't be angry at my verbosity. Incidentally, here's an example for you: I always speak a lot, I mean, a lot of words, and I rush, and it always comes out wrong. And why is it that I speak a lot of words and it comes out wrong? Because I don't know how to speak. Those who know how to speak well, speak briefly. So, there you have my giftlessness—isn't it true? But since this gift of giftlessness is natural to me, why shouldn't I use it artificially? And so I do. True, as I was preparing to come here, I first had the thought of being silent; but to be silent is a great talent, and is therefore not fitting for me, and, second, it's dangerous to be silent, after all; well, so I finally decided that it would be best to talk, but precisely in a giftless way, I mean, a lot, a lot, a lot, to be in a great rush to prove something, and towards the end to get tangled up in one's own proofs, so that the listener throws up his hands, or, best of all, just spits and walks away without any end. The result will be, first, that you've convinced him of your simpleheartedness, have been very tiresome, and haven't been understood—all three profits at once! For pity's sake, who is going to start suspecting you of mysterious designs after that? No, there's not one of them who wouldn't be personally offended with anybody who said I had mysterious designs. And, what's more, I sometimes make them laugh—and that is priceless. No, they'll forgive me everything for this alone, that the wise man who published tracts there has turned out here to be stupider than they are, isn't that so? I can see by your smile that you approve."

Incidentally, Nikolai Vsevolodovich was not smiling at all, but, on the contrary, was listening frowningly and somewhat impatiently.

"Eh? What? Did I hear you say 'Who cares?'" Pyotr Stepanovich rattled on (Nikolai Vsevolodovich had not said anything at all). "Of course, of course; I assure you it's not at all so as to compromise you with comradeship. And, you know, you're terribly jumpy today; I came running to you with an open and cheerful soul, and you pick up every dropped stitch; I assure you I won't talk about anything ticklish today, I give you my word, and I accept all your conditions beforehand!"

Nikolai Vsevolodovich was obstinately silent.

"Eh? What? Did you say something? I see, I see, it seems I've blundered again; you didn't offer any conditions, and you're not going to, I believe it, I believe it, but don't worry; I know it's not worth my while offering them myself, right? I'll answer for you beforehand, and—from giftlessness, of course; giftlessness, giftlessness... You're laughing? Eh? What?"

"Nothing," Nikolai Vsevolodovich finally grinned, "I just remembered that I did once call you giftless, but you weren't there, so you must have been told ... I might ask you to get down to business quickly."

"But I am down to business, it precisely has to do with Sunday!" Pyotr Stepanovich babbled. "So, what, what was I on Sunday, in your opinion? Precisely a hasty, giftless mediocrity, and I took over the conversation by force in the most giftless way. But I was forgiven everything, because first of all I'm from the moon, that seems to have been decided on by everyone now; and, second, because I told a lovely little story and rescued the lot of you—right? right?"

"That is, you told it precisely so as to leave doubts and show our patching and shuffling, when there wasn't any patching and I never asked you to do anything at all."

"Precisely, precisely!" Pyotr Stepanovich picked up, as if in rapture. "I precisely did it that way, so that you would notice the whole spring; I was clowning mainly for you, because I was trying to catch you and wanted to compromise you. I mainly wanted to find out how afraid you were."

"Curious, why are you so frank now?"

"Don't be angry, don't be angry, don't flash your eyes ... But, then, you're not flashing them. You're curious why I'm so frank? But, precisely because everything's changed now, finished, passed, and overgrown with sand. I've suddenly changed my thinking about you. The old way is completely finished; I'll never compromise you in the old way now; now it's the new way."

"Changed your tactics?"

"There aren't any tactics. Now it's entirely your will in everything—I mean, say *yes* if you want, or *no* if you want. That's my new tactic. And about *our* business I won't even make a peep until you yourself tell me to. You're laughing? Be my guest; I'm laughing myself. But I'm serious now, serious, serious, though anyone who is in such a hurry is naturally giftless, no? Never mind, let it be giftless, but I'm serious, serious."

He was indeed speaking seriously, in quite a different tone and in some special agitation, so that Nikolai Vsevolodovich glanced at him curiously.

"You say you've changed your thinking about me?" he asked.

"I changed my thinking about you the moment you took your hands back after Shatov—and enough, enough, please, no questions, I won't say anything now."

He jumped up, in fact, waving his hands as if he were waving the questions away; but since there were no questions, and there was no reason for him to leave, he sat down in the chair again, somewhat calmer.

"Incidentally, in parenthesis," he went rattling on at once, "some people here are babbling that you're going to kill him, and are making bets, so that Lembke even thought of jogging the police, but Yulia Mikhailovna forbade it. . . Enough, enough of that, I was just letting you know. Incidentally, again: I had the Lebyadkins moved that same day, you know; did you get my note with their address?"

"I got it right then."

"That wasn't out of 'giftlessness,' it was done sincerely, out of willingness. If it came out as giftless, anyway it was sincere."

"Yes, never mind, maybe it had to be so ..." Nikolai Vsevolodovich said pensively. "Only don't write me any more notes, I beg you."

"Couldn't help it, just that once."

"So Liputin knows?"

"Couldn't help it, but you know yourself that Liputin doesn't dare... Incidentally, you ought to go and see our people—I mean, them, not *our* people—otherwise you'll be picking up my dropped stitches again. Don't worry, not now, but someday. It's raining now. I'll let them know, they'll get together, and we'll come in the evening. They're waiting with their mouths open, like baby jackdaws in a

[80]

nest, to see what sort of treat we've brought them. A fervent lot. Got their books out, all ready to argue. Virginsky—an omni-man; Liputin—a Fourierist, with a strong propensity for police dealings; a valuable man, I must tell you, in one respect, but requiring strictness in all others; and, finally, that one with the long ears, he'll read us his own system. And, you know, they're offended that I treat them casually and pour cold water on them, heh, heh! But to go is certainly a must."

"You've presented me there as some sort of chief?" Nikolai Vsevolodovich let escape as casually as he could. Pyotr Stepanovich glanced quickly at him.

"Incidentally," he picked up, as if he had not heard, and quickly glossing it over, "I did call two or three times a day on the much esteemed Varvara Petrovna, and was again forced to talk a lot."

"I can imagine."

"No, don't imagine, I simply said that you won't kill anybody, and, well, all sorts of sweet things. And, imagine, she already knew the next day that I'd had Marya Timofeevna moved across the river—did you tell her?"

"Never occurred to me."

"I just knew it wasn't you. But who could have, besides you? Interesting."

"Liputin, of course."

"N-no, not Liputin," Pyotr Stepanovich muttered, frowning. "I know who. It looks like Shatov... Nonsense, though, let's drop it! Though it's terribly important... Incidentally, I kept waiting for your mother suddenly to blurt out the main question... Ah, yes, all those first days she was terribly glum, and suddenly when I came today—she's beaming all over. What's that about?"

"It's because I gave her my word today that I'd propose to Lizaveta Nikolaevna in five days," Nikolai Vsevolodovich suddenly said with unexpected frankness.

"Ah, well... yes, of course," Pyotr Stepanovich babbled, hesitating, as it were, "there are these rumors about an engagement, you know? It's true, though. But you're right. She'll come running from the foot of the altar, you only have to call. You're not angry that I'm like this?"

"No, I'm not."

"I've been noticing that it's terribly difficult to make you angry today, and I'm beginning to be afraid of you. I'm terribly curious about how you'll appear tomorrow. You must have a lot of tricks ready. You're not angry that I'm like this?"

Nikolai Vsevolodovich made no reply at all, which thoroughly vexed Pyotr Stepanovich.

"Incidentally, were you serious with your mother about Lizaveta Nikolaevna?" he asked.

Nikolai Vsevolodovich looked at him intently and coldly.

"Ah, I understand, it was just to calm her down, that's what."

"And if I was serious?" Nikolai Vsevolodovich asked firmly.

"Well, then God be with you, as they say in such cases, it won't harm anything (you see, I didn't say our thing; you don't like the word *our*), and I... well, as for me, I'm at your service, you know that."

"You think so?"

"I think nothing, nothing," Pyotr Stepanovich rushed on, laughing, "because I know you've thought over your affairs beforehand, and you have it all thought out. I'm just saying that I am seriously at your service, always and everywhere and in any event—I mean any, understand?"

Nikolai Vsevolodovich yawned.

"You're tired of me," Pyotr Stepanovich suddenly jumped up, seizing his round, quite new hat as if he were leaving, yet still remaining and continuing to talk ceaselessly, though he was standing, pacing the room from time to time and slapping himself on the knee with his hat at animated points in the conversation.

"I still hoped to amuse you with the Lembkes," he cried gaily.

"No, don't, maybe later. How is Yulia Mikhailovna's health, by the way?"

"You all have this social manner, really: you care as much about her health as you do about a gray cat's, and yet you ask. I praise that. She's well, and respects you to the point of superstition, and, also to the point of superstition, expects a lot of you. Concerning Sunday's incident she says nothing and is certain that you yourself will overcome everything with your appearance alone. By God, she imagines you can do God knows what. Anyhow, you're a mysterious and romantic figure, now more than ever—an extremely advantageous position. How they're waiting for you—it's incredible. It was hot enough when I was leaving, but now it's even more so. Incidentally, thanks again for that letter. They're all afraid of Count K. You know, they seem to look on you as a spy? I yes them—you're not angry?"

"It's all right."

"It is all right; it will be necessary in the future. They have their own customs here. I encourage them, of course; Yulia Mikhailovna is at the head, Gaganov also ... You're laughing? But I have a tactic: I blab and blab, then suddenly I say some intelligent word, precisely when they're all searching for it. They surround me, and I start blabbing again. They've all waved me away by now—'has abilities,' they say, 'but dropped from the moon.' Lembke's inviting me to go into the service, to straighten me out. You know, I tyrannize, I mean, I compromise him terribly—he just goggles his eyes. Yulia Mikhailovna encourages me. Ah, incidentally, Gaganov is terribly angry with you. Yesterday, in Dukhovo, he spoke quite nastily about you. I immediately told him the whole truth—I mean, of course, not the whole truth. I spent the day at his place. A fine estate, a nice house."

"Can he still be in Dukhovo?" Nikolai Vsevolodovich suddenly heaved himself up, almost jumped, and made a strong move forward.

"No, it was he who drove me here this morning, we came back together," Pyotr Stepanovich said, as if he had not noticed Nikolai

Vsevolodovich's momentary agitation at all. "Look at that, I've dropped a book." He bent down to pick up the keepsake ^[81] he had brushed against. "*Balzac's Women*, with illustrations"—he suddenly opened the book—"I haven't read it. Lembke also writes novels."

"Really?" Nikolai Vsevolodovich asked, as if interested.

"In Russian—secretly, of course. Yulia Mikhailovna knows and lets him. A duffer, but he has his ways; they've got it all worked out. What strictness of form, what self-possession! We could use some of that."

"You're praising the administration?"

"And why not? The only thing in Russia that's natural and achieved... I'll stop, I'll stop," he suddenly heaved himself up, "I didn't mean it, not a word about anything delicate. Anyhow, goodbye, you look a bit green."

"It's a fever."

"I believe it; you should go to bed. Incidentally, there are castrates in the district, curious people ^[82] ... Later, though. Here, though, is another little anecdote: there's an infantry regiment in the district.

Friday evening I was drinking with the officers in —tsy. We have three friends there, *vous comprenez*? There was talk about atheism, and, of course, we cashiered God well and good. They were delighted, squealing. Incidentally, Shatov insists that to start a rebellion in Russia one must inevitably begin with atheism. Maybe he's right. One gray-haired boor of a captain sat and sat, silent, not saying a word; suddenly he stands up in the middle of the room and says, so loudly, you know, as if to himself: 'If there's no God, then what sort of captain am I?'—took his cap, threw up his arms, and walked out."

"Having uttered a rather well rounded thought," Nikolai Vsevolodovich yawned for the third time.

"Really? I didn't understand it; I was going to ask you. Well, what else have I got for you? The Shpigulins' factory is interesting; five hundred workers there, as you know, a hotbed of cholera, they haven't cleaned the place in fifteen years, and they cheat their

employees; the owners are millionaires. I can assure you some of the workers have a notion of what the Internationale ^[83] is. Did you smile? You'll see for yourself, just give me a tiny, tiny bit of time! I've already asked you for some time, and now I'm asking for more, and then... sorry, though, I won't, I won't, I don't mean that, don't scowl. Anyhow, good-bye. Ah, what's the matter with me?" he suddenly turned back. "I completely forgot the main thing: I was just told that our box has come from Petersburg."

"Meaning?" Nikolai Vsevolodovich looked at him uncomprehendingly.

"Meaning your box, your things, tailcoats, trousers, linen—has it come? Is it true?"

"Yes, I heard something earlier."

"Ah, might it be possible, now! ..."

"Ask Alexei."

"Then tomorrow? Tomorrow? In with your things there are also my jacket, my tailcoat, and three pairs of trousers, from Charmeur's, ^[84] on your recommendation, remember?"

"I've heard you're playing the gallant around here?" Nikolai Vsevolodovich grinned. "Is it true you're going to take lessons from a riding-master?"

Pyotr Stepanovich smiled a crooked smile.

"You know," he suddenly hurried excessively, in a quivering and faltering voice, "you know, Nikolai Vsevolodovich, with regard to persons, we'll drop that once and for all, right? You may, of course, despise me as much as you like, if you find it so amusing, but still it would be better not to be personal for a while, right?"

"Very well, I won't do it again," said Nikolai Vsevolodovich. Pyotr Stepanovich grinned, slapped his knee with his hat, shifted from one foot to the other, and assumed his former expression.

"There are some here who even consider me your rival with Lizaveta Nikolaevna, so how can I not think of my appearance?" he laughed. "Who has been informing you, though? Hm. It's precisely eight o'clock; well, I'm off; I promised to call on Varvara Petrovna, but I'll pass that up; you go to bed and tomorrow you'll feel more chipper. It's dark and raining outside, I have a cab, though, because the streets aren't quiet here at night. . . Ah, incidentally: there's a certain Fedka the Convict wandering around town and hereabouts, a fugitive from Siberia, imagine, my former household serf, whom papa packed off to the army fifteen years ago, to make some money.

^[85] A very remarkable man."

"Have you... talked with him?" Nikolai Vsevolodovich glanced up.

"I have. He's not hiding from me. A man ready for anything, anything—for money, naturally, but there are convictions there, too, of his own kind, of course. Ah, yes, again incidentally: if you were serious just now about that plan, remember, to do with Lizaveta Nikolaevna, then I repeat once more that I, too, am a man ready for anything, in all senses, whatever you like, and am completely at your service ... What, are you reaching for your stick? Ah, no, it's not your stick... Imagine, I thought you were looking for your stick."

Nikolai Vsevolodovich was not looking for anything and did not say anything, but he did indeed rise a little, somehow suddenly, with some strange movement in his face.

"Or if you need something in connection with Mr. Gaganov," Pyotr Stepanovich suddenly blurted out, this time nodding directly at the paperweight, "I can, of course, arrange everything, and I'm sure you won't pass me up."

He suddenly walked out without waiting for a reply, but then stuck his head back in through the doorway.

"Because," he cried in a patter, "Shatov, for example, also had no right to risk his life on Sunday when he went up to you, right? I wish you to make note of that."

He disappeared again, without waiting for a reply.

IV

He may have thought, as he disappeared, that when Nikolai Vsevolodovich was left alone he would start pounding the wall with his fists, and no doubt he would have been glad to peek in, if only it had been possible. But he would have been very disappointed: Nikolai Vsevolodovich remained calm. For a couple of minutes he stood by the desk in the same position, apparently deep in thought; but soon a cold, listless smile forced itself to his lips. He slowly sat down on the sofa, in his former place in the corner, and closed his eyes as if from fatigue. The corner of the letter was still peeking out from under the paperweight, but he made no move to put it right.

Soon he became totally oblivious. Varvara Petrovna, who had worn herself out with cares during those days, could not restrain herself, and after Pyotr Stepanovich, who had promised to stop and see her, left without keeping his promise, she herself ventured to visit Nicolas, though it was not her appointed time. She kept imagining: what if he were finally to say something definite? Softly, as before, she knocked on the door and, again receiving no reply, opened it herself. Seeing Nicolas sitting there somehow too motionlessly, she cautiously approached the sofa, her heart pounding. She was as if struck that he had fallen asleep so quickly and that he could sleep like that, sitting so straight and so motionlessly; even his breathing was almost imperceptible. His face was pale and stern, but as if quite frozen, motionless; his eyebrows were slightly knitted and frowning; he decidedly resembled an inanimate wax figure. She stood over him for three minutes or so, scarcely breathing, and was suddenly overcome with fear; she went out on tiptoe, paused in the doorway, hastily made a cross over him, and withdrew unnoticed, with a new heavy feeling, and a new anguish.

He slept for a long time, more than an hour, still in the same torpor; not a muscle in his face moved, not the slightest movement appeared in his whole body; his eyebrows remained as sternly knitted. If Varvara Petrovna had stayed another three minutes, she would certainly have been unable to bear the oppressive feeling of this lethargic motionlessness and would have wakened him. But suddenly he opened his eyes himself and, still without stirring, sat for another ten minutes as if peering persistently and curiously at some startling object in the corner of the room, though there was nothing there either new or unusual.

Finally there came the quiet, deep sound of the big wall clock striking once. With a certain uneasiness he turned his head to look at the face of the clock, but at almost the same moment the far door, giving onto the corridor, opened, and the valet Alexei Yegorovich appeared. He was carrying a warm coat, a scarf, and a hat in one hand, and in the other a little silver salver on which a note was lying.

"Half past nine," he announced in a soft voice and, placing the clothing he had brought on a chair in the corner, held out to him the salver with the note—a small piece of paper, unsealed, with two penciled lines on it. Having glanced over these lines, Nikolai Vsevolodovich took a pencil from the desk, scribbled a couple of words at the end of the note, and put it back on the salver.

"To be delivered right after I leave, and now—to dress," he said, getting up from the sofa.

Noticing that he was wearing a light velvet jacket, he thought a bit and asked for a different, woolen frock coat to be brought, the one he wore on more formal evening visits. Finally, having dressed completely and put on his hat, he locked the door through which Varvara Petrovna had come to him and, taking the hidden letter from under the paperweight, silently walked out into the corridor, accompanied by Alexei Yegorovich. They went along the corridor to a narrow, stone back stairway, and went down to a hall that gave directly onto the garden. In a corner of the hall a lantern and a big umbrella stood ready.

"The rain being exceedingly heavy, the mud in our streets is intolerable," Alexei Yegorovich reported, in a last remote attempt to deflect his master from the journey. But the master opened his umbrella and silently walked out into the sodden and dripping old garden, dark as a cellar. The wind howled and swayed the tops of the half-bare trees, the narrow sand paths were swamped and slippery. Alexei Yegorovich went just as he was, in a tailcoat and bareheaded, lighting the way for some three steps ahead with the lantern.

"Won't we be noticed?" Nikolai Vsevolodovich asked suddenly.

"Not from the windows, what with everything having been foreseen beforehand," the servant replied softly and evenly.

"Mama has retired?"

"The mistress locked herself in, as she regularly has over the past few days, at nine o'clock sharp, and it's impossible for her to find out anything now. At what time should I expect you?" he added, making so bold as to pose a question.

"At one, or half past one, no later than two."

"Very good, sir."

Having passed through the garden along the winding paths they both knew by heart, they reached the stone garden wall, and there, in the far corner of the wall, they found a little door which led to a narrow and deserted lane and was almost always locked, but the key to which now turned up in Alexei Yegorovich's hands.

"Won't the door creak?" Nikolai Vsevolodovich questioned again.

But Alexei Yegorovich reported that it had been oiled just yesterday, "and today as well." He was now thoroughly soaked. Having opened the door, he gave the key to Nikolai Vsevolodovich.

"If you should be pleased to be undertaking a long trip, then I must report my being uncertain of the local folk, especially in the out-of-the-way lanes, and most of all across the river," he again could not restrain himself. He was an old servant, who had formerly taken care of Nikolai Vsevolodovich and used to dandle him in his arms, a serious and stern man, who liked hearing and reading about things divine.

"Don't worry, Alexei Yegorych."

"God bless you, sir, but only setting out upon good deeds."

"How's that?" Nikolai Vsevolodovich paused with one foot already in the lane.

Alexei Yegorovich firmly repeated his wish; never before would he have ventured to express it in such words, aloud, to his master.

Nikolai Vsevolodovich locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and went off down the lane, sinking several inches into the mud at every step. He finally came out onto a paved street, long and deserted. He knew the town like the back of his hand; but Bogoyavlensky Street was still a long way off. It was past ten o'clock when he finally stopped before the locked gate of Filippov's dark old house. Now that the Lebyadkins had moved out, the ground floor was left completely empty, with the windows boarded up, but there was light in Shatov's garret. As there was no bell, he began rapping on the gate with his fist. The little window opened and Shatov

peeked out; it was pitch-dark, and hard to distinguish anything; Shatov peered for a long time, about a minute.

"Is it you?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes," the uninvited guest replied.

Shatov slammed the window, went down, and unlocked the gate. Nikolai Vsevolodovich stepped across the high sill and, without saying a word, walked past him straight to Kirillov's wing.

V

Here nothing was locked, or even closed. The entry way and the first two rooms were dark, but in the last room, where Kirillov lived and took his tea, light was shining and laughter could be heard, along with some strange little cries. Nikolai Vsevolodovich went towards the light, but stopped on the threshold without going in. Tea was on the table. In the middle of the room stood the old woman, the landlord's relative, bareheaded, wearing only a skirt, a rabbit-skin jacket, and shoes over her bare feet. She was holding in her arms a one-and-a-half-year-old baby, dressed only in a little shirt, with bare legs, flushed cheeks, tousled white hair, fresh from the crib. It must have been crying; tears still clung to its eyes; but at that moment it was reaching out its arms, clapping its hands, and laughing, as little children do, with a choke in its voice. Kirillov was bouncing a big, red rubber ball on the floor in front of it; the ball bounced up to the ceiling, came down again, the baby shouted: "Ba, ba!" Kirillov caught the "ba" and gave it to the baby, the baby threw the ball itself with its clumsy little hands, and Kirillov ran to pick it up again. Finally, the "ba" rolled under the wardrobe. "Ba, ba!" shouted the baby. Kirillov bent down to the floor and reached out, trying to get the "ba" from under the wardrobe with his hand. Nikolai Vsevolodovich entered the room; the baby, seeing him, clutched at the old woman and dissolved in a long, infantile cry; she carried it out at once.

"Stavrogin?" said Kirillov, raising himself from the floor a little, the ball in his hands, without the least surprise at the unexpected visit. "Want some tea?"

He stood up all the way.

"Very much, I won't refuse, if it's warm," said Nikolai Vsevolodovich. "I'm soaked through."

"Warm, even hot," Kirillov confirmed with pleasure. "Sit down: you're muddy; never mind; I'll mop later with a wet rag."

Nikolai Vsevolodovich sat down and drank the full cup almost at one gulp.

"More?" asked Kirillov.

"No thanks."

Kirillov, who had not sat down yet, at once seated himself across from him and asked:

"What have you come for?"

"Business. Here, read this letter, from Gaganov—remember, I told you in Petersburg."

Kirillov took the letter, read it, put it on the table, and looked up expectantly.

"As you know," Nikolai Vsevolodovich began to explain, "I met this Gaganov a month ago in Petersburg, for the first time in my life. We ran into each other about three times in public. Without making my acquaintance or speaking with me, he still found an opportunity for being very impudent. I told you at the time; but here is something you don't know: at that time, leaving Petersburg before I did, he suddenly sent me a letter which, though unlike this one, was still improper in the highest degree, and strange if only in that it contained no explanation of why it had been written. I replied to him at once, also with a letter, in which I stated quite frankly that he was probably angry with me for the incident with his father four years earlier, here at the club, and that for my part I was prepared to give him every possible apology, on the grounds that my action had been unintentional and caused by illness. I asked him to take my apologies into consideration. He did not reply, and left; and now I find him here completely enraged. I've been told of his several public comments about me, utterly abusive and with astounding accusations. Finally, today comes this letter—such as no one, surely, has ever received, with curses and such expressions as: 'your beaten mug.' I've come in hopes that you will not refuse to be my second."

"You say a letter no one received," Kirillov remarked. "In rage it's possible; written more than once. Pushkin wrote to Heeckeren.

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All right, I'll go. Tell me how."

Nikolai Vsevolodovich explained that he wanted it to be tomorrow, and that he would certainly begin with the renewal of his apologies, and even with the promise of a second letter of apology, but with the understanding that Gaganov, for his part, should also promise not to write any more letters. The letter in hand would be regarded as never having existed.

"Too many concessions; he won't agree," Kirillov said.

"I've come primarily to find out whether you will agree to take these conditions to him."

"I will. It's your affair. But he won't agree."

"I know he won't."

"He wants to fight. Tell how you'll fight."

"The point is that I'd like to finish it all tomorrow for certain. You'll be at his place around nine in the morning. He'll listen and not agree, but he'll get you together with his second—say at around eleven. You'll arrange things, and by one or two everyone should be on the spot. Please try to do it that way. The weapon is pistols, of course, and I especially ask you to arrange it like this: the barriers should be ten paces apart; then you place each of us ten paces from the barrier, and at a sign we start walking towards each other. Each must be sure to reach his barrier, but he can fire before, as he's walking. That's all, I believe."

"Ten paces between barriers is too close," Kirillov observed.

"Twelve, then, only not more, you understand, he seriously wants to fight. Do you know how to load a pistol?"

"I do. I have pistols; I'll give my word that you've never fired them. His second will also give his word about his; two pair, and we'll do odds and evens, his or ours."

"Fine."

"Want to see the pistols?"

"Why not?"

Kirillov squatted down in front of his suitcase in the corner, which was still not unpacked, but from which he took things as he needed them. He pulled from the bottom a boxwood case lined with red velvet, and took from it a pair of elegant, extremely expensive pistols.

"I have everything: powder, bullets, cartridges. I also have a revolver, wait."

He again went into the suitcase and pulled out another case, with a six-chambered American revolver.

"You've got plenty of weapons, and very expensive ones."

"Very. Extremely."

The poor, almost destitute Kirillov—who, incidentally, never noticed his destitution—was now obviously boasting as he displayed the treasures of his weaponry, no doubt acquired at great sacrifice.

"You're still of the same mind?" Stavrogin asked, after a moment's silence, and somewhat cautiously.

"The same," Kirillov answered curtly, guessing at once by the tone what he was being asked about, and he began to remove the weapons from the table.

"When?" Nikolai Vsevolodovich asked even more cautiously, again after some silence.

Kirillov meanwhile put both cases into the suitcase and sat down in his former chair.

"That's not up to me, as you know; when they say," he muttered, as if the question were somewhat burdensome, but at the same time with an obvious readiness to answer all other questions. He looked at Stavrogin, not tearing his black, lusterless eyes away, with a certain calm but kind and affable feeling.

"I, of course, understand shooting oneself," Nikolai Vsevolodovich began again, frowning somewhat, after a long, three-minute-long, thoughtful silence. "I myself have sometimes imagined, and there's always some new thought here: if one did some villainy or, worse, some shame, that is, disgrace, only very mean and ... ludicrous, so that people would remember it for a thousand years and spit on it for a thousand years, and suddenly comes the thought: 'One blow in the temple, and there will be nothing.' What do I care then about people and how they'll be spitting for a thousand years, right?"

"You call that it's a new thought?" Kirillov said, after some reflection.

"I... don't call... once, when I reflected, I felt quite a new thought."

"Felt a thought?" Kirillov repeated. "That's good. Many thoughts are there all the time, and suddenly become new. That's right. I see much now as if for the first time."

"Suppose you lived on the moon," Stavrogin interrupted, not listening and continuing his thought, "suppose that there you did all those ludicrous, nasty things... From here you know for certain that there they'll laugh and spit on your name for a thousand years, eternally, all over the moon. But you are here now, and you're looking at the moon from here: what do you care here about all you've done there, or that they'll spit on you there for a thousand years, isn't it true?"

"I don't know," Kirillov answered. "I haven't been on the moon," he added, without any irony, solely to note the fact.

"Whose baby was that just now?"

"The old woman's mother-in-law came; no, daughter-in-law ... it makes no difference. Three days. She's lying sick, with the baby; cries a lot at night—stomach. The mother sleeps, and the old woman brings it; I give it the ball. The ball's from Hamburg. Bought in Hamburg, to throw and catch: strengthens the back. A girl."

"You love children?"

"I love them," Kirillov echoed—quite indifferently, however.

"So, you also love life?"

"Yes, I also love life, what of it?"

"Yet you've resolved to shoot yourself."

"So what? Why together? Life's separate, and that's separate. Life is, and death is not at all."

"You've started believing in the future eternal life?"

"No, not future eternal, but here eternal. There are moments, you reach moments, and time suddenly stops, and will be eternal."

"You hope to reach such a moment?"

"Yes."

"It's hardly possible in our time," Nikolai Vsevolodovich responded, also without any irony, slowly and as if thoughtfully. "In the Apocalypse the angel swears that time will be no more."^[87]

"I know. It's quite correct there; clear and precise. When all mankind attains happiness, time will be no more, because there's no need. A very correct thought."

"And where are they going to hide it?"

"Nowhere. Time isn't an object, it's an idea. It will die out in the mind."

"Old philosophical places, the same since the beginning of the ages," Stavrogin muttered with a certain squeamish regret.

"The same! The same since the beginning of the ages, and no others, ever!" Kirillov picked up with flashing eyes, as if this idea held nothing short of victory.

"You seem to be very happy, Kirillov?"

"Yes, very happy," the latter replied, as if making the most ordinary reply.

"But you were upset still so recently, angry with Liputin?"

"Hm... now I'm not scolding. Then I didn't know I was happy yet. Have you seen a leaf, a leaf from a tree?"

"I have."

"I saw one recently, a yellow one, with some green, decayed on the edges. Blown about by the wind. When I was ten years old, I'd close my eyes on purpose, in winter, and imagine a leaf—green, bright, with veins, and the sun shining. I'd open my eyes and not believe it, because it was so good, then I'd close them again."

"What's that, an allegory?"

"N-no... why? Not an allegory, simply a leaf, one leaf. A leaf is good. Everything is good."

"Everything?"

"Everything. Man is unhappy because he doesn't know he's happy; only because of that. It's everything, everything! Whoever learns will at once immediately become happy, that same moment. This mother-in-law will die, and the girl will remain—everything is good. I discovered suddenly."

"And if someone dies of hunger, or someone offends and dishonors the girl—is that good?"

"Good. And if someone's head gets smashed in for the child's sake, that's good, too; and if it doesn't get smashed in, that's good, too. Everything is good, everything. For all those who know that everything is good. If they knew it was good with them, it would be good with them, but as long as they don't know it's good with them, it will not be good with them. That's the whole thought, the whole, there isn't any more!"

"And when did you find out that you were so happy?"

"Last week, on Tuesday, no, Wednesday, because it was Wednesday by then, in the night."

"And what was the occasion?"

"I don't remember, just so; I was pacing the room ... it makes no difference. I stopped my clock, it was two thirty-seven."

"As an emblem that time should stop?"

Kirillov did not reply.

"They're not good," he suddenly began again, "because they don't know they're good. When they find out, they won't violate the girl. They must find out that they're good, then they'll all become good at once, all, to a man."

"Well, you did find out, so you must be good?"

"I am good."

"With that I agree, incidentally," Stavrogin muttered frowningly.

"He who teaches that all are good, will end the world."

"He who taught it was crucified."

"He will come, and his name is the man-god."

"The God-man?"

"The man-god—that's the whole difference."^[88]

"Can it be you who lights the icon lamp?"

"Yes, I lit it."

"You've become a believer?"

"The old woman likes the icon lamp... she's busy today," Kirillov muttered.

"But you don't pray yet?"

"I pray to everything. See, there's a spider crawling on the wall, I look and am thankful to it for crawling."

His eyes lit up again. He kept looking straight at Stavrogin, his gaze firm and unflinching. Stavrogin watched him frowningly and squeamishly, but there was no mockery in his eyes.

"I bet when I come the next time you'll already believe in God," he said, getting up and grabbing his hat.

"Why?" Kirillov also rose.

"If you found out that you believe in God, you would believe; but since you don't know yet that you believe in God, you don't believe," Nikolai Vsevolodovich grinned.

"It's not that," Kirillov thought it over, "you've inverted my thought. A drawing-room joke. Remember what you've meant in my life, Stavrogin."

"Good-bye, Kirillov."

"Come at night. When?"

"Why, you haven't forgotten about tomorrow?"

"Ah, I forgot, don't worry, I won't oversleep; at nine o'clock. I can wake up whenever I want to. I go to bed and say: at seven o'clock, and I wake up at seven; at ten o'clock, and I wake up at ten."

"You have remarkable qualities," Nikolai Vsevolodovich looked at his pale face.

"I'll go and unlock the gate."

"Don't bother. Shatov will unlock it."

"Ah, Shatov. Very well, good-bye."

VI

The porch of the empty house where Shatov lodged was not locked; but on going into the entryway, Stavrogin found himself in complete darkness and began feeling with his hand for the stairway to the attic. Suddenly the door opened upstairs and light appeared; Shatov did not come out himself, but only opened his door. When Nikolai Vsevolodovich stood on the threshold of the room, he made

him out in the corner by the table, standing expectantly.

"Will you receive me on business?" he asked from the threshold.

"Come in and sit down," Shatov replied, "lock the door—wait, I'll do it."

He locked the door with a key, went back to the table, and sat down facing Nikolai Vsevolodovich. During that week he had lost weight and now seemed to be in a fever.

"You've been tormenting me," he said, looking down, in a soft half-whisper, "why didn't you come?"

"Were you so certain I'd come?"

"Yes, wait, I was delirious... maybe I'm delirious now... Wait."

He stood up and got hold of something on the topmost of his three bookshelves, on the edge. It was a revolver.

"One night I had a delirium that you would come and kill me, and early in the morning I bought a revolver with my last money, from that worthless Lyamshin; I didn't want to give in to you. Later I came to my senses ... I have no powder or bullets; it's been lying on the shelf ever since. Wait..."

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He rose and opened the vent window.

"Don't throw it out, what for?" Nikolai Vsevolodovich stopped him. "It cost money, and tomorrow people will start saying there are revolvers lying around under Shatov's window. Put it back, so, and sit down. Tell me, why are you as if repenting before me for thinking I would come and kill you? And I haven't come now to make peace, but to talk about necessary things. Explain to me, first of all: you didn't hit me because of my liaison with your wife?"

"You know I didn't," Shatov looked down again.

"And not because you believed the stupid gossip about Darya Pavlovna?"

"No, no, of course not! Stupid! My sister told me from the very beginning .. ." Shatov said impatiently and sharply, even stamping his foot slightly.

"Then I guessed right, and so did you," Stavrogin continued in a calm tone. "It's true: Marya Timofeevna Lebyadkin is my lawful wife, married to me in Petersburg about four and a half years ago. You hit me on account of her, didn't you?"

Shatov, totally astounded, listened and said nothing.

"I guessed, but didn't believe it," he finally muttered, looking strangely at Stavrogin.

"And you hit me?"

Shatov blushed and began to mutter almost incoherently:

"For your fall... for the lie. I didn't go up to you in order to punish you; as I was going I didn't know I would hit you ... It was for your having meant so much in my life... I..."

"I understand, I understand, save your words. It's too bad you're in a fever; I've come with the most necessary business."

"I've been waiting too long for you," Shatov somehow nearly shook all over and rose slightly from his seat. "Tell me your business, I'll tell you, too... afterwards..."

He sat down.

"The business isn't of that kind," Nikolai Vsevolodovich began, studying him with curiosity. "Owing to certain circumstances, I was obliged to choose this hour, today, to come and warn you that it's possible you will be killed."

Shatov stared wildly at him.

"I knew I could be in danger," he said in measured tones, "but you, how can you know it?"

"Because I, too, belong to them, as you do, and am a member of their society, as you are."

"You... you are a member of the society?"

"I see by your eyes that you expected anything but that from me," Nikolai Vsevolodovich grinned slightly. "But, I beg your pardon, so you already knew there was to be an attempt against you?"

"I never thought so. And don't think so now, either, in spite of your words, though... though who could vouch for anything with those fools!" he suddenly cried out in fury, banging his fist on the table. "I'm not afraid of them! I've broken with them. That one ran by four times and said it was possible ... but," he looked at Stavrogin, "what do you actually know about it?"

"Don't worry, I'm not deceiving you," Stavrogin went on rather coldly, with the air of a man who was merely fulfilling his duty. "You're testing what I know? I know that you joined this society abroad, two years ago, still under the old organization, just before your trip to America, and, I believe, right after our last conversation, of which you wrote me so much in your letter from America. By the way, forgive me for not answering with a letter of my own, and limiting myself to ..."

"To sending money—wait," Shatov stopped him, hastily pulled open a drawer in the table, and took an iridescent banknote from under some papers, "here, take it, the hundred roubles you sent me; without you I'd have perished there. I wouldn't have paid it back for a long time if it weren't for your mother: she gave me that hundred roubles nine months ago, on account of my poverty, after my illness. But go on, please ..."

He was breathless.

"In America you changed your thinking and, on returning to Switzerland, wanted to renounce. They gave no answer, but charged you to receive some printing press here in Russia from somebody, and to keep it until you turned it over to a person who would come to you from them. I don't know it all with complete precision, but that seems right in the main? And you undertook it in the hope, or on the condition, that it would be their last demand, and that after that they would let you go entirely. All this, right or wrong, I learned not from them but quite accidentally. But what you don't seem to know yet is that these gentlemen have no intention of parting with you."

"That's absurd!" Shatov yelled. "I declared honestly that I disagree with them in everything! It's my right, my right of conscience and thought ... I won't have it! There is no power that could..."

"You know, you shouldn't shout," Nikolai Vsevolodovich stopped him very seriously. "This little Verkhovensky is the kind of man who could be eavesdropping on us now, with his own or someone else's ear, maybe in your own entryway. Even the drunkard Lebyadkin was all but obliged to keep watch on you, and perhaps you on him, right? Better tell me: has Verkhovensky accepted your

arguments now, or not?"

"He's accepted; he says it's possible, and I have the right..."

"Well, then he's deceiving you. I know that even Kirillov, who hardly belongs to them at all, has furnished information on you; as for agents, they have a lot of them, some who don't even know they're serving the society. You've always been watched. Among other things, Pyotr Verkhovensky came here to resolve your case finally, and is authorized to do so—namely, by destroying you at an opportune moment, as someone who knows too much and may inform. I repeat that this is certain; and allow me to add that for some reason they are fully convinced that you are a spy, and that if you haven't informed yet, you will. Is that true?"

Shatov twisted his mouth on hearing such a question, uttered in such a matter-of-fact tone.

"Even if I were a spy, where would I go to inform?" he said spitefully, without giving a direct answer. "No, enough about me, to hell with me!" he cried, suddenly grasping his original thought, which had shaken him so much, by all evidence incomparably more strongly than the news of his own danger. "You, you, Stavrogin, how could you mix yourself in with such shameless, giftless, lackeyish absurdity! You a member of their society! And this is Nikolai Stavrogin's great exploit!" he cried out, all but in despair.

He even clasped his hands, as though nothing could be more bitter and dismal to him than such a discovery.

"Forgive me," Nikolai Vsevolodovich really was surprised, "but you seem to look upon me as some sort of sun, and upon yourself as some sort of bug compared with me. I noticed it even in your letter from America."

"You... you know... Ah, better let's drop me altogether, altogether!" Shatov suddenly cut himself short. "If you can explain anything about yourself, explain it... Answer my question!" he kept repeating feverishly.

"With pleasure. You ask how I could mix myself in with such a slum? After my communication, I even owe you a certain frankness in this matter. You see, in a strict sense I don't belong to this society at all, never did belong, and have far more right than you to leave them, since I never even joined them. On the contrary, from the very beginning I announced to them that I was no friend of theirs, and if I chanced to help them, it was just so, as an idle man. I participated partly in the reorganization of the society according to the new plan, and that's all. But now they've thought better of it, and have decided among themselves that it's also dangerous to let me go, so it seems that I, too, am under sentence."

"Oh, with them it's capital punishment for everything, and everything's on instructions, with sealed orders, signed by three and a half men. And you believe they're capable!"

"There you're partly right and partly not," Stavrogin went on with the same indifference, even listlessness. "No doubt there's considerable fantasy, as always in such cases: the crew exaggerates its size and significance. In my opinion, if you like, Pyotr Verkhovensky is the only one they have, and it's much too nice of him to consider himself merely the agent of his own society. However, the basic idea is no more stupid than others of the sort. They have connections with the Internationale; they've succeeded in placing agents in Russia, they've even stumbled onto a rather original method... but, of course, only in theory. As for their intentions here, the activities of our Russian organization are such an obscure affair, and almost always so unexpected, that anything might actually be tried. Note that Verkhovensky is a persistent man."

"He's a bedbug, an ignoramus, a tomfool, who doesn't understand a thing about Russia!" Shatov cried spitefully.

"You know him very little. It's true that they all generally understand little about Russia, but perhaps only slightly less than you and I; and, besides, Verkhovensky is an enthusiast."

"Verkhovensky an enthusiast?"

"Oh, yes. There's a point where he ceases to be a buffoon and turns half crazy. I ask you to recall an expression of yours: 'Do you know how strong one man can be?' Please don't laugh, he's quite capable of pulling a trigger. They're sure that I, too, am a spy. For lack of skill in conducting their own affairs, they're all terribly fond of accusations of spying."

"But you're not afraid, are you?"

"N-no... I'm not much afraid... But your case is quite different. I've warned you so that you can at least keep it in mind. I don't think you should be offended that you're being threatened by fools; their intelligence is not the point: they've raised their hand against better than you and me. However, it's a quarter past eleven," he looked at his watch and got up from his chair. "I'd like to ask you one quite unrelated question."

"For God's sake!" Shatov exclaimed, jumping up impetuously from his seat.

"Meaning what?" Nikolai Vsevolodovich looked at him questioningly.

"Do ask, ask me your question, for God's sake," Shatov repeated, in inexpressible agitation, "only I'm also going to ask you a question. I beg you to allow me ... I can't... ask me your question!"

Stavrogin waited a little and then began:

"I've heard you had some influence here on Marya Timofeevna, and that she liked seeing and listening to you. Is it so?"

"Yes... she did listen..." Shatov was somewhat embarrassed.

"I have the intention of announcing my marriage to her one of these days, publicly, here in town."

"Can it be possible?" Shatov whispered, almost horrified.

"In what sense do you mean? There are no difficulties about it; the witnesses to the marriage are here. It all took place back in Petersburg in a completely calm and lawful manner, and if it hasn't been revealed before now, that is simply because the only two witnesses to the marriage, Kirillov and Pyotr Verkhovensky, and, finally, Lebyadkin himself (whom I now have the pleasure of regarding as my relation), gave their word at the time to keep silent."

"I don't mean that... You talk so calmly ... but go on! Listen, you weren't forced into this marriage, were you?"

"No, no one forced me," Nikolai Vsevolodovich smiled at Shatov's provocative haste.

"And what's all this talk of hers about her baby?" Shatov hurried on, feverishly and disconnectedly.

"About her baby? Hah! I didn't know, it's the first time I've heard of it. She had no baby, and couldn't have: Marya Timofeevna is a virgin."

"Ah! Just as I thought! Listen!"

"What's the matter with you, Shatov?"

Shatov hid his face in his hands, turned away, but suddenly seized Stavrogin firmly by the shoulder.

"Do you know, do you at least know," he shouted, "why you did it all, and why you've decided on such a punishment now?"

"Your question is intelligent and caustic, but I am also going to surprise you: yes, I do almost know why I got married then, and why I've decided on such a 'punishment,' as you put it, now."

"Let's leave that... of that later, don't say yet; but about the main thing, the main thing: I've been waiting two years for you."

"Really?"

"I've been waiting too long a time for you, I've been thinking ceaselessly about you. You are the only man who could ... I wrote you about it still in America."

"I remember well your long letter."

"Too long to read? I agree: six sheets of writing paper. Keep still, keep still! Tell me: can you give me ten more minutes, but right now, at once?... I've been waiting too long for you!"

"I can give you half an hour, if you like, but not more, if that's possible for you."

"And with this, by the way," Shatov went on fiercely, "that you change your tone. Do you hear? I demand, when I ought to implore ... Do you understand what it means to demand when one ought to implore?"

"I understand that you thereby rise above common things for the sake of higher purposes," Nikolai Vsevolodovich grinned slightly. "I also regret to see that you are in a fever."

"I ask, I demand to be respected!" Shatov went on shouting. "Not for my person—to hell with it—but for something else, just for now, for a few words... We are two beings, and we have come together in infinity... for the last time in the world. Abandon your tone and take a human one! At least for once in your life speak in a human voice. Not for my sake, but for your own. Do you understand that you should forgive me that slap in the face if only because with it I gave you an opportunity to know your infinite power... Again you smile that squeamish, worldly smile. Oh, when will you understand me! Away with the young squire! Understand that I demand it, I do, otherwise I'm not going to speak, not for anything!"

His frenzy was reaching the point of raving; Nikolai Vsevolodovich frowned and seemed to become more guarded.

"If I have agreed to stay for half an hour," he said imposingly and seriously, "when time is so precious to me, then you may believe that I intend to listen to you with interest at least, and... and I am sure I shall hear much that is new from you."

He sat down on a chair.

"Sit down!" Shatov cried, and somehow suddenly sat down himself.

"Allow me to remind you, however," Stavrogin recalled once again, "that I had begun a whole request to you concerning Marya Timofeevna, a very important one, for her at least..."

"Well?" Shatov suddenly frowned, looking like someone who has suddenly been interrupted at the most important point, and who, though he is looking at you, has still not quite managed to grasp your question.

"And you didn't let me finish," Nikolai Vsevolodovich concluded with a smile.

"Eh, well, nonsense—later!" Shatov waved his hand squeamishly, having finally understood the claim, and went straight on to his main theme.

VII

"Do you know," he began almost menacingly, leaning forward a little on his chair, flashing his eyes and raising the forefinger of his right hand in front of him (obviously without noticing it), "do you know which is now the only 'god-bearing' nation ^[90] on the whole earth, come to renew and save the world in the name of a new God, and to whom alone is given the keys of life and of a new word... Do you know which nation it is, and what is its name?"

"By the way you put it, I must inevitably conclude, and, I suppose, as quickly as possible, that it is the Russian nation ..."

"And you're laughing already—oh, what a tribe!" Shatov reared up.

"Calm yourself, I beg you; on the contrary, I precisely expected something of this sort."

"Expected something of this sort? And are these words not familiar to you?"

"Quite familiar; I see only too well what you're driving at. Your whole phrase and even the expression 'god-bearing' nation is simply the conclusion of our conversation that took place more than two years ago, abroad, not long before your departure for America ... At least as far as I now recall."

"The phrase is entirely yours, not mine. Your own, and not merely the conclusion of our conversation. There wasn't any 'our' conversation: there was a teacher uttering immense words, and there was a disciple who rose from the dead. I am that disciple and you are the teacher."

"But, if you recall, it was precisely after my words that you joined that society, and only then left for America."

"Yes, and I wrote to you about it from America; I wrote to you about everything. Yes, I could not all at once tear myself bloodily from what I had grown fast to since childhood, to which I had given all the raptures of my hopes and all the tears of my hatred ... It is hard to change gods. I did not believe you then because I did not want to believe, and I clung for the last time to this filthy cesspool... But the seed remained and grew. Seriously, tell me seriously, did you read to the end of my letter from America? Perhaps you didn't read it at all?"

"I read three pages of it, the first two and the last, and glanced quickly over the middle as well. Though I kept meaning to..."

"Eh, it makes no difference, to hell with it!" Shatov waved his hand. "If you've now renounced those words about the nation, how could you have uttered them then?... That's what weighs on me now."

"But I was not joking with you then, either; in persuading you, I was perhaps more concerned with myself than with you," Stavrogin said mysteriously.

"Not joking! In America I lay on straw for three months next to a certain... unfortunate man, and I learned from him that at the very same time as you were planting God and the motherland in my heart—at that very same time, perhaps even in those very same days, you were pouring poison into the heart of this unfortunate man, this maniac, Kirillov ... You confirmed lies and slander in him and drove his reason to frenzy... Go and look at him now, he's your creation... You've seen him, however."

"First, I shall note for you that Kirillov himself has just told me he is happy and he is beautiful. Your assumption that all this happened at one and the same time is almost correct; well, and what of it? I repeat, I was not deceiving either one of you."

"You are an atheist? An atheist now?"

"Yes."

"And then?"

"Exactly the same as then."

"I wasn't asking your respect for myself when I began this conversation; with your intelligence, you should have understood that," Shatov muttered indignantly.

"I didn't get up at your first word, didn't close the conversation, didn't walk out on you, but have sat here all the while humbly answering your questions and... shouts, which means that my respect for you is still intact."

Shatov interrupted him, waving his hand:

"Do you remember your expression: 'An atheist cannot be Russian, an atheist immediately ceases to be Russian'—remember that?"

"Really?" Nikolai Vsevolodovich seemed to want the question repeated.

"You ask? You've forgotten? And yet this is one of the most precise indications of one of the main peculiarities of the Russian spirit, which you figured out. You can't have forgotten it? I'll remind you of more—you said at the same time: 'He who is not Orthodox cannot be Russian.'"

"A Slavophil notion, I suppose."

"No, the Slavophiles nowadays disavow it. People have grown smarter nowadays. But you went even further: you believed that Roman Catholicism was no longer Christianity; you affirmed that Rome proclaimed a Christ who had succumbed to the third temptation of the devil, and that, having announced to the whole world that Christ cannot stand on earth without an earthly kingdom, Catholicism thereby proclaimed the Antichrist, thus ruining the whole Western world. You precisely pointed out that if France is suffering, Catholicism alone is to blame, for she rejected the foul Roman God but has not found a new one. That is what you were able to say then! I remember our conversations."^[91]

"If I had belief, I would no doubt repeat it now as well; I wasn't lying, speaking as a believer," Nikolai Vsevolodovich said very seriously. "But I assure you that this repetition of my past thoughts produces an all too unpleasant impression on me. Couldn't you stop?"

"If you had belief?" Shatov cried, paying not the slightest attention to the request. "But wasn't it you who told me that if someone proved to you mathematically that the truth is outside Christ, you would better agree to stay with Christ than with the truth?"^[92] Did you say that? Did you?"

"But allow me also to ask, finally," Stavrogin raised his voice, "what this whole impatient and... spiteful examination is leading to?"

"This examination will end forever and you will never be reminded of it."

"You keep insisting that we are outside space and time..."

"Be silent!" Shatov suddenly shouted. "I'm stupid and clumsy, but let my name perish in ridiculousness! Will you permit me to repeat before you your main thought of that time... Oh, only ten lines, just the conclusion."

"Repeat it, if it's just the conclusion..."

Stavrogin nearly made a move to look at his watch, but refrained and did not look.

Shatov again leaned forward a little on his chair, and even raised his finger again for a moment.

"Not one nation," he began, as if reciting line by line, and at the same time still looking menacingly at Stavrogin, "not one nation has ever set itself up on the principles of science and reason; there has never been an example of it, unless perhaps only for a moment, out of foolishness. Socialism by its very essence must be atheism, because it has precisely declared, from the very first line, that it is an atheistic order, and intends to set itself up on the principles of science and reason exclusively. Reason and science always, now, and from the beginning of the ages, have performed only a secondary and auxiliary task in the life of nations; and so they will to the end of the ages. Nations are formed and moved by another ruling and dominating force, whose origin is unknown and inexplicable. This force is the force of the unquenchable desire to get to the end, while at the same time denying the end. It is the force of a ceaseless and tireless confirmation of its own being and a denial of death. The Spirit of life, as Scripture says, the 'rivers of living water,' whose

running dry is so threatened in the Apocalypse."^[93] The aesthetic principle, as philosophers say, the moral principle, as they also identify it. 'Seeking for God'—as I call it in the simplest way. The aim of all movements of nations, of every nation and in every period of its existence, is solely the seeking for God, its own God, entirely its own, and faith in him as the only true one. God is the synthetic person of the whole nation, taken from its beginning and to its end. It has never yet happened that all or many nations have had one common God, but each has always had a separate one. It is a sign of a nation's extinction when there begin to be gods in common. When there are gods in common, they die along with the belief in them and with the nations themselves. The stronger the nation, the more particular its God. There has never yet been a nation without a religion, that is, without an idea of evil and good. Every nation has its own idea of evil and good, and its own evil and good. When many nations start having common ideas of evil and good, then the nations die out and the very distinction between evil and good begins to fade and disappear. Reason has never been able to define evil

and good, or even to separate evil from good, if only approximately; on the contrary, it has always confused them, shamefully and pitifully; and science has offered the solution of the fist. Half-science has been especially distinguished for that—the most terrible scourge of mankind, worse than plague, hunger, or war, unknown till our century. Half-science is a despot such as has never been seen before. A despot with its own priests and slaves, a despot before whom everything has bowed down with a love and superstition unthinkable till now, before whom even science itself trembles and whom it shamefully caters to. These are all your own words, Stavrogin, all except the words about half-science; those are mine, because I myself am only half-science, and therefore I especially hate it. As for your thoughts and even your very words, I haven't changed anything, not a word."

"I wouldn't say you haven't," Stavrogin remarked cautiously. "You took it ardently, and have altered it ardently without noticing it. The fact alone that you reduce God to a mere attribute of nationality..."

He suddenly began to observe Shatov with increased and particular attention, not so much his words as the man himself.

"I reduce God to an attribute of nationality?" Shatov cried. "On the contrary, I raise the nation up to God. Has it ever been otherwise? The nation is the body of God. Any nation is a nation only as long as it has its own particular God and rules out all other gods in the world with no conciliation; as long as it believes that through its God it will be victorious and will drive all other gods from the world. Thus all have believed from the beginning of time, all great nations at least, all that were marked out to any extent, all that have stood at the head of mankind. There is no going against the fact. The Jews lived only to wait for the true God, and left the true God to the world. The Greeks deified nature, and bequeathed the world their religion, that is, philosophy and art. Rome deified the nation in the state, and bequeathed the state to the nations. France, throughout her whole long history, has simply been the embodiment and development of the idea of the Roman God, and if she has finally flung her Roman God down into the abyss and plunged into atheism, which for the time being they call socialism, that is solely because atheism is, after all, healthier than Roman Catholicism. If a great nation does not believe that the truth is in it alone (precisely in it alone, and that exclusively), if it does not believe that it alone is able and called to resurrect and save everyone with its truth, then it at once ceases to be a great nation, and at once turns into ethnographic material and not a great nation. A truly great nation can never be reconciled with a secondary role in mankind, or even with a primary, but inevitably and exclusively with the first. Any that loses this faith is no longer a nation. But the truth is one, and therefore only one among the nations can have the true God, even if the other nations do have their particular and great gods. The only 'god-bearing' nation is the Russian nation, and... and ... do you, do you really regard me as such a fool, Stavrogin," he suddenly cried out frenziedly, "who cannot even tell whether his words now are old, decrepit rubbish, ground up in all the Slavophil mills of Moscow, or a completely new word, the last word, the only word of renewal and resurrection, and... what do I care about your laughter at this moment! What do I care that you don't understand me at all, not at all, not a word, not a sound! ... Oh, how I despise your proud laughter and look at this moment!"

He jumped up from his place; there was even foam on his lips.

"On the contrary, Shatov, on the contrary," Stavrogin said, with remarkable seriousness and restraint, without rising from his place, "on the contrary, with your ardent words you've revived many extremely powerful recollections in me. I recognize in your words my own state of mind two years ago, and I shall no longer say to you, as I just did, that you have exaggerated my thoughts of that time. It even seems to me that they were still more exceptional, still more absolute, and I assure you for the third time that I would wish very much to confirm everything you've said, even to a word, but..."

"But you need a hare?"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Your own vile expression," Shatov laughed spitefully, sitting down again. "To make sauce from a hare, you need a hare; to have belief in God, you need a God,' you went around saying in Petersburg, I'm told, like Nozdryov, who wanted to catch a hare by its hind legs."^[94]

"No, he was precisely boasting that he'd already caught it. Incidentally, though, allow me to trouble you with a question as well, the more so as it seems to me I now have full right to ask. Tell me about your hare—have you caught it, or is it still running around?"

"Do not dare to ask me in such words; use others, others!" Shatov suddenly trembled all over.

"As you wish, here are your others," Nikolai Vsevolodovich looked at him sternly. "I simply wanted to know: do you yourself believe in God, or not?"

"I believe in Russia, I believe in her Orthodoxy ... I believe in the body of Christ ... I believe that the new coming will take place in Russia ... I believe..." Shatov babbled frenziedly.

"But in God? In God?"

"I ... I will believe in God."

Not a muscle moved in Stavrogin's face. Shatov looked at him fierily, defiantly, as if he wanted to burn him with his eyes.

"But I didn't tell you I don't believe at all!" he finally cried. "I'm only letting you know that I am a wretched, boring book, and nothing more so far, so far... But perish my name! The point is in you, not me... I'm a man without talent, and can only give my blood, and nothing more, like any other man without talent. Perish my blood as well! I'm talking about you, I've been waiting here two years for you... I've just been dancing naked for you for half an hour. You, you alone could raise this banner! ..."

He did not finish, but leaned his elbows on the table and propped his head in both hands, as if in despair.

"I'll merely note, incidentally, as a strange thing," Stavrogin suddenly interrupted, "why is it that everyone is foisting some banner on me? Pyotr Verkhovensky is also convinced that I could 'raise their banner,' or so at least his words were conveyed to me. He's taken

it into his head that I could play the role of Stenka Razin^[95] for them, 'owing to my extraordinary capacity for crime'—also his words."

"How's that?" Shatov asked. "Owing to your extraordinary capacity for crime?"

"Precisely."

"Hm. And is it true that you," he grinned spitefully, "is it true that in Petersburg you belonged to some secret society of bestial

sensualists? Is it true that the Marquis de Sade ^[96] could take lessons from you? Is it true that you lured and corrupted children? Speak, do not dare to lie," he cried, completely beside himself, "Nikolai Stavrogin cannot lie before Shatov who hit him in the face! Speak everything, and if it's true, I'll kill you at once, right here, on the spot!"

"I did speak those words, but it was not I who offended children," said Stavrogin, but only after too long a silence. He turned pale, and his eyes lit up.

"But you spoke of it!" Shatov went on imperiously, not taking his flashing eyes from Stavrogin. "Is it true that you insisted you knew no difference in beauty between some brutal sensual stunt and any great deed, even the sacrifice of life for mankind? Is it true that you found a coincidence of beauty, a sameness of pleasure at both poles?"

"It's impossible to answer like this ... I won't answer," muttered Stavrogin, who could very well have gotten up and left, but did not get up and leave.

"I don't know why evil is bad and good is beautiful either, but I do know why the sense of this distinction is faded and effaced in such gentlemen as the Stavrogins," Shatov, trembling all over, would not let go. "Do you know why you married so disgracefully and basely then? Precisely because here the disgrace and senselessness reached the point of genius! Oh, you don't go straying along the verge, you boldly fly down headfirst. You married out of a passion for torture, out of a passion for remorse, out of moral sensuality. It was from nervous strain... The challenge to common sense was too enticing! Stavrogin and a scrubby, feeble-minded, beggarly lame girl! When you bit the governor's ear, did you feel the sensuality of it? Did you? Idle, loafing young squire—did you feel it?"

"You're a psychologist," Stavrogin was turning paler and paler, "though you are partly mistaken about the reasons for my marriage ... And who, incidentally, could have given you all this information?" he forced himself to grin. "Could it be Kirillov? But he had no part in it..."

"You're turning pale?"

"What do you want, anyway?" Nikolai Vsevolodovich finally raised his voice. "I've sat for half an hour under your lash, you could at least politely let me go ... if you indeed have no reasonable purpose in acting this way with me."

"Reasonable purpose?"

"Undoubtedly. It was your duty at least to announce your purpose to me finally. I kept waiting for you to do so, but all I've found is frenzied spite. I ask you to open the gate for me."

He got up from the chair. Shatov rushed frantically after him.

"Kiss the earth, flood it with tears, ask forgiveness!" he cried out, seizing him by the shoulder.

"Anyhow, I didn't kill you... that morning ... I put both hands behind my back..." Stavrogin said, almost with pain, looking down.

"Say it all, say it all! You came to warn me about the danger, you allowed me to speak, you want to announce your marriage publicly tomorrow! ... Can't I see by your face that you're at grips with some awesome new thought?... Stavrogin, why am I condemned to believe in you unto ages of ages? Would I be able to talk like this with anyone else? I have chastity, yet I wasn't afraid of my nakedness, for I was speaking with Stavrogin. I wasn't afraid to caricature a great thought by my touch, for Stavrogin was listening to me... Won't I kiss your footprints when you've gone? I cannot tear you out of my heart, Nikolai Stavrogin!"

"I'm sorry I cannot love you, Shatov," Nikolai Vsevolodovich said coldly.

"I know you cannot, and I know you're not lying. Listen, I can set everything right: I'll get you that hare!"

Stavrogin was silent.

"You're an atheist because you're a squire, an ultimate squire. You've lost the distinction between evil and good because you've ceased to recognize your own nation. A new generation is coming, straight from the nation's heart, and you won't recognize it, neither will the Verkhovensky, son or father, nor will I, for I, too, am a squire—I, the son of your serf and lackey Pashka... Listen, acquire God by labor; the whole essence is there, or else you'll disappear like vile mildew; do it by labor."

"God by labor? What labor?"

"Peasant labor. Go, leave your wealth... Ah! you're laughing, you're afraid it will turn out to be flimflam."

But Stavrogin was not laughing.

"You suppose God can be acquired by labor, and precisely by peasant labor?" he repeated, after a moment's thought, as if he had indeed encountered something new and serious which was worth pondering. "Incidentally," he suddenly passed on to a new thought, "you've just reminded me: do you know that I'm not rich at all, so there's nothing to leave? I'm hardly even able to secure Marya Timofeevna's future... Another thing: I came to ask you if it's possible for you not to abandon Marya Timofeevna in the future, since you alone may have some influence on her poor mind ... I say it just in case."

"All right, all right, you and Marya Timofeevna," Shatov waved his hand, holding a candle in the other, "all right, later, of itself... Listen, go to Tikhon."

"Who?"

"Tikhon. Tikhon, a former bishop, retired for reasons of health, lives here in town, within town limits, in our Saint Yefimi-Bogorodsky monastery."

"What's it all about?"

"Never mind. People go and see him. You should go to him; what is it to you? Well, what is it to you?"

"First time I've heard of him, and... I've never seen that sort of people before. Thank you, I'll go."

"This way," Shatov walked downstairs with the light. "Go," he flung open the gate to the street.

"I won't come to you anymore, Shatov," Stavrogin said softly, stepping through the gate.

Darkness and rain continued as before.

VIII

He walked the whole length of Bogoyavlensky Street; at last the road went downhill, his feet slid in the mud, a wide, misty, as if empty space opened out suddenly—the river. Houses turned to hovels, the street vanished into a multitude of disorderly lanes. For a long time Nikolai Vsevolodovich made his way along the fences without straying from the bank, but finding his way surely and without even thinking much about it. He was occupied with something else, and looked about him in surprise when suddenly, coming out of deep thought, he found himself almost in the middle of our long, wet pontoon bridge. There was not a soul around, so that it seemed strange to him when all at once, almost at his elbow, he heard a politely familiar, incidentally rather pleasant voice, with that sweetly drawn-out intonation flaunted among us by overcivilized tradesmen or young, curly-headed sales-clerks from the shopping arcade.

"Will you allow me, dear mister, to borrow a bit of your umbrella for myself?"^[97]

In fact some figure crept, or merely meant to make a pretense of creeping, under his umbrella. The tramp walked along beside him, almost elbow to elbow, as soldier boys say. Slowing his pace, Nikolai Vsevolodovich bent down to see, as well as he could in the dark: the man was not tall and looked like some little tradesman on a spree; his clothes were neither warm nor slightly; a wet flannel cap with a torn-off peak perched on his shaggy, curly head. He seemed to be very dark-haired, lean, and swarthy; his eyes were large, undoubtedly black, very shiny, and had a yellow cast, like a Gypsy's—that could be guessed even in the dark. He must have been about forty, and was not drunk.

"Do you know me?" asked Nikolai Vsevolodovich.

"Mister Stavrogin, Nikolai Vsevolodovich; you were pointed out to me at the station the moment the train stopped two Sundays ago. Besides from the fact that I heard about you before."

"From Pyotr Stepanovich? You... are you Fedka the Convict?"

"I was baptized Fyodor Fyodorovich; I've still got a natural parent here in these parts, sir, an old woman, God love her, growing right into the ground, prays to God for me daily, day and night, so as thereby not to waste her old woman's time lying on the stove."

"You're a fugitive from hard labor?"

"Changed my destiny. Handed over books and bells and everything else, because they aimed to settle my hash with that hard labor, sir, and for me it was far-r-r too long a wait."

"What are you doing here?"

"Watching the clock go round. Then, too, my uncle died here last week in prison, on account of bad money, so in his memory I threw a couple of dozen stones at the dogs—that's all my doings so far. Besides from that, Pyotr Stepanovich is kindly promising me a passport, good for all of Russia—a merchant's, for example—so I'm also waiting on his favor. Because, he says, papa lost you at cards in the Engullish club, and I, he says, find this inhumanness unjust. Maybe you could stoop to three roubles, sir, for tea, to warm up?"

"So you've been watching for me here; I don't like that. On whose orders?"

"As for orders, there was no such thing from anybody, sir, it's solely from knowing your loving-kindness, so famous to the whole world. Our income, you know yourself, is either a handful of rye or a poke in the eye. Granted, last Friday I stuffed myself with pie like nobody's business, but after that I gave up eating for a day, starved for another, and fasted for a third. There's plenty of water in the river, I'm breeding carp in my belly ... So maybe Your Honor will be generous; and, as it happens, I've got a lady friend waiting not far from here, only one had better not come to her without a rouble."

"And what has Pyotr Stepanovich promised you from me?"

"It's not that he promised anything, sir, he just said in words, sir, that I could maybe be of use to Your Honor, if such a spell comes, for example, but what it might actually be he didn't exactly explain, because Pyotr Stepanovich is testing my Cossack patience, shall we say, and doesn't feel any confidentiality towards me."

"Why's that?"

"Pyotr Stepanovich is an astrominer, and has learned all God's planids, but even he is subject to criticism. Before you, sir, it's like I'm before the True One, because I've heard a lot about you. Pyotr Stepanovich is one thing, and you, sir, are maybe something else. With him, once he says a man is a scoundrel, then except from the scoundrel he knows nothing about him. And if it's a fool, then he's got no other title for him except fool. But maybe I'm only a fool on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and on Thursdays I'm smarter than he is. So now he knows about me that it's real bad for me without a passport—because there's no way to be in Russia without a document—so he thinks he's got my soul captive. I tell you, sir, it's very easy for Pyotr Stepanovich to live in the world, because he imagines a man and then lives with him the way he imagined him. And besides from that, he's way too stingy. He's of the opinion that apart from him I won't dare disturb you, but before you, sir, it's like I'm before the True One—it's four nights now I've been waiting for Your Honor on this bridge, which goes to show that with quiet steps I can find my own way even apart from him. Better, I'd say, bow down to a boot than to a bast shoe."

"And who told you I'd be crossing this bridge at night?"

"That, I confess, came by the way, mostly on account of Captain Lebyadkin's foolishness, because he can't keep things to

himself... So, then, three roubles from Your Honor, let's say, for three days and three nights, I'd have it coming for my boredom. And as for my wet clothes, that's an offense I won't speak of."

"I go left, you go right; the bridge is ended. Listen, Fyodor, I like my words to be understood once and for all: I won't give you a kopeck, don't meet me on the bridge or anywhere else from now on, I don't and won't have any need of you, and if you refuse to obey—I'll tie you up and hand you over to the police. March!"

"Ah, well, at least throw me something for my company, it was more fun walking, sir."

"Off with you!"

"And do you know your way around here, sir? There'll be such back alleys ... I could lead you, because this town here is like the devil took and shook it from a sack."

"Hey, I'll tie you up!" Nikolai Vsevolodovich turned around threateningly.

"You might consider, sir; it's easy enough to wrong an orphan."

"Well, you certainly are sure of yourself!"

"I'm sure of you, sir, not so much of myself."

"I don't need you at all, I told you!"

"But I need you, sir, that's what. All right, then, I'll wait till you come back."

"On my word of honor, if I meet you I'll tie you up."

"And I'll prepare the belt, sir. Have a good journey, sir, anyway you warmed an orphan under your umbrella, for that alone I'll thank you till my dying day."

He dropped behind. Nikolai Vsevolodovich was preoccupied as he came to the place. This man who had fallen from the sky was fully convinced that he was necessary to him, and hastened to declare it all too insolently. Generally, he was being treated unceremoniously. But it could also be that the tramp was not altogether lying, and was offering to be of service just on his own and precisely in secret from Pyotr Stepanovich; now that was the most curious thing of all.

IX

The house that Nikolai Vsevolodovich came to stood in a deserted nook between fences, beyond which stretched kitchen gardens, literally on the very edge of town. It was quite a solitary little wooden house, built only recently and not yet clapboarded. The shutters of one of the windows were purposely not closed, and a candle stood on the windowsill—evidently meant to serve as a beacon for a late visitor who was expected that night. From thirty paces away Nikolai Vsevolodovich could make out the figure of a tall man standing on the porch, probably the master of the house, who had come out impatiently to look down the road. His voice could also be heard, impatient and as if timid:

"Is it you, sir? Is it?"

"It's me," Nikolai Vsevolodovich replied, but not before he had actually come to the porch, folding his umbrella.

"At last, sir!" Captain Lebyadkin—for it was he—fussed and fidgeted. "Your umbrella, please; it's very wet, sir; I'll open it here on the floor in the corner—welcome, welcome."

The door from the entryway to a room lighted by two candles stood wide open.

"If it hadn't been for your word that you'd certainly come, I'd have stopped believing it."

"A quarter to one," Nikolai Vsevolodovich looked at his watch as he went into the room.

"And in this rain, and such an interesting distance ... I don't have a watch, and there are just kitchen gardens out the window, so... one lags behind events... but, as a matter of fact, not to murmur, for I wouldn't dare, I wouldn't dare, but solely from impatience consumed all week, in order to finally ... be released."

"How's that?"

"To hear my fate, Nikolai Vsevolodovich. Welcome."

He bent forward, indicating a place by the little table in front of the sofa.

Nikolai Vsevolodovich looked around; the room was tiny, low; the furniture was the most necessary, wooden chairs and a sofa, also of quite new manufacture, without upholstery or pillows, two limewood tables, one by the sofa and the other in the corner, covered with a tablecloth, all cluttered with things, over which a very clean napkin had been spread. The whole room was also obviously kept extremely clean. Captain Lebyadkin had not been drunk for some eight days; his face had become somehow bloated and yellow; his look was restless, curious, and obviously bewildered; it was all too noticeable that he himself did not yet know in what tone he should begin to speak or it would be most profitable for him to strike straight off.

"Here, sir," he pointed around him, "I live like Zossima. ^[98] Sobriety, solitude, and poverty—the vow of the knights of old."

"You think the knights of old used to make such vows?" "Maybe I've got it muddled. Alas, no development for me! I've ruined everything! Believe me, Nikolai Vsevolodovich, here for the first time I've recovered from my shameful predilections—not a glass, not a drop! I have a corner to live in, and for six days I've been feeling a well-being of conscience. Even the walls smell of resin, reminding one of nature. And what was I, who was I?"

I blow about by night unhoused, By day with my tongue hanging out, in the poet's ingenious expression! ^[99] But... how wet you are... Wouldn't you like some tea?"

"Don't bother."

"The samovar was boiling since before eight, but... went out... like everything in this world. And the sun, they say, will go out in its turn... Still, if you want, I can come up with it. Agafya's not asleep."

"Tell me, Marya Timofeevna is..."

"Here, here," Lebyadkin at once picked up, in a whisper. "Would you like to have a look?" he pointed towards the closed door to the other room.

"Not asleep?"

"Oh, no, no, how could she be? On the contrary, she's been waiting since evening, and as soon as she learned of it today, she immediately saw to her toilette," he twisted his mouth for a moment into a playful little smile, but instantly checked himself.

"How is she, generally?" Nikolai Vsevolodovich asked, frowning.

"Generally? That, sir, you know yourself" (he shrugged regretfully), "and now... now she sits reading the cards..."

"Very well, later; first we must finish with you."

Nikolai Vsevolodovich sat down on a chair.

The captain did not dare to sit on the sofa, but at once pulled another chair over for himself and bent forward to listen in trembling expectation.

"And what is it you've got there in the corner under the cloth?" Nikolai Vsevolodovich suddenly paid attention.

"That, sir?" Lebyadkin also turned around. "That is from your own generousities, by way of housewarming, so to speak, also taking into account the further way and natural fatigue," he tittered sweetly, then rose from his seat and, tiptoeing over, reverently and carefully took the cloth from the table in the corner. Under it a light supper turned out to have been prepared: ham, veal, sardines, cheese, a small greenish carafe, and a tall bottle of Bordeaux; everything had been laid out neatly, expertly, and almost elegantly.

"Was it you who saw to that?"

"Me, sir. Since yesterday, and whatever I could do to honor ... And Marya Timofeevna, you know yourself, is indifferent in this respect. And, above all, it's from your generosity, it's yours, since you are the master here, not me, and I'm only by way of being your steward, so to speak, for all the same, all the same, Nikolai Vsevolodovich, all the same I am independent in spirit! You won't take away this last possession of mine, will you?" he ended sweetly.

"Hm! ... why don't you sit back down."

"With gra-a-attitude, gratitude and independence!" (He sat down.) "Ah, Nikolai Vsevolodovich, so much has been stewing in this heart that I couldn't wait for you to come! So you will now decide my fate, and... that unfortunate woman's, and then... then, as I used to, in the old days, I'll pour everything out to you, as four years ago! You did deign to listen to me then, you read my stanzas... And though you used to call me your Falstaff from Shakespeare, you meant so much in my fate! ... I have great fears now, and wait for counsel and light from you alone. Pyotr Stepanovich acts terribly with me!"

Nikolai Vsevolodovich listened with curiosity, studying him closely. It was obvious that Captain Lebyadkin, though he had stopped drinking, was still far from being in a harmonious state. Something incoherent, dazed, something damaged and crazy, as it were, finally settles for good into such long-term drunkards, though, by the way, they can cheat, dodge, and sham almost no worse than anyone else if need be.

"I see you haven't changed at all, Captain, in these four years," Nikolai Vsevolodovich said, as if somewhat more kindly. "It must be true that the whole second half of a man's life is most often made up only of habits accumulated during the first half."

"Lofty words! You've solved the riddle of life!" the captain cried, half shamming and half really in genuine delight, because he was a great lover of little sayings. "Of all your sayings, Nikolai Vsevolodovich, there's one I remember especially; you uttered it back in Petersburg: 'One must be a great man indeed to be able to hold out even against common sense.' There, sir!"

"Or else a fool."

"Yes, sir, or else a fool, I suppose, but you've poured out witticisms all your life, while they... Let Liputin, let Pyotr Stepanovich try uttering anything like that! Oh, how cruelly Pyotr Stepanovich acted with me! ..."

"But what about you, Captain, how did you act?"

"A drunken state, and the myriads of my enemies besides! But now all, all has gone past, and I renew myself like the serpent. Nikolai Vsevolodovich, do you know that I'm writing my will, and have already written it?"

"Curious. What is it you're leaving, and to whom?"

"To the fatherland, to mankind, and to students. Nikolai Vsevolodovich, in the newspapers I read a biography about an American. He left his whole huge fortune to factories and for the positive sciences, his skeleton to the students at the academy there, and his skin to make a drum so as to have the American national anthem drummed on it day and night. Alas, we're pygmies compared to the soaring ideas of the North American States; Russia is a freak of nature, but not of mind. If I were to try and bequeath my skin for a drum, to the Akmolinsk infantry regiment, for example, where I had the honor of beginning my service, so as to have the Russian national anthem drummed on it every day in front of the regiment, it would be regarded as liberalism, my skin would be forbidden... and so I limited myself only to students. I want to bequeath my skeleton to the academy, on condition, however, that a label be pasted to its forehead unto ages of ages, reading: 'Repentant Freethinker.' There, sir!"

The captain spoke ardently and, to be sure, already believed in the beauty of the American bequest, but he was also a knave and wanted very much to make Nikolai Vsevolodovich laugh, having for a long time been in the position of his buffoon. Yet he did not even smile, but, on the contrary, asked somehow suspiciously:

"So you intend to make your will public in your lifetime, and get rewarded for it?"

"And what if it were so, Nikolai Vsevolodovich, what if it were so?" Lebyadkin peered at him cautiously. "For just you look at my fate! I've even stopped writing poetry, and there was a time when even you were amused by my little verses, Nikolai Vsevolodovich, remember, over a bottle? But it's all finished with my pen. I've written only one poem, like Gogol's 'Last Story,'

remember, how he announced to Russia then that it 'sang itself out of his breast. ^[100] Well, it's the same with me, I sang it and basta!"

"And what is this poem?"

"'In Case If She Broke Her Leg!'"

"Wha-a-at?"

This was just what the captain had been waiting for. He respected and valued his poems beyond measure, but besides, through some knavish duplicity of soul, he also liked it that Nikolai Vsevolodovich had always made merry over his little poems in the past, and had sometimes roared with laughter at them, holding his sides. Thus two objects were achieved—one poetic, the other subservient; but now there was also a third, special and quite ticklish object: the captain, by bringing poetry onto the scene, hoped to justify himself on one point, about which for some reason he had great apprehensions, and in which he felt himself at fault most of all.

“‘In Case If She Broke Her Leg,’ that is, in case of horseback riding. A fantasy, Nikolai Vsevolodovich, raving, but a poet’s raving: I was struck once, in passing, when I encountered a girl on horseback, and asked a material question: ‘What would happen then?’—that is, in such case. The answer is clear: all pretenders back out, all wooers vanish, so it goes and wipe your nose, the poet alone will be left with his heart squashed in his breast. Nikolai Vsevolodovich, even a louse, even he can be in love, even he is not forbidden by any laws. And yet the person was offended by both the letter and the poem. I hear even you got angry—is it so, sir; that’s regrettable; I didn’t even want to believe it. Who could I harm with just my imagination? Besides, I swear on my honor, it was Liputin: ‘Send it, send it, every man deserves the right of correspondence’—so I sent it.”

“I believe you proposed yourself as a fiancé?”

“Enemies, enemies, enemies!”

“Recite the poem,” Nikolai Vsevolodovich sternly interrupted.

“Raving, raving, above all.”

Nevertheless, he drew himself up, raised his hand, and began:

“The beauty of beauties broke her member And twice more intriguing she became, And twice more burning was love’s ember In him who already felt the same.”

“Well, enough,” Nikolai Vsevolodovich waved his hand.

“I dream of Petersburg,” Lebyadkin skipped quickly on, as if there never had been any poem, “I dream of regeneration... Benefactor! Can I count on not being denied the means for the journey? I’ve been waiting for you all week as for the sun.”

“Ah, no, sorry, I have almost no means left, and, besides, why should I give you money?...”

It was as if Nikolai Vsevolodovich suddenly became angry. Dryly and briefly he listed all the captain’s crimes: drinking, lying, spending money intended for Marya Timofeevna, taking her from the convent, insolent letters with threats to make the secret public, his conduct with Darya Pavlovna, and so on and so forth. The captain heaved, gesticulated, tried to object, but each time Nikolai Vsevolodovich imperiously stopped him.

“And, I beg your pardon,” he finally observed, “but you keep writing about a ‘family disgrace.’ Why is it so disgraceful for you that your sister is legally married to Stavrogin?”

“But the marriage is kept covered up, Nikolai Vsevolodovich, covered up, a fatal secret. I get money from you, and suddenly I’m asked the question: What is this money for? My hands are tied, I can’t answer, to the detriment of my sister, to the detriment of my family dignity.”

The captain raised his tone: he loved this theme and was counting firmly on it. Alas, he in no way anticipated how dashed he was going to be. Calmly and precisely, as if it were a matter of the most ordinary household instructions, Nikolai Vsevolodovich informed him that one of those days, perhaps even the next day or the day after, he intended to make his marriage known everywhere, “to the police as well as to society,” and, consequently, the question of family dignity would end of itself, and along with it the question of subsidies. The captain goggled his eyes; he did not even understand; he had to have it explained to him.

“But isn’t she a... half-wit?”

“I’ll make certain arrangements.”

“But... what about your mother?”

“Well, that’s as she likes.”

“But won’t you have to bring your wife into your house?”

“Perhaps so. That, however, is in the fullest sense none of your business and does not concern you at all.”

“How does it not concern me!” cried the captain. “And what am I to do?”

“Well, you certainly will not enter the house.”

“But am I not a relation?”

“One flees such relations. Consider for yourself, then, why should I give you any money?”

“Nikolai Vsevolodovich, Nikolai Vsevolodovich, this cannot be, perhaps you’ll still consider, you don’t want to lay hands on... what will the world think, what will it say?”

“Much I fear your world. Didn’t I marry your sister then, when I wanted to, after a drunken dinner, on a bet for wine, and why shouldn’t I now proclaim it aloud ... if it now amuses me?”

He uttered this somehow especially irritably, so that Lebyadkin, with horror, began to believe it.

“But me, what about me, I’m the main thing here! ... Perhaps you’re joking, Nikolai Vsevolodovich, sir?”

“No, I am not joking.”

“Be it as you will, Nikolai Vsevolodovich, but I don’t believe you... I’ll file a petition then.”

“You are terribly stupid, Captain.”

“Maybe so, but this is all I’ve got left!” the captain was totally muddled. “Before, we were at least given lodging for the work she did in those corners, but now what will happen if you drop me altogether?”

“But don’t you want to go to Petersburg and change your career?”

Incidentally, is it true what I’ve heard, that you intended to go and make a denunciation, hoping to obtain a pardon by naming all the others?”

The captain gaped, goggle-eyed, and did not reply.

“Listen, Captain,” Stavrogin suddenly began to speak with extreme seriousness, leaning slightly across the table. Up to then he had spoken somehow ambiguously, so that Lebyadkin, experienced in the role of buffoon, remained a bit uncertain until the last

moment whether his master was really angry or was only teasing, whether he really had the wild idea of announcing his marriage or was only playing. But now the unusually stern look of Nikolai Vsevolodovich was so convincing that a chill even ran down the captain's spine. "Listen and tell the truth, Lebyadkin: have you made any denunciation yet, or not? Have you managed to really do anything? Did you send some letter out of foolishness?"

"No, sir, I haven't managed... and wasn't thinking of it," the captain stared.

"Well, that you weren't thinking of it is a lie. That's why you were begging to go to Petersburg. If you haven't written, you must have blabbed something to somebody. Tell the truth, I've heard a thing or two."

"To Liputin, while drunk. Liputin is a traitor. I opened my heart to him," the poor captain whispered.

"Heart or not, there's no need to be a tomfool. If you had a notion, you should have kept it to yourself; smart people are silent nowadays, they don't talk."

"Nikolai Vsevolodovich!" the captain started to tremble. "You had no part in anything, it's not you that I..."

"Of course, you wouldn't dare denounce your milch cow."

"Nikolai Vsevolodovich, consider, consider! ..." and in despair, in tears, the captain began hurriedly telling his story over all those four years. This was a most stupid story of a fool who had been drawn into something that was not his business, and the importance of which he scarcely understood until the very last minute, being occupied with drinking and carousing. He told how, while still in Petersburg, he "firstly got carried away just out of friendship, like a loyal student, though not being a student," and, knowing nothing, "guilty of nothing," was spreading various papers in stairways, leaving them by the dozens in doorways, behind bellpulls, sticking them in instead of newspapers, bringing them to theaters, tucking them into hats, slipping them into pockets. And later he had started taking money from them, "for my means, just think of my means, sir!" He had spread "all sorts of rubbish" over the districts of two provinces. "Oh, Nikolai Vsevolodovich," he went on exclaiming, "what made me most indignant was its being completely against all civic and predominantly fatherland laws! It would suddenly be printed to go out with pitchforks, and remember that he who goes out poor in the morning may come home rich in the evening—just think, sir! I myself used to get the shudders, but I kept spreading them around. Or else suddenly, five or six lines, to the whole of Russia, out of the blue: 'Quick, lock the churches, destroy God, break up marriages, destroy the rights of inheritance, grab your knives'—that's all, and God knows what next. It was with that piece, the one with the five lines, sir, that I almost got caught; the officers of the regiment gave me a beating, but, God bless them, they let me go. And then last year they almost got me when I gave French counterfeit fifty-ruble bills to Korovaev; but, thank God, just then Korovaev drowned in the pond while drunk, and they didn't have time to expose me. Here at Virginsky's I proclaimed the freedom of the social wife. In June I again did some spreading around the ——— district. They say they'll make me do more of it... Pyotr Stepanovich suddenly let me know that I have to obey; he's been threatening me for a long time. And how he treated me on that

Sunday, really! Nikolai Vsevolodovich, I am a slave, I am a worm, but not a god—that is my only difference from Derzhavin. ^[101] But my means, just think of my means!"

Nikolai Vsevolodovich listened to it all with curiosity.

"Much of that I knew nothing about," he said. "Of course, anything could happen with you... Listen," he said, after some reflection, "if you like, tell them—well, you know whom—that Liputin was lying, and that you only meant to scare me a bit with a denunciation, thinking that I, too, was compromised, so as to extract more money from me that way... Understand?"

"Nikolai Vsevolodovich, my dear, can I really be threatened with such a danger? I've been waiting only so I could ask you."

Nikolai Vsevolodovich grinned.

"You certainly won't be allowed to go to Petersburg, even if I give you money for the trip... but, anyhow, it's time I went to Marya Timofeevna," and he got up from his chair.

"And, Nikolai Vsevolodovich, what about Marya Timofeevna?" "Just as I said."

"Can that also be true?"

"You still don't believe it?" "Can it be that you'll cast me off like an old, worn-out boot?"

"We'll see," laughed Nikolai Vsevolodovich. "Well, let me go."

"Wouldn't you like to order me to stay out on the porch, sir... so as not to overhear something somehow, by chance... because the rooms are tiny."

"That's a good idea; stay out on the porch. Take the umbrella."; "Your umbrella ... am I worth it, sir?" the captain oversweetened.

"Every man is worth an umbrella."

"At one stroke you define the minimum of human rights..."

But he was now babbling mechanically; he was too overwhelmed by the news, and became totally bewildered. And yet, almost at once, as soon as he stepped out onto the porch and opened the umbrella over him, the usual soothing notion began to hatch in his frivolous and knavish head, that he was being cheated and lied to, and, if so, it was not he who should fear, but he who was feared.

"If they're lying and cheating me, what precisely is the gist of it?" buzzed in his head. The announcement of the marriage seemed absurd to him: "True, anything can happen with such a wonder-worker; he lives for people's evil. And what if he's afraid himself, after Sunday's affront, and more so than ever before? So he comes running to assure me he's going to announce it himself, for fear I'll announce it. Eh, don't miss your mark, Lebyadkin! And why then come by night, by stealth, if he wants the publicity himself? And if he's afraid, it means he's afraid now, precisely at this moment, precisely in these few days... Eh, don't slip up, Lebyadkin! ...

"He frightens me with Pyotr Stepanovich. Aie, it's scary, aie, it's scary; no, that's where it's really scary! What ever made me blab about it to Liputin! Devil knows what these devils are cooking up, I never could make it out. They've begun to stir again, like five years ago. True, whom could I denounce them to? 'You didn't write to anybody out of foolishness?' Hm. So one could write as if it was out of foolishness? Is he advising me? 'That's why you're going to Petersburg.' The rogue, I just had a dream, and he's already guessed it! As if he himself was pushing me to go. There can only be one of two things here: either he's afraid, again, because he got into some mischief, or ... or he's not afraid himself and is only prompting me so that I'll denounce them all! Oh, scary, Lebyadkin, oh, just don't let me miss my mark! ..."

He fell to thinking so deeply that he even forgot to eavesdrop. Anyhow, eavesdropping was difficult; the door was a thick, single-leafed one, and they were speaking very softly; some indistinct sounds could be heard. The captain even spat and went back out, thoughtful, to whistle on the porch.

X

Marya Timofeevna's room was twice the size of the one occupied by the captain, and furnished with the same crude furniture; but the table in front of the sofa was covered with a bright, festive tablecloth; a lamp was burning on it; a beautiful carpet was spread over the whole floor; the bed was set apart behind a green curtain that ran the whole length of the room; and there was, besides, one big, soft armchair by the table, in which, however, Marya Timofeevna never sat. In the corner, as in her former lodgings, there was an icon with an icon lamp burning in front of it, and on the table the same indispensable little things were laid out: the deck of cards, the little mirror, the Songbook, even the sweet roll. In addition to which there had also appeared two books with colored pictures, one of extracts from popular travel writings adapted for young readers, the other a collection of light didactic tales, mostly about knights, intended for Christmases and boarding schools. There was also an album of various photographs. Marya Timofeevna was, of course, expecting her visitor, as the captain had said; but when Nikolai Vsevolodovich entered her room, she was asleep, half reclining on the sofa, leaning on an embroidered pillow. The visitor closed the door inaudibly behind him and, without moving from the spot, began to study the sleeping woman.

The captain had stretched things a bit when he said that she had seen to her toilette. She was wearing the same dark dress as on Sunday at Varvara Petrovna's. Her hair was done up in the same way, in a tiny knot at the nape; her long and dry neck was bared in the same way. The black shawl given her by Varvara Petrovna lay on the sofa, carefully folded. As usual, she was crudely made up with white and rouge. Nikolai Vsevolodovich had not been standing there even a minute when she suddenly awoke, as if she had felt his gaze on her, opened her eyes, and quickly sat up straight. But something strange must also have happened with the visitor: he went on standing in the same spot by the door; with a fixed and piercing look he stared silently and persistently into her face. Perhaps this look was excessively stern, perhaps it expressed loathing, even a malicious delight in her fear—unless the half-awake Marya Timofeevna was simply imagining it—but suddenly, after almost a minute-long pause, the poor woman's face took on an expression of complete horror; spasms ran across it, she raised her hands, shaking them, and suddenly began to cry, exactly like a frightened child; another moment and she would have screamed. But the visitor came to his senses; in an instant his face changed, and he approached the table with a most amiable and tender smile.

"I'm sorry I frightened you, Marya Timofeevna, by coming in unexpectedly while you were asleep," he said, giving her his hand.

The sound of these tender words produced its effect, her fright vanished, though she still looked at him with fear, apparently trying to understand something. Fearfully, she also gave him her hand. At last a smile stirred timidly on her lips.

"Greetings, Prince," she whispered, peering at him somehow strangely.

"You must have been having a bad dream?" he went on smiling with ever more amiability and tenderness.

"And how did you know I was dreaming *about that*? . . ."

And she suddenly trembled again and recoiled, raising her hand in front of her as if to protect herself, and preparing to cry again.

"Pull yourself together, enough, there's nothing to fear, didn't you recognize me?" Nikolai Vsevolodovich tried to persuade her, but this time it took him some while to persuade her; she looked at him silently, with the same tormenting bewilderment, with a heavy thought in her poor head, still straining to think her way through to something. She would drop her eyes, then suddenly look him over with a quick, embracing glance. Finally, she seemed not so much to calm down as to reach a decision.

"Sit here, next to me, I beg you, so that I can have a good look at you afterwards," she said quite firmly, with some new and obvious purpose. "And don't worry now, I won't look at you, I'll look down. And don't you look at me either, until I myself ask you to. Do sit," she added, even impatiently.

A new sensation seemed to be taking more and more possession of her.

Nikolai Vsevolodovich sat down and waited; there was quite a long silence.

"Hm! It seems all strange to me," she muttered suddenly, almost in disgust. "I am full of bad dreams, of course; only why should you come into my dreams in such a way?"

"Well, let's leave dreams out of it," he said impatiently, turning to her despite her prohibition, and perhaps the former expression flashed in his eyes again. He saw that several times she would have liked, and liked very much, to glance at him, but that she stubbornly resisted and looked down.

"Listen, Prince," she raised her voice suddenly, "listen, Prince..."

"Why did you turn away, why don't you look at me, what is this comedy about?" he cried, unable to help himself.

But it was as if she had not heard him at all.

"Listen, Prince," she repeated for the third time, in a firm voice, with an unpleasant, preoccupied look on her face. "When you told me in the carriage then that the marriage would be announced, I felt afraid right then that the secret would be over. Now I really don't know; I kept thinking, and I see clearly that I'm not fit at all. I could dress up, I could receive people, too, perhaps—it's not so hard to invite people for a cup of tea, especially if there are servants. But, still, how will they look at it from outside? I noticed a lot in that house then, that Sunday morning. That pretty young lady watched me all the time, especially when you came in. It was you who came in then, eh? Her mother's just a funny little old society lady. My Lebyadkin also distinguished himself; so as not to burst out laughing, I had to keep looking up at the ceiling; the ceiling there is nicely decorated. *His* mother ought to be the superior of a convent; I'm afraid of her, though she gave me her black shawl. It must be they all attested me then from an unexpected side; I'm not angry, only I was sitting there then and thinking: what kind of relation am I to them? Of course, what's required of a countess is only qualities of

soul—because for housekeeping she has lots of servants—and some bit of worldly coquetry besides, so as to be able to receive foreign travelers. But, still, that Sunday they looked at me hopelessly. Only Dasha is an angel. I'm very afraid they may upset *him* with some imprudent comment on my account."

"Don't be afraid or worried," Nikolai Vsevolodovich twisted his mouth.

"Anyway, for me it won't matter much even if he should be a little ashamed of me, because there's always more pity in it than shame, depending on the person, of course. He does know that I ought rather to pity them than they me."

"You seem to be very offended with them, Marya Timofeevna?" "Who, me? No," she smiled simpleheartedly. "Not a bit. I looked at you all then: you're all angry, you're all quarreling; you get together and can't even laugh from the heart. So much wealth and so little joy—it's all loathsome to me. But, anyway, I don't pity anyone now except my own self."

"I've heard your life with your brother was bad without me?" "Who told you so? Nonsense; it's much worse now; my dreams are not so good now, and they became not so good because you arrived. Why, tell me, please, did you appear, if I may ask?" "And don't you want to go back to the convent?" "Well, I could just feel they were going to offer me the convent again! As if I haven't seen your convent! And why should I go there, what will I bring with me? I'm as alone as can be now! It's too late for me to begin a third life."

"You are very angry about something, perhaps you're afraid I've stopped loving you?"

"I don't care about you at all. I'm afraid I myself may well stop loving someone."

She grinned contemptuously.

"I must be guilty before *him* in some very big way," she added suddenly, as if to herself, "only I don't know what I'm guilty of, that is my whole grief forever. Always, always, for all these five years I've feared day and night that I'm guilty before him for something. I've prayed sometimes, prayed and kept thinking about my great guilt before him. And so it's turned out to be true."

"But what is it?"

"I'm only afraid there may be something on *his* part," she went on without answering his question, not even hearing it at all. "Again, he couldn't really become close with such paltry people. The countess would gladly eat me, even though she put me in her carriage. They're all in the conspiracy—is he, too? Has he, too, betrayed me?" (Her lips and chin began to tremble.) "Listen, you: have

you read about Grishka Otrepev, who was cursed at the seven councils?" ^[102]

Nikolai Vsevolodovich did not answer.

"Anyway, I'll now turn and look at you," she suddenly seemed to make up her mind. "You also turn and look at me, only look more intently. I want to make sure for the last time."

"I've been looking at you for a long time."

"Hm," said Marya Timofeevna, studying him closely, "you've grown fatter ..."

She wanted to say something more, but then again, for the third time, the same fright instantly distorted her face, and she again recoiled, raising her hand in front of her.

"What's the matter with you?" Nikolai Vsevolodovich cried out, almost in rage.

But the fright lasted only an instant; her face twisted into some strange smile, suspicious, unpleasant.

"I beg you, Prince, to get up and come in," she suddenly said, in a firm and insistent voice.

"How, *come in*? Come in where?"

"All these five years I've only been imagining how *he* would come in. Get up now and go out the door, into the other room. I'll sit here as if I'm not expecting anything and take a book in my hands, and suddenly you will come in after five years of traveling. I want to see how it will be."

Nikolai Vsevolodovich gnashed his teeth to himself and growled something incomprehensible.

"Enough," he said, slapping the table with his palm. "I beg you to listen to me, Marya Timofeevna. Kindly collect all your attention, if you can. You're not completely mad, after all!" he burst out impatiently. "Tomorrow I am announcing our marriage. You will never live in a mansion, don't deceive yourself. Would you like to live with me all your life, only very far from here? It's in the mountains, in Switzerland, there's a place there... Don't worry, I'll never abandon you or send you to the madhouse. I have enough money to live without begging. You'll have a maid; you won't do any work. Everything you want that's possible, you will be given. You will pray, go wherever you like, and do whatever you like. I won't touch you. I also won't stir from the place all my life. If you want, I won't speak to you all my life; if you want, you can tell me your stories every evening, as you did in those corners in Petersburg. I'll read books to you if you wish. But realize that it will be so all your life, in one place, and the place is a gloomy one. Do you want to? Are you resolved? You won't repent, you won't torment me with tears, curses?"

She heard him out with great curiosity, and thought silently for a long time.

"It's all incredible to me," she said at last, mockingly and disgustedly. "I might live like that for forty years in those mountains." She laughed.

"Well, so we'll live there for forty years," Nikolai Vsevolodovich scowled deeply.

"Hm. I won't go for anything."

"Not even with me?"

"And what are you that I should go with you? To sit with him on a mountain for forty years on end—I see what he's up to! Really, what patient people we've got nowadays! No, it can't be that my falcon has turned into an owl. My prince is not like that!" She raised her head proudly and solemnly.

Something seemed to dawn on him.

"Why do you call me prince, and... whom do you take me for?" he asked quickly.

"What? You're not a prince?"

"And I never have been."

"So you, you yourself, admit right to my face that you're not a prince?"

"I tell you, I never have been."

"Lord!" she clasped her hands, "I expected anything from *his* enemies, but such boldness—never! Is he alive?" she cried out in a frenzy, moving upon Nikolai Vsevolodovich. "Have you killed him, or not? Confess!"

"Whom do you take me for!" he jumped up from his seat, his face distorted; but by now it was difficult to frighten her, she was triumphant:

"Who knows who you are or where you popped up from! Only my heart, my heart sensed the whole intrigue all these five years! And I'm sitting here, wondering: what's this blind owl up to? No, my dear, you're a bad actor, even worse than Lebyadkin. Go bow as low as you can to the countess for me, and tell her to send someone cleaner than you. Did she hire you? Speak! Does she keep you in the kitchen for charity? I see through your whole deception, I know you all, to a man!"

He seized her firmly by the arm, above the elbow; she was laughing loudly in his face:

"You look very much like him, you do, maybe you might be his relative—sly people! Only *mine* is a bright falcon and a prince, and you are a barn owl and a little merchant! Mine will bow to God if he wishes, and won't if he doesn't, and you have had your face slapped by Shatushka (he's a dear, a sweet man, my darling!), my Lebyadkin told me. And why did you get scared then, as you walked in? Who frightened you then? As soon as I saw your mean face, when I fell and you picked me up—it was as if a worm crept into my heart: not *him*, I thought, it's not *him*! My falcon would never be ashamed of me in front of a fashionable young lady! Oh, Lord! but this alone has kept me happy all these five years, that my falcon lives and flies somewhere beyond the mountains, and gazes on the sun... Tell me, impostor, how much did you get? Did you agree for a big sum? I wouldn't give you a kopeck. Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ohh, idiot!" rasped Nikolai Vsevolodovich, still firmly holding her arm.

"Away, impostor!" she cried commandingly. "I am my prince's wife, your knife doesn't frighten me!"

"Knife!"

"Yes, knife! you have a knife in your pocket. You thought I was asleep, but I saw it: tonight, as you came in, you pulled out your knife!"

"What are you saying, wretched woman, is this the sort of dreams you have?" he cried out, and pushed her away from him with all his might, so that her head and shoulders even struck painfully against the sofa. He bolted; but she jumped up at once and went after him, limping and hopping, trying to overtake him, and from the porch, while the frightened Lebyadkin tried with all his might to restrain her, she managed to shout after him into the darkness, shrieking and laughing:

"Grishka Otrepev, anathema!"

XI

"A knife, a knife!" he repeated, in unquenchable spite, striding broadly over mud and puddles without looking where he was going. True, at moments he wanted terribly to laugh, loudly, furiously; but for some reason he controlled himself and restrained his laughter. He came to his senses only on the bridge, just at the spot where he had previously met Fedka; the very same Fedka was again waiting for him there, and, seeing him, took off his cap, gaily bared his teeth, and at once began jabbering about something, perkily and gaily. Nikolai Vsevolodovich at first walked past without stopping, and for some time did not even listen at all to the tramp, who again tagged after him. He was suddenly struck by the thought that he had completely forgotten about him, and forgotten precisely at the time when he was repeating every moment to himself: "A knife, a knife!" He seized the tramp by the scruff of the neck and, with all his pent-up anger, dashed him against the bridge as hard as he could. For a moment the man thought of putting up a fight, but realizing almost at once that he was something like a straw compared with his adversary, who, moreover, had attacked unexpectedly—he quieted down and fell silent, without offering the least resistance. On his knees, pressed to the ground, his elbows wrenched behind his back, the sly tramp calmly waited for the denouement, apparently not believing there was any danger at all.

He was not mistaken. Nikolai Vsevolodovich had already taken off his warm scarf with his left hand, to tie his captive's arms, but suddenly, for some reason, abandoned him and pushed him away. The man jumped to his feet at once, turned around, and a short, broad cobbler's knife, which instantly appeared from somewhere, flashed in his hand.

"Away with the knife, put it away, now!" Nikolai Vsevolodovich *ordered*, with an impatient gesture, and the knife vanished as instantly as it had appeared.

Nikolai Vsevolodovich went on his way again, silently and without turning around; but the stubborn scoundrel still did not leave him alone, though, true, he no longer jabbered, and even respectfully observed a distance of one full step behind. Thus they crossed the bridge and came out on the bank, turning left this time into another long and obscure back lane, which was a shorter way to the center of town than the previous way down Bogoyavlenskaya Street.

"Is it true what they say, that you robbed a church the other day, somewhere here in the district?" Nikolai Vsevolodovich suddenly asked.

"Well, I mean, as a matter of fact, I stopped in firstly to pray, sir," the tramp answered sedately and deferentially, as if nothing had happened; not even sedately, but almost dignifiedly. There was no trace of the former "friendly" familiarity. One glimpsed a practical and serious man, who, though unjustly offended, was capable of forgetting offenses.

"Then, once the Lord had brought me there," he went on, "I thought, ah, what a heavenly blessing! It's owing to my being an orphan that this thing has happened, because in my destiny it's quite impossible without assistance. And then, by God, sir, it was my loss, the Lord punished me for my sins: all I got for the swinger and the swatter and the deacon's girth was twelve roubles. Nicholas the

Wonder-worker's pure silver getup went for nothing; they said it was similar."^[13]

"You killed the beadle?"

"I mean, we bagged it together, me and that beadle; it was only towards morning, by the river, we got to quarreling mutually, who

should carry the sack. I sinned, I lightened his load for him."

"Kill more, steal more."

"That's the same thing Pyotr Stepanovich advises me, sir, word for word just what you say, because he's an extremely stingy and hardhearted man when it comes to assistance, sir. Besides from the fact that he doesn't have even a straw of belief in the heavenly creator who made us out of earthly dust, sir, but says nature alone arranged it all, supposedly even to the last beast, and what's more he doesn't understand that in my destiny it's quite impossible to do entirely without beneficent assistance, sir. I start explaining it to him, and he stares like a sheep at water, you can only wonder at him. Now, would you believe it, sir, with this Captain Lebyadkin, where you just visited, if you please, sir, when he was still living at Filippov's before you, sir, his door sometimes stood wide open all night, sir, he himself lying dead drunk and money spilling out of all his pockets onto the floor. I happened to observe it with my own eyes, because the way my life is, it's quite impossible without assistance, sir..."

"How, with your own eyes? Did you go in there at night, or what?"

"Maybe I did, only nobody knows."

"Why didn't you put a knife in him?"

"After making a reckoning, I steadied myself, sir. Because once I knew for sure that I could take out about a hundred and fifty roubles anytime, then how should I venture into such a thing when I can take out the whole fifteen hundred, provided I just wait a bit? Since Captain Lebyadkin (I heard it with my own ears, sir) always had gr-r-reat hopes of you in his drunken state, sir, and there's no such tavern establishment around here, not even the lowest pot-house, where he wouldn't announce as much, being in that same state, sir. So that, hearing about it from many lips, I, too, began to place all my hopes in Your Excellency. I'm telling it to you, sir, as I would to my own father or brother, because Pyotr Stepanovich will never find it out from me, and neither will a single soul else. So then, how about three little roubles, Your Excellency, would you be so kind, sir, or not? You'd unbind me, sir, so that I'd know the real truth, I mean, because it's quite impossible for me without assistance, sir."

Nikolai Vsevolodovich guffawed loudly, and taking from his pocket a wallet that contained as much as fifty roubles in small bills, he pulled one out of the wad for him, then another, a third, a fourth. Fedka caught them in the air, rushed about, the bills rained down into the mud, Fedka caught at them with little cries: "Ah, ah!" Nikolai Vsevolodovich finally threw the whole wad at him, and, still guffawing, set off down the lane, this time alone. The tramp stayed behind, fussing on his knees in the mud, picking up the bills that had scattered on the wind or sunk in puddles, and for a whole hour one could hear his abrupt little cries from the darkness: "Ah, ah!"

07: The Duel

1

The next day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the proposed duel took place. ^[104] The speedy outcome of the affair was furthered by Artemy Pavlovich Gaganov's indomitable desire to fight at all costs. He did not understand his adversary's conduct, and was furious. For a whole month he had been insulting him with impunity, and was still unable to make him lose patience. He needed a challenge from Nikolai Vsevolodovich, because he had no direct pretext for a challenge himself. And for some reason he was embarrassed to admit his secret motive—that is, simply a morbid hatred of Stavrogin for the family insult of four years ago. And he himself considered this pretext impossible, especially in view of the humble apologies already twice offered by Nikolai Vsevolodovich. Inwardly he set Stavrogin down as a shameless coward; he simply could not understand how he could suffer a slap from Shatov; and thus he finally resolved to send that letter, remarkable in its rudeness, which finally prompted Nikolai Vsevolodovich to suggest a meeting himself. Having sent this letter the day before, and awaiting the challenge with feverish impatience, morbidly reckoning up his chances for it, now hopeful, now despairing, he provided himself, just in case, on the previous evening, with a second—namely, Mavriky Nikolaevich Drozdov, his friend from school days and a man he particularly respected. So it was that when Kirillov came with his errand the next day at nine o'clock in the morning, he found the ground quite prepared. All the apologies and unheard-of concessions of Nikolai Vsevolodovich were rejected at once, from the first word, and with remarkable vehemence. Mavriky Nikolaevich, who had learned only the day before of the course the affair had taken, gaped at astonishment at such unheard-of offers, and wanted to insist at once on a reconciliation, but noticing that Artemy Pavlovich, who guessed his intentions, almost started shaking in his chair, he kept silent and said nothing. Had it not been for the word he had given his friend, he would have walked out immediately; he stayed solely in hopes of helping at least with something in the outcome of the affair. Kirillov conveyed the challenge; all the conditions stipulated for the meeting by Stavrogin were accepted at once, literally, without the least objection. Only one addition was made, albeit a very cruel one—namely, that if nothing decisive occurred at the first shots, they would begin over again; if it ended with nothing the second time, they would begin a third time. Kirillov frowned, bargained a little about the third time, but, having bargained unsuccessfully, agreed, on condition, however, that "three times was possible, but four absolutely not." This they conceded. And so, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the meeting took place at Brykovo, that is, a little woods outside town, between Skvoreshniki on one side and the Shpigulins' factory on the other. Yesterday's rain had stopped entirely, but it was wet, damp, and windy. Low, dull, broken clouds raced quickly across the cold sky; the trees rustled densely and rollingly at their tops, and creaked on their roots; the morning was very melancholy.

Gaganov and Mavriky Nikolaevich arrived at the place in a jaunty char-à-banc and pair, driven by Artemy Pavlovich; they had a servant with them. At almost the same moment, Nikolai Vsevolodovich and Kirillov appeared, not in a carriage but on horseback, and also accompanied by a mounted servant. Kirillov, who had never mounted a horse before, sat bold and straight in the saddle, clutching in his right hand the heavy pistol box, which he would not entrust to the servant, and with his left hand, for want of skill, constantly twisting and pulling at the reins, causing the horse to toss its head and display a desire to rear, which, however, did not frighten the rider in the least. The insecure Gaganov, who took offense quickly and deeply, considered this arrival on horseback a new offense to himself, implying that his enemies therefore hoped for success, since they did not even assume the need for a carriage in case a wounded man had to be transported. He got down from his char-à-banc all yellow with anger, and felt his hands trembling, of which he informed Mavriky Nikolaevich. He did not respond at all to Nikolai Vsevolodovich's bow and turned away. The seconds cast lots: the lot fell on Kirillov's pistols. The barriers were measured out, the adversaries were placed, the carriage and horses were sent with the servants about three hundred paces off. The weapons were loaded and handed to the adversaries.

It is a pity the story must move on more quickly and there is no time for descriptions; but it is impossible to do without observations entirely. Mavriky Nikolaevich was melancholy and preoccupied. Kirillov, on the other hand, was perfectly calm and indifferent, very precise in the details of the duty he had assumed, but without the least fussiness, and almost without curiosity as to the fatal and so imminent outcome of the affair. Nikolai Vsevolodovich was paler than usual, dressed rather lightly in an overcoat and a white beaver hat. He seemed very tired, frowned from time to time, and did not find it at all necessary to conceal his unpleasant mood. But the most remarkable one at that moment was Artemy Pavlovich, so that it is altogether impossible not to say a few words about him quite separately.

II

We have had no occasion as yet to mention his appearance. He was a man of large stature, white-skinned, well-fed, as simple folk say, almost flabby, with thin blond hair, some thirty-three years old, and perhaps even handsome of feature. He had retired as a colonel, and had he attained the rank of general, he would have looked even more imposing as a general, and it may well be that a good combat

general would have come out of him.

One cannot omit, in characterizing the man, that the main reason for his retirement was the thought of his family disgrace, which haunted him long and painfully after the offense inflicted on his father four years ago in the club by Nikolai Stavrogin. In all conscience, he considered it dishonorable to continue in the service, and was inwardly convinced that he was a blot on his regiment and his comrades, though none of them even knew of the event. True, once before he had also wanted to leave the service, way back, long before the offense, and for a totally different reason, but he kept hesitating. Strange though it is to write it, this initial intention, or, better, impulse, to retire came from the manifesto of February nineteenth on the emancipation of the peasants. Artemy Pavlovich, the wealthiest landowner of our province, who did not even lose very much after the manifesto, who, moreover, was himself capable of being convinced of the humaneness of the measure and almost of understanding the economic advantages of the reform, suddenly, after the appearance of the manifesto, felt himself personally offended, as it were. This was something unconscious, like a sort of feeling, but all the stronger the more unaccountable it was. Before his father's death, however, he did not decide to undertake anything decisive; but in Petersburg he became known for his "noble" way of thinking to many notable persons with whom he assiduously maintained connections. This was a man withdrawn, closed up in himself. Another trait: he was one of those strange but still surviving Russian noblemen who greatly value the antiquity and purity of their noble lineage and are all too seriously interested in it. At the same time he could not bear Russian history, and regarded all Russian customs in general as somewhat swinish. Already in his childhood, in that special military school for wealthier and more aristocratic pupils in which he had the honor of beginning and ending his education, certain poetic attitudes took root in him: he became fond of castles, medieval life, the whole operatic side of it, chivalry; even then he

all but wept for shame that in the time of the Muscovite kingdom the tsar could corporally punish a Russian boyar, ^[105] and he blushed at the comparison. This taut, extremely strict man, who knew his service and discharged his duties remarkably well, in his soul was a dreamer. It was maintained that he could speak at meetings and had the gift of eloquence; yet he had kept silent in himself for all his thirty-three years. He bore himself with remarkable arrogance even in that grand Petersburg milieu in which he had moved of late. His meeting in Petersburg with Nikolai Vsevolodovich, who had just returned from abroad, almost drove him out of his mind. At the present moment, standing at the barrier, he was in terrible anxiety. He kept fancying that the thing might somehow not take place after all, and the slightest delay sent tremors through him. His face bore a pained expression when Kirillov, instead of giving the signal for the battle to begin, suddenly began to speak, for the sake of form, true, as he himself declared for all to hear:

"Just for the sake of form; now that pistols have been taken and the command must be given, for the last time, do you care to reconcile? The duty of a second."

As if on purpose, Mavriky Nikolaevich, who until then had been silent, but had been suffering inwardly since the previous day for his compliance and connivance, suddenly picked up Kirillov's thought and also spoke:

"I subscribe completely to Mr. Kirillov's words... the notion that it's impossible to reconcile standing at the barrier is a prejudice fit for Frenchmen ... Be it as you will, but I do not understand what the offense is and have long wanted to say ... because all kinds of apologies are being offered, aren't they?"

He blushed all over. Rarely had he chanced to speak so much and in such agitation.

"I again confirm my offer to present all possible apologies," Nikolai Vsevolodovich picked up with great haste.

"How is this possible?" Gaganov cried out furiously, turning to Mavriky Nikolaevich and frenziedly stamping his foot. "Do explain to this man, if you are my second and not my enemy, Mavriky Nikolaevich" (he jabbed his pistol in the direction of Nikolai Vsevolodovich) "that such concessions only add to the offense! He does not find it possible to be offended by me! ... He does not find it a disgrace to walk away from a duel with me! Who does he take me for after that, in your eyes... and you are my second! You're simply irritating me so that I'll miss." He stamped his foot again; spittle sprayed from his lips.

"Negotiations are over. I ask you to listen for the command!" Kirillov shouted as loudly as he could. "One! Two! Three!"

At the word *three*, the adversaries began walking towards each other. Gaganov raised his pistol at once and fired at the fifth or sixth step. He stopped for a second and, ascertaining that he had missed, walked quickly to the barrier. Nikolai Vsevolodovich walked up, too, raised the pistol, but somehow very high, and fired almost without aiming.

Then he took out his handkerchief and wrapped it around the little finger of his right hand. Only now did they see that Artemy Pavlovich had not quite missed, but the bullet had only grazed the fleshy part of the finger without touching the bone; the scratch was insignificant. Kirillov at once announced that if the adversaries were not satisfied, the duel would continue.

"I declare," Gaganov croaked (his throat was dry), again turning to Mavriky Nikolaevich, "that this man" (he again jabbed in Stavrogin's direction) "fired into the air on purpose... deliberately... Another offense! He wants to make the duel impossible!"

"I have the right to fire any way I want, as long as it is according to the rules," Nikolai Vsevolodovich declared firmly.

"No, he hasn't! Explain to him, explain!" Gaganov cried.

"I subscribe completely to Nikolai Vsevolodovich's opinion," proclaimed Kirillov.

"Why does he spare me?" Gaganov raged, not listening. "I despise his sparing ... I spit on it... I..."

"I give you my word that I had no wish at all to insult you," Nikolai Vsevolodovich said with impatience. "I fired high because I don't want to kill anyone anymore, neither you nor anyone else, it has nothing to do with you personally. It's true that I do not consider myself offended, and I'm sorry that it makes you angry. But I will not allow anyone to interfere with my rights."

"If he's so afraid of blood, then ask him why he challenged me!" Gaganov yelled, still addressing Mavriky Nikolaevich.

"How could he not challenge you?" Kirillov mixed in. "You wouldn't listen to anything, how else could he get rid of you!"

"I will note just one thing," said Mavriky Nikolaevich, who discussed the affair painfully and with effort. "If an adversary announces beforehand that he will fire high, then the duel really cannot continue... for reasons which are delicate and... clear..."

"I have by no means declared that I will fire high every time!" Stavrogin cried out, now losing all patience. "You have no idea what is in my mind or how I am going to fire now ... I am not hindering the duel in any way."

"In that case the match may continue," Mavriky Nikolaevich said to Gaganov.

"Take your places, gentlemen!" Kirillov commanded.

Again they advanced towards each other, again Gaganov missed, and again Stavrogin fired high. There might have been a dispute about his firing high: Nikolai Vsevolodovich might have affirmed directly that he had fired properly, if he himself had not confessed to missing deliberately. He did not aim the pistol directly at the sky or a tree, but still as if at his adversary, though all the same a couple of feet above his hat. The second time he aimed even lower, even more plausibly; but now nothing could reassure Gaganov.

"Again!" he gnashed his teeth. "Never mind! I have been challenged, and I am exercising my right. I want to fire a third time ... at all costs."

"You have every right," Kirillov cut off. Mavriky Nikolaevich said nothing. They were placed for the third time, the command was given; this time Gaganov walked right up to the barrier, and from there, from twelve paces, began taking aim. His hands were trembling too much for a good shot. Stavrogin stood with his pistol lowered and motionlessly waited for him to fire.

"Too long, you're aiming too long!" Kirillov shouted impatiently. "Fire! Fi-i-ire!"

But the shot rang out, and this time the white beaver hat flew off Nikolai Vsevolodovich's head. The shot had been quite well aimed, the crown of the hat was pierced very low down; half an inch lower and all would have been over. Kirillov picked it up and handed it to Nikolai Vsevolodovich.

"Fire, don't keep your adversary waiting!" Mavriky Nikolaevich cried in terrible agitation, seeing that Stavrogin seemed to have forgotten to fire as he examined the hat with Kirillov. Stavrogin gave a start, looked at Gaganov, turned away, and this time without any delicacy fired off into the woods. The duel was over. Gaganov stood as if crushed. Mavriky Nikolaevich went up to him and started to say something, but the man seemed not to understand. Kirillov, as he was leaving, doffed his hat and gave a nod to Mavriky Nikolaevich; but Stavrogin forgot his former politeness; after firing into the woods, he did not even turn towards the barrier, but thrust his pistol at Kirillov and hastily made for the horses. There was spite in his face; he was silent. Kirillov, too, was silent. They mounted their horses and set off at a gallop.

III

"Why are you silent?" he called impatiently to Kirillov, not far from home.

"What do you want?" the latter answered, almost slipping off his horse, which reared up.

Stavrogin restrained himself.

"I didn't mean to offend that... fool, and here I've offended him again," he said softly.

"Yes, offended again," Kirillov cut off, "and, besides, he's not a fool."

"Still, I did all I could."

"No."

"What should I have done?"

"Not challenge him."

"Take another slap in the face?"

"Yes, take a slap."

"I'm beginning not to understand anything!" Stavrogin said spitefully. "Why does everyone expect something of me that they don't expect of others? Why should I take what no one else takes, and invite burdens that no one else can bear?"

"I thought you yourself were seeking a burden?"

"I'm seeking a burden?"

"Yes."

"You... saw that?"

"Yes."

"Is it so noticeable?"

"Yes."

There was a minute's silence. Stavrogin had a very preoccupied look, was almost struck.

"I didn't shoot at him because I didn't want to kill—there was nothing else, I assure you," he said, hastily and anxiously, as if justifying himself.

"You shouldn't have offended him."

"And what should I have done?"

"You should have killed him."

"You're sorry I didn't kill him?"

"I'm not sorry about anything. I thought you really wanted to kill him. You don't know what you're seeking."

"I'm seeking a burden," laughed Stavrogin.

"You didn't want blood, why would you let him kill?"

"If I hadn't challenged him, he'd have killed me anyway, without a duel."

"Not your business. Maybe he wouldn't have.": "And would just have beaten me up?"

"Not your business. Bear the burden. Otherwise there's no merit."

"I spit on your merit, I'm not seeking that from anyone!"

"I thought you were," Kirillov concluded with terrible equanimity.

They rode into the courtyard.

"Want to come in?" Nikolai Vsevolodovich offered.

"No, home. Good-bye." He got off the horse and took his box under his arm.

"You at least are not angry with me?" Stavrogin gave him his hand.

"Not at all!" Kirillov turned back to shake hands with him. "If the burden is light for me because of my nature, then maybe the burden is heavier for you because of your nature. Nothing to be much ashamed of, only a little."

"I know I'm a worthless character, but I'm not trying to get in with the strong ones."

"Don't; you're not a strong man. Come for tea."

Nikolai Vsevolodovich entered the house greatly perturbed.

IV

He learned at once from Alexei Yegorovich that Varvara Petrovna, very pleased with Nikolai Vsevolodovich's going out—the first time after eight days of illness—for a ride on horseback, ordered a carriage to be readied and drove off alone, "after the pattern of former days, to take a breath of fresh air, for in these eight days she has forgotten what it means to breathe fresh air."

"Did she go alone or with Darya Pavlovna?" Nikolai Vsevolodovich interrupted the old man with a quick question, and frowned deeply on hearing that Darya Pavlovna "declined to accompany her, being unwell, and is now in her rooms."

"Listen, old man," he said, as if suddenly making up his mind, "keep an eye out for her all day today, and if you see her coming to me, stop her at once, and tell her that at least for a few days I'll be unable to receive her... that I myself ask it of her... and that I'll send for her when the time comes—do you hear?"

"I'll tell her, sir," Alexei Yegorovich said, with anguish in his voice, lowering his eyes.

"But not before you see clearly that she's coming to me herself."

"Do not worry, if you please, sir, there will be no mistakes. Up to now the visits have taken place through me; my assistance has always been called upon."

"I know. But, still, not before she comes herself. Bring me some tea, quickly, if you can."

As soon as the old man went out, at almost the same moment, the same door opened and Darya Pavlovna appeared on the threshold. Her eyes were calm, but her face was pale.

"Where did you come from?" Stavrogin exclaimed.

"I was standing right here, waiting for him to come out so that I could come in. I heard the order you gave him, and when he came out just now, I hid around the corner to the right, and he didn't notice me."

"I've long meant to break it off with you, Dasha... meanwhile... for the time being, I couldn't receive you last night, despite your note. I wanted to write back to you, but I'm no good at writing," he added with vexation, even as if with disgust.

"I myself thought we should break it off. Varvara Petrovna is too suspicious of our relations."

"Well, let her be."

"No, she shouldn't worry. And so, that's it now, until the end?"

"You're still so certainly expecting an end?"

"Yes, I'm sure of it."

"Nothing in the world ever ends."

"Here there will be an end. Call me then; I'll come. Now, good-bye."

"And what sort of end will it be?" Nikolai Vsevolodovich grinned.

"You're not wounded, and... haven't shed blood?" she asked, without answering his question about the end.

"It was stupid; I didn't kill anyone, don't worry. However, you'll hear all about it this very day from everyone. I'm a bit unwell."

"I'll leave. The marriage won't be announced today?" she added irresolutely.

"Not today; not tomorrow; about the day after tomorrow I don't know, maybe we'll all die, and so much the better. Leave me, leave me, finally."

"You won't ruin the other woman... the insane one?"

"I won't ruin the insane ones, neither the one nor the other, but it seems I will ruin the sane one: I'm so mean and vile, Dasha, that it seems I really will call you 'in the final end,' as you say, and you, despite your sanity, will come. Why are you ruining yourself?"

"I know that finally I alone will remain with you, and... I'm waiting for that."

"And what if I don't finally call you, but run away from you?"

"That cannot be. You will call."

"There's much contempt for me there." "You know it's not just contempt."

"So there is still contempt?"

"I didn't put it right. God be my witness, I wish very much that you should never have need of me."

"One phrase is worth another. I also wish not to ruin you."

"Nothing you do can ever ruin me, and you know it better than anyone else," Darya Pavlovna said quickly and firmly. "If it's not you, I'll become a sister of mercy, or a sick-nurse, or a book-hawker and sell Gospels. I've decided it so. I can't be anyone's wife; I can't live in a house like this either; that's not what I want. . . You know all that."

"No, I never could discover what you wanted; it seems to me that you're interested in me in the same way as certain antiquated sick-nurses for some reason take an interest in some one patient as opposed to all the others, or, better still, the way certain pious old women who hang about at funerals prefer certain nice little corpses that are comelier than the others. Why are you looking at me so strangely?"

"Are you very sick?" she asked sympathetically, looking at him in some special way. "Oh, God! And this man wants to do

without me!"

"Listen, Dasha! I keep seeing ghosts now. Yesterday, on the bridge, one little demon offered to put a knife into Lebyadkin and Marya Timofeevna for me, to do away with my lawful marriage and cover the traces. He asked for three roubles down, but let me know plainly that the whole operation would cost not less than fifteen hundred. There's a calculating demon for you! A bookkeeper! Ha, ha!"

"But you're quite certain it was a ghost?"

"Oh, no, it wasn't a ghost at all! It was simply Fedka the Convict, a robber who escaped from hard labor. But that's not the point: what do you think I did? I gave him all the money I had in my wallet, and now he's quite certain I've given him his down payment."

"You met him at night, and he made you such an offer? But don't you see that you're all entangled in their net!"

"Well, never mind them. You know, you've got a question on the tip of your tongue, I can see by your eyes," he added, with a spiteful and irritated smile.

Dasha became frightened.

"There isn't any question, and there aren't any doubts whatever, you'd better keep still!" she cried anxiously, as if waving his question away.

"So you're sure I won't go shopping at Fedka's?"

"Oh, God!" she clasped her hands, "why do you torment me so?"

"Well, forgive me my stupid joke, I must be acquiring their bad manners. You know, since last night I've wanted terribly to laugh, to laugh all the time, constantly, long, loud. It's as if I'm charged with laughter... Sh! Mother's come back; I can tell the clatter of her carriage when it stops at the porch."

Dasha seized his hand.

"May God preserve you from your dark spirit, and... call me, call me soon!"

"Oh, he's no dark spirit! He's simply a nasty, scrofulous little demon with a runny nose, a failure. And you, Dasha, again there's something you don't dare say?"

She looked at him with pain and reproach, and turned towards the door.

"Listen!" he shouted after her with a spiteful, twisted smile. "If... well, in short, *if*... you understand, well, even if I did go shopping, and called you after that—would you still come, after that shopping?"

She went out without turning or answering, covering her face with her hands.

"She'll come even after that shopping!" he whispered, having thought a moment, with a look of scornful disgust. "A sick-nurse! Hm! ... However, that may be just what I need."

08: All in Expectation

1

The impression produced in our whole society by the story of the duel, which quickly became public, was especially remarkable for the unanimity with which everyone hastened to declare himself unconditionally for Nikolai Vsevolodovich. Many of his former enemies resolutely proclaimed themselves his friends. The main reason for such an unexpected turnabout in public opinion was a few words, spoken aloud with unusual aptness by a certain person who until then had not spoken, which all at once gave the event a significance that greatly interested our vast majority. This is how it happened: the very next day after the event, the whole town gathered to celebrate the name day of the wife of our provincial marshal of nobility. Yulia Mikhailovna was also present, or, rather, presided, having arrived with Lizaveta Nikolaevna, who shone with beauty and a special gaiety, which this time many of our ladies at once found especially suspicious. Incidentally, there could no longer be any doubts about her engagement to Mavriky Nikolaevich. That evening, to the jocular question of one retired but important general, of whom more will be said later, Lizaveta Nikolaevna herself answered directly that she was engaged. And what do you think? Decidedly none of our ladies wanted to believe in this engagement. They all stubbornly continued to suppose some romance, some fatal family secret that had taken place in Switzerland, and for some reason necessarily with Yulia Mikhailovna's participation. It is hard to say why all these rumors, or even, so to speak, dreams, held out so stubbornly, or precisely why it was so necessary to drag Yulia Mikhailovna into it. As soon as she entered, everyone turned to her with strange looks, overflowing with expectations. It must be noted that in view of the recentness of the event and certain accompanying circumstances, it was still being spoken of somewhat cautiously that evening, and not aloud. Besides, nothing was

known yet about the orders of the authorities. ^[106] Neither duelist, as far as anyone knew, had been inconvenienced. Everyone knew, for example, that Artemy Pavlovich had gone to his Dukhovo estate early in the morning without any hindrance. Meanwhile, everyone was certainly longing for someone to be the first to speak out and thereby open the door for public impatience. They placed their hopes precisely in the above-mentioned general, and were not mistaken.

This general, one of the stateliest members of our club, a landowner of no very great wealth but of an incomparable turn of mind, an old-fashioned dangler after young ladies, was, among other things, extremely fond of speaking out in large gatherings, with a general's weightiness, precisely about things which everyone was still speaking of in cautious whispers. It was as if this constituted his specific role, so to speak, in our society. In doing so, he drew his words out especially, with a sugary enunciation, a habit he had probably borrowed from Russians traveling abroad, or from those formerly wealthy Russian landowners who had been most ruined by the peasant reform. Stepan Trofimovich even noted once that the more ruined a landowner was, the more sugarily he lisped and drew out his words. He himself, however, had the same sugary drawl and lisp, without noticing it in himself.

The general began speaking as a man of competence. Besides the fact that he was some sort of distant relation of Artemy Pavlovich's, though on bad terms and even at law with him, he had, moreover, fought two duels in the past, for one of which he had even been exiled to the ranks in the Caucasus. Someone mentioned Varvara Petrovna, that it was two days now since she had begun going out "after an illness," or not her, properly speaking, but the excellent match of her gray four-in-hand, from the Stavrogins' own stud. The general suddenly remarked that he had met "young Stavrogin" on horseback that day... Everyone fell silent at once. The general smacked his lips and suddenly declared, twiddling in his fingers a gold presentation snuffbox:

"I regret that I wasn't here a few years ago—I mean, that I was in Karlsbad... Hm. I'm very interested in this young man, of whom I then found so many rumors. Hm. And what, is it true that he's crazy? Someone said so at the time. Suddenly I'm told that some student here insulted him in the presence of his cousins, and that he hid from him under the table; then yesterday I heard from Stepan Vysotsky that Stavrogin fought with this... Gaganov. And solely with the gallant purpose of offering his forehead to an enraged man; just to get rid of him. Hm. That's the style of the Guard in the twenties. Does he call on anyone here?"

The general fell silent, as if waiting for an answer. The door for public impatience had been opened.

"What could be simpler?" Yulia Mikhailovna suddenly raised her voice, annoyed by the fact that everyone, as if on command, turned their eyes towards her. "How can there be anything surprising in Stavrogin fighting with Gaganov and not responding to a student? Could he challenge his own former serf to a duel?"

Portentous words! A clear and simple thought which, however, had so far not occurred to anyone. Words with extraordinary consequences. Everything scandalous and gossipy, everything petty and anecdotal, was immediately pushed into the background; a different meaning was set forth; a new person was brought forth, in whom everyone had been mistaken, a person of an almost ideal strictness of notions. Mortally offended by a student—that is, by an educated man and no longer a serf—he scorns the insult, because the offender is his former serf. Noise and gossip in society; frivolous society looks with scorn on the man who has been slapped in the face; he scorns the opinion of society, which has not yet attained to real notions and yet talks about them.

"And yet you and I, Ivan Alexandrovich, sit and talk about correct notions, sir," one little old clubman observes to another, with the noble vehemence of self-accusation.

"Yes, Pyotr Mikhailovich, yes, sir," the other yesses him delightedly, "talk about the young folk after that."

"The young folk aren't the point, Ivan Alexandrovich," a third turns up and observes. "This isn't a question of the young folk; this is a star, sir, not one of the young folk; that's how it should be understood."

"And that's just what we need; there's a dearth of such people."

The main thing here lay in the fact that the "new man," besides having shown himself an "unquestionable nobleman," was moreover the wealthiest landowner in the province, and therefore could not but come forth as a helper and an active figure. However, I have already referred in passing to the moods of our landowners.

They would even become vehement:

"Not only did he not challenge the student, he even put his hands behind his back—make special note of that, Your Excellency," one of them put forth.

"And he didn't haul him into the new courts," another added.

"Though the new courts would adjudge him fifteen roubles for a nobleman's *personal* offense, sir, heh, heh, heh!"

"No, I'll tell you, here's the secret of our new courts," the third would get frantic. "Suppose a man steals or cheats and gets caught and clearly exposed—so, run home quickly, while there's still time, and kill your mother. You'll be acquitted instantly, and the ladies will wave their cambric handkerchiefs from the gallery—it's unquestionably true!"^[107]

"True, true!"

There was no doing without anecdotes. Nikolai Vsevolodovich's connections with Count K. were recalled. The stern, solitary opinions of Count K. concerning the recent reforms were well known. Well known, too, was his remarkable activity, which had ceased somewhat of late. And now suddenly it became unquestionable for everyone that Nikolai Vsevolodovich was engaged to one of Count K.'s daughters, though nothing gave any precise grounds for such a rumor. As far as certain wondrous Swiss adventures and Lizaveta Nikolaevna were concerned, even the ladies ceased mentioning them. We may mention, incidentally, that just at that time the Drozdovs succeeded in paying all the visits they had failed to pay so far. Everyone now found Lizaveta Nikolaevna unquestionably a most ordinary girl who was "making a show" of her bad nerves. They now explained her swoon on the day of Nikolai Vsevolodovich's arrival simply by her fright at the student's outrageous act. They even emphasized the prosaicness of the very thing they had previously been at such pains to endow with some fantastic coloring; and they finally forgot all about the poor lame girl; they were even ashamed to recall it. "Let there be a hundred lame girls—we were all young once!" They drew attention to Nikolai Vsevolodovich's deference to his mother, sought out various virtues in him, spoke benevolently of his learning, acquired during four years in German universities. Artemy Pavlovich's act was finally declared tactless—"their own knew not their own"—and Yulia Mikhailovna was finally acknowledged as a woman of supreme perceptivity.

Thus, when Nikolai Vsevolodovich himself appeared at last, everyone met him with the most naïve earnestness; one could read the most impatient expectations in all the eyes turned to him. Nikolai Vsevolodovich at once withdrew into the most strict silence, which certainly satisfied everyone far more than if he had talked a whole cartload. In a word, he succeeded in everything, he was in fashion. In provincial society, once a person makes his appearance, there is no way he can hide. Nikolai Vsevolodovich began, as before, to follow all the provincial rules to the point of finesse. He was not found cheerful: "The man has suffered, the man is not like everyone else, there are things on his mind." Even his pride and that squeamish unapproachability for which he had been so hated among us four years earlier, were now respected and liked.

Varvara Petrovna was most triumphant of all. I cannot say whether she grieved much over her collapsed dreams concerning Lizaveta Nikolaevna. Of course, family pride was a help here. One thing was strange: Varvara Petrovna suddenly believed in the highest degree that Nicolas had indeed "made his choice" at Count K.'s, but, strangest of all, she believed it from rumors that came to her, as to everyone else, on the wind. She was afraid to ask Nikolai Vsevolodovich directly. Some two or three times, however, she could not help herself and chided him gaily and slyly for not being more open with her; Nikolai Vsevolodovich smiled and went on being silent. The silence was taken as a sign of assent. And just think: for all that, she never forgot about the poor lame girl. The thought of her lay on her heart like a stone, like a nightmare, tormented her with strange phantoms and forebodings, and all that together and simultaneously with her dreams about Count K.'s daughters. But more of that later. To be sure, in society Varvara Petrovna was once again treated with extreme and deferential respect, but she made little use of it and went out extremely rarely.

She did, however, pay a solemn visit to the governor's wife. To be sure, no one had been more charmed and captivated by the above-mentioned portentous words of Yulia Mikhailovna's at the evening for the wife of the marshal of nobility: they had lifted much anguish from her heart, and at once resolved much of what had so tormented her since that unfortunate Sunday. "I had not understood the woman!" she uttered, and directly, with her customary impetuosity, she announced to Yulia Mikhailovna that she had come to *thank* her. Yulia Mikhailovna was flattered, but bore herself independently. At that time she had already begun to feel her own worth, perhaps even a bit too much. She announced, for example, in the middle of the conversation, that she had never heard anything about the activity or learning of Stepan Trofimovich.

"I receive young Verkhovensky, of course, and indulge him. He's reckless, but then he's still young; of considerable education, however. In any case he's not some former retired critic."

Varvara Petrovna at once hastened to observe that Stepan Trofimovich had never been a critic, but, on the contrary, had lived all his life in her house. And he was famous for the circumstances of his early career, "known only too well to the whole world," and, lately, for his works on Spanish history; he also intended to write something about the present situation in German universities and, it seemed, something about the Dresden Madonna as well. In short, Varvara Petrovna did not want to surrender Stepan Trofimovich to Yulia Mikhailovna.

"The Dresden Madonna? You mean the Sistine Madonna?"^[108] *Chère* Varvara Petrovna, I sat for two hours in front of that painting and went away disappointed. I understood nothing, and was greatly surprised. Karmazinov also says it's hard to understand. No one now, Russian or English, finds anything in it. All this fame was just the old men shouting."

"So there's a new fashion?"

"And I think our young people shouldn't be neglected either. They shout that they're communists, but in my opinion they should be spared and appreciated. I read everything now—all the newspapers, communes, natural sciences—I subscribe to everything,

because one should finally know where one lives and whom one is dealing with. One cannot live all one's life on the heights of one's fantasy. I have arrived at the conclusion and accepted it as a rule to indulge young people and thereby keep them on the brink. Believe me, Varvara Petrovna, only we of society, by our beneficial influence and, namely, by indulgence, can keep them from the abyss they are being pushed into by the intolerance of all these old codgers. However, I'm glad to have learned from you about Stepan Trofimovich. You've given me an idea: he could be useful at our literary reading. You know, I am organizing a whole day of entertainment by subscription for the benefit of the poor governesses of our province. They're scattered all over Russia; there are about six from our district alone; then there are two telegraph girls, two are studying at the academy, the rest would like to but have no means. The lot of the Russian woman is terrible, Varvara Petrovna! They're now making it a university question, and there has even

been a meeting of the state council. ^[109] In our strange Russia one can do whatever one likes. And therefore, again, just by indulgence and by the direct, warm participation of all society, we could guide this great common cause onto the right path. Oh, God, do we really have so many shining lights! There are a few, of course, but they're scattered. Let us join together and be stronger. In short, I'll have a literary morning first, then a light luncheon, then an intermission, and a ball that same evening. We wanted to start the evening with tableaux vivants, but it seems the expenses would be too great, so for the public there will be one or two quadrilles in masks and character costumes representing famous literary trends. This playful idea was suggested by Karmazinov; he is a great help to me. You know, he's going to read his last thing here, as yet unknown to anyone. He's laying down his pen and will not write anymore; this last article is his farewell to the public. A lovely little thing called *Merçi*. The title is French, but he finds it more playful and even more subtle. So do I—it was even I who suggested it. I think Stepan Trofimovich could also read, if it's short and ... not really too learned. It seems Pyotr Stepanovich and someone else will read something or other. Pyotr Stepanovich will run by and tell you the program; or, better still, allow me to bring it to you."

"And you also allow me to put my name on your subscription list. I will tell Stepan Trofimovich and ask him myself."

Varvara Petrovna returned home utterly enchanted; she stood like a rock for Yulia Mikhailovna, and for some reason was now thoroughly angry with Stepan Trofimovich; and he, poor man, sat at home and did not even know anything.

"I'm in love with her, I don't understand how I could have been so mistaken about this woman," she said to Nikolai Vsevolodovich and to Pyotr Stepanovich, who ran by that evening.

"But you still ought to make peace with the old man," Pyotr Stepanovich proposed, "he's in despair. You've exiled him to the kitchen altogether. Yesterday he met your carriage, bowed, and you turned away. You know, we'll bring him forward; I have some designs on him, and he can still be useful."

"Oh, he's going to read."

"That's not all I meant. And I also wanted to run by and see him today myself. So shall I tell him?"

"If you wish. I don't know how you'll arrange it, though," she said irresolutely. "I intended to talk with him myself and wanted to fix a day and place." She frowned deeply.

"Well, no point in fixing a day. I'll simply tell him."

"Please do. Add, however, that I'll be sure to fix a day. Be sure to add that."

Pyotr Stepanovich ran off, grinning. Generally, as far as I recall, he was somehow especially angry at that time and even allowed himself extremely impatient escapades with almost everyone. Strangely, everyone somehow forgave him. Generally, the opinion became established that he should be looked upon somehow specially. I will observe that he was extremely angry about Nikolai Vsevolodovich's duel. It caught him off guard; he even turned green when he was told. Perhaps his vanity suffered here: he learned of it only the next day, when everybody knew.

"But you really had no right to fight," he whispered to Stavrogin five days later, meeting him by chance in the club. Remarkably, they had not met anywhere during those five days, though Pyotr Stepanovich ran by Varvara Petrovna's almost every day.

Nikolai Vsevolodovich looked at him silently, with a distracted air, as if not understanding what it was about, and went on without stopping. He was going through the big hall of the club towards the buffet.

"You've also been to see Shatov... you want to publish Marya Timofeevna," he went running after him and somehow distractedly seized his shoulder.

Nikolai Vsevolodovich suddenly shook his hand off and quickly turned to him with a menacing frown. Pyotr Stepanovich looked at him, smiling a strange, long smile. It all lasted only a moment. Nikolai Vsevolodovich walked on.

II

He ran over to the old man straight from Varvara Petrovna's, and if he hurried so, it was from sheer spite, to take revenge for a previous offense of which I had no idea until then. The thing was that at their last meeting—namely, a week ago Thursday—Stepan Trofimovich, who, incidentally, had started the argument himself, ended by driving Pyotr Stepanovich out with a stick. He concealed this fact from me then; but now, as soon as Pyotr Stepanovich ran in with his usual smirk, so naively supercilious, and with his unpleasantly curious eyes darting into every corner, Stepan Trofimovich at once gave me a secret sign not to leave the room. Thus their real relations were disclosed to me, for this time I listened to the whole conversation.

Stepan Trofimovich was sitting stretched out on the sofa. He had grown thin and yellow since that Thursday. Pyotr Stepanovich sat down next to him with a most familiar air, tucking his legs under him unceremoniously, and taking up much more space on the sofa than respect for a father demanded. Stepan Trofimovich silently and dignifiedly moved aside.

On the table lay an open book. It was the novel *What Is to Be Done?* ^[110] Alas, I must admit one strange weakness in our friend: the fancy that he ought to emerge from his solitude and fight a last battle was gaining more and more of a hold on his seduced

imagination. I guessed that he had obtained and was *studying* the novel with a single purpose, so that in the event of an unquestionable confrontation with the "screamers," he would know their methods and arguments beforehand from their own "catechism," and, being thus prepared, would solemnly refute them all in *her eyes*. Oh, how this book tormented him! At times he would throw it aside in despair and, jumping up from his seat, pace the room almost in a frenzy.

"I agree that the author's basic idea is correct," he said to me feverishly, "but so much the more horrible for that! It's our same idea, precisely ours; we, we were the first to plant it, to nurture it, to prepare it—and what new could they say on their own after us! But, God, how it's all perverted, distorted, mutilated!" he exclaimed, thumping the book with his fingers. "Are these the conclusions we strove for? Who can recognize the initial thought here?"

"Getting yourself enlightened?" Pyotr Stepanovich grinned, taking the book from the table and reading the title. "It's about time. I'll bring you something better if you like."

Stepan Trofimovich again dignifiedly kept silent. I was sitting in the corner on a sofa.

Pyotr Stepanovich quickly explained the reason for his coming. Of course, Stepan Trofimovich was struck beyond measure, and listened in fear, mixed with extreme indignation.

"And this Yulia Mikhailovna is counting on me to come and read for her!"

"I mean, it's not that they need you so much. On the contrary, it's to indulge you and thereby suck up to Varvara Petrovna. But, needless to say, you won't dare refuse to read. And you yourself would even like to, I suppose," he grinned. "You old fogies are all infernally ambitious. Listen, though, it mustn't be too dull. What have you got there, Spanish history or something? Give it to me to look over a few days ahead, otherwise you may put them all to sleep."

The hasty and all too naked rudeness of these barbs was plainly deliberate. He made as if it were impossible to speak with Stepan Trofimovich in any other, more refined language or concepts. Stepan Trofimovich staunchly continued to ignore the insults. But the events he was being informed of produced a more and more staggering impression on him.

"And she herself, *herself*, said this should be told to me by... *you*, sir?" he asked, turning pale.

"I mean, you see, she wants to arrange a day and place for a mutual talk with you, the leftovers of your sentimentalizing. You've been flirting with her for twenty years and have got her used to the funniest ways. But don't worry, it's all different now; she herself keeps saying that she's only now beginning 'to have her eyes re-opened.' I explained to her straight out that this whole friendship of yours is just a mutual outpouring of slops. She's told me a lot, friend; pah, what a lackey position you've been in all this time. Even I blushed for you."

"I, in a lackey position?" Stepan Trofimovich could not restrain himself.

"Worse, you've been a sponger, meaning a voluntary lackey. Too lazy to work, but with an appetite for a spot of cash. All this she now understands; anyway, what she tells about you is simply terrible. No, friend, I really had a good laugh over your letters to her; shameful and disgusting. But you're all so depraved, so depraved! There's something eternally depraving in alms—you're a clear example of it!"

"She showed you my letters!"

"All of them. I mean, of course, there was no way I could read them. Pah, how much paper you wasted, there must be more than two thousand letters there... And you know, old man, I think there was a moment between you two when she was ready to marry you. It was most stupid of you to let it slip! I'm speaking from your viewpoint, of course, but still it would have been better than now when you almost married 'someone else's sins,' like a clown, a laughingstock, for money."

"For money! She, she says it was for money!" Stepan Trofimovich cried out in pain.

"And what else? Come now, I'm the one who had to defend you. That's the only way you could justify yourself. She understood that you needed money like everyone else, and that from that point perhaps you were right. I proved to her like two times two that you'd been living for your mutual profit: she as a capitalist, and you as her sentimental clown. By the way, she's not angry about the money, though you've been milking her like a nanny goat. She's just mad because she believed you for twenty years, because you hoodwinked her so much with nobility and made her lie for so long. That she herself was lying she will never admit, but you're going to catch it twice over for that. I don't understand how you never figured out that you'd have to settle accounts one day. You did have some sense after all, didn't you? I advised her yesterday to send you to an almshouse—a decent one, don't worry, nothing to complain of; it seems that's just what she'll do. Remember your last letter to me in Kh— province, three weeks ago?"

"You mean you showed it to her?" Stepan Trofimovich jumped up, horrified.

"But, what else? First thing. The one in which you informed me that she exploited you because she was jealous of your talent—well, and also about 'someone else's sins.' Really, though, friend, how vain you are, incidentally! I laughed my head off. Generally, your letters are quite dull; your style is terrible. I often didn't read them at all, and there's one lying around unopened even now; I'll send it to you tomorrow. But this, this last letter of yours—it's the peak of perfection! How I laughed, how I laughed!"

"Monster! Monster!" Stepan Trofimovich cried out.

"Pah, the devil, one can't even talk with you. What, are you offended again, like last Thursday?"

Stepan Trofimovich drew himself up menacingly. "How dare you speak to me in such language?"

"What language? Simple and clear?"

"But tell me finally, monster, are you my son or not?"

"You should know better than I. Of course, fathers always tend to be blind in such cases..."

"Silence! Silence!" Stepan Trofimovich was shaking all over.

"See, you shout at me and abuse me, as you did last Thursday, you were going to wave your stick at me, but I did find that document then. I spent the whole evening rummaging in my suitcase out of curiosity. True, there's nothing certain, you can be comforted. It's just my mother's note to that little Polack. But judging by her character..."

"One word more and I'll slap your face."

"Look at these people!" Pyotr Stepanovich suddenly turned to me. "See, we've been at it since last Thursday. I'm glad at least that you're here today and can settle it. First the fact: he reproaches me for speaking this way about my mother, but wasn't it he who

suggested this very thing into my head? In Petersburg, when I was still at school, didn't he wake me up twice in the night, embracing me and weeping like a woman, and what do you think he told me those nights? These same non-lenten anecdotes about my mother! He was the first I heard them from."

"Oh, that was in the loftiest sense! Oh, you didn't understand me! Nothing, you understood nothing."

"But, still, it comes out meaner your way than mine, meaner, admit it. You see, it's all the same to me, if you like. I mean, from your point. From my viewpoint, don't worry: I don't blame mother; if it's you, it's you, if it's the Polack, it's the Polack, it makes no difference to me. It's not my fault if it came out so stupidly with you in Berlin. As if anything smarter could have come out with you. So, aren't you funny people after that! And does it make any difference to you whether I'm your son or not? Listen," he turned to me again, "he didn't spend a rouble on me all his life, he didn't know me at all till I was sixteen, then he robbed me here, and now he shouts that his heart has ached for me all his life, and poses in front of me like an actor. Really, I'm not Varvara Petrovna, for pity's sake!"

He got up and took his hat.

"I curse you henceforth in my name!" Stepan Trofimovich, pale as death, stretched his hand out over him.

"My, my, what foolishness a man can drive himself into!" Pyotr Stepanovich was even surprised. "Well, good-bye, old man, I'll never come to you again. Send your article ahead of time, don't forget, and try to do it without any humbug, if you can: facts, facts, facts, and, above all, make it short. Good-bye."

III

However, there was also the influence of unrelated causes here. Pyotr Stepanovich indeed had certain designs on his parent. In my opinion, he meant to bring the old man to despair and thus push him into some outright scandal of a certain sort. He needed this for some further, unrelated purposes, of which we shall speak later. At that time he accumulated a great multitude of such diverse designs and calculations—almost all of them fantastic, of course. Besides Stepan Trofimovich, he had in mind yet another martyr. Generally, he had not a few martyrs, as it turned out afterwards; but he was especially counting on this one, and it was Mr. von Lembke himself.

Andrei Antonovich von Lembke belonged to that favored (by nature) tribe which in Russia, according to the records, numbers several hundred thousand, and which is itself perhaps unaware that within her, by its sheer mass, it constitutes a strictly organized union. Not an intentional or invented union, to be sure, but one existing of itself for the entire tribe, without words or agreements, as something morally obligatory, and consisting in the mutual support of all members of this tribe by each other, always, everywhere, and in whatever circumstances. Andrei Antonovich had the honor of being educated in one of those higher Russian institutions filled with young men from families well endowed with connections or wealth. The students of this institution were intended, almost immediately upon finishing their studies, to occupy rather significant positions in one of the departments of the government service. Andrei Antonovich had one uncle who was a lieutenant colonel in the engineers, and another who was a baker; yet he wormed his way into this higher school and met there quite a few similar tribesmen. He was a merry companion; quite dull as a student, but everyone liked him. And when, in the upper grades, many of the young men, predominantly Russians, learned to talk about rather lofty contemporary questions, and with an air as if they had only to wait till graduation and then they would resolve them all—Andrei Antonovich continued to occupy himself with the most innocent schoolboy pranks. He made everyone laugh, true, though only with quite unsophisticated escapades, cynical at most, but he set that as his goal. One time he would blow his nose somehow remarkably when the teacher addressed a question to him during a lecture—making both his comrades and the teacher laugh; another time he would present some cynical tableau vivant in the dormitory, to general applause; or he would play, solely on his nose (and quite skillfully), the

[111] overture to *Fra Diavolo*. He was also distinguished by his deliberate slovenliness, which for some reason he found witty. In his very last year he took to scribbling little Russian verses. His own tribal language he knew quite ungrammatically, like many of his tribe in Russia. This propensity for verse brought him together with a schoolmate, gloomy and as if downtrodden by something, the son of some poor general, one of the Russians, who was regarded at the institute as a great future writer. The latter treated him patronizingly. But it so happened that three years after graduation, this gloomy comrade, who had abandoned his career for the sake of Russian literature and, as a consequence, was already parading around in torn boots, his teeth chattering from the cold, wearing a summer coat in the depths of autumn, unexpectedly met by chance, near the Anichkov Bridge, his former protégé "Lembka," as everyone, by the way, had called him at school. And what do you think? He did not even recognize him at first sight and stopped in surprise. Before him stood an impeccably dressed young man, with wonderfully tended side-whiskers of a reddish hue, wearing a pince-nez, patent-leather boots, the freshest gloves, in a full-cut overcoat from *Charmeur's*, and with a briefcase under his arm. Lembke treated his comrade benignly, gave him his address, and invited him to call on him some evening. It also turned out that he was no longer "Lembka," but von Lembke. The comrade did call on him, however, if only out of spite. At the stairway, rather unattractive, and certainly not the main one, though laid with red baize, he was met and questioned by a doorkeeper. A bell rang out upstairs. But instead of the riches the visitor expected to meet, he found his "Lembka" in a side room, a very small one, dark and decrepit-looking, divided in two by a large dark green curtain, furnished with very decrepit, though soft, dark green furniture, and with dark green shades on its narrow and high windows. Von Lembke lodged with some very distant relative, a general, whose protégé he was. He met his guest amiably, was serious and gracefully polite. They also talked of literature, but within decent limits. A servant in a white tie brought some weakish tea with small, round, dry biscuits. The comrade, out of spite, asked for seltzer water. It was served, but with some delay, and Lembke seemed embarrassed at calling the servant an extra time and giving him an order. However, he himself asked whether the visitor wanted a bite to eat, and was obviously pleased when the latter declined and finally left. The simple fact was that Lembke was starting his career and was sponging on the general, a fellow tribesman, but an important one.

At that time he was sighing after the general's fifth daughter, and this seemed to be reciprocated. Nevertheless, when the time came, Amalia was given in marriage to an old German factory owner, an old comrade of the old general's. Andrei Antonovich did not weep much, but glued together a theater made of paper. The curtains rose, the actors came out, made gestures with their hands; the audience sat in their boxes, the orchestra mechanically moved their bows across their fiddles, the conductor waved his baton, and in the stalls gentlemen and officers clapped their hands. It was all made of paper, all designed and assembled by von Lembke himself; he sat over this theater for half a year. The general purposely organized an intimate little evening, the theater was brought out for display, all five of the general's daughters, the newly wedded Amalia included, her factory owner, and many young girls and women with their Germans, attentively examined and praised the theater; then there was dancing. Lembke was very pleased and soon consoled.

Years passed and his career got established. He always served in prominent places, and always under his tribesmen's command, and in the end he served his way up to quite a significant rank, compared with his age. He had long wanted to marry, and had long been cautiously on the lookout. In secret from the authorities, he sent a novella to a magazine, but it was not published. To make up for that he glued together an entire railway station with a train, and again it came out as a most successful little thing: people left the station with suitcases and bags, children and dogs, and got into the cars. Conductors and porters walked about, the bell rang, the signal was given, and the train started on its way. He sat for a whole year over this clever piece. But all the same he had to get married. The circle of his acquaintances was quite wide, primarily in the German world; but he also moved in Russian spheres, through his superiors, of course. Finally, when he had already turned thirty-eight, he also received an inheritance. His uncle, the baker, died and left him a bequest of thirteen thousand. Now it was just a matter of the right position. Mr. von Lembke, despite the rather high cut of the sphere in which he served, was a very modest man. He would have been quite satisfied with some independent little government post, with being in charge of the delivery of government firewood, or some such plum, and that for the rest of his life. But here, instead of some anticipated Mina or Ernestina, all at once Yulia Mikhailovna turned up. His career immediately rose another degree in prominence. The modest and precise von Lembke felt that he, too, was capable of ambition.

Yulia Mikhailovna owned two hundred souls, by the old way of reckoning, and, besides that, brought big connections with her. Von Lembke, on the other hand, was handsome, and she was already past forty. Remarkably, he did really fall in love with her little by little, as he felt himself more and more a fiancé. On the morning of their wedding day he sent her some verses. She liked it all very much, even the verses: forty is no joke. Soon he was awarded a certain rank and a certain decoration, and then he was appointed to our province.

In preparation for coming to our town, Yulia Mikhailovna worked assiduously on her husband. In her opinion, he was not without abilities, knew how to make an entrance and show himself, knew how to listen with a grave air and say nothing, had picked up a few quite decent poses, could even make a speech, even had some odds and ends of ideas, and had picked up the gloss of the latest indispensable liberalism. But all the same it troubled her that he was somehow none too receptive, and, after his long, eternal search for a career, was decidedly beginning to feel a need for peace. She wanted to pour her ambition into him, and he all of a sudden began gluing together a German church: the pastor came out to preach the sermon, the faithful listened, their hands piously clasped before them, one lady wiping away tears with her handkerchief, one little old man blowing his nose; towards the end a little organ rang out—it had been specially ordered and had already arrived from Switzerland, expense notwithstanding. Yulia Mikhailovna, even with some sort of fright, took the whole work from him as soon as she found out about it, and locked it away in her drawer; she allowed him to write a novel instead, but on the quiet. Since then she began to rely directly on herself alone. The trouble was that there was a fair amount of frivolity in all this, and little measure. Fate had kept her too long among the old maids. Idea after idea now flashed in her ambitious and somewhat fretted mind. She nursed designs, she decidedly wanted to rule the province, dreamed of being surrounded at once, chose her tendency. Von Lembke even got somewhat frightened, though he quickly figured out, with his official's tact, that there was no reason at all for him to be afraid of governorship as such. The first two or three months even passed quite satisfactorily. But then Pyotr Stepanovich turned up, and something strange began to happen.

The thing was that from the very first step the young Verkhovensky showed a decided disrespect for Andrei Antonovich, and assumed some strange rights over him, and Yulia Mikhailovna, always so jealous of her husband's significance, simply refused to notice it; at least she attached no importance to it. The young man became her favorite, ate, drank, and all but slept in the house. Von Lembke set about defending himself, called him "young man" in public, patted him patronizingly on the shoulder, but made no impression: Pyotr Stepanovich went on laughing in his face, as it were, even while apparently talking seriously, and said the most unexpected things to him in public. Once, on returning home, he found the young man in his study, asleep on the sofa, uninvited. The latter explained that he had stopped by and, finding no one home, had "caught himself a good nap." Von Lembke was offended and again complained to his wife; laughing at his irritability, she remarked caustically that it was he who seemed unable to put himself on a real footing; at least with her "this boy" never allowed himself any familiarity, and, in all events, he was "naïve and fresh, though outside the bounds of society." Von Lembke pouted. On that occasion she got them to make peace. Pyotr Stepanovich did not really apologize, but got off with some coarse joke which in other circumstances could have been taken as a new insult, but in the present case was taken as repentance. The weak point lay in Andrei Antonovich's having made a blunder at the very beginning—namely, by imparting his novel to him. Fancying him to be a fervent young man of poetry, and having long dreamed of a listener, one evening, still in the first days of their acquaintance, he read two chapters to him. He listened with unconcealed boredom, yawned impolitely, uttered not a word of praise, but on leaving asked Andrei Antonovich for the manuscript so as to form an opinion at home at his leisure, and Andrei Antonovich gave it to him. Since then, though he ran by every day, he had not returned the manuscript, and laughed in answer to inquiries; finally he announced that he had lost it then and there in the street. When she learned of it, Yulia Mikhailovna became terribly angry with her husband.

"And did you tell him about your little church, too?" she fluttered, almost frightened.

Von Lembke decidedly took to pondering, and pondering was bad for him and was forbidden by his doctors. Aside from the fact that there turned out to be much trouble with the province, of which we shall speak later, there was another matter here, and he even suffered in his heart, not merely in his official pride. On entering into marriage, Andrei Antonovich had by no means envisioned the possibility of future family strife and discord. This was not what he had always imagined in his dreams of Mina and Ernestina. He felt

himself unable to endure family storms. Yulia Mikhailovna finally had a frank talk with him.

"You can't be angry at this," she said, "if only because you are three times more sensible and immeasurably higher on the social ladder. There are many leftovers of former freethinking ways in the boy—just mischief, in my opinion—but one must be gradual, not sudden. We should cherish our young people; my way is to indulge them and keep them on the brink."

"But he says the devil knows what," objected von Lembke. "I can't be tolerant when he asserts publicly and in my presence that the government purposely gets the people drunk on vodka so as to brutalize them and keep them from rebelling. Imagine my role when I'm forced to listen to that in front of everyone."

As he said this, von Lembke recalled a conversation he had had recently with Pyotr Stepanovich. With the innocent aim of disarming him with his liberalism, he had shown him his own private collection of all sorts of tracts, from Russia and abroad, which he had been carefully collecting since the year 'fifty-nine, not really as an amateur, but merely out of healthy curiosity. Pyotr Stepanovich, having guessed his aim, stated rudely that there was more sense in one line of some tracts than in certain whole chanceries, "perhaps not excluding your own."

Lembke cringed.

"But with us it's too early, much too early," he said almost pleadingly, pointing to the tracts.

"No, it's not too early; see, you're afraid, so it's not too early."

"But, all the same, here, for example, is an invitation to destroy churches."

"And why not? You're an intelligent man and, of course, not a believer yourself, but you understand only too well that you need belief in order to brutalize the people. Truth is more honest than lying."

"I agree, I agree, I fully agree with you, but for us it's too early, too early ..." von Lembke kept wincing.

"And what sort of government official are you after that, if you yourself agree to destroy churches and march with cudgels to Petersburg, and the only difference is when to do it?"

So rudely caught up, Lembke was sorely piqued.

"It's not that, not that," he was getting carried away, his amour-propre more and more chafed. "Being a young man and, above all, unfamiliar with our goals, you are mistaken. You see, my dearest Pyotr Stepanovich, you call us officials of the government? Right. Independent officials? Right. But, may I ask, how do we act? The responsibility is on us, and as a result we serve the common cause the same as you do. We merely hold together that which you are shaking apart, and which without us would go sprawling in all directions. We're not your enemies, by no means. We say to you: go forward, progress, even shake—all that's old, that is, and has to be remade—but when need be, we will keep you within necessary limits, and save you from yourselves, for without us you will only set Russia tottering, depriving her of a decent appearance, while our task consists precisely in maintaining her decent appearance. Realize that you and we are mutually necessary to each other. In England, the Whigs and Tories are also mutually necessary to each other. So, then, we are the Tories and you are the Whigs, that's precisely how I see it."

Andrei Antonovich even waxed enthusiastic. Ever since Petersburg, he had enjoyed talking intelligently and liberally, and here, furthermore, no one was eavesdropping. Pyotr Stepanovich was silent and bore himself somehow with unusual gravity. This egged the orator on even more.

"Do you know that I, the 'master of the province,'" he went on, pacing the study, "do you know that I, owing to the multitude of my duties, am unable to fulfill even one of them, and, on the other hand, it would be just as correct to say that there is nothing for me to do here. The whole secret is that here everything depends on the views of the government. Suppose the government even establishes a republic, say, out of politics, or to restrain passions, and on the other hand, parallel with that, suppose it strengthens the power of the governors—then we governors will swallow up the republic; not just the republic, we'll swallow up whatever you like, I at least feel I

am ready ... In short, if the government sends me a telegram declaring *activité dévorante*, ^[lxxxviii] then I'll give them *activité dévorante*. I said here, right in their faces: 'My dear sirs, for the balancing and flourishing of all provincial institutions, one thing is necessary—an increase of the governor's power.' You see, all these institutions, whether local or legislative, ought, so to speak, to live a double life—that is, they ought to exist (I agree that this is necessary), well, and on the other hand, they ought at the same time not to exist. All depending on the government's view. If the notion should arise that these institutions suddenly seem necessary, I immediately have them available. If the necessity passes, no one will find them anywhere in my province. That is how I understand *activité dévorante*, and it cannot exist without an increase of the governor's power. We are talking privately. You know, I've already applied to Petersburg about the necessity for a special sentry at the door of the governor's house. I'm awaiting an answer."

"You need two," said Pyotr Stepanovich.

"Why two?" von Lembke stopped in front of him.

"I don't think one will be enough to earn you respect. You surely need two."

Andrei Antonovich made a wry face.

"You... you allow yourself God knows what, Pyotr Stepanovich. You take advantage of my kindness to make caustic remarks and play some sort of *bourru bienfaisant* ^[lxxxix] . . ."

"Well, that's as you like," Pyotr Stepanovich muttered, "but all the same you're paving the way for us and preparing our success."

"That is, which 'us' and what success?" von Lembke stared at him in surprise, but received no answer.

Yulia Mikhailovna, after hearing a report of the conversation, was very displeased.

"But, really," von Lembke defended himself, "I cannot behave as a superior towards your favorite, especially when we're in private ... I might have let something slip... from the goodness of my heart."

"From all too much goodness. I didn't know you had a collection of tracts, kindly show it to me."

"But... but he asked to take it for a day."

"And once again you gave it!" Yulia Mikhailovna became angry. "What tactlessness!"

"I'll send someone now to take it back from him."

"He won't give it back."

"I'll insist!" von Lembke boiled over, and even jumped up from his place. "Who is he to be so feared, and who am I not to dare to do anything?"

"Sit down and calm yourself," Yulia Mikhailovna interrupted. "I will answer your first question: he came to me with excellent recommendations, he has abilities, and occasionally says extremely intelligent things. Karmazinov assured me that he has connections almost everywhere and is extremely influential with the youth of the capital. And if through him I can attract them and gather them all around me, I can divert them from ruin by showing a new path for their ambition. He is devoted to me with his whole heart and heeds me in everything."

"But while we're indulging them, they can do ... devil knows what. Of course, it's an idea..." von Lembke vaguely defended himself, "but. . . but now I hear that some tracts have appeared in the ----- district."

"But we heard that rumor already in the summer—tracts, false banknotes, and whatnot—yet nothing has been brought in. Who told you?"

"I heard it from von Blum."

"Ah, spare me your Blum, and do not dare to mention him again!"

Yulia Mikhailovna boiled over and for about a minute was even unable to speak. Von Blum was an official from the governor's office whom she especially hated. Of that later.

"Please don't worry about Verkhovensky," she concluded the conversation. "If he had participated in any mischief, he wouldn't talk the way he does with you and with everyone here. Phrase-mongers are not dangerous, and I would even say that if something were to happen, I would be the first to learn of it through him. He is fanatically, fanatically devoted to me."

I will note, anticipating events, that had it not been for Yulia Mikhailovna's self-importance and ambition, perhaps none of the things these bad little people managed to do here would have taken place. Much of it is her responsibility!

09: Before the Fête

I

The day of the fête conceived by Yulia Mikhailovna as a subscription benefit for the governesses of our province had already been fixed and canceled several times. Constantly fluttering around her were Pyotr Stepanovich; the little clerk Lyamshin, serving as errand boy, who once upon a time used to visit Stepan Trofimovich but suddenly came into favor in the governor's house for his piano playing; Liputin, partly, whom Yulia Mikhailovna planned to make the editor of a future independent provincial newspaper; a few ladies and young girls; and finally even Karmazinov, who, though he did not flutter, nevertheless announced aloud and with a satisfied air that he was going to give everyone a pleasant surprise when the quadrille of literature began. A great many subscribers and donors turned up, all select town society; though the most non-select were also admitted, as long as they came with money. Yulia Mikhailovna observed that sometimes the mixing of ranks even ought to be allowed, "otherwise who will enlighten them?" An unofficial home committee was formed at which it was decided that the fête should be a democratic one. The extravagant subscription list tempted them to spend; they wanted to do something wonderful—which was why it kept being postponed. They still could not decide where to organize the evening ball: at the huge house of the marshal of nobility's wife, which she had offered for the day, or at Varvara Petrovna's in Skvoreshniki. Skvoreshniki would be a bit far, but many of the committee insisted that it would be "freer" there. Varvara Petrovna herself was only too anxious to have it take place there. It is hard to understand why this proud woman almost fawned on Yulia Mikhailovna. She probably liked it that the woman, in her turn, almost demeaned herself before Nikolai Vsevolodovich and paid court to him as to no one else. I will repeat once more: Pyotr Stepanovich, all the time and unceasingly, in whispers, continued to cultivate in the governor's house an idea he had set going even earlier, that Nikolai Vsevolodovich was a man who had the most mysterious connections in a most mysterious world, and that he must have come on some assignment.

Strange was the state of people's minds at that time. A certain frivolity emerged especially in the ladies' society, and one could not say little by little. Several extremely casual notions spread as if on the wind. Something light and happy-go-lucky came about, which I will not say was always pleasant. A certain disorderliness of mind became fashionable. Afterwards, when it was all over, the blame fell on Yulia Mikhailovna, her circle and influence; but it hardly all originated with Yulia Mikhailovna alone. On the contrary, a great many vied with one another in praising the new governor's wife for knowing how to bring society together, and for making things suddenly more cheerful. Several scandalous incidents even took place which were not Yulia Mikhailovna's fault at all; but at the time everyone merely laughed loudly and disported themselves, and there was no one to stop them. True, a considerable group of persons stood firmly aside, having their own special view of the course of events then; but even they did not grumble at the time; they even smiled.

I remember that at that time a rather wide circle had formed, somehow of itself, whose center may indeed have been in Yulia Mikhailovna's drawing room. In this intimate circle that crowded around her—among the young people, of course—all sorts of mischief was allowed and even accepted as a rule, some of it really quite free and easy. The circle included several even very charming ladies. The young people arranged picnics, parties, sometimes rode all around town, in a whole cavalcade, in carriages and on horseback. They sought adventures, even purposely invented some, concocting them themselves, solely for the sake of a merry joke.

They treated our town as some sort of Foolsbury. ^[112] They were called sneerers and jeerers, because there was little they scorned to do. It so happened, for example, that one local lieutenant's wife, still a very young little brunette, though wasted from her husband's ill-keeping, thoughtlessly sat down at a party to play a high-staked hand of whist, hoping to win enough to buy a mantilla, but instead of winning, she lost fifteen roubles. Fearing her husband, and having no money to pay, she decided, recalling her former boldness, to borrow some money on the quiet, right there at the party, from our mayor's son, a very nasty boy, dissipated beyond his years. He not only refused her but also went guffawing to tell her husband. The lieutenant, who indeed lived poorly on nothing but his salary, took his wife home and gave her what for to his heart's content, though she screamed, yelled, and begged forgiveness on her knees. This outrageous story evoked only laughter everywhere in town, and though the poor woman did not belong to the society that surrounded Yulia Mikhailovna, one of the ladies of the "cavalcade," a perky and eccentric character who somehow knew the lieutenant's wife, stopped by her place and quite simply carried her off to her own house. There she was seized upon at once by our pranksters, who petted her, showered her with presents, and kept her for some four days without returning her to her husband. She lived in the perky lady's house, spending whole days driving around town with her and the rest of that frolicsome society, taking part in their merrymaking and dances. Everyone egged her on to haul her husband into court, to start a scandal. She was given assurances that they would all support her and appear as witnesses. The husband was silent, not daring to fight. The poor woman finally grasped that she was up to her ears in trouble, and on the fourth day, at nightfall, half dead with fear, she fled from her protectors to her lieutenant. It is not known precisely what took place between the spouses, but the two shutters of the low wooden house in which the lieutenant rented his lodgings did not open for two weeks. Yulia Mikhailovna was a bit angry with the pranksters when she learned about it all, and was quite displeased with the perky lady's behavior, though the lady had introduced the lieutenant's wife to her on the first day of the abduction. However, it was soon forgotten.

Another time a petty clerk, to all appearances a respectable family man, gave away his daughter, a girl of seventeen and a beauty known to the whole town, to a young man who came to town from another district. Word suddenly went around that on their wedding night the young man dealt rather uncivilly with the beauty, in revenge for his injured honor. Lyamshin, who all but witnessed the affair,

because he got drunk at the wedding and stayed in the house overnight, ran around at first light bringing everyone the merry news. Instantly a company of about ten men was formed, all of them on horseback, some on hired Cossack horses, like Pyotr Stepanovich, for example, or Liputin, who, despite his gray hairs, took part at the time in almost all the scandalous adventures of our flighty youth. When the young couple appeared outside in a droshky-and-pair to go around paying calls, as our custom invariably demands on the day after a wedding, mishaps notwithstanding—the whole cavalcade surrounded the droshky, laughing merrily, and accompanied them around town all morning. True, they did not go into the houses, but waited on horseback at the gates; they refrained from any particular insults to the bride and groom, yet they still caused a scandal. The whole town began talking. Of course, everyone laughed heartily. But here von Lembke got angry and again had a lively scene with Yulia Mikhailovna. She, too, got extremely angry, and momentarily intended to deny her house to the pranksters. But the very next day she forgave everyone, after admonitions from Pyotr Stepanovich and a few words from Karmazinov. The latter found the "joke" quite witty.

"These are local ways," he said. "Anyhow it's characteristic and ... bold; and, look, everyone's laughing, you alone are indignant." But there were some pranks that were intolerable, with a certain tinge.

An itinerant book-hawker appeared in town selling Gospels, a respectable woman, though of tradesman's rank. She was talked about, because the metropolitan newspapers had just published some curious reports on her kind. ^[113] Again that same rogue, Lyamshin, with the help of some seminarian who was loafing about waiting for a teaching post in the school, while pretending to buy books from her, quietly slipped into her bag a whole bundle of enticing, nasty photographs from abroad, specially donated for the occasion, as was found out later, by a quite venerable old man whose name I shall omit, who had an important decoration around his neck, and who loved, as he put it, "healthy laughter and a merry joke." When the poor woman began taking out her sacred books in the shopping arcade, the photographs spilled out with them. There was laughter, murmuring; the crowd closed in, there was swearing, it would have gone as far as blows if the police had not come in time. The book-hawker was put in the lockup, and only that evening, through the efforts of Mavriky Nikolaevich, who had learned with indignation the intimate details of this vile story, was she freed and sent out of town. This time Yulia Mikhailovna decidedly chased Lyamshin out, but that same evening our entire company brought him to her with the news that he had invented a special new trick on the piano, and talked her into hearing it at least. The trick indeed turned out to be amusing, with the funny title of "The Franco-Prussian War." It began with the fearsome sounds of the "Marseillaise":

Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons! ^[xc]

A bombastic challenge was heard, the intoxication of future victories. But suddenly, together with masterfully varied measures from the anthem, somewhere from the side, down below, in a corner, but very close by, came the vile little strains of "Mein lieber Augustin." ^[114] The "Marseillaise" does not notice them, the "Marseillaise" is at the peak of her intoxication with her own grandeur; but "Augustin" is gaining strength, "Augustin" is turning insolent, and now the measures of "Augustin" somehow unexpectedly begin to fall in with the measures of the "Marseillaise." She begins to get angry, as it were; she finally notices "Augustin," she wants to shake him off, to chase him away like an importunate, worthless fly, but "Mein lieber Augustin" holds on tight; he is cheerful and confident; he is joyful and insolent; and the "Marseillaise" somehow suddenly becomes terribly stupid; she no longer conceals that she is annoyed and offended; these are cries of indignation, these are tears and oaths, with arms outstretched to providence:

Pas un pouce de notre terrain, pas une pierre de nos forteresses! ^[xcii]

But now she is forced to sing in time with "Mein lieber Augustin." Her strains somehow turn most stupidly into "Augustin," she is drooping, dying out. Only an occasional outburst, "*qu'un sang impur . . .*" is heard again, but it jumps over at once, in a most vexing way, to the vile little waltz. She is thoroughly humbled: it is Jules Favre weeping on Bismarck's bosom and giving away everything, ^[115]

everything ... But then "Augustin" turns ferocious: one hears hoarse sounds, senses measureless quantities of beer being drunk, a frenzy of self-advertisement, demands for billions, slender cigars, champagne, and hostages; "Augustin" turns into a furious bellowing... The Franco-Prussian War is over. Our group applauds, Yulia Mikhailovna smiles and says: "Well, how can one chase him out?" Peace is made. The scoundrel did indeed have a bit of talent. Stepan Trofimovich once tried to convince me that the loftiest artistic talents can be the most terrible scoundrels, and that the one does not exclude the other. Rumor later had it that Lyamshin stole this little piece from a certain talented and modest young man, a visiting acquaintance of his, who remained unknown; but that is an aside. This blackguard, who for several years fluttered around Stepan Trofimovich, portraying on demand at his parties various little Jews, the confession of a deaf woman, or the birth of a child, now at Yulia Mikhailovna's produced killing caricatures, among them one of Stepan Trofimovich himself, entitled "A Liberal of the Forties." Everyone rocked with laughter, so that by the end it was decidedly impossible to chase him out; he had become too necessary a person. Besides, he fawned servilely on Pyotr Stepanovich, who, in his turn, had by that time acquired a strangely strong influence over Yulia Mikhailovna...

I would not have begun speaking in particular about this scoundrel, and he would not be worth dwelling upon, but at that time a certain outrageous incident occurred in which, it was asserted, he also took part, and this incident I can by no means omit from my chronicle.

One morning the news swept through town of an ugly and outrageous blasphemy. At the entrance to our vast marketplace stands the decrepit church of the Nativity of the Mother of God, which is a notable antiquity in our ancient town. Long ago a large icon of the Mother of God had been built into the wall behind a grating near the gates of the enclosure. And so, one night the icon was robbed, the glass of the frame was knocked out, the grating was broken, and a few stones and pearls were taken from the crown and setting, whether very valuable ones or not I do not know. But the main thing was that besides the theft a senseless, jeering blasphemy was committed: behind the broken glass of the icon a live mouse was said to have been found in the morning. It is known positively now, four months later, that the crime was committed by the convict Fedka, but for some reason Lyamshin's participation has also been added to it. At the time no one mentioned Lyamshin and he was not suspected at all, but now everyone insists that it was he who let in the mouse. I remember all our authorities being somewhat at a loss. People had been crowding around the scene of the crime since

morning. There was a constant crowd standing there, though not a very big one, but still about a hundred people. Some came, others left. Those who came crossed themselves and kissed the icon; there were donations, a collection plate appeared, and a monk beside it, and it was three o'clock in the afternoon before the authorities realized that they could order people not to stand in a crowd, but to move on after praying, kissing, and donating. This unfortunate incident produced a very gloomy effect on von Lembke. As I am told Yulia Mikhailovna put it afterwards, from that sinister morning on she began to notice that strange despondency in her husband which never left him afterwards up to the very day of his departure from our town, two months ago, for reasons of ill health, and seems to be accompanying him now in Switzerland as well, where he continues to rest after his brief career in our province.

I remember stopping in the square then, at one o'clock in the afternoon; the crowd was silent, the faces significantly somber. A merchant, fat and sallow, drove up in a droshky, climbed out, bowed to the ground, planted a kiss, donated a rouble, clambered back, groaning, into the droshky, and drove off again. A carriage also drove up with two of our ladies, accompanied by two of our pranksters. The young men (one of whom was no longer so young) got out of the vehicle as well and forced their way through the crowd to the icon, rather negligently pushing people aside. Neither of them took his hat off, and one placed a pince-nez on his nose. There was murmuring among the people, dull but disagreeable. The fine fellow in the pince-nez took a brass kopeck from a purse chock-full of bills and threw it into the dish; laughing and talking loudly, they both went back to the carriage. At that moment Lizaveta Nikolaevna, accompanied by Mavriky Nikolaevich, suddenly rode up. She jumped from the horse, handed the bridle to her companion, who on her orders remained mounted, and went up to the icon precisely at the moment when the kopeck was thrown. A flush of indignation covered her cheeks; she took off her round hat, her gloves, fell on her knees before the icon, right on the dirty sidewalk, and reverently bowed three times to the ground. Then she took out her purse, but as there were only a few ten-kopeck pieces in it, she instantly removed her diamond earrings and put them on the plate. "May I? May I? To ornament the setting?" she asked the monk, all agitated.

"It is permissible," the monk replied, "every gift is good." The people were silent, showing neither reproach nor approval; Lizaveta Nikolaevna mounted her horse in her soiled dress and rode off.

II

Two days after the incident just described, I met her in a numerous company, setting out for somewhere in three carriages surrounded by men on horseback. She beckoned to me with her hand, stopped the carriage, and demanded insistently that I join their party. Space was found for me in the carriage, and she laughingly introduced me to her companions, magnificent ladies, and explained to me that they were all setting out on an extremely interesting expedition. She laughed loudly and seemed somehow happy beyond measure. In the most recent time she had become gay to the point of friskiness. The undertaking was indeed an eccentric one: they were all going across the river, to the house of the merchant Sevostyanov, in whose wing, for about ten years now, our blessed man and prophet Semyon Yakovlevich, famous not only among us but in the neighboring provinces and even in the capitals, had been living in retirement, in ease and comfort. Everyone visited him, especially those from out of town, trying to get a word from the holy fool, venerating him, and leaving donations. The donations, sometimes significant ones, unless Semyon Yakovlevich disposed of them at once, were piously conveyed to God's church, mainly to our Bogorodsky monastery; for this purpose a monk sent from the monastery was constantly on duty at Semyon Yakovlevich's. They were all looking forward to having great fun. No one in the group had yet been to see Semyon Yakovlevich. Lyamshin alone had visited him once before, and now insisted that he had ordered him driven out with a broom and with his own hand had sent two big boiled potatoes flying after him. Among the riders I noticed Pyotr Stepanovich, again on a hired Cossack horse, which he sat rather poorly, and Nikolai Vsevolodovich, also on horseback. On occasion the latter did not shun the general amusement, and at such times was always of decently cheerful mien, though he spoke as little and as seldom as ever. When the expedition, descending to the bridge, came opposite the town hotel, someone suddenly announced that in one of the rooms of the hotel they had just found a guest who had shot himself, and that they were awaiting the police. At once the idea was voiced of having a look at the suicide. The idea met with support: our ladies had never seen a suicide. I remember one of them saying aloud right then that "everything has become so boring that there's no need to be punctilious about entertainment, as long as it's diverting." Only a few stood and waited by the porch; the rest went trooping down the dirty corridor, and among them, to my surprise, I noticed Lizaveta Nikolaevna. The room of the man who had shot himself was not locked, and, naturally, they did not dare to keep us from going in. He was a young boy, about nineteen, certainly not more, who must have been very pretty, with thick blond hair, a regular oval face, a pure, beautiful brow. He was already stiff, and his white face looked as if it were made of marble. On the table lay a note, in his handwriting, saying no one was to blame for his death, and that he was shooting himself because he had "caroused away" four hundred roubles. The phrase "caroused away" stood just so in the note: in its four lines there were three grammatical errors. A fat landowner, who seemed to be his neighbor and was staying in another room on business of his own, sighed over him especially. From what he said it turned out that the boy had been sent to town from their village by his family, his widowed mother, his sisters and aunts, to purchase, under the supervision of a female relation who lived in town, various things for the trousseau of his eldest sister, who was getting married, and to bring them home. Those four hundred roubles, saved up in the course of decades, had been entrusted to him with fearful sighs and endless admonishing exhortations, prayers, and crosses. The boy had hitherto been modest and trustworthy. Having come to town three days before, he did not go to his relation, he put up at the hotel and went straight to the club—hoping to find somewhere in a back room some traveling gambler, or at least a game of cards. But there was no card game that day, nor any gambler. Returning to his room at around midnight, he asked for champagne, Havana cigars, and ordered a dinner of six or seven courses. But the champagne made him drunk, the cigar made him throw up, so that when the food was brought he did not touch it, but went to bed almost unconscious. He woke up the next day fresh as an apple, went at once to a Gypsy camp in a village across the river, which he had heard about in the club the day before, and did not return to the hotel for two days. Finally, yesterday at five in the afternoon, he arrived drunk, went to

bed at once, and slept until ten o'clock in the evening. On waking up, he asked for a cutlet, a bottle of Château d'Yquem,^[116] and grapes, some notepaper, ink, and the bill. No one noticed anything special about him; he was calm, quiet, and gentle. He must have shot himself at around midnight, though strangely, no one heard the shot, and his absence was noticed only today, at one in the afternoon, when, after knocking in vain, they broke down the door. The bottle of Château d'Yquem was half empty; about half a plate of grapes was also left. The shot had come from a small three-chambered revolver, straight into his heart. There was very little blood; the revolver had fallen from his hand onto the carpet. The youth himself was half reclined on a sofa in the corner. Death must have occurred instantly; no mortal agony showed on his face; his expression was calm, almost happy, he need only have lived. Our people all stared with greedy curiosity. Generally, in every misfortune of one's neighbor there is always something that gladdens the outsider's eye—and that even no matter who you are. Our ladies stared silently, their companions distinguished themselves by sharpness of wit and a supreme presence of mind. One of them observed that this was the best solution and that the boy even could not have come up with anything smarter; another concluded that he had lived well, if only for a moment. A third suddenly blurted out: "Why have we got so many people hanging or shooting themselves—as if we'd jumped off our roofs, as if the floor had slipped from under everyone's feet?" The *raisonneur* was given unfriendly looks. Then Lyamshin, who drew honor from his role of buffoon, filched a little bunch of grapes from the plate; another, laughing, followed his example, and a third reached out for the Château d'Yquem as well. But he was stopped by the police chief, who arrived and even ordered them to "clear the room." Since everyone had already had their fill of looking, they went out at once without argument, though Lyamshin did try to badger the police chief about something. For the remaining half of the way, the general merriment, laughter, and brisk chatter became almost twice as lively.

We arrived at Semyon Yakovlevich's at exactly one o'clock in the afternoon.^[117] The gates of the rather large merchant's house stood wide open, giving access to the wing. We learned at once that Semyon Yakovlevich was having his dinner, but was still receiving people. Our whole crowd went in together. The room in which the blessed man received and dined was quite spacious, with three windows, and was divided into two equal parts by a waist-high wooden railing from wall to wall. Ordinary visitors remained outside the railing, but the lucky ones were admitted, on the blessed man's instructions, through the gate of the railing into his part, and there he seated them, if he so desired, on his old leather chairs and sofa; while he invariably installed himself in an ancient, shabby Voltaire armchair. He was a rather big, puffy, sallow-faced man of about fifty-five, blond and bald, with thin hair, a clean-shaven chin, a swollen right cheek, and a mouth somewhat twisted, as it were, with a big wart near his left nostril, narrow little eyes, and a calm,

solid, sleepy expression on his face. He was dressed German-fashion in a black frock coat, but with no waistcoat or tie.^[118] A rather coarse, though white, shirt peeped out from under the frock coat; on his feet, which I believe were ailing, he wore slippers. I have heard that he was once an official and had some rank. He had just finished dining upon a light fish soup and begun his second course—jacket potatoes with salt. This was all he ever dined upon; he also drank lots of tea, of which he was a great fancier. Three servants, kept by the merchant, scurried about him; one of them wore a tailcoat, the second looked like a shop foreman, the third like a beadle. There was also a lad of about sixteen, quite a frisky one. Besides the servants there was present a venerable gray-haired monk, a bit too corpulent, holding a tin cup. On one of the tables an enormous samovar was boiling, and there stood a tray with as many as two dozen glasses. On another table, across the room, offerings had been placed: several loaves and packets of sugar, about two pounds of tea, a pair of embroidered slippers, a foulard, a length of broadcloth, a piece of linen, and so on. Almost all the money that was donated went into the monk's tin cup. The room was crowded, the visitors alone numbering about a dozen, of whom two sat beyond the railing with Semyon Yakovlevich—one a gray-haired little old man, a pilgrim from "simple folk," the other a small, dry monk from elsewhere who sat decorously and looked down. The rest of the visitors stood on this side of the railing, and they, too, were all mainly from simple folk, except for a fat merchant who came from a district town, a bearded fellow and dressed in Russian style, though he was known to be worth a hundred thousand; an elderly and woebegone noblewoman, and one landowner. They were all awaiting their happiness, not daring to begin speaking. Some four of them were on their knees, but it was the landowner who attracted the most attention, a fat man of about forty-five, who knelt right up against the railing where everyone could see him, and waited reverently for a benevolent glance or word from Semyon Yakovlevich. He had already been kneeling there for an hour or so, and the man had still paid him no notice.

Our ladies crowded up to the railing with gay and giggly whispers. The kneeling ones and all the other visitors were pushed aside or screened from view, except for the landowner, who stubbornly kept himself in full view and even grabbed the railing with his hands. Gay and greedily curious eyes turned towards Semyon Yakovlevich, as did lorgnettes, pince-nez, and even opera glasses; Lyamshin at least was observing through opera glasses. Semyon Yakovlevich calmly and lazily glanced around with his small eyes.

"Fairlooks! Fairlooks!" he dignified to utter, in a hoarse bass, with a slight exclamation.

Our people all laughed: "Fairlooks? What does it mean?" But Semyon Yakovlevich lapsed into silence and went on eating his potatoes. At last he wiped his mouth with a napkin and was served tea.

He usually did not take tea alone, but also had it served to his visitors, though by no means to all of them, usually pointing out himself those upon whom happiness would be bestowed. His instructions were always striking in their unexpectedness. He sometimes passed over rich men and dignitaries and ordered tea served to some peasant or some decrepit little lady; at other times he would pass over the beggarly folk and serve some one fat, wealthy merchant. The way the tea was served also varied: some got it with sugar in it, others with sugar on the side, still others with no sugar at all. This time happiness was bestowed upon the little monk in the form of a glass of tea with sugar in it, and on the old pilgrim, who was served tea without any sugar. But the fat monk with the tin cup from the monastery was for some reason not served at all, though up to then he had had his glass every day.

"Semyon Yakovlevich, say something to me, I've desired to make your acquaintance for so long," the magnificent lady from our carriage sang out, smiling and narrowing her eyes, the same lady who had observed earlier that there was no need to be punctilious about entertainment, as long as it was diverting. Semyon Yakovlevich did not even glance at her. The kneeling landowner sighed audibly and deeply, like a big bellows going up and down.

"With sugar in it!" Semyon Yakovlevich pointed suddenly to the hundred-thousand-ruble merchant; the man came forward and stood beside the landowner.

"More sugar for him!" Semyon Yakovlevich ordered, when the glass had already been poured. They added another helping. "More, more for him!" More was added a third time, and then finally a fourth. The merchant unobjectingly began to drink his syrup.

"Lord!" people whispered and crossed themselves. The landowner again sighed audibly and deeply.

"My father! Semyon Yakovlevich!" the voice of the weebegone lady, who had been pressed back against the wall by our people, suddenly rang out, a rueful voice, but so sharp one would scarcely have expected it. "For a whole hour, my dear, I have been waiting for your grace. Speak your word to me, an orphan, make your judgment."

"Ask her," Semyon Yakovlevich made a sign to the servant-beadle. He went up to the railing.

"Did you do what Semyon Yakovlevich told you last time?" he asked the widow in a soft and even voice.

"Really, father Semyon Yakovlevich, how could I, how could I do it with such people!" the widow wailed. "The cannibals, they're filing a petition against me in the district court, they're threatening to go to the Senate ^[119]—against their own mother! ..."

"Give it to her!" Semyon Yakovlevich pointed to a sugarloaf. The lad sprang over, seized the loaf, and lugged it to the widow.

"Oh, father, great is your mercy. What am I to do with so much?" the poor widow began to wail.

"More, more!" Semyon Yakovlevich bestowed.

Another loaf was lugged over. "More, more," the blessed man ordered; a third and finally a fourth loaf was brought. The poor widow was surrounded on all sides with sugar. The monk from the monastery sighed: it all might have gone to the monastery that same day, as previous instances had shown.

"But what shall I do with so much?" the poor widow kept sighing obsequiously. "By myself I'll just get sick! ... Isn't it some prophecy, father?"

"That's it, a prophecy!" someone said in the crowd.

"Another pound, another!" Semyon Yakovlevich would not let up.

There was one whole sugarloaf left on the table, but Semyon Yakovlevich had indicated a pound, and so the widow was given a pound.

"Lord, lord!" people sighed and crossed themselves. "A visible prophecy."

"Sweeten your heart beforehand with kindness and mercy, and then come to complain against your own children, bone of your bone—that, one may suppose, is what this emblem signifies," the fat but tea-bypassed monk from the monastery said softly but smugly, in a fit of wounded vanity, taking the interpretation upon himself.

"But really, father," the poor widow suddenly snarled, "they dragged me into the fire on a rope when the Verkhishins' place burned down. They put a dead cat in my trunk—I mean, no matter what the atrocity, they're ready..."

"Out, out!" Semyon Yakovlevich suddenly waved his arms.

The beadle and the lad burst from behind the railing. The beadle took the widow under the arm, and she, having quieted down, trailed to the door, glancing at the awarded sugarloaves which the lad dragged after her.

"One back, take one back!" Semyon Yakovlevich ordered the shop foreman, who had stayed by him. He rushed after the departing group, and all three servants returned shortly bringing the once given and now retrieved sugarloaf; the widow, however, went off with three.

"Semyon Yakovlevich," someone's voice came from the back, just by the door, "I saw a bird in a dream, a jackdaw, he flew out of water and into fire. What is the meaning of this dream?" ^[120]

"Frost," said Semyon Yakovlevich.

"Semyon Yakovlevich, why won't you answer me anything, I've been interested in you for so long," our lady tried to start again.

"Ask!" Semyon Yakovlevich, not listening to her, suddenly pointed to the kneeling landowner.

The monk from the monastery, who had been ordered to ask, gravely approached the landowner.

"What is your sin? And were you told to do anything?"

"Not to fight, not to be so quick-fisted," the landowner replied hoarsely.

"Have you done it?" asked the monk.

"I can't, my own strength overpowers me."

"Out, out! The broom, use the broom!" Semyon Yakovlevich was waving his arms. The landowner, without waiting to be punished, jumped up and rushed from the room.

"He left a gold piece behind," the monk declared, picking up a florin from the floor.

"To that one!" Semyon Yakovlevich jabbed his finger towards the hundred-thousand-rouble merchant. The hundred-thousand-rouble merchant did not dare refuse, and took it.

"Gold to gold," the monk from the monastery could not help himself.

"To that one, with sugar in it," Semyon Yakovlevich pointed to Mavriky Nikolaevich. The servant poured tea and offered it by mistake to the fop in the pince-nez.

"To the long one, the long one," Semyon Yakovlevich corrected.

Mavriky Nikolaevich took the glass, gave a military half-bow, and began to drink. I do not know why, but our people all rocked with laughter.

"Mavriky Nikolaevich," Liza suddenly addressed him, "that gentleman on his knees has left, go and kneel in his place."

Mavriky Nikolaevich looked at her in perplexity.

"I beg you, it will give me the greatest pleasure. Listen, Mavriky Nikolaevich," she suddenly began in an insistent, stubborn, ardent patter, "you absolutely must kneel, I absolutely want to see you kneeling. If you won't kneel, don't even come to call on me. I absolutely insist, absolutely! ..."

I do not know what she meant by it; but she demanded insistently, implacably, as if she were having a fit. Mavriky Nikolaevich, as we shall see further on, attributed these capricious impulses in her, especially frequent of late, to outbursts of blind hatred for him,

not really from malice—on the contrary, she honored, loved, and respected him, and he knew it himself—but from some special, unconscious hatred which, at moments, she was utterly unable to control.

He silently handed his cup to some little old lady standing behind him, opened the gate in the railing, stepped uninvited into Semyon Yakovlevich's private side, and knelt in the middle of the room, in view of everyone. I think he was deeply shaken in his delicate and simple soul by Liza's coarse, jeering escapade in view of the whole company. Perhaps he thought she would be ashamed of herself on seeing his humiliation, which she had so insisted on. Of course, no one but he would venture to reform a woman in such a naïve and risky way. He knelt there with his look of imperturbable gravity, long, awkward, ridiculous. But our people were not laughing; the unexpectedness of the act produced a painful effect. Everyone looked at Liza.

"Unction, unction!" muttered Semyon Yakovlevich.

Liza suddenly went pale, cried out, gasped, and rushed behind the railing. There a quick, hysterical scene took place: with all her might she began lifting Mavriky Nikolaevich from his knees, pulling at his elbow with both hands.

"Get up, get up!" she kept crying out, as if beside herself. "Get up now, now! How dared you kneel?"

Mavriky Nikolaevich rose from his knees. She gripped his arms above the elbows and stared fixedly in his face. There was fear in her eyes.

"Fairlooks! Fairlooks!" Semyon Yakovlevich repeated again.

She finally pulled Mavriky Nikolaevich back outside the railing; a great stir went through our whole crowd. The lady from our carriage, probably wishing to dispel the impression, inquired of Semyon Yakovlevich a third time, in a ringing and shrill voice, and, as before, with a coy smile:

"Now, Semyon Yakovlevich, won't you 'utter' something for me as well? I was counting on you so."

"F—— you, f—— you!" Semyon Yakovlevich, turning to her, suddenly used an extremely unprintable little word. The phrase was spoken ferociously and with horrifying distinctness. Our ladies shrieked and rushed out headlong, the gentlemen burst into Homeric laughter. And that was the end of our visit to Semyon Yakovlevich.

And yet it was at this point, they say, that another extremely mysterious event took place, and, I confess, it was rather for the sake of it that I have referred to this visit in such detail.

They say that when everyone trooped out, Liza, supported by Mavriky Nikolaevich, suddenly, in the doorway, in the crowd, ran into Nikolai Vsevolodovich. It should be mentioned that since that Sunday morning and the swoon, though the two had met more than once, they had not approached each other or exchanged a single word. I saw them run into each other in the doorway: it seemed to me that they stopped for a moment and looked at each other somehow strangely. But it is possible that I did not see very well in the crowd. It was asserted, on the contrary, and quite seriously, that Liza, having looked at Nikolai Vsevolodovich, quickly raised her hand, right up to the level of his face, and would certainly have struck him if he had not managed to draw back. Perhaps she did not like the expression on his face or some smirk of his, especially then, after such an episode with Mavriky Nikolaevich. I confess I did not see anything, but on the other hand everyone asserted that they did see it, though certainly not everyone could have seen it in that turmoil, even if some did. Only I did not believe it at the time. I remember, however, that for the whole way back Nikolai Vsevolodovich looked somewhat pale.

III

Almost at the same time, and precisely on the very same day, there at last took place the meeting between Stepan Trofimovich and Varvara Petrovna, which she had long had in mind and had long since announced to her former friend, but for some reason kept putting off. It took place at Skvoreshniki. Varvara Petrovna arrived at her country house all abustle: it had finally been determined the day before that the forthcoming fête would be given at the house of the marshal's wife. But Varvara Petrovna, with her quick mind, saw at once that no one could prevent her, after the fête, from giving a separate fête of her own, this time at Skvoreshniki, and again inviting the whole town out. Then everyone could satisfy themselves as to whose house was better, and who knew better how to receive and how to give a ball with greater taste. Generally, it was hard to recognize her. She seemed transformed and changed from the former inaccessible "high lady" (Stepan Trofimovich's expression) into a most ordinary featherbrained society woman. However, it may only have seemed so.

Having arrived at the empty house, she made the round of the rooms accompanied by the faithful and ancient Alexei Yegorovich and Fomushka, a man who had seen the world and was an expert in interior decoration. Counsels and considerations began: what furniture to transfer from the town house; what objects, paintings; where to put them; how best to manage with the conservatory and the flowers; where to hang new draperies, where to set up the buffet, one buffet or two, and so on and so forth. And then, in the heat of the bustle, she suddenly decided to send the carriage for Stepan Trofimovich.

The latter had long since been informed, and was prepared, and was every day expecting precisely such a sudden invitation. As he got into the carriage, he crossed himself; his fate was to be decided. He found his friend in the great hall, on a small settee in a niche, by a small marble table, with a pencil and paper in her hands: Fomushka was measuring the height of the galleries and windows, and Varvara Petrovna herself was writing down the numbers and making marginal notes. Without interrupting her work, she nodded her head in Stepan Trofimovich's direction and, when he muttered some greeting, hastily gave him her hand and pointed, without looking, to the place beside her.

"I sat and waited for about five minutes, 'repressing my heart,'" he told me later. "The woman I saw was not the one I had known for twenty years. The fullest conviction that all was over gave me a strength that amazed even her. I swear she was surprised by my steadfastness in that final hour."

Varvara Petrovna suddenly put her pencil down on the table and quickly turned to Stepan Trofimovich.

"Stepan Trofimovich, we must talk business. I'm sure you have prepared all your magnificent words and various little phrases, but it would be better if we got straight to business, right?"

He flinched. She was in too much of a hurry to set her tone—what would come next?

"Wait, keep still, let me speak, then you can, though I really don't know what you'd be able to say in reply," she went on in a quick patter. "The twelve hundred of your pension I regard as my sacred duty as long as you live; or, why a sacred duty, simply an agreement, that will be much more real, right? If you like, we can put it in writing. In case of my death, special arrangements have been made. But, beyond that, you now get lodgings, servants, and your full keep from me. Translated into money, that makes fifteen hundred roubles, right? I will add another three hundred roubles for emergencies, that makes it a full three thousand. Will that suffice you for a year? Doesn't seem too little? In extreme emergencies I'll add to it, however. So, take the money, send me back my servants, and live on your own, wherever you like, in Petersburg, in Moscow, abroad, or here, only not with me. Understand?"

"Not long ago a different demand was conveyed to me by those same lips just as urgently and as quickly," Stepan Trofimovich said slowly and with sad distinctness. "I resigned myself and... danced the little Cossack ^[121] to please you. *Oui, la comparaison peut être permise. C'était un petit cosaque du Don, qui sautait sur sa propre tombe.* ^[xcii] Now..."

"Stop, Stepan Trofimovich. You are terribly verbose. You did not dance, but you came out to me in a new tie and shirt, wearing gloves, pomaded and perfumed. I assure you that you yourself would have liked very much to marry; it was written on your face, and, believe me, the expression was a most inelegant one. If I did not remark upon it then and there, it was solely out of delicacy. But you wished it, you wished to marry, despite the abominations you wrote privately about me and about your bride. Now it's not that at all. And what do you mean by a *cosaque du Don* on some grave of yours? I don't understand the comparison. On the contrary, don't die but live, live as much as you can, I shall be very glad."

"In the almshouse?"

"In the almshouse? One doesn't go to the almshouse with an income of three thousand. Ah, I remember," she grinned. "Indeed, Pyotr Stepanovich once got to joking about the almshouse. Bah, but that was indeed a special almshouse, which is worth considering. It's for the most respectable persons, there are colonels there, one general even wants to go there. If you got in there with all your money, you'd find peace, satisfaction, servants. You could occupy yourself with your studies and always get up a game of preference ..."

"Passons."

"Passons?" Varvara Petrovna winced. "But, in that case, that's all; you've been informed; from now on we live entirely separately."

"And that's all? All that's left of twenty years? Our final farewell?"

"You're terribly fond of exclaiming, Stepan Trofimovich. It's not at all the fashion nowadays. They talk crudely but plainly. You and these twenty years of ours! Twenty years of reciprocal self-love, and nothing more. Your every letter to me was written not for me but for posterity. You're a stylist, not a friend, and friendship is merely a glorified word, essentially a mutual outpouring of slops..."

"God, all in other people's words! Learned by rote! So they've already put their uniform on you, too! You, too, are in joy, you, too, are in the sun; *chère, chère*, for what mess of pottage ^[122] have you sold them your freedom!"

"I am not a parrot to repeat other people's words," Varvara Petrovna boiled up. "Rest assured that I've stored up enough words of my own. What did you do for me in these twenty years? You denied me even the books which I ordered for you and which, if it weren't for the binder, would have been left uncut. What did you give me to read when I asked you, in the first years, to be my guide?"

^[123] Capefigue, nothing but Capefigue. You were even jealous of my development, and took measures. And meanwhile everyone laughs at you. I confess I've always regarded you as merely a critic, you are a literary critic, and that is all. When I announced, on the way to Petersburg, that I intended to publish a magazine and dedicate my whole life to it, you at once gave me an ironic look and suddenly became terribly haughty."

"It was not that, not that ... we were afraid of persecutions then..."

"It was just that, and you could by no means have been afraid of persecutions in Petersburg. Remember how afterwards, in February, when the news swept over, ^[124] you suddenly came running to me all in a fright and started demanding that I at once give you a certificate, in the form of a letter, that the proposed magazine had no relation to you at all, that the young people had come to see me and not you, that you were only a tutor who lived in the house because you were still owed some salary, right? Do you remember that? You have distinguished yourself superbly throughout your life, Stepan Trofimovich."

"That was only a moment of faintheartedness, an intimate moment," he exclaimed ruefully. "But can it be, can it really be that we will break up because of such petty impressions? Can it be that nothing else has been preserved between us from all those long years?"

"You are terribly calculating; you keep wanting to make it so that I am still indebted to you. When you returned from abroad, you looked down your nose at me and wouldn't let me utter a word, and when I myself came and spoke with you later about my impressions of the Madonna, you wouldn't hear me out and began smiling haughtily into your tie, as if I really could not have the same feelings as you."

"It was not that, probably not that... *J'ai oublié.*" ^[xciii]

"No, it was just that, and there was nothing to boast of before me, because it's all nonsense and merely your invention. No one, no one nowadays admires the Madonna anymore or wastes time over it, except for inveterate old men. This has been proved."

"Proved, really?"

"She serves absolutely no purpose. This mug is useful, because water can be poured into it; this pencil is useful, because everything can be written with it, but here you have a woman's face that's worse than all faces in nature. Try painting an apple and put a real apple next to it—which would you take? I'll bet you wouldn't make any mistake."

This is what your theories boil down to, once the first ray of free analysis shines on them." [125]

"So, so."

"You grin ironically. And what you said to me about charity, for example? And yet the pleasure of charity is an arrogant and immoral pleasure, a rich man's pleasure in his riches, his power, and in the comparison of his significance with the significance of a beggar. Charity corrupts both him who gives and him who takes, and, moreover, does not achieve its goal, because it only increases beggary. Sluggards who do not want to work crowd around those who give like gamblers around the gaming table, hoping to win. And yet the pitiful half-kopecks that are thrown to them are not even a hundredth part enough. How much have you given in your life? Eighty kopecks, if that, go on, use your memory. Try to remember when was the last time you gave anything—about two years ago, maybe all of four. You shout and it only hinders the cause. Charity should be forbidden by law, even in our present society. In the new order there will be no poor at all."

"Oh, what an outpouring of other people's words! So it's even gone as far as the new order? God help you, unhappy woman!"

"Yes, it has, Stepan Trofimovich; you carefully concealed from me all the new ideas that are now known to everyone, and you were doing it solely out of jealousy, so as to have more power over me. Now even this Yulia is a hundred miles ahead of me. But I, too, have now opened my eyes. I've defended you, Stepan Trofimovich, as far as I could; absolutely everyone accuses you."

"Enough!" he made as if to get up from his seat, "enough! And what else shall I wish you, if not indeed repentance?"

"Sit down for a minute, Stepan Trofimovich, there is still something I want to ask you. You have received an invitation to read at the literary *matinée*; that was arranged through me. Tell me, what precisely will you read?"

"Why, precisely about that queen of queens, that ideal of humanity, the Sistine Madonna, who in your opinion is not worth a glass or a pencil."

"Not from history, then?" Varvara Petrovna was ruefully surprised. "But they won't listen to you. You and your Madonna, really! Who wants it, if you just put everyone to sleep? I assure you, Stepan Trofimovich, I am speaking solely in your interest. How different if you'd take some brief but amusing little medieval court story from Spanish history, or, better, some anecdote, and pad it out with more anecdotes and witticisms of your own. They had magnificent courts there; there were such ladies, poisonings. Karmazinov says it would be strange if you couldn't at least find something amusing from Spanish history."

"Karmazinov, that written-out fool, hunts up a topic for me!"

"Karmazinov, that all but statesmanly mind! You have too bold a tongue, Stepan Trofimovich."

"Your Karmazinov is a written-out, spiteful old woman! *Chère, chère*, how long have you been so enslaved by them, oh, God!"

"I still cannot stand him for his self-importance, but I do justice to his intelligence. I repeat, I've defended you with all my strength, as far as I could. And why must you so necessarily show yourself as ridiculous and dull? On the contrary, come out on the stage with a venerable smile, as the representative of a past age, and tell three anecdotes, with all your wittiness, as only you sometimes know how to do. So you're an old man, so you belong to a bygone age, so you've fallen behind them, finally; but you can confess all that with a smile in your preface, and everyone will see that you are a dear, kind, witty relic ... In short, a man of the old stamp, and sufficiently advanced to be able to set the right value on all the scandalousness of certain notions he used to follow. Do give me that pleasure, I beg you."

"*Chère*, enough! Don't beg me, I cannot. I will read about the Madonna, but I will raise a storm that will either crush them all, or strike me alone."

"Most likely you alone, Stepan Trofimovich."

"Such is my lot. I will tell of that mean slave, that stinking and depraved lackey, who will be the first to clamber up a ladder with scissors in his hand and slash the divine face of the great ideal in the name of equality, envy, and... digestion. Let my curse thunder out, and then, then..."

"To the madhouse?"

"Perhaps. But in any case, whether I emerge defeated or victorious, that same evening I shall take my bag, my beggar's bag, leave all my belongings, all your presents, all pensions and promises of boons to come, and go off on foot to end my life as a merchant's tutor, or die of hunger somewhere in a ditch. I have spoken. *Alea jacta est!*" [126]

He again rose slightly.

"I've been sure," Varvara Petrovna rose, flashing her eyes, "for years I've been sure that you lived precisely so that in the end you might disgrace me and my house with slander! What do you mean to say by this tutoring in a merchant's house or dying in a ditch? Spite, slander, and nothing more!"

"You have always despised me; but I will end as a knight faithful to his lady, for your opinion has always been dearest of all to me. From this minute I shall accept nothing, but revere disinterestedly."

"How stupid that is!"

"You have always not respected me. I may have had a myriad of weaknesses. Yes, I was grubbing off you—I speak the language of nihilism—but grubbing was never the highest principle of my actions. It happened just so, of itself, I don't know how ... I always thought that something else remained between us, higher than food, and— never, never have I been a scoundrel! And so, on our way, to set things right! A late way, for it is late autumn outside, mist lies over the fields, the chill hoarfrost of old age covers my future path, and wind howls about the imminent grave... But on our way, our new way:

Filled with love that's pure

[127]

And true to the sweet dream...

Oh, my dreams, farewell! Twenty years! *Alea jacta est!*"

His face was splashed with the tears that suddenly burst through; he took his hat.

"I don't understand Latin," said Varvara Petrovna, holding herself back with all her might.

Who knows, perhaps she also wanted to cry, but indignation and caprice once again got the upper hand.

"I know only one thing, that this is all pranks. You will never be able to carry out your threats, so filled with egoism. You will not go anywhere, not to any merchant, but will end up quite contentedly on my hands, getting a pension and holding Tuesday gatherings of your friends, who bear no resemblance to anything. Farewell, Stepan Trofimovich."

"Alea jacta est!" he bowed deeply to her and returned home half dead with agitation.

10: Pyotr Stepanovich Bustles About

I

The day of the fête had been finally fixed, yet von Lembke was growing more and more sad and pensive. He was full of strange and sinister forebodings, and this worried Yulia Mikhailovna greatly. True, all was not well. Our soft former governor had left the administration in some disorder; at the present moment cholera was approaching; there had been a great loss of cattle in some parts; fires had raged all summer in towns and villages, and among the people a foolish murmuring about arson was more and more taking root. Robbery had increased twice over the previous scale. All of this would, of course, have been more than ordinary had there not been other, weightier reasons which disrupted the peace of the hitherto happy Andrei Antonovich.

What struck Yulia Mikhailovna most was that he was becoming taciturn and, strangely, more secretive every day. And what, she wondered, did he have to be secretive about? True, he rarely opposed her, and for the most part was perfectly obedient. On her insistence, for example, two or three highly risky and all but illegal measures were passed with a view to strengthening the governor's power. Several sinister connivances took place with the same aim; people deserving of the courts and Siberia, for example, were put up for awards solely at her insistence. It was decided to leave certain complaints and inquiries systematically unanswered. All this was found out afterwards. Lembke not only signed everything, but did not even discuss the question of the extent of his wife's participation in the fulfillment of his duties. Instead, at times he would suddenly bridle at "perfect trifles," which surprised Yulia Mikhailovna. Naturally, he felt a need to reward himself for days of obedience with little moments of rebellion. Unfortunately, Yulia Mikhailovna, for all her perspicacity, was unable to understand this noble refinement of a noble character. Alas! she could not be bothered, and that was the cause of many misunderstandings.

It is not for me to tell of certain things, nor would I be able to. To discuss administrative errors is not my business either, and so I shall also omit entirely the whole administrative side. In beginning this chronicle, I set myself other tasks. Besides, much will be uncovered by the investigation that has now been ordered in our province, one need only wait a bit. However, we still cannot avoid certain explanations.

But to continue with Yulia Mikhailovna. The poor lady (I feel very sorry for her) might have attained all that so attracted and beckoned to her (fame and the rest) quite without such strong and eccentric moves as she set herself from the very first. But either from an excess of poetry, or from the long, sad failures of her early youth, she felt suddenly, with the change in her lot, that she was

somehow even all too especially called, almost anointed, one "o'er whom this tongue of flame blazed up," ^[128] and it was in this tongue that the trouble consisted; after all, it is not a chignon that can go on any woman's head. But there is nothing more difficult than to convince a woman of this truth; on the contrary, anyone who chooses to yes her will succeed, and they all vied with one another in yessing her. The poor woman suddenly found herself the plaything of the most various influences, at the same time fully imagining herself to be original. Many artful dodgers feathered their own nests and took advantage of her simpleheartedness during the brief term of her governorship. And what a hash came of it, under the guise of independence! At the same time she liked large-scale landholding, and the aristocratic element, and the strengthening of the governor's power, and the democratic element, and the new institutions, and order, and freethinking, and little social ideas, and the strict tone of an aristocratic salon, and the all but pot-house casualness of the young people that surrounded her. She dreamed of *giving happiness* and reconciling the irreconcilable, or, more exactly, of uniting all and sundry in the adoration of her own person. She also had her favorites; she was very fond of Pyotr Stepanovich, who acted, incidentally, through the crudest flattery. But she also liked him for another reason, a most wondrous one and most characteristically revealing of the poor lady: she kept hoping he would point her to a whole state conspiracy! Difficult as it is to imagine, this was so. It seemed to her, for some reason, that there must be a state conspiracy lurking in the province. Pyotr Stepanovich, by his silence in some cases and his hints in others, contributed to the rooting of her strange idea. Whereas she imagined him to be connected with everything revolutionary in Russia, yet at the same time devoted to her to the point of adoration. Uncovering a conspiracy, earning the gratitude of Petersburg, furthering one's career, influencing the youth by "indulgence" so as to keep them on the brink—all this got along quite well in her fantastic head. After all, she had saved, she had won over Pyotr Stepanovich (of this she was for some reason irrefutably certain), and so she would save others. Not a one, not a one of them would perish, she would save them all; she would sort them out; and thus she would report on them; she would act with a view to higher justice, and even history and all of Russian liberalism would perhaps bless her name; and the conspiracy would be uncovered even so. All profits at once.

But, even so, it was necessary that Andrei Antonovich be a bit brighter for the fête. He absolutely had to be cheered up and reassured. She sent Pyotr Stepanovich to him on this mission, in hopes that he might influence his despondency in some reassuring way known only to himself. Perhaps even with some information delivered, so to speak, at first mouth. She trusted entirely to his adroitness. It was long since Pyotr Stepanovich had been in Mr. von Lembke's study. He flew in precisely at a moment when the patient was in a particularly tense mood.

II

A certain combination had occurred which Mr. von Lembke was simply unable to resolve. In one district (the same one in which Pyotr Stepanovich had recently been feasting) a certain sub-lieutenant had been subjected to a verbal reprimand by his immediate commander. This had happened in front of the whole company. The sub-lieutenant was still a young man, recently come from Petersburg, always sullen and taciturn, with an air of importance, but at the same time short, fat, red-cheeked. He could not endure the reprimand and suddenly charged at his commander with some sort of unexpected shriek that astonished the whole company, his head somehow savagely lowered; struck him and bit him on the shoulder as hard as he could; they were barely able to pull him away. There was no doubt that he had lost his mind; in any case it was discovered that he had been noted lately for the most impossible oddities. For example, he had thrown two icons belonging to his landlord out of his apartment, and chopped one of them up with an axe; and in

his room he had placed the works of Vogt, Moleschott, and Buchner^[129] on stands like three lecterns, and before each lectern kept wax church candles burning. From the number of books found in his place it could be concluded that he was a well-read man. If he had had fifty thousand francs, he might have sailed off to the Marquesas Islands like that "cadet" mentioned with such merry humor by Mr.

Herzen in one of his works.^[130] When he was taken, a whole bundle of the most desperate tracts was found in his pockets and in his lodgings.

Tracts are an empty affair of themselves, and in my opinion not at all worrisome. As if we haven't seen enough of them. Besides, these were not even new tracts: exactly the same ones, it was said later, had been spread recently in Kh—— province, and Liputin, who had been in the district capital and the neighboring province about a month and a half earlier, insisted that he had already seen exactly the same leaflets there. But what chiefly struck Andrei Antonovich was that just at the same time the manager of the Shpigulin factory turned in to the police two or three bundles of exactly the same leaflets as the sublieutenant's, which had been left at the factory during the night. The bundles had not even been undone yet, and none of the workers had had time to read even one. The fact was silly, but Andrei Antonovich fell to pondering strenuously. The affair appeared unpleasantly complicated to him.

In this factory of the Shpigulins there was just beginning that very "Shpigulin story" which caused so much shouting among us and was then passed on with such variations to the metropolitan newspapers. About three weeks previously a worker there had fallen ill and died of Asian cholera; then several more people fell ill. Everyone in town got scared, because cholera was approaching from the neighboring province. I will note that all possibly satisfactory sanitary measures were taken in our town to meet the uninvited guest. But the factory of the Shpigulins, who were millionaires and people with connections, was somehow overlooked. And so everyone suddenly started screaming that it was there that the root and hotbed of disease lay and that the uncleanness of the factory itself, and especially of the workers' quarters, was so inveterate that even if there had been no cholera, it would have generated there of itself. Naturally, measures were taken at once, and Andrei Antonovich vigorously insisted that they be carried out immediately. The factory was cleaned up in about three weeks, but then for some reason the Shpigulins closed it. One of the Shpigulin brothers resided permanently in Petersburg, and the other, after the order from the authorities about the cleaning, left for Moscow. The manager began paying off the workers and, as it now turns out, was brazenly cheating them. The workers began to murmur, wanted their rightful pay, were foolish enough to go to the police, though without making a great noise or really causing much trouble. It was just at this time that the tracts were turned in to Andrei Antonovich by the manager.

Pyotr Stepanovich flew into the study unannounced, like a good friend and familiar, and with an errand from Yulia Mikhailovna besides. Seeing him, von Lembke scowled sullenly and stopped inimically by his desk. Before then he had been pacing the study, discussing something in private with his chancery official Blum, an extremely awkward and sullen German whom he had brought from Petersburg over the most strenuous opposition of Yulia Mikhailovna. When Pyotr Stepanovich entered, the official retreated to the door, but did not leave. It even seemed to Pyotr Stepanovich that he somehow exchanged significant looks with his superior.

"Oho, caught you this time, you cagey burgomaster!" Pyotr Stepanovich cried out, laughing, and he placed the flat of his hand over the tract lying on the table. "Adding to your collection, eh?"

Andrei Antonovich flared up. Something suddenly became as if distorted in his face.

"Leave off, leave off at once!" he cried, starting with wrath, "and do not dare ... sir..."

"What's the matter with you? You seem angry?"

"Allow me to tell you, my dear sir, that henceforth I by no means intend to suffer your sans-^[xciv]façon, and I ask you to recall..."

"Pah, the devil, he really means it!"

"Be still, be still!" von Lembke stamped his feet on the carpet, "and do not dare..."

God knows what it might have come to. Alas, there was one further circumstance here, besides all the rest, which was quite unknown both to Pyotr Stepanovich and even to Yulia Mikhailovna herself. The unhappy Andrei Antonovich had reached a point of such distress that lately he had begun to be secretly jealous about his wife and Pyotr Stepanovich. Alone, especially at night, he had endured some most unpleasant moments.

"And I thought that if a man reads you his novel for two days running, in private, past midnight, and wants your opinion, then he's at least beyond these officialities... Yulia Mikhailovna receives me on a friendly footing; who can figure you out?" Pyotr Stepanovich pronounced, even with some dignity. "Here's your novel, by the way," he placed on the desk a large, weighty notebook, rolled into a tube and entirely wrapped in dark blue paper.

Lembke blushed and faltered.

"Where did you find it?" he asked cautiously, with a flood of joy that he could not contain and that he tried nevertheless to contain with all his might.

"Imagine, it fell behind the chest of drawers, rolled up just as it was. I must have tossed it carelessly on the chest as I came in. It was found only two days ago, when they were scrubbing the floors—and what a job you gave me, really!"

Lembke sternly lowered his eyes.

"Thanks to you I haven't slept for two nights running. They found it two days ago, but I kept it, I've been reading it, I have no

time during the day, so I did it at night. Well, sir, and—I'm not pleased: can't warm up to the idea. Spit on it, however, I've never been a critic, but—I couldn't tear myself away, my dear, even though I'm not pleased! The fourth and fifth chapters are ... are ... are ... the devil knows what! And so crammed with humor, I laughed out loud. No, you really know how to poke fun *sans que cela paraisse!* [xcv]

Well, but the ninth, the tenth, it's all about love, not my thing; makes an effect, however; and I almost started blubbing over Igrenev's letter, though you present him so subtly... You know, there's feeling there, and at the same time you want to present him as if with a false side, right? Have I guessed, or not? Well, and for the ending I'd simply thrash you. What is it you're pushing there? Why, it's the same old deification of family happiness, of the multiplying of children, and capital, and they lived happily ever after, for pity's sake! You'll charm the reader, because even I couldn't tear myself away, but so much the worse. Readers are as stupid as ever, intelligent people ought to shake them up, while you... But enough, though. Good-bye. Next time don't be angry; I had a couple of important little words to say to you; but you seem somehow..."

Andrei Antonovich meanwhile took his novel and locked it up in the oak bookcase, having managed in the meantime to wink at Blum to efface himself. The latter vanished with a long and sad face.

"I do not *seem somehow*, I'm simply... nothing but troubles," he muttered, scowling, though no longer wrathfully, and sitting down at the desk. "Sit down and tell me your two little words. I haven't seen you for a long time, Pyotr Stepanovich, only in future don't come flying in with that manner of yours... sometimes, when one is busy, it's..."

"I always have the same manners..."

"I know, sir, and I believe it is unintentional, but sometimes, amidst all this bustle ... Sit down now."

Pyotr Stepanovich sprawled on the sofa and immediately tucked his legs up.

III

"And what is all this bustle—you can't mean these trifles?" he nodded towards the tract. "I can drag in as many of these leaflets as you like, I already made their acquaintance in Kh—— province."

"You mean, when you were living there?"

"Well, naturally, not when I wasn't. There's a vignette, a drawing of an axe, at the top. [131] Excuse me" (he picked up the tract), "ah, yes, here's the axe; it's the same one, exactly."

"Yes, an axe. See—an axe."

"And what, are you afraid of the axe?"

"Not of the axe... and not afraid, sir, but this matter is... such a matter, there are circumstances here."

"Which? That they were turned in from the factory? Heh, heh. You know, you'll soon have the workers at that factory writing tracts themselves."

"How's that?" von Lembke stared sternly.

"Just so. With you looking on. You're too soft, Andrei Antonovich; you write novels. What's needed here are the old methods."

"What do you mean, the old methods, what sort of advice is that? The factory has been cleaned up; I gave orders, it was cleaned up."

"Yet there's rioting among the workers. They all ought to be whipped, and there's an end to it."

"Rioting? Nonsense, I gave orders and it was cleaned up."

"Eh, what a soft man you are, Andrei Antonovich!"

"In the first place, I am by no means so soft, and in the second ..." von Lembke felt stung again. He forced himself to talk with the young man out of curiosity, on the chance that he might tell him a little something new.

"Ahh, again an old acquaintance!" Pyotr Stepanovich interrupted, sighting another sheet of paper under the paperweight, also looking like a tract, apparently of foreign imprint, but in verse. "Why, this one I know by heart, it's 'The Shining Light.' Let me see: yes, so it is, 'The Shining Light.' I've been acquainted with this light ever since I was abroad. Where did you dig it up?"

"You say you saw it abroad?" von Lembke roused himself.

"Sure thing, about four months ago, or even five."

"You saw quite a lot abroad, however," von Lembke glanced at him subtly. Pyotr Stepanovich, without listening, unfolded the paper and read the poem aloud:

The Shining Light

A man of high birth he was not, Among the people he cast his lot.

Hounded by the wrath of tsars, The jealous malice of boyars, He from suffering drew not back, From torment, torture, nor the rack, But firm before the people stood, For liberty, equality, and brotherhood.

And when rebellion once was sparked, He then for foreign lands embarked, Escaping thus the tsar's redoubt, The tongs, the hangman, and the knout, While the people, cursing empty skies, Against harsh fate prepared to rise, And from Smolensk to far Tashkent Awaited only the student.

All were awaiting his return So they could go without concern To rid themselves of cruel boyars, To rid themselves of greedy tsars, To hold all property as one, And take their just revenge upon Marriage, church, and family ties— Evils in which the old

world lies. [132]

"You must have taken it from that officer, eh?" Pyotr Stepanovich asked.

"So you have the honor of knowing that officer as well?"

"Sure thing. I feasted with them there for two days. He was bound to lose his mind."

"Perhaps he never did lose his mind."

"You mean since he started biting?"

"But, I beg your pardon, if you saw this poem abroad, and then, it turns out, here at this officer's..."

"What, intricate? I see, so you're examining me, Andrei Antonovich? You see, sir," he began suddenly, with unusual importance, "of what I saw abroad I already gave my explanations to certain persons on my return, and my explanations were found satisfactory, otherwise I would not have bestowed the happiness of my presence upon this town. I think that my affairs in that sense are done with, and that I do not owe any reports. Done with, not because I am an informer, but because I was unable to act otherwise. Those who wrote to Yulia Mikhailovna, knowing the situation, said I was an honest man... Well, and that's all, devil take it, because I came to tell you something serious, and it's a good thing you sent that chimney sweep of yours away. The matter is important for me, Andrei Antonovich; I have an extraordinary request to make of you."

"A request? Hm, please do, I'm waiting, and, I confess, with curiosity. And generally I will add that you rather surprise me, Pyotr Stepanovich."

Von Lembke was in some agitation. Pyotr Stepanovich crossed his legs.

"In Petersburg," he began, "I spoke candidly about many things, but certain other things—this, for instance" (he tapped "The Shining Light" with his finger), "I passed over in silence, first, because it wasn't worth speaking about, and second, because I answered only what I was asked. I don't like getting ahead of myself in that sense; here I see the difference between a scoundrel and an honest man, who quite simply was overtaken by circumstances... Well, in short, let's set that aside. Well, sir, and now... now that these fools... well, now that this has come out and is in your hands and, I see, will not be concealed from you—because you are a man with eyes, and you can't be second-guessed, whereas these fools are still going on with it—I... I... well, yes, in short, I've come to ask you to save one man, one more fool, a madman perhaps, in the name of his youth, his misfortunes, in the name of your own humaneness ... It can't be that you're so humane only in novels of your own fabrication!" he suddenly broke off his speech impatiently and with rude sarcasm.

In short, one beheld a direct man, but an awkward and impolitic one, owing to an excess of humane feeling and a perhaps unnecessary ticklishness—above all, a none-too-bright man, as von Lembke judged at once with extreme subtlety, and as he had long supposed him to be, especially during the last week, alone in his study, especially at night, when he privately cursed him with all his might for his inexplicable successes with Yulia Mikhailovna.

"For whom do you make this request, and what does it all signify?" he inquired imposingly, trying to conceal his curiosity.

"It's... it's ... ah, the devil... Am I to blame for believing in you? Am I really to blame for considering you a most noble man and, above all, a sensible one... that is, capable of understanding ... ah, the devil..."

The poor fellow was apparently unable to control himself.

"Do finally understand," he went on, "do understand that by giving you his name, I'm really betraying him to you; I'm betraying him, right? Right?"

"But how am I to guess, however, if you can't bring yourself to say it?"

"That's just it, you always chop it down with that logic of yours, the devil ... so, the devil... this 'shining light,' this 'student'—it's Shatov ... so, there it is!"

"Shatov? That is, how is it Shatov?"

"Shatov, he's the 'student,' the one that's mentioned. He lives here, the former serf, well, the one who gave that slap."

"I know, I know!" Lembke narrowed his eyes. "But, excuse me, what in fact is he accused of, and, most chiefly, what are you interceding for?"

"I'm asking you to save him, do you understand! I've known him since eight years ago, you might say we used to be friends," Pyotr Stepanovich was turning himself inside out. "Well, I really don't owe you any reports on my former life," he waved his hand. "It's all insignificant, all just three men and a half, and with the ones abroad it wouldn't even make ten, and the main thing is that I was counting on your humaneness, your intelligence. You'll understand and you yourself will show the matter in the right way, not as God knows what, but as the foolish dream of a madcap... from misfortunes, mind you, from long misfortunes, and not as devil knows what sort of unprecedented state conspiracy! ..."

He was almost breathless.

"Hm. I see he's to blame for the tracts with the axe," Lembke concluded almost majestically, "but, excuse me, if he's alone, how could he have spread them both here and in other districts, and even in Kh— province, and ... and, finally, the main thing is—Where'd he get them?"

"But I'm telling you there are apparently five of them in all, or maybe ten, how should I know?"

"You don't know?"

"But how should I know, devil take it?"

"You did know, however, that Shatov was one of the accomplices?"

"Ehh!" Pyotr Stepanovich waved his arm, as if warding off the overwhelming perspicacity of the inquirer. "Well, listen, I'll tell you the whole truth: I know nothing about the tracts, I mean nothing whatsoever, devil take it, do you understand what nothing means? ... Well, of course, that sub-lieutenant, and someone else besides, and someone else here... well, and maybe Shatov, well, and someone else besides, well, that's all, trash and measliness... but I came to plead for Shatov, he must be saved, because this poem is his, he wrote it, and it was published abroad through him; that much I know for sure, but I know nothing whatsoever about the tracts."

"If the verses are his, then most likely the tracts are, too. On what grounds, however, do you suspect Mr. Shatov?"

Pyotr Stepanovich, with the air of a man who has finally lost all patience, snatched his wallet from his pocket, and from it took a note.

"Here are the grounds!" he cried, throwing it on the desk. Lembke unfolded it; the note, as it turned out, had been written about half a year before, from here to somewhere abroad; it was a short note, a couple of words:

Am unable to print "The Shining Light" here; that or anything else; print it abroad.

IV: Shatov

Lembke stared fixedly at Pyotr Stepanovich. Varvara Petrovna correctly referred to his having something of a sheep's gaze, especially at times.

"I mean, this is what it is," Pyotr Stepanovich lurched ahead. "That he wrote these verses here, half a year ago, but couldn't print them here, well, on some secret press—and so he asks for them to be printed abroad... that seems clear?"

"Yes, it's clear, sir, but whom is he asking?—that still isn't clear," Lembke remarked, with the most cunning irony.

"But, Kirillov, finally; the note was written to Kirillov abroad... Didn't you know? What's annoying is that you may only be pretending with me, and knew about these verses a long, long time ago, that's the thing! How else would they turn up on your desk? They did get there somehow! So why are you tormenting me?"

He convulsively wiped the sweat from his brow with a handkerchief.

"I am perhaps informed about certain things..." Lembke dodged adroitly, "but who is this Kirillov?"

"Well, so, he's this visiting engineer, acted as Stavrogin's second, a maniac, a madman; your sub-lieutenant may indeed just have brain fever, but this one is totally mad—totally, I guarantee it. Ehh, Andrei Antonovich, if the government only knew what sort of people they are, the lot of them, they wouldn't raise a hand against them. They're all ripe for Bedlam as it is; I saw enough of them in Switzerland and at congresses."

"From where they direct the movement here?"

"Yes, and who is directing it?—three men and another half. One just gets bored looking at them. And what is this movement here? These tracts, or what? And look who they've recruited—brain-sick sublieutenants and two or three students! You're an intelligent man, here's a question for you: Why don't they recruit more significant people, why is it always students and twenty-two-year-old dunces? And how many are there? They must have a million bloodhounds out searching, and how many have they found in all? Seven men. I'm telling you, one gets bored."

Lembke listened attentively, but with an air that seemed to say: "You can't catch an old bird with chaff."

"Excuse me, however, you were pleased to insist just now that the note was addressed abroad; but there's no address here; how is it known to you that the note was addressed to Mr. Kirillov, and, finally, abroad, and... and... that it was in fact written by Mr. Shatov?"

"But just get Shatov's handwriting and check. Some signature of his is bound to turn up in your chancery. And as for its being to Kirillov, it was Kirillov himself who showed it to me right then."

"So you yourself..."

"Well, yes, of course, so I myself. They showed me all kinds of things there. And about these verses, it was supposedly the late Herzen who wrote them for Shatov while he was still wandering abroad, supposedly in memory of their meeting, as praise, as a recommendation—ah, well, the devil... so Shatov is spreading it among the young people. Herzen's own opinion of me, he says."

"Tsk, ts, ts," Lembke finally figured it all out, "and here I was thinking: the tracts I understand, but why the verses?"

"But how could you not understand? And devil knows why I'm spilling it all out to you! Listen, you give me Shatov, and the devil take all the rest, even with Kirillov, who has now locked himself up in Filippov's house, where Shatov also lives, and is lying low. They don't like me, because I've gone back... but promise me Shatov and I'll bring you all the rest of them on a platter. I'll prove useful, Andrei Antonovich! I reckon the whole pitiful crew numbers nine—maybe ten—people. I'm keeping an eye on them myself, for my own part, sir. Three are already known to us: Shatov, Kirillov, and that sublieutenant. The rest I'm still *making out*... not that I'm all that nearsighted. It's like it was in Kh— province; two students, one high-school boy, two twenty-year-old noblemen, one teacher, and one retired major of about sixty, stupefied with drink, were seized there with tracts—that's all, and believe me, that was all; they were even surprised that that was all. But I'll need six days. I've already worked it out on the abacus; six days, and not before. If you want to get any results, don't stir them up for another six days, and I'll tie them all into a single knot for you; stir them up before then, and the nest will scatter. But give me Shatov. I'm for Shatov... And best of all would be to summon him secretly and amiably, why not here to this study, and examine him, after lifting the veil for him ... And he'll probably throw himself at your feet and weep! He's a nervous man, an unhappy man; his wife goes about with Stavrogin. Coddle him a bit and he'll reveal everything himself, but I need six days... And the main thing, the main thing—not even half a word to Yulia Mikhailovna. A secret. Can we keep it a secret?"

"What?" Lembke goggled his eyes. "You actually haven't ... revealed anything to Yulia Mikhailovna?"

"To her? Save me and have mercy on me! Ehh, Andrei Antonovich! You see, sir: I greatly value her friendship and highly respect. . . well, and all that... but I wouldn't make such a blunder. I don't contradict her, because to contradict her, you know yourself, is dangerous. It's possible I did drop a hint or two, because she likes that, but to give away names or anything to her, as I just did to you—ehh, my dear! And why am I turning to you now? Because you are, after all, a man, a serious person, with solid, old-style experience in the service. You've seen it all. I suppose you already know every step in such matters by heart from Petersburg cases. And if I were to tell her these two names, for example, she'd just start banging the drums ... Because she'd really love to astonish Petersburg from here. No, she's too hot-headed, that's the thing, sir."

"Yes, she does have something of that fougue," Andrei Antonovich muttered, not without pleasure, at the same time regretting terribly that this ignoramus should dare to express himself quite so freely about Yulia Mikhailovna. But Pyotr Stepanovich probably thought it was still too little, and that he must put on more steam so as to flatter and completely subdue "Lembka."

"Fougue, precisely," he agreed. "Granted she may be a genius, a literary woman, but—she'll scare the sparrows away. She couldn't hold out for six hours, much less six days. Ehh, Andrei Antonovich, don't ever lay a six-day term on a woman! You will acknowledge that I do have some experience, in these matters, I mean; I do know a thing or two, and you yourself know that I'm

capable of knowing a thing or two. I'm asking you for six days not to play around, but for serious business."

"I've heard..." Lembke hesitated to voice his thought, "I've heard that on your return from abroad you expressed something like repentance ... in the proper quarters?"

"Well, or whatever it was."

"And I, naturally, have no wish to go into... but I kept thinking that up to now you've talked in quite a different style here, about the Christian faith, for example, about social structures, and, finally, about the government..."

"I've said all kinds of things. I say the same things now, too, only these ideas shouldn't be pursued the way those fools do it, that's the point. What's this biting the shoulder? You agreed with me yourself, only you were saying it was too early."

"I was not, in fact, speaking about that when I agreed but said it was too early."

"You just hang every word on a hook, though—heh, heh!—you cautious man!" Pyotr Stepanovich suddenly remarked gaily. "Listen, dear heart, I did have to get acquainted with you, after all, that's why I've been speaking to you in this style of mine. It's not only you, I make many acquaintances this way. Maybe I had to figure out your character."

"And what would you need my character for?"

"Well, how should I know what for?" (he laughed again). "You see, my dear and much respected Andrei Antonovich, you are cunning, but it hasn't come to *that* yet, and most likely it won't, understand? You understand, perhaps? Though I did give explanations in the proper quarters on my return from abroad, and I really don't see why a person of certain convictions shouldn't act for the benefit of his genuine convictions... but no one *there* has ordered your character yet, and I have not yet taken upon myself any such orders from *there*. Try to realize: it was quite possible for me not to disclose these two names to you first, but to shoot straight over *there*—I mean, where I gave my original explanations; and if I were exerting myself on account of finances, or for some profit, then, of course, it would be a miscalculation on my part, because now they'll be grateful to you and not to me."

It's solely for the sake of Shatov," Pyotr Stepanovich added, with a noble air, "for Shatov alone, out of past friendship ... well, and maybe when you take up your pen to write *there*, well, you can praise me, if you wish ... I won't object, heh, heh! *Adieu*, however, I've stayed too long and babbled more than I should have!" he added, not without affability, and got up from the sofa.

"On the contrary, I'm very glad things are beginning to take shape, so to speak," von Lembke got up, too, also with an affable air, apparently influenced by the last words. "I accept your services with gratitude, and, rest assured, everything, for my part, concerning references to your zeal ..."

"Six days, that's the main thing, give me six days, and make no move for those six days, that's what I need!"

"Very well."

"Naturally, I'm not tying your hands, and wouldn't dare to. You can't really not keep an eye out; only don't frighten the nest ahead of time, this is where I'm counting on your intelligence and experience. And I bet you must have all sorts of hounds and bloodhounds of your own ready, heh, heh!" Pyotr Stepanovich blurted out gaily and thoughtlessly (like a young man).

"Not quite," Lembke dodged affably. "It's a prejudice of youth that there's so much ready... But, incidentally, allow me one word: if this Kirillov was Stavrogin's second, then Mr. Stavrogin, too, in that case..."

"What about Stavrogin?"

"I mean, if they're such friends?"

"Ah, no, no, no! You're way off the mark, though you are cunning. And you even surprise me. I thought you were not uninformed with regard to that. . . Hm, Stavrogin is something totally the opposite—I mean, totally... *Avis au lecteur*. ^[xcvii]"

"Indeed! But, can it be?" Lembke uttered mistrustfully. "Yulia Mikhailovna told me that, according to her information from Petersburg, he is a man with certain, so to speak, instructions..."

"I know nothing, nothing, nothing at all. *Adieu. Avis au lecteur!*" Pyotr Stepanovich suddenly and obviously dodged.

He flew to the door.

"Allow me, Pyotr Stepanovich, allow me," cried Lembke, "one other tiny matter—I won't keep you."

He pulled an envelope from his desk drawer.

"Here's one little specimen of the same category, and with this I prove that I trust you in the highest degree. Here, sir, what is your opinion?"

There was a letter in the envelope—a strange letter, anonymous, addressed to Lembke, and received only the day before. To his great vexation, Pyotr Stepanovich read the following:

Your Excellency, For by rank you are so. I herewith announce an attempt on the life of the persons of generals and the fatherland; for it leads straight to that. I myself have constantly been spreading them for a multitude of years. And godlessness, too. A rebellion is in preparation, there being several thousand tracts, and a hundred men will run after each one with their tongues hanging out, if not taken away by the authorities beforehand, for a multitude is promised as a reward, and the simple people are stupid, and also vodka. People considering the culprit are destroying one and another, and, fearing both sides, I repented of what I did not participate in, for such are my circumstances. If you want a denunciation to save the fatherland, and also the churches and icons, I alone can. But, with

that, a pardon by telegraph from the Third Department, ^[133] immediately, to me alone out of all of them, and the rest to be held responsible. As a signal, every evening at seven o'clock put a candle in the doorkeeper's window. Seeing it, I will believe and come to kiss the merciful hand from the capital, but, with that, a pension, otherwise what will I live on? And you will not regret it, because you will get a star. It has to be on the quiet, or else there will be a neck wrung.

Your Excellency's desperate man.

At your feet falls the repentant freethinker,

Incognito

Von Lembke explained that the letter had turned up a day ago in the doorkeeper's room, while no one was there.

"So what do you think?" Pyotr Stepanovich asked almost rudely.

"I should suppose that this is an anonymous lampoon, a mockery."
 "Most likely that's what it is. You're not to be hoodwinked."
 "Mainly because it's so stupid."
 "And have you received other lampoons here?"
 "I have, twice, anonymously."
 "Well, naturally they're not going to sign them. In different styles? Different hands?"
 "Different styles and different hands."
 "And clownish, like this one?"
 "Yes, clownish, and you know... extremely vile."
 "Well, since there have been some already, it's probably the same now."
 "And mainly because it's so stupid. Because those people are educated and probably wouldn't write so stupidly."
 "Ah, yes, yes."
 "But what if someone indeed wants to make a denunciation?"
 "Impossible," Pyotr Stepanovich cut off dryly. "What's this telegram from the Third Department? And the pension? An obvious lampoon."
 "Yes, yes," Lembke felt ashamed.
 "You know what, why don't you let me keep it. I'll find out definitely for you. Even before I find out the others."
 "Take it," von Lembke agreed, though with a certain hesitation.
 "Have you shown it to anyone?"
 "No, how would I, not to anyone."
 "I mean, to Yulia Mikhailovna?"
 "Ah, God forbid, and for God's sake don't you show it to her!" Lembke cried out in fright. "She'll be so shocked ... and terribly angry with me."
 "Yes, you'll be the first to catch it, she'll say you had it coming, if they write to you like that. We know women's logic. Well, good-bye. I may even present this writer to you within three days. Above all, our agreement!"

IV

Pyotr Stepanovich was perhaps not a stupid man, but Fedka the Convict rightly said of him that he "invents a man and then lives with him." He went away from von Lembke quite certain that he had set him at ease for at least six days, and he needed the time badly. But this notion was a false one, and it all rested on his having invented Andrei Antonovich as a perfect simpleton, from the very start, once and for all.

Like every morbidly insecure man, Andrei Antonovich, each time he emerged from uncertainty, was for the first moment extremely and joyfully trustful. The new turn of affairs presented itself to him at first in a rather agreeable way, despite certain newly emerging, troublesome complications. The old doubts, at least, were reduced to dust. Besides, he had grown so tired in the last few days, felt himself so worn out and helpless, that his soul involuntarily longed for peace. But, alas, once again he was not at peace. Long life in Petersburg had left indelible traces on his soul. He was rather well informed of the official and even the secret history of the "new generation"—he was a curious man and collected tracts—but he never understood the first word of it. And now he was as if in a forest: all his instincts told him that there was something utterly incongruous in Pyotr Stepanovich's words, something outside all forms and conventions—"though devil knows what may go on in this 'new generation,' and devil knows how things are done among them!" he pondered, losing himself in reflections.

And here, as if by design, Blum again stuck his head into the room. Throughout Pyotr Stepanovich's visit, he had bided his time not far away. This Blum was even a relation of Andrei Antonovich's, but a distant one, carefully and timorously concealed all his life. I ask the reader's pardon for granting at least a few words here to this insignificant person. Blum belonged to the strange breed of "unfortunate" Germans—not at all owing to his extreme giftlessness, but precisely for no known reason. "Unfortunate" Germans are not a myth, they really exist, even in Russia, and have their own type. All his life Andrei Antonovich had nursed a most touching sympathy for him, and wherever he could, as he himself succeeded in the service, kept promoting him to subordinate positions within his jurisdiction, but the man had no luck anywhere. Either the position would be abolished, or the superior would be replaced, or else he was once almost put on trial along with some others. He was precise, but somehow excessively, needlessly, and to his own detriment, gloomy; red-haired, tall, stooping, doleful, even sentimental, yet, for all his downtroddenness, stubborn and persistent as an ox, though always at the wrong time. He and his wife, with their numerous children, nursed a long-standing and reverential affection for Andrei Antonovich. Except for Andrei Antonovich, no one had ever loved him. Yulia Mikhailovna discarded him at once, but proved unable to overcome her husband's tenacity. This was their first family quarrel, and it took place just after their wedding, in the very first honey days, when Blum suddenly came to light, after having been carefully hidden from her, along with the offensive secret of his being her relation. Andrei Antonovich entreated her with clasped hands, recounted feelingly the whole story of Blum and of their friendship from very childhood, but Yulia Mikhailovna considered herself disgraced forever and even resorted to swooning. Von Lembke did not yield an inch to her and declared that he would not abandon Blum for anything in the world, nor distance him from himself, so that she was finally surprised and was forced to permit Blum. Only it was decided that their relation must be concealed still more carefully than before, if that were possible, and that Blum's name and patronymic would be changed, because for some reason he, too, was named Andrei Antonovich. Among us Blum made no acquaintances, except with the German pharmacist, paid no calls, and, as was his wont, lived his niggardly and solitary life. He had long known, too, about Andrei Antonovich's literary peccadilloes. He was

mainly summoned to listen to his novels in secret, intimate readings, would sit it out like a post for six hours on end; sweated, exerted all his strength to smile and not fall asleep; on coming home would lament, together with his long-legged and lean-fleshed wife, over their benefactor's unfortunate weakness for Russian literature.

Andrei Antonovich looked with suffering at the entering Blum.

"Leave me alone, Blum, I beg you," he began in an alarmed patter, obviously wishing to deflect any renewal of their previous conversation, interrupted by Pyotr Stepanovich's arrival.

"And yet it could be arranged in the most delicate way, quite privately; you do have full authority," Blum respectfully but stubbornly insisted on something, hunching his shoulders and approaching Andrei Antonovich more and more closely on small steps.

"Blum, you are devoted to me and obliging to such a degree that I get beside myself with fear each time I look at you."

"You always say sharp things and sleep peacefully feeling pleased with what you've said, but you do yourself harm that way."

"Blum, I've just become convinced that it's not that, not that at all."

"Is it from the words of this false, depraved young man whom you yourself suspect? He won you over by his flattering praise of your talent for literature."

"Blum, you understand nothing; your project is an absurdity, I tell you. We won't find anything, and there will be a terrible outcry, then laughter, and then Yulia Mikhailovna..."

"We will unquestionably find everything we are looking for," Blum took a firm step towards him, placing his right hand on his heart. "We will make the inspection suddenly, early in the morning, observing all delicacy regarding the person, and all the prescribed strictness of legal form. The young men, Lyamshin and Telyatnikov, insist all too much that we will find everything we want. They have visited there many times. No one is attentively disposed towards Mr. Verkhovensky. The general's widow Stavrogin has clearly denied him her patronage, and every honest man, if there be such in this rude town, is convinced that there has always been concealed

there a source of disbelief and social teaching. He keeps all the forbidden books, Ryleev's *Ponderings*, ^[134] all of Herzen's works ... I have an approximate catalogue just in case..."

"Oh, God, everyone has those books; how simple you are, my poor Blum!"

"And many tracts," Blum went on without heeding the reproof. "We will certainly finish by finding the trail of actual local tracts. This young Verkhovensky I find quite, quite suspicious."

"But you're mixing up the father and the son. They're not on good terms; the son laughs openly at the father."

"That is just a mask."

"Blum, you're sworn to be the death of me! Think, he's a notable person here, after all. He used to be a professor, he's a well-known man, he'll make an outcry, and there will be jeering all over town, and the whole thing will go amiss... and think what will happen with Yulia Mikhailovna!"

Blum barged ahead without listening.

"He was just an assistant professor, just only an assistant professor, and is only a mere retired collegiate assessor in rank," ^[135] he kept beating his breast, "he has no distinctions, he was fired from his post on suspicion of plotting against the government. He was under secret surveillance, and no doubt still is. And in view of the newly discovered disorders, your duty no doubt obliges you. And yet you, on the contrary, are letting your distinction slip, by conniving with the real culprit."

"Yulia Mikhailovna! Get ou-u-ut, Blum!" von Lembke suddenly cried, hearing his spouse's voice in the next room.

Blum gave a start, but did not yield.

"Permit me, do permit me," he edged forward, pressing both hands still more tightly to his breast.

"Get ou-u-ut!" Andrei Antonovich gnashed. "Do what you like... later... Oh, my God!"

The portière was raised, and Yulia Mikhailovna appeared. She stopped majestically on seeing Blum, looked him over haughtily and offensively, as if the man's very presence there were an insult to her. Blum silently and respectfully made her a low bow and, stooping with respect, went to the door on tiptoe, his hands spread slightly.

Whether he indeed took Andrei Antonovich's last hysterical exclamation as direct permission to act as he had requested, or whether he played it false in this case for the direct good of his benefactor, being only too certain that the end would crown the affair—in any case, as we shall see below, this conversation between the superior and his subordinate produced a most unexpected result, which made many laugh, became publicly known, aroused the bitter wrath of Yulia Mikhailovna, and with all that left Andrei Antonovich finally bewildered, having thrown him, at the hottest moment, into the most lamentable indecision.

V

For Pyotr Stepanovich the day proved a bustling one. From von Lembke he quickly ran over to Bogoyavlensky Street, but going down Bykov Street, past the house where Karmazinov was lodging, he suddenly halted, grinned, and went into the house. "You are expected, sir," he was told, which highly intrigued him, because he had given no notice of his coming.

But the great writer was indeed expecting him, and had been even yesterday, and the day before. Three days earlier he had handed him the manuscript of his *Merçi* (which he wanted to read at the literary *matinée* on the day of Yulia Mikhailovna's fête), and had done so as a favor, quite certain that he would pleasantly flatter the man's vanity by letting him acquaint himself with the great work beforehand. Pyotr Stepanovich had long ago noticed that this gentleman, conceited, spoiled, and insultingly unapproachable for the non-elect, this "all but statesmanly mind," was quite simply fawning on him, even eagerly so. I believe the young man finally realized that the older one considered him, if not the ringleader of everything covertly revolutionary in the whole of Russia, at least one of those

most deeply initiated into the secrets of the Russian revolution and with an unquestionable influence on the young. The state of mind of "the most intelligent man in Russia" interested Pyotr Stepanovich, but up to now, for certain reasons, he had avoided any explanations.

The great writer lodged in the house of his sister, a court chamberlain's wife and a landowner; the two of them, husband and wife, stood in awe of their famous relation, but, to their great regret, during his present visit they were both in Moscow, so that the honor of receiving him went to a little old lady, a very distant and poor relation of the chamberlain's, who lived in their house and had long looked after all the housekeeping. With the arrival of Mr. Karmazinov, the household all began to go around on tiptoe. The little old lady notified Moscow almost daily of how he had reposed and upon what he had been pleased to dine, and once sent a telegram with the news that he had been obliged, after a formal dinner at the mayor's, to take a spoonful of a certain medication. She rarely ventured into his room, though he treated her politely, if dryly, and spoke with her only if there was some need. When Pyotr Stepanovich entered, he was eating his little morning cutlet with half a glass of red wine. Pyotr Stepanovich had visited him before and always found him over this little morning cutlet, which he went on eating in his presence without ever offering him anything. After the little cutlet, a small cup of coffee was served. The valet who brought the food wore a tailcoat, soft inaudible boots, and gloves.

"Ahh!" Karmazinov rose from the sofa, wiping his mouth with a napkin, and with an air of the purest joy came at him with his kisses—a habit characteristic of Russians if they are indeed so famous. But Pyotr Stepanovich recalled from previous experience that while he would come at you with his kisses, he would then let you have his cheek, and so this time he did the same; the two cheeks

[\[136\]](#) met. Karmazinov, without showing that he had noticed it, sat down on the sofa and affably pointed Pyotr Stepanovich to the armchair facing him, in which the latter proceeded to sprawl.

"You wouldn't... Would you care for some lunch?" the host asked, abandoning his habit this time, but, of course, with an air that clearly prompted a polite refusal. Pyotr Stepanovich at once did care to have lunch. A shadow of hurt amazement darkened his host's face, but only for a moment; he nervously rang for the servant and, in spite of all his good breeding, raised his voice squeamishly as he ordered a second lunch to be served.

"What will you have, a cutlet or coffee?" he inquired once more.

"A cutlet and coffee, and have them bring more wine, I'm hungry," Pyotr Stepanovich replied, studying his host's attire with calm attention. Mr. Karmazinov was wearing a little quilted jerkin, a sort of jacket, with little mother-of-pearl buttons, but much too short, and which was not at all becoming to his rather well fed tummy and the solidly rounded beginnings of his legs; but tastes vary. The checkered woolen plaid on his knees unfolded to the floor, though the room was warm.

"Are you sick or something?" Pyotr Stepanovich remarked.

"No, not sick, but afraid of becoming sick in this climate," the writer replied in his sharp voice, though with a pleasantly aristocratic lisp, lovingly scanning each word. "I expected you yesterday."

"But why? I didn't promise."

"No, but you do have my manuscript. Have you... read it?"

"Manuscript? What manuscript?"

Karmazinov was terribly surprised.

"But, anyhow, you did bring it with you?" he suddenly grew so alarmed that he even left off eating and looked at Pyotr Stepanovich with frightened eyes.

"Ah, this *Bonjour* you mean ..."

"*Merci*."

"Well, all right. I completely forgot, and I haven't read it, I have no time. I don't know, really, it's not in my pockets... must be on my desk. Don't worry, it'll turn up."

"No, better if I send to your place for it now. It may disappear, or get stolen, finally."

"But, who needs it! And why are you so frightened? Yulia Mikhailovna says you always have several copies stashed away, one abroad with a notary, another in Petersburg, a third in Moscow, then you send one to the bank, or whatever."

"But Moscow can also burn down, and my manuscript with it. No, I'd better send right now."

"Wait, here it is!" Pyotr Stepanovich took a bundle of writing paper from his back pocket. "It got a bit crumpled. Imagine, it's been there in my back pocket all this time, along with my handkerchief, just as I took it from you then; I forgot."

Karmazinov greedily snatched the manuscript, carefully looked it over, counted the pages, and placed it respectfully beside him for the time being, on a special little table, but so as to keep it in view at all times.

"It seems you don't read so much," he hissed, unable to restrain himself.

"No, not so much."

"And in the line of Russian belles lettres—nothing?"

"In the line of Russian belles lettres? Let me see, I did read something ... *On the Way ... or Make Way... or By the Wayside*, possibly—I don't remember. I read it long ago, five years or so. I have no time."

Some silence ensued.

"I assured them all, as soon as I arrived, that you are a great mind, and now it seems they've all lost their minds over you."

"Thank you," Pyotr Stepanovich replied calmly.

Lunch was brought. Pyotr Stepanovich fell upon the little cutlet with great appetite, ate it instantly, drank the wine, and gulped down the coffee.

"This ignoramus," Karmazinov studied him pensively out of the corner of his eye as he finished the last little morsel and drank the last little sip, "this ignoramus probably understood all the sharpness of my phrase just now... and he certainly read the manuscript eagerly and is just lying with something in mind. Yet it may also be that he's not lying, but is quite genuinely stupid. I like it when a man of genius is somewhat stupid. Isn't he really some sort of genius hereabouts? Devil take him, anyway."

He got up from the sofa and began pacing the room slowly, from corner to corner, for exercise—something he performed every day after lunch.

"Leaving soon?" Pyotr Stepanovich asked from the armchair, having lighted a cigarette.

"I came to sell my estate, actually, and am now entirely dependent on my manager."

"But it seems you came because an epidemic was expected there after the war?"

"N-no, it wasn't quite that," Mr. Karmazinov continued, scanning his words benignly, and kicking his right leg out briskly, though only slightly, each time he turned back from a corner. "Indeed," he grinned, not without venom, "I intend to live as long as possible. There is something in the Russian gentry that very quickly wears out, in all respects. But I want to wear out as late as possible, and am now moving abroad for good; the climate is better there, and they build in stone, and everything is stronger. Europe will last my lifetime, I think. What do you think?"

"How should I know?"

"Hm. If their Babylon is indeed going to collapse, and great will be its fall ^[138] (in which I fully agree with you, though I do think it will last my lifetime), here in Russia there is nothing to collapse, comparatively speaking. We won't have stones tumbling down, everything will dissolve into mud. Holy Russia is least capable in all the world of resisting anything. Simple people still hang on somehow by the Russian God; but the Russian God, according to the latest reports, is rather unreliable and even barely managed to withstand the peasant reform; anyway he tottered badly. And what with the railroads, and what with your... no, I don't believe in the Russian God at all."

"And in the European one?"

"I don't believe in any. I've been slandered to the Russian youth. I've always sympathized with every movement of theirs. I was shown these local tracts. They're regarded with perplexity because everyone is frightened by the form, but everyone is nonetheless certain of their power, though they may not be aware of it. Everyone has long known that there is nothing to cling to. I'm convinced of the success of this mysterious propaganda even owing to this alone, that Russia now is preeminently the place in the whole world where anything you like can happen without the least resistance. I understand only too well why the moneyed Russians have all been pouring abroad, more and more of them every year. It's simple instinct. If a ship is about to sink, the rats are the first to leave it. Holy Russia is a wooden country, a beggarly and... dangerous one, a country of vainglorious

^[139] beggars in its upper strata, while the vast majority live in huts on chicken legs. She'll be glad of any way out, once it has been explained to her. The government alone still wants to resist, but it brandishes its cudgel in the dark and strikes its own. Everything is doomed and sentenced here. Russia as she is has no future. I've become a German and count it an honor."

"No, but you began about the tracts; tell me everything, how do you look at them?"

"Everyone is afraid of them, which means they're powerful. They openly expose deceit and prove that we have nothing to cling to and nothing to lean on. They speak out, while everyone is silent. The most winning thing about them (despite the form) is this hitherto unheard-of boldness in looking truth straight in the face. This ability to look truth straight in the face belongs only to the Russian generation. No, in Europe they are still not so bold: theirs is a kingdom of stone, they still have something to lean on. As far as I can see and am able to judge, the whole essence of the Russian revolutionary idea consists in a denial of honor. I like the way it is so boldly and fearlessly expressed. No, in Europe they still won't understand it, but here it is precisely what they will fall upon. For the Russian, honor is simply a superfluous burden. And it has always been a burden, throughout his history. He can be all the sooner carried away

by an open 'right to dishonor.' ^[140] I am of the old generation and, I confess, still stand for honor, but only from habit. I simply like the old forms, say it's from faintheartedness; I do have to live my life out somehow."

He suddenly paused.

"I talk and talk, however," he thought, "and he says nothing and keeps an eye on me. He came so that I'd ask him a direct question. And I will ask it."

"Yulia Mikhailovna asked me to trick you somehow into telling what this surprise is that you're preparing for the ball the day after tomorrow," Pyotr Stepanovich said suddenly.

"Yes, it will indeed be a surprise, and I will indeed amaze..." Karmazinov assumed a dignified air, "but I won't tell you what the secret is."

Pyotr Stepanovich did not insist.

"There's some Shatov here," the great writer inquired, "and, imagine, I haven't seen him."

"A very nice person. So?"

"That's all. He's talking about something. Was he the one who slapped Stavrogin in the face?"

"Yes."

"And what do you think of Stavrogin?"

"I don't know—some sort of philanderer."

Karmazinov had come to hate Stavrogin, because he made a habit of taking no notice of him.

"This philanderer," he said, tittering, "will probably be the first to be hung from a limb, if what's preached in those tracts ever gets carried out."

"Maybe even sooner," Pyotr Stepanovich said suddenly.

"And so it should be," Karmazinov echoed, not laughing now, but somehow all too serious.

"You already said that once, and, you know, I told him so."

"What, you really told him?" Karmazinov laughed again.

"He said if it was hanging from a limb for him, a whipping would be enough for you, only not an honorary one, but painful, the way they whip a peasant."

Pyotr Stepanovich took his hat and got up from his place. Karmazinov held out both hands to him in farewell.

"And what," he peeped suddenly, in a honeyed little voice and with some special intonation, still holding his hands in his own, "what if all... that's being planned... were set to be carried out, then when... might it happen?"

"How should I know?" Pyotr Stepanovich replied, somewhat rudely. They gazed intently into each other's eyes.

"Roughly? Approximately?" Karmazinov peeped still more sweetly.

"You'll have time to sell the estate, and time to clear out as well," Pyotr Stepanovich muttered, still more rudely. They both gazed at each other still more intently.

There was a minute of silence.

"It will begin by the beginning of next May, and be all over by the Protection," ^[141] Pyotr Stepanovich said suddenly.

"I sincerely thank you," Karmazinov said in a heartfelt voice, squeezing his hands.

"You'll have time, rat, to leave the ship!" Pyotr Stepanovich thought as he came outside. "Well, if even this 'all but statesmanly mind' is inquiring so confidently about the day and the hour, and thanks one so respectfully for the information received, we cannot doubt ourselves after that." (He grinned.) "Hm. And he's really not stupid, and... just a migratory rat; that kind won't inform!"

He ran to Bogoyavlensky Street, to Filippov's house.

VI

Pyotr Stepanovich went first to Kirillov. He was alone, as usual, and this time was doing exercises in the middle of the room—that is, he was standing with his legs apart, whirling his arms above his head in some special way. A ball was lying on the floor. The morning tea, already cold, had not been cleared from the table. Pyotr Stepanovich paused on the threshold for a minute.

"You take good care of your health, though," he said loudly and gaily, stepping into the room. "What a nice ball, though; look how it bounces! Is this also for exercise?"

Kirillov put his jacket on.

"Yes, also for health," he muttered dryly, "sit down."

"It's just for a minute. Still, I'll sit down. Health is health, but I've come to remind you of our agreement. Our time, sir, is 'in a certain sense' approaching," he concluded with an awkward twist.

"What agreement?"

"You ask, what agreement?" Pyotr Stepanovich got fluttered up, even frightened.

"It's not an agreement, or a duty, I'm bound by nothing, there's a mistake on your part."

"Listen, what is this you're doing?" Pyotr Stepanovich jumped all the way up.

"My will."

"Which is?"

"The same."

"I mean, how am I to understand that? You're still of the same mind?"

"I am. Only there is not and was not any agreement, and I'm bound by nothing. There was just my will, and now there is just my will."

Kirillov was talking abruptly and squeamishly.

"I agree, I agree, let it be your will, as long as this will doesn't change," Pyotr Stepanovich settled down again with a satisfied air.

"You get angry at words. You've somehow become very angry lately;

that's why I've avoided visiting. I was completely sure, by the way, that you wouldn't change."

"I dislike you very much; but you can be completely sure. Though I do not recognize changes and non-changes."

"You know, though," Pyotr Stepanovich got fluttered up again, "why don't we talk it all over properly, so as not to be confused. The matter requires precision, and you disconcert me terribly. Am I permitted to speak?"

"Speak," Kirillov said curtly, looking into the corner.

"You resolved long ago to take your own life ... I mean, you did have such an idea. Have I put it right? Is there any mistake?"

"I have such an idea now, too."

"Wonderful. And note, also, that no one has forced you into it."

"To be sure; how stupidly you talk."

"All right, all right, so I put it very stupidly. No doubt it would be very stupid to force such things. To go on: you were a member of the Society under the old organization, and it was then that you confided it to one member of the Society."

"I did not confide it, I simply told it."

"All right. It would be ridiculous to 'confide' such a thing—what sort of confession is it? You simply told it. Wonderful."

"No, not wonderful, because you maunder so. I don't owe you any accounting, and you're not capable of understanding my thoughts. I want to take my own life because I have this thought, because I do not want the fear of death, because ... because there's nothing here for you to know... What is it? Want some tea? It's cold. Let me get you another glass."

Indeed, Pyotr Stepanovich had grabbed the teapot and was looking for an empty receptacle. Kirillov went to the cupboard and brought a clean glass.

"I just had lunch with Karmazinov," the visitor observed, "listened to him talk, got sweaty, then ran here and again got sweaty, I'm dying of thirst."

"Drink. Cold tea is good."

Kirillov sat down on his chair again, and again stared into the corner.

"A thought occurred in the Society," he went on in the same voice, "that I could be useful if I killed myself, and that one day when you got into some kind of mischief and they were looking for culprits, I could suddenly shoot myself and leave a letter that I had done it all, so that they wouldn't suspect you for a whole year."

"Or at least a few days; even one day is precious."

"Very well. In that sense I was told to wait if I liked. I said I would, until I was told the time by the Society, because it makes no difference to me."

"Yes, but remember you pledged that when you wrote the dying letter it would not be without me, and that on my arrival in Russia you would be at my... well, in short, at my disposal, that is, for this occasion alone, of course, and in all others you are certainly free," Pyotr Stepanovich added, almost courteously.

"I did not pledge, I consented, because it makes no difference to me."

"Wonderful, wonderful, I don't have the slightest intention of dampening your pride, but..."

"This is not pride."

"But remember that a hundred and twenty thalers were collected for your trip, so you took money."

"Not at all," Kirillov flared up, "not for that. One does not take money for that."

"Sometimes one does."

"You're lying. I declared in a letter from Petersburg, and in Petersburg I paid you a hundred and twenty thalers, handed them to you... and they were sent there, unless you kept them."

"Very well, very well, I'm not disputing anything, they were sent. The main thing is that you're of the same mind as before."

"The same. When you come and say 'it's time,' I'll fulfill everything. What, very soon?"

"Not so many days... But remember, we compose the note together, that same night."

"Or day, even. You say I must take the blame for the tracts?"

"And something else."

"I won't take everything on myself."

"What won't you take?" Pyotr Stepanovich got fluttered up again.

"Whatever I don't want to; enough. I don't want to talk about it anymore."

Pyotr Stepanovich restrained himself and changed the subject.

"Here's another thing," he warned. "Will you join us this evening? It's Virginsky's name day, that's the pretext for the gathering."

"I don't want to."

"Do me a favor and come. You must. You must, to impress them with numbers, and with your face... Your face is... well, in short, you have a fatal face."

"You find it so?" laughed Kirillov. "Very well, I'll come. Only not for my face. When?"

"Oh, earlyish, half past six. And, you know, you can come in, sit down, and not speak to anyone, however many there are. Only, you know, don't forget to bring a pencil and paper with you."

"What for?"

"It makes no difference to you anyway; and it's my special request. You'll just sit without speaking to anyone at all, listen, and from time to time make as if you're taking notes; well, you can draw something."

"Nonsense, what for?"

"Since it makes no difference to you; you do keep saying that it makes no difference to you."

"No, but what for?"

"Because that member of our Society, the inspector, got stuck in Moscow, and I announced to someone or other here that the inspector might visit us; so they'll think the inspector is you, and since you've been here for three weeks already, they'll be all the more surprised."

"Flimflam! You have no inspector in Moscow."

"Well, suppose I haven't, devil take him, is that any business of yours? And why is it so hard for you to do it? You are a member of the Society."

"Tell them I'm the inspector; I'll sit and be silent, but the pencil and paper I don't want."

"But why?"

"I don't want it."

Pyotr Stepanovich became angry, even turned green, but again restrained himself, got up, and took his hat.

"Is he here?" he suddenly said in a half-whisper.

"Yes."

"Good. I'll have him out soon, don't worry."

"I don't worry. He just spends nights here. The old woman is in the hospital, the daughter-in-law died; for two days I've been alone. I showed him a place in the fence where a board can be removed; he gets in, no one sees him."

"I'll take him away soon."

"He says he has many places to spend the night."

"That's a lie, they're looking for him, and here so far it's inconspicuous. Do you really get to talking with him?"

"Yes, all night. He says very bad things about you. I read him the Apocalypse at night, with tea. He listened hard; even very, all night."

"Ah, the devil, you'll convert him to the Christian faith!"

"He's of Christian faith as it is. Don't worry, he'll use his knife. Whom do you want to put a knife into?"

"No, that's not what I'm keeping him for; he's for something else... And does Shatov know about Fedka?"

"I don't talk and never see Shatov."

"Is he angry, or what?"

"No, we're not angry, we just turn away. We spent too long lying together in America."

"I'll go to him now."

"As you like."

"Stavrogin and I may also come to you from there, somewhere around ten o'clock."

"Come."

"I have to talk with him about an important... You know, why don't you give me your ball? What do you need it for now? I, too, for exercise. I'll even pay money for it."

"Just take it."

Pyotr Stepanovich put the ball in his back pocket.

"And I won't give you anything against Stavrogin," Kirillov muttered behind him, letting his visitor out. The latter looked at him in surprise, but did not respond.

Kirillov's last words confused Pyotr Stepanovich greatly; he still had not had time to make sense of them, but going up the stairs to see Shatov he tried to recompose his displeased look into a benign physiognomy. Shatov was at home and slightly ill. He was lying on his bed, though dressed.

"What bad luck!" Pyotr Stepanovich cried out from the threshold. "Are you seriously ill?"

The benign expression on his face suddenly vanished; something spiteful flashed in his eyes.

"Not in the least," Shatov jumped up nervously, "I'm not ill at all, my head is a little..."

He was even at a loss; the sudden appearance of such a visitor decidedly frightened him.

"The matter I've come on is such that it would be better not to be sick," Pyotr Stepanovich began quickly and as if peremptorily. "Allow me to sit down" (he sat down), "and you sit back down on your cot, so. Today some of our people are getting together at Virginsky's, under the pretense of his birthday; there will be no other tinge—that's been seen to. I'll come with Nikolai Stavrogin. I certainly wouldn't drag you there, knowing your present way of thinking ... I mean, in the sense of not wanting to torment you there, and not because we think you'd inform. But it turns out that you'll have to go. You'll meet those people there with whom we will finally decide the manner of your leaving the Society, and to whom you will hand over what you have. We'll do it inconspicuously; I'll lead you to some corner; there will be a lot of people, and there's no need for everyone to know. I confess I did have to exercise my tongue on your behalf; but now it seems that they, too, agree, with the understanding, of course, that you hand over the press and all the papers. Then you can go to the four winds."

Shatov listened frowningly and spitefully. His recent nervous fright had left him altogether.

"I do not acknowledge any obligation to give an accounting to the devil knows whom," he stated flatly. "No one can set me free."

"Not quite so. A lot was entrusted to you. You had no right to break it off so directly. And, finally, you never announced it clearly, so you led them into an ambiguous position."

"As soon as I came here I announced it clearly in a letter."

"No, not clearly," Pyotr Stepanovich disputed calmly. "For instance, I sent you 'The Shining Light' to print here, and to keep the copies somewhere here with you until called for; and two tracts as well. You sent it all back with an ambiguous letter that meant nothing."

"I directly refused to print it."

"Yes, but not directly. You wrote: 'Am unable,' but did not explain for what reason. 'Unable' doesn't mean 'unwilling.' It could be supposed that you were unable simply for material reasons. In fact, they took it that way, and supposed that you still agreed to continue your connection with the Society, and so they might have entrusted you with something again, and thus have compromised themselves. Here they say you simply wanted to deceive, so that, having obtained important information, you could then denounce them. I defended you all I could, and showed your two-line written reply as a document in your favor. But I myself had to admit, on rereading it, that those two lines are vague and lead one into deception."

"And you've preserved this letter so carefully?"

"That I've preserved it is nothing; I have it even now."

"Who the devil cares! ..." Shatov cried out furiously. "Let your fools think I denounced them, it's not my business! I'd like to see what you can do to me."

"You'd be marked out and hanged at the first success of the revolution."

"That's when you seize supreme power and subjugate Russia?"

"Don't laugh. I repeat, I stood up for you. One way or another, I'd still advise you to come today. Why waste words because of some false pride? Isn't it better to part amicably? Because you'll have to hand over the press and the type and the old papers in any case, so we can talk about that."

"I'll come," Shatov growled, hanging his head in thought. Pyotr Stepanovich studied him out of the corner of his eye from where he sat.

"Will Stavrogin be there?" Shatov suddenly asked, raising his head.

"Quite certainly."

"Heh, heh!"

Again they were silent for about a minute. Shatov was grinning squeamishly and irritably.

"And that vile 'Shining Light' of yours, which I didn't want to print here, did it get printed?"

"It did."

"To persuade schoolboys that Herzen himself wrote it into your album?"

"Herzen himself."

Again they were silent for about three minutes. Shatov finally rose from the bed.

"Get out of here from me, I don't want to sit with you."

"I'm going," Pyotr Stepanovich said, even somehow gaily, rising at once. "Only one word: it seems Kirillov is all by himself in the wing now, without any maid?"

"All by himself. Get out, I can't stay in the same room with you."

"Well, aren't you in a fine state now!" Pyotr Stepanovich reflected gaily as he was going out, "and so you will be in the evening, and that's precisely how I want you now, I could wish for nothing better, nothing better! The Russian God himself is helping out!"

VII

He probably hustled about a good deal that day on various little errands—and it must have been with success—which reflected itself in the smug expression of his physiognomy when in the evening, at six o'clock sharp, he appeared at Nikolai Vsevolodovich's. But he was not shown in to him at once; Mavriky Nikolaevich had just shut himself up with Nikolai Vsevolodovich in the study. This news instantly worried him. He sat down right by the door of the study to wait until the visitor came out. The conversation could be heard, but he was unable to catch the words. The visit did not last long; soon there was noise, an unexpectedly loud and sharp voice was heard, then the door opened and out came Mavriky Nikolaevich with a completely pale face. He did not notice Pyotr Stepanovich and quickly walked past. Pyotr Stepanovich at once ran into the study.

I cannot avoid a detailed account of this extremely brief meeting of the two "rivals"—a meeting seemingly impossible under the circumstances, but which nonetheless took place.

It happened like this. Nikolai Vsevolodovich was dozing after dinner on the sofa in his study when Alexei Yegorovich reported the arrival of an unexpected visitor. On hearing the name announced, he even jumped up from his place and would not believe it. But soon a smile flashed on his lips—a smile of haughty triumph and at the same time of a certain dull, mistrustful amazement. The entering Mavriky Nikolaevich seemed struck by the expression of this smile; at least he paused suddenly in the middle of the room as if undecided whether to go on or turn back. The host at once managed to change his face, and with a look of earnest perplexity stepped forward to meet him. The man did not take the proffered hand, moved a chair out awkwardly, and, not saying a word, sat down even before the host, without waiting to be invited. Nikolai Vsevolodovich sat himself down sideways on the sofa and, scrutinizing Mavriky Nikolaevich, waited silently.

"If you can, then marry Lizaveta Nikolaevna," Mavriky Nikolaevich suddenly offered, and, what was most curious, it was quite impossible to tell by the tone of his voice whether it was a request, a recommendation, a concession, or an order.

Nikolai Vsevolodovich continued to be silent; but the visitor had evidently said all he had come for, and was staring at him point-blank, awaiting an answer.

"Unless I'm mistaken (though it's all too true), Lizaveta Nikolaevna is already engaged to you," Stavrogin said at last.

"Betrothed and engaged," Mavriky Nikolaevich firmly and clearly confirmed.

"You've... quarreled?... Excuse me, Mavriky Nikolaevich."

"No, she 'loves and respects' me—the words are hers. Her words are more precious than anything."

"There's no doubt of that."

"But you should know that if she were standing right at the altar, and you were to call her, she would drop me and everyone and go to you."

"From the altar?"

"And after the altar."

"You're not mistaken?"

"No. From behind her ceaseless, genuine, and most complete hatred for you, love flashes every moment, and... madness... the most genuine and boundless love and—madness! On the contrary, from behind the love she feels for me, also genuinely, hatred flashes every moment—the greatest hatred! I could never have imagined all these... metamorphoses... before."

"But still it surprises me, how could you come and dispose of Lizaveta Nikolaevna's hand? Do you have the right to do that? Or did she authorize you?"

Mavriky Nikolaevich frowned and cast down his head for a moment.

"These are only just words on your part," he said suddenly, "vengeful and triumphant words: I'm sure you understand what's been left unspoken between the lines, and is there any place here for petty vanity? Aren't you satisfied enough? Is there really any need to smear it around, to dot all the *i*'s? As you wish, I will dot them, if you need my humiliation so much: I have no right, no authorization is possible; Lizaveta Nikolaevna doesn't know about anything, and her fiancé has lost his last wits and is fit for the madhouse, and to crown it all he comes himself to report it to you. You alone in the whole world can make her happy, and I alone—unhappy. You contend for her, you pursue her, but, I don't know why, you will not marry her. If it's some lovers' quarrel that happened abroad, and I must be sacrificed to end it—sacrifice me. She is too unhappy, and I cannot bear it. My words are not a permission, not a prescription, and so there is no insult to your pride. If you wanted to take my place at the altar, you could do it without any permission on my part, and there was certainly no point in my coming to you with my madness. Especially as our marriage is no longer possible at all after this step of mine. I can't lead her to the altar when I'm a scoundrel. What I am doing here and my handing her over to you, perhaps her most implacable enemy, is in my view the act of a scoundrel, which I, of course, will never be able to endure." "Will you shoot yourself as we're getting married?" "No, much later. Why stain her wedding garment with my blood. Maybe I won't shoot myself at all, either now or later." "You probably wish to set me at ease by saying so?" "You? What could one more splash of blood mean to you?" He turned pale and his eyes flashed. A minute of silence followed.

"Excuse me for the questions I've put to you," Stavrogin began again. "Some of them I had no right to put, but to one of them it seems to me I have every right: tell me what facts led you to conclude about my feelings for Lizaveta Nikolaevna? I mean with regard

to the degree of those feelings, the certainty of which allowed you to come to me and... risk such a suggestion."

"What?" Mavriky Nikolaevich even gave a slight start. "But haven't you been seeking after her? You were not seeking and do not want to seek after her?"

"In general, I cannot speak aloud about my feelings for this or that woman to a third person, or to anyone at all except that one woman. Excuse me, it's an oddity of my organism. But instead of that I'll tell you the whole rest of the truth: I am married, and it is no longer possible for me to marry or 'to seek after.'"

Mavriky Nikolaevich was so amazed that he recoiled against the back of his armchair, and for a while stared fixedly at Stavrogin's face.

"Imagine, I somehow didn't think of that," he muttered. "You said then, that morning, that you weren't married ... and so I believed you weren't married..."

He was growing terribly pale; suddenly he banged his fist on the table with all his might.

"If after such a confession you do not leave Lizaveta Nikolaevna alone, and keep making her unhappy, I'll kill you with a stick like a dog in a ditch!"

He jumped up and quickly walked out of the room. Pyotr Stepanovich, running in, found the host in a most unexpected frame of mind.

"Ah, it's you!" Stavrogin guffawed loudly; he seemed to be guffawing only at the figure of Pyotr Stepanovich, who ran in with such impetuous curiosity.

"You were eavesdropping at the door? Wait, what is it you've arrived with? I promised you something, I know... Aha! I remember: to go to 'our' people! Let's go, I'm very glad, and you couldn't have thought of anything more appropriate right now."

He grabbed his hat, and the two men left the house without delay.

"You're laughing ahead of time at seeing 'our' people?" Pyotr Stepanovich fidgeted gaily, now trying to keep in stride with his companion on the narrow brick sidewalk, now even running down into the roadway, right into the mud, since his companion was completely unaware that he was walking in the very middle of the sidewalk and thus occupying the whole of it with his own person.

"Not laughing in the least," Stavrogin answered loudly and gaily, "on the contrary, I'm sure you've got some serious folk there."

"'Gloomy dullards,' as you were pleased to put it once."

"There's nothing gayer than certain gloomy dullards."

"Ah, you mean Mavriky Nikolaevich! I'm sure he came just now to give up his fiancée to you, eh? Imagine, it was I who set him onto that, indirectly. And if he doesn't give her up, we'll take her ourselves—eh?"

Pyotr Stepanovich knew, of course, the risk of allowing himself such flourishes, but when he was excited he preferred sooner to risk everything than to leave himself in ignorance. Nikolai Vsevolodovich merely laughed.

"And you still count on helping me?" he asked.

"If you call me. But, you know what, there's one way that's best."

"I know your way."

"Ah, no, so far it's a secret. Only remember, secrets cost money."

"I even know how much," Stavrogin growled under his breath, but checked himself and fell silent.

"How much? What did you say?" Pyotr Stepanovich fluttered up.

"I said: to hell with you and your secret! Better tell me who you've got there. I know we're going to a name-day party, but who, namely, will be there?"

"Oh, all sorts of things, in the highest degree! Even Kirillov."

"All members of circles?"

"Devil take it, you rush so! Not even one circle has taken place here yet."

"Then how did you manage to spread so many tracts?"

"Where we're going only four of them are members of the circle. The rest, while they wait, are spying on each other as hard as they can and bringing everything to me. Trustworthy folk. It's all material for us to organize, and then we clear out. However, you wrote the rules yourself, there's no need to explain to you."

"So, what, the going's hard? Got stuck?"

"The going? Easy as could be. This'll make you laugh: what first of all affects them terribly is a uniform. There's nothing stronger than a uniform. I purposely invent ranks and positions: I have secretaries, secret stool pigeons, treasurers, chairmen, registrars, their adjuncts— it's all very much liked and has caught on splendidly. Then the next force, naturally, is sentimentality. You know, with us socialism spreads mostly through sentimentality. But the trouble here is with these biting lieutenants; you get burned every so often. Then come the out-and-out crooks; well, they can be nice folk, very profitable on occasion, but they take up a lot of time, require constant surveillance. Well, and finally the main force—the cement that bonds it all—is shame at one's own opinion. There is a real

force! And who was it that worked, who was the 'sweetie'^[142] that labored so that there isn't a single idea of one's own left in anyone's head! They consider it shameful."

"But if so, why are you bustling about like this?"

"But if it's just lying there gaping at everybody, how can one help filching it! As if you don't seriously believe success is possible? Eh, the belief is there, it's the wanting that's needed. Yes, precisely with their sort success is possible. I tell you, I can get them to go through fire, if I just yell at them that they're not liberal enough. Fools reproach me for having hoodwinked everyone here with my central committee and 'numerous branches.' You yourself once reproached me with that, but where is there any hoodwinking: the central committee is you and me, and there can be as many branches as they like."

"And all with these dregs!"

"It's material. They, too, will come in useful."

"And you're still counting on me?"

"You are the chief, you are the force; I'll just be at your side, a secretary. You know, we shall board our bark, and her oars will be of maple, and her sails of silk, and in the stern there sits a beautiful maiden, the fair Lizaveta Nikolaevna ... or how the devil does the song go..." [143]

"Muffed it!" Stavrogin burst out laughing. "No, I'd better give you the refrain. Here you're counting off on your fingers what forces make up a circle? All this officialdom and sentimentality—it's good glue, but there's one thing better still: get four members of a circle to bump off a fifth on the pretense of his being an informer, and with this shed blood you'll immediately tie them together in a single knot. [144]

They'll become your slaves, they won't dare rebel or call you to accounts. Ha, ha, ha!"

"You, though... you're going to pay for those words, my friend," Pyotr Stepanovich thought to himself, "and even this very night. You allow yourself too much."

Thus, or almost thus, Pyotr Stepanovich must have reflected. However, they were already coming up to Virginsky's house.

"You've no doubt presented me there as some sort of member from abroad, connected with the Internationale, maybe an inspector?" Stavrogin suddenly asked.

"No, not an inspector; the inspector won't be you; you are a founding member from abroad who knows the most important secrets — that's your role. You are, of course, going to speak?"

"What gives you that idea?"

"You're obliged to speak now."

Stavrogin even stopped in surprise in the middle of the street, not far from a streetlamp. Pyotr Stepanovich met his gaze boldly and calmly. Stavrogin spat and walked on.

"And are you going to speak?" he suddenly asked Pyotr Stepanovich.

"No, I'd rather listen to you."

"Devil take you! In fact, you're giving me an idea!"

"What idea?" Pyotr Stepanovich popped up.

"Maybe I will speak there, in fact, but then I'm going to give you a beating, and a good one, you know."

"By the way, I told Karmazinov about you this morning, that you supposedly said about him that he ought to get a whipping, and not just an honorary one, but painful, the way they whip a peasant."

"But I never said that, ha, ha!"

"Never mind. *Se non è vero . . .*" [145]

"Well, thanks, I'm sincerely grateful."

"You know what else Karmazinov says? That essentially our teaching is a denial of honor, and that it's easiest of all to carry the Russian man with us by an open right to dishonor."

"Excellent words! Golden words!" Stavrogin cried. "He's put his finger on it! The right to dishonor—and everyone will come running to us, no one will stay there! Listen, Verkhovensky, you're not from the higher police, eh?"

"Whoever has such questions in his mind doesn't voice them."

"I understand, but we're among ourselves."

"No, so far I'm not from the higher police. Enough, we're here. Concoct your physiognomy, Stavrogin; I always do when I come to them. Add some extra gloom, that's all, no need for anything else; it's quite a simple thing."

11: With our People

I

Virginsky lived in his own house, that is, in his wife's house, on Muravyiny Street. It was a one-story wooden house, and there were no other lodgers in it. Under the pretense of the host's birthday about fifteen guests had gathered; but the party in no way resembled an ordinary provincial name-day party. From the very beginning of their cohabitation, the Virginsky spouses mutually resolved once and for all that to invite guests for one's name day was perfectly stupid, and besides "there's nothing at all to be glad about." In a few years they had somehow managed to distance themselves completely from society. He, though a man of ability, and by no means a "poor sort," for some reason seemed to everyone an odd man who loved solitude and, moreover, spoke "arrogantly." While Madame Virginsky herself, who practiced the profession of midwife, by that alone stood lowest of all on the social ladder, even lower than the priest's wife, despite her husband's rank as an officer. As for the humility befitting her station, this could not be observed in her at all. And after a most stupid and unforgivably open liaison, on principle, with a certain crook, one Captain Lebyadkin, even the most lenient of our ladies turned away from her with remarkable disdain. Yet Madame Virginsky took it all as if it were just what she wanted. Remarkably, the very same severe ladies, should they happen to be in an interesting condition, turned if possible to Arina Prokhorovna (Virginsky, that is), bypassing the other three *accoucheuses* of our town. She was summoned even by country landowners' wives—so great was everyone's belief in her knowledge, luck, and adroitness in critical cases. The end was that she began to practice solely in the wealthiest houses; and she loved money to the point of greed. Having fully sensed her power, she finally stopped restraining her character altogether. Perhaps it was even on purpose that, while working in the most distinguished houses, she would frighten a nervous woman in childbed with some unheard-of nihilistic forgetting of decency, or, finally, with her mockery of "all that's holy," precisely at moments when "the holy" might have been most useful. Our army doctor, Rozanov, an *accoucheur* himself, bore positive witness that once, when a woman in labor was howling in pain and calling on the almighty name of God, it was precisely one of these freethinking outbursts from Arina Prokhorovna, sudden "like a rifle shot," that, by affecting the patient with fright, contributed to a most speedy delivery. But, though a nihilist, in case of necessity Arina Prokhorovna would not shrink at all, not only from social, but even from age-old, most prejudiced customs, if they could be of use to her. Not for anything would she miss, for example, the baptism of a baby she had delivered, and she would appear wearing a green silk dress with a train, and with her chignon combed into curls and ringlets, while at all other times she reached the point of reveling in her own slovenliness. And though she always maintained "a most insolent air" during the performance of the sacrament, to the embarrassment of the clergy, once the rite had been performed, it was she who unfailingly brought out the champagne (this was why she came, and got so dressed up), and woe to anyone who tried to take a glass from her without paying something "into the pot."

The guests who gathered at Virginsky's this time (almost all men) had some sort of accidental and urgent look.^[146] There were no refreshments or cards. In the middle of the big drawing room, papered with supremely old blue wallpaper, two tables had been moved together and covered with a big tablecloth, not quite clean, incidentally, and on them two samovars were boiling. A huge tray with twenty-five glasses and a basket of ordinary French bread cut up into many slices, somewhat as in upper-class male and female children's boarding schools, occupied the end of the table. Tea was poured by a thirty-year-old maiden lady, the hostess's sister, browless and pale-haired, a silent and venomous being, but who shared in the new views, and of whom Virginsky, in his domestic existence, was terribly afraid. All together there were three ladies in the room: the hostess herself, her browless sister, and Virginsky's sister, the young Miss Virginsky, who had just got in from Petersburg. Arina Prokhorovna, an imposing lady of about twenty-seven, not bad-looking, somewhat unkempt, in a non-festive woolen dress of a greenish shade, was sitting and looking over her guests with a dauntless gaze, as if hastening to say with her eyes: "See how I'm not afraid of anything at all." The visiting Miss Virginsky, also not bad-looking, a student and a nihilist, well fed and well packed, like a little ball, with very red cheeks, and of short stature, had placed herself next to Arina Prokhorovna, still almost in her traveling clothes, with some bundle of papers in her hand, and was studying the guests with impatient, leaping eyes. Virginsky himself was somewhat unwell that evening, but he nevertheless came out and sat in an armchair at the tea table. The guests were all sitting down as well, and this decorous disposition on chairs around a table gave the suggestion of a meeting. Obviously they were all waiting for something, and, while waiting, engaged each other in loud but as if irrelevant conversation. When Stavrogin and Verkhovensky appeared, everything suddenly became hushed.

But I will allow myself some comments by way of clarification.

I believe that all these gentlemen had indeed gathered then in the pleasant hope of hearing something especially curious, and had been so informed before they gathered. They represented the flower of the most bright red liberalism in our ancient town and had been quite carefully selected by Virginsky for this "meeting." I will also note that some among them (though very few) had never visited him before. Of course, the majority of the guests had no clear notion of why they had been so informed. True, at that time they all took Pyotr Stepanovich for a visiting foreign emissary with plenary powers; this idea had somehow immediately taken root and, naturally, was flattering. And yet in this bunch of citizens gathered under the pretense of a name-day celebration, there were some to whom certain proposals had already been made. Pyotr Verkhovensky had managed to slap up a "fivesome" in our town, similar to the one he already had going in Moscow and also, as it now turns out, among the officers in our district. They say he had one in Kh— province as well. These five elect were now sitting at the general table and managed to feign quite skillfully the look of the most ordinary

people, so that no one could recognize them. These were—since it is no longer a secret—first, Liputin, then Virginsky himself, long-eared Shigalyov (Mrs. Virginsky's brother), Lyamshin, and, finally, a certain Tolkachenko—a strange character, already a man of forty, and famous for his vast study of the people, predominantly crooks and robbers, for which purpose he frequented the pot-houses (not only to study the people, however), and who flaunted among us his bad clothing, tarred boots, squintingly sly look, and frilly folk expressions. Lyamshin had already brought him once or twice to Stepan Trofimovich's evenings, where, however, he had produced no special effect. He would appear in town every so often, mostly when he was out of a job, and he used to work for the railroad. All five of these activists made up this first crew in the warm belief that it was just one unit among hundreds and thousands of fivesomes of the same sort scattered all over Russia, and that they all depended on some central, enormous, but secret place, which in turn was organically linked with Europe's world revolution. But, unfortunately, I must confess that even then there had begun to be discord among them. The thing was that though they had been expecting Pyotr Verkhovensky since spring, as had been announced to them first by Tolkachenko and then by the newly arrived Shigalyov, though they were expecting extraordinary miracles from him, and though they had all come at once, without the slightest criticism and at his first call, to join the circle, yet they had no sooner made up the fivesome than they all at once became offended, as it were, and precisely, I suppose, because of the quickness of their consent. They had joined, of course, out of a magnanimous sense of shame, so that no one could say later that they had not dared to join; but, still, Pyotr Verkhovensky ought really to have appreciated their noble deed and at least have told them some foremost anecdote as a reward. But Verkhovensky did not have the slightest wish to satisfy their legitimate curiosity, and would not tell them anything unnecessary; generally, he treated them with remarkable sternness and even casualness. This was decidedly irritating, and member Shigalyov was already instigating the others "to demand an accounting," but, of course, not now, at Virginsky's, where so many outsiders had gathered.

Speaking of outsiders, I also have an idea that the above-named members of the first fivesome were inclined to suspect that among Virginsky's guests that evening there were members of other groups unknown to them, also started in town from the same secret organization, and by the selfsame Verkhovensky, so that in the end all of those gathered suspected each other, and assumed various postures in front of each other, which indeed lent the whole gathering a rather incoherent and even partly romantic appearance. However, there were also people there who were beyond any suspicion. Such, for example, was one active army major, Virginsky's close relative, a completely innocent man, who had not even been invited, but had come on his own to celebrate the name day, so that it was simply impossible not to receive him. But anyhow Virginsky was not worried, because the major "simply could not denounce them"; for, despite all his stupidity, he had been fond throughout his life of scurrying around all those places where extreme liberals are to be found; did not sympathize himself, but liked very much to listen. Moreover, he had even been compromised once: it so happened

that in his youth whole warehouses of *The Bell* ^[147] and various tracts had passed through his hands, and though he had been afraid even to unfold them, he would still have regarded the refusal to disseminate them as perfect baseness—and there are some Russians of his sort even to this day. The remainder of the guests represented either the type of noble amour-propre crushed to the point of bile, or the type of the first and noblest impulse of fervent youth. These were two or three teachers, one of whom was lame, already about forty-five, an instructor in the high school, an extremely venomous and remarkably vain man, and two or three officers. Of the latter, one was a very young artilleryman who had arrived just the other day from some military school, a silent boy who had not yet had time to make acquaintances, and who now suddenly turned up at Virginsky's with a pencil in his hand and, almost without taking part in the conversation, kept jotting things down in his notebook. Everyone saw this, but for some reason everyone tried to make it seem as if they had not noticed. There was also the loaf-about seminarian who together with Lyamshin had slipped the vile photographs into the book-hawker's bag, a big fellow with a free and easy but at the same time mistrustful manner, with a perpetually accusatory smile, and along with that a calm look of triumphant perfection contained within himself. There was, I have no idea why, also the son of our mayor, that same nasty boy, dissipated beyond his years, whom I have already mentioned while telling the story of the lieutenant's little wife. He was silent all evening. And finally, in conclusion, there was a high-school student, a very hot-headed and disheveled boy of about eighteen, who sat with the glum look of a young man whose dignity has been insulted, and suffered visibly on account of his eighteen years. This mite of a lad was already the head of an independent crew of conspirators formed in the upper grade of the high school, which fact was discovered afterwards to general amazement. I have not mentioned Shatov: he was sitting right there at the far corner of the table, his chair moved slightly out of line; he looked down, was gloomily silent, refused tea and bread, and would not let go of his peaked cap all the while, as if wishing thereby to declare that he was not a guest but had come on business, and could get up and leave whenever he liked. Not far from him sat Kirillov, also quite silent, though he did not look down but, on the contrary, examined each speaker point-blank with his fixed, lusterless stare, and listened to everything without the least emotion or surprise. Some of the guests who had never seen him before studied him stealthily and pensively. It is not known whether Madame Virginsky herself knew anything about the existence of the fivesome. I suppose she knew everything, and precisely from her husband. The girl student, of course, did not participate in any way, but she had her own concern: she intended to stay only for a day or two, and then go on farther and farther, to all the university towns, to "share the suffering lot of the poor students and arouse them to protest." She was bringing with her several hundred lithographed copies of an appeal—of her own composition, it would seem. Remarkably, the high-school boy hated her from first sight almost to the point of blood vengeance, though it was the first time he had seen her in his life, and she him. The major was her uncle, and met her that day for the first time in ten years. When Stavrogin and Verkhovensky entered, her cheeks were as red as cranberries: she had just had a spat with her uncle over their views of the woman question.

II

Verkhovensky sprawled himself with remarkable casualness on a chair at the upper corner of the table, greeting almost no one.

His look was squeamish, and even arrogant. Stavrogin politely made his bows, but, despite the fact that everyone had been waiting only for them, everyone, as if on command, pretended that they had scarcely noticed them. The hostess sternly addressed Stavrogin as soon as he sat down.

"Stavrogin, you want tea?"

"Thanks," he replied.

"Tea for Stavrogin," she commanded the pouring woman, "and what about you?" (this was now to Verkhovensky).

"Of course I do, what a thing to ask a guest! And give me cream, too. You always serve such vileness instead of tea—and for a name-day party at that."

"What, you also recognize name days?" the girl student suddenly laughed. "We were just talking about that."

"It's old hat," the high-school boy grumbled from the other end of the table.

"What is old hat? To forget prejudices, innocent though they may be, isn't old hat but, on the contrary, to everyone's shame, is so far still new," the girl student instantly declared, simply lunging forward from her chair. "Besides, there are no innocent prejudices," she added bitterly.

"I just wanted to state," the high-school boy became terribly excited, "that although prejudices are, of course, old and need to be wiped out, yet concerning name days everybody already knows they're stupid and too old hat to waste precious time on, which has been wasted by the whole world even without that, so as to use one's wits for some object more in need of..."

"Too dragged out, can't understand a thing," the girl student shouted.

"It seems to me that everybody has the right to speak equally with everybody else, and if I wish to state my opinion, like anybody else, then..."

"No one is taking away your right to speak," the hostess herself now cut in sharply, "you are simply being invited to stop maundering, because no one can understand you."

"Allow me to observe, however, that you do not respect me; if I was unable to finish my thought, it's not from having no thoughts, but rather from an excess of thoughts..." the high-school boy muttered, all but in despair, and became finally confused.

"If you don't know how to talk, shut up," the girl student swatted.

The high-school boy even jumped on his chair.

"I just wished to state," he shouted, all burning with shame, and afraid to look around, "that you just wanted to pop up with your cleverness because Mr. Stavrogin came in—that's what!"

"Your thought is dirty and immoral, and indicates the utter insignificance of your development. I beg you not to advert to me again," the girl student rattled out.

"Stavrogin," the hostess began, "they were shouting about family rights just before you came—this officer here" (she nodded at her relative, the major). "And I'm most certainly not going to be the one to bother you with such old, long-disposed-of nonsense. All the same, where on earth could family rights and duties have come from, in the sense of the prejudice in which they now appear? That's the question. Your opinion?"

"What do you mean, where on earth?" Stavrogin asked in turn.

"That is, we know, for instance, that the prejudice about God originated in thunder and lightning," the girl student suddenly ripped out again, all but leaping on Stavrogin with her eyes. "It is known only too well that original mankind, being scared of thunder and lightning, deified the invisible enemy, feeling their weakness before him. But how did the prejudice about the family arise? Where on earth could the family itself have come from?"

"That is not quite the same..." the hostess tried to stop her.

"I suppose the answer to such a question would be immodest," Stavrogin answered.

"How's that?" the girl student lunged forward.

But a tittering came from the teachers' group, echoed at once from the other end by Lyamshin and the high-school boy, and followed by the husky guffaw of the major-relative.

"You should write vaudevilles," the hostess remarked to Stavrogin.

"That adverts all too little to your honor, whatever your name is," the girl student cut off in decided indignation.

"And you shouldn't pop up!" the major blurted out. "You are a young lady, you should behave modestly, and it's as if you're sitting on pins."

"Kindly keep still, and do not dare to address me familiarly with your nasty comparisons. It's the first time I've seen you and I care nothing about our family connection."

"But I'm your uncle! I used to tote you around in my arms when you were still an infant!"

"What do I care what you used to tote around. I didn't ask you to tote me around, which means, mister impolite officer, that you got pleasure from it. And allow me to remark that you dare not use a familiar tone with me, unless it's from civic feeling, and that I forbid it once and for all."

"They're all like that!" the major banged his fist on the table, addressing Stavrogin, who was sitting opposite him. "No, sir, excuse me, I like liberalism and modernity, and I like listening to intelligent conversation, but—mind you—from men. From women, from these modern dithery things—no, sir, it pains me! Don't you fidget!" he cried to the girl student, who was hopping up and down on her chair. "No, I demand to speak, too; I have been offended, sirs."

"You only hinder others, and can't say anything yourself," the hostess grumbled indignantly.

"No, I will have my say," the excited major addressed Stavrogin. "I'm counting on you, Mr. Stavrogin, as one who has only just arrived, though I do not have the honor of knowing you. Without men they'll perish like flies—that is my opinion. This whole woman question of theirs is just merely a lack of originality. I assure you that this whole woman question was invented for them by men, out of foolishness, and it has blown up in their faces—thank God I'm not married! Not the least diversity, sir, they cannot even invent a simple pattern; men even invent their patterns for them! Look here, sir, I used to carry her in my arms, danced the mazurka with her when she was ten years old, she came in today, naturally I flew to embrace her, and she announces to me from the second word that

there is no God. If it had been from the third word, not from the second—but no, she's in a hurry! Well, suppose intelligent people don't believe, but that's from intelligence, and you, I say, squirt that you are, what do you understand about God? You were taught by some student, and if he'd taught you to light icon lamps, you'd do it."

"That's all lies, you are a very wicked man, and I conclusively expressed your groundlessness to you just now," the girl student replied disdainfully, as if scorning too many explanations with such a man. "I precisely told you just now that we were all taught by the [148]

catechesis: 'If you honor your father and your parents, you'll live a long life and be granted wealth.' It's in the ten commandments. If God found it necessary to offer a reward for love, it means your God is immoral. These are the words in which I gave you my proof today, and not from the second word, but because you declared your rights. Whose fault is it if you're dumb and don't understand even now. You feel offended and you're angry—that's the whole clue to your generation."

"Ninny!" said the major.

"And you are a nincompoop."

"Go on, abuse me!"

"I beg your pardon, Kapiton Maximovich, but didn't you tell me that you yourself don't believe in God?" Liputin peeped from the other end of the table.

"What if I did, it's a different matter with me! Maybe I do believe, but not quite. Though I don't fully believe, still I'm not going to say that God should be shot. Back when I was serving with the hussars, I kept reflecting about God. It's an accepted fact in all poems that a hussar drinks and carouses; so, sir, maybe I did drink, but, would you believe, I used to jump out of bed in the middle of the night, just in my socks, and start crossing myself in front of the icon, asking God to send me faith, because even then I couldn't be at peace: is there God, or not? I really had a hot time of it! In the morning I'd get distracted, of course, and faith would seem to disappear again, and generally I've noticed that faith always disappears somewhat during the day."

"You wouldn't happen to have a deck of cards?" Verkhovensky, with a gaping yawn, addressed the hostess.

"I am altogether, altogether in sympathy with your question!" the girl student ripped out, aglow with indignation at the major's words.

"Precious time is being wasted listening to stupid talk," the hostess cut off, looking demandingly at her husband.

The girl student drew herself up.

"I wanted to declare to the meeting about the suffering and protest of the students, but since time is being wasted on immoral talk..."

"There's no such thing as moral or immoral!" the high-school boy could not bear it, once the girl student started.

"I knew that, mister high-school student, way before you were taught such things."

"And I maintain," the boy flew into a frenzy, "that you are a child come from Petersburg to enlighten us all, when we know it ourselves. About the commandment: 'Honor thy father and mother,' which you didn't know how to recite, and its being immoral—since Belinsky everyone in Russia has known that."

"Will this never end?" Madame Virginsky said determinedly to her husband. As hostess, she blushed at the worthlessness of the talk, especially when she noticed a few smiles and even some perplexity among the first-time visitors.

"Gentlemen," Virginsky suddenly raised his voice, "if anyone wished to begin on something more pertinent, or has something to state, I suggest he set about it without wasting time."

"I venture to make a question," the lame teacher, who had hitherto been silent and was sitting especially decorously, gently said. "I should like to know whether we here and now constitute some sort of meeting, or are a gathering of ordinary mortals who have come as guests? I ask more for the sake of order, and so as not to be in ignorance."

This "cunning" question produced its effect; everyone exchanged glances, each apparently expecting another to answer, and suddenly, as if on command, they all turned their eyes to Verkhovensky and Stavrogin.

"I simply suggest we vote on how to answer the question: 'Are we a meeting, or not?'" said Madame Virginsky.

"I join fully in the suggestion," echoed Liputin, "though it is somewhat vague."

"I join, too." "So do I," came other voices.

"And it seems to me there would indeed be more order," Virginsky clinched.

"So, then, let's vote!" the hostess announced. "Lyamshin, I ask that you sit down at the piano: you can give your vote from there, when the voting starts."

"Again!" cried Lyamshin. "I've banged enough for you."

"I urgently ask you, sit down and play; don't you want to be of use to the cause?"

"But I assure you, Arina Prokhorovna, no one is eavesdropping. It's just your fantasy. And the windows are high, and, besides, who'd understand anything even if he was eavesdropping?"

"We don't understand what it's about ourselves," someone's voice grumbled.

"And I tell you that precaution is always necessary. It's in case there are spies," she turned to Verkhovensky with her interpretation, "let them hear from the street that we're having a party and music."

"Eh, the devil!" Lyamshin swore, sat down at the piano, and started banging out a waltz, striking the keys randomly and all but with his fists.

"I suggest that those who wish it to be a meeting raise their right hand," Madame Virginsky suggested.

Some raised their hand, others did not. There were some who raised it and then took it back. Took it back and then raised it again.

"Pah, the devil! I didn't understand a thing," one officer shouted.

"I don't either," shouted another.

"No, I understand," a third one shouted, "hand up if it's yes."

"Yes, but what does yes mean?"

"It means a meeting."

"No, not a meeting."

"I voted a meeting," the high-school boy shouted, addressing Madame Virginsky.

"Then why didn't you raise your hand?"

"I kept looking at you, you didn't raise yours, so I didn't either."

"How stupid, it's because I made the suggestion, that's why I didn't raise mine. Gentlemen, I suggest we do it again the other way round: whoever wants a meeting can sit and not raise his hand, and whoever doesn't, raise his right hand."

"Whoever doesn't?" the high-school boy repeated.

"Are you doing it on purpose, or what?" Madame Virginsky shouted wrathfully.

"No, excuse me, is it whoever wants or whoever doesn't—because it needs to be defined more precisely," came two or three voices.

"Whoever does not, does *not*."

"Very well, but what should one do, raise it or not raise it, if one does *not* want?" shouted an officer.

"Ehh, we're not really used to a constitution yet," the major observed.

"Mr. Lyamshin, if you don't mind, you're pounding so that no one can hear anything," observed the lame teacher.

"But, by God, Arina Prokhorovna, nobody's eavesdropping," Lyamshin jumped up. "I simply don't want to play! I came here as a guest, not a banger on pianos!"

"Gentlemen," Virginsky suggested, "answer by voice: are we a meeting, or not?"

"A meeting, a meeting!" came from all sides.

"If so, there's no point in voting, it's enough. Is it enough, gentlemen, or need we also vote?"

"No need, no need, we understand!"

"Maybe there's someone who doesn't want a meeting?"

"No, no, we all want it."

"But what is a meeting?" shouted a voice. It went unanswered.

"We must elect a president," the shout came from all sides.

"Our host, certainly, our host!"

"If so, gentlemen," the elected Virginsky began, "then I suggest my original suggestion from earlier: if anyone wished to begin on something more pertinent, or has something to state, let him set about it without wasting time."

General silence. The eyes of all again turned to Stavrogin and Verkhovensky.

"Verkhovensky, do you have anything to state?" the hostess asked directly.

"Precisely nothing," he stretched himself, yawning, on his chair. "I would like a glass of cognac, though."

"Stavrogin, what about you?"

"Thanks, I don't drink."

"I'm asking whether or not you wish to speak, not about cognac."

"Speak? About what? No, I don't wish to."

"You'll get your cognac," she answered Verkhovensky.

The girl student stood up. She had already tried to jump up several times.

"I came to declare about the sufferings of the unfortunate students and about arousing them everywhere to protest ..."

But she stopped short; at the other end of the table another competitor had appeared, and all eyes turned to him. Long-eared Shigalyov, with a gloomy and sullen air, slowly rose from his seat and melancholically placed a fat notebook, filled with extremely small writing, on the table. He remained standing and was silent. Many looked at the notebook in bewilderment, but Liputin, Virginsky, and the lame teacher seemed pleased with something.

"I ask for the floor," Shigalyov declared sullenly but firmly.

"You have it," Virginsky permitted.

The orator sat down, was silent for about half a minute, then said in an important voice:

"Gentlemen..."

"Here's the cognac!" the relative who had been pouring tea chopped off squeamishly and scornfully, returning with the cognac and now setting it in front of Verkhovensky, along with a glass which she brought in her fingers without a tray or plate.

The interrupted orator paused with dignity.

"Never mind, go on, I'm not listening," cried Verkhovensky, filling his glass.

"Gentlemen, addressing myself to your attention," Shigalyov began again, "and, as you will see further on, requesting your assistance on a point of paramount importance, I must pronounce a preface."

"Arina Prokhorovna, have you got scissors?" Pyotr Stepanovich suddenly asked.

"What do you want scissors for?" she goggled her eyes at him.

"I forgot to cut my nails, it's three days now I've been meaning to cut them," he uttered, serenely studying his long and none-too-clean nails.

Arina Prokhorovna flushed, but Miss Virginsky seemed to like something.

"I think I saw them here on the windowsill earlier." She got up from the table, went, found the scissors, and brought them back with her at once. Pyotr Stepanovich did not even glance at her, took the scissors, and began pottering with them. Arina Prokhorovna realized that this was actually a method, and was ashamed of her touchiness. The gathering silently exchanged glances. The lame teacher spitefully and enviously watched Verkhovensky. Shigalyov began to go on:

"Having devoted my energy to studying the question of the social organization of the future society which is to replace the present one, I have come to the conclusion that all creators of social systems from ancient times to our year 187 - have been dreamers, tale-tellers, fools who contradicted themselves and understood precisely nothing of natural science or of that strange animal known as

man. Plato, Rousseau, Fourier, aluminum columns^[149]—all this is fit perhaps for sparrows, but not for human society. But since the future social form is necessary precisely now, when we are all finally going to act, so as to stop any further thinking about it, I am suggesting my own system of world organization. Here it is!" he struck the notebook. "I wanted to explain my book to the gathering in the briefest possible way; but I see that I will have to add a great deal of verbal clarification, and therefore the whole explanation will take at least ten evenings, according to the number of chapters in my book." (Laughter was heard.) "Besides that, I announce ahead of time that my system is not finished." (More laughter.) "I got entangled in my own data, and my conclusion directly contradicts the original idea from which I start. Starting from unlimited freedom, I conclude with unlimited despotism. I will add, however, that apart from my solution of the social formula, there can be no other."

The laughter was increasing more and more, but it was mostly the young and, so to speak, less initiated guests who laughed. The faces of the hostess, Liputin, and the lame teacher expressed a certain vexation.

"If you yourself weren't able to hold your system together, and arrived at despair, what are we supposed to do?" one officer observed cautiously.

"You're right, mister active officer," Shigalyov turned abruptly to him, "and most of all in having used the word 'despair.' Yes, I kept arriving at despair; nevertheless, everything expounded in my book is irreplaceable, and there is no other way out; no one can invent anything. And so I hasten, without wasting time, to invite the whole society, having heard my book in the course of ten evenings, to state its opinion. And if the members do not want to listen to me, let us break up at the very beginning—the men to occupy themselves with state service, the women to go to their kitchens, for, having rejected my book, they will find no other way out. None what-so-ever! And by losing time, they will only harm themselves, because later they will inevitably come back to the same thing."

People began to stir. "Is he crazy, or what?" voices asked.

"So it all comes down to Shigalyov's despair," Lyamshin concluded, "and the essential question is whether he is to be or not to be in despair?"

"Shigalyov's proximity to despair is a personal question," the high-school boy declared.

"I suggest we vote on how far Shigalyov's despair concerns the common cause, and along with that, whether it's worth listening to him or not," the officer gaily decided.

"That's not the point here," the lame man finally mixed in. Generally, he spoke with a certain mocking smile, as it were, so that it might have been difficult to tell whether he was speaking sincerely or joking. "That's not the point here, gentlemen. Mr. Shigalyov is all too seriously devoted to his task, and, what's more, is too modest. I know his book. He suggests, as a final solution of the question, the division of mankind into two unequal parts. One tenth is granted freedom of person and unlimited rights over the remaining nine

tenths.^[150] These must lose their person and turn into something like a herd, and in unlimited obedience, through a series of regenerations, attain to primeval innocence, something like the primeval paradise—though, by the way, they will have to work. The measures proposed by the author for removing the will from nine tenths of mankind and remaking them into a herd, by means of a re-educating of entire generations—are quite remarkable, based on natural facts, and extremely logical. One may disagree with certain conclusions, but it is difficult to doubt the author's intelligence and knowledge. It's a pity the stipulation of ten evenings is totally incompatible with the circumstances, otherwise we might hear a great many interesting things."

"Are you really serious?" Madame Virginsky turned to the lame man even somewhat alarmed. "If this man, not knowing what to do about the people, turns nine tenths of them into slavery? I've long suspected him."

"Your own dear brother, you mean?" the lame man asked.

"Family ties? Are you laughing at me or not?"

"And, besides, to work for the aristocrats and obey them as if they were gods is vileness!" the girl student observed furiously.

"What I propose is not vileness but paradise, earthly paradise, and there can be no other on earth," Shigalyov concluded imperiously.

"Instead of paradise," Lyamshin shouted, "I'd take these nine tenths of mankind, since there's really nothing to do about them, and blow them sky-high, and leave just a bunch of learned people who would then start living happily in an educated way."^[151]

"Only a buffoon could talk like that," the girl student flared up.

"He is a buffoon, but he's useful," Madame Virginsky whispered to her.

"And that might be the best solution of the problem," Shigalyov turned hotly to Lyamshin. "You, of course, don't even know what a profound thing you've managed to say, mister funny fellow. But since your idea is almost unrealizable, we must limit ourselves to the earthly paradise, if that's what we're calling it."

"That's a lot of nonsense, however!" escaped, as it were, from Verkhovensky. Nevertheless he went on cutting his nails with complete indifference and without raising his eyes.

"Why nonsense, sir?" the lame man picked up at once, as if he had just been waiting for his first word in order to seize upon it. "Why nonsense precisely? Mr. Shigalyov is somewhat of a fanatic in his love of mankind; but remember that in Fourier, in Cabet, and

even in Proudhon himself,^[152] there are many quite despotic and fantastic pre-resolutions of the problem. Mr. Shigalyov perhaps resolves the matter even far more soberly than they do. I assure you that after reading his book, it is almost impossible to disagree with some things. He is perhaps least distant of all from realism, and his earthly paradise is almost the real one, the very one mankind sighs for the loss of, if indeed it ever existed."

"Well, I just knew I was letting myself in for it," Verkhovensky muttered again.

"Excuse me, sir," the lame man was seething more and more, "conversations and judgments about the future social organization are an almost imperative necessity of all modern thinking people. Herzen spent his whole life worrying about just that. Belinsky, as I know for certain, passed whole evenings with his friends debating and pre-resolving beforehand even the pettiest kitchen details, so to

speak, in the future social arrangement."

"Some even lose their minds," the major suddenly remarked.

"Still, it's possible to agree on something at least, rather than sit looking like dictators and say nothing," Liputin hissed, as if finally daring to begin an attack.

"When I said it was nonsense, I didn't mean Shigalyov," mumbled Verkhovensky. "You see, gentlemen," he raised his eyes a bit,

"I think all these books, these Fouriers, Cabets, all these 'rights to work,' Shigalyovism ^[153]—it's all like novels, of which a hundred thousand can be written. An aesthetic pastime. I understand that you're bored in this wretched little town, so you fall on any paper with writing on it."

"Excuse me, sir," the lame man was twitching on his chair, "though we are provincials, and are most certainly deserving of pity for that, nevertheless we know that so far nothing so new has happened in the world that we should weep over having missed it. Now it is being suggested to us, through various strewn-about leaflets of foreign manufacture, that we close ranks and start groups with the sole purpose of universal destruction, under the pretext that however you try to cure the world, you're not going to cure it, but by radically lopping off a hundred million heads, thereby relieving ourselves, we can more assuredly jump over the little ditch. A beautiful thought, no doubt, but one at least as incompatible with reality as 'Shigalyovism,' to which you adverted just now with such disdain."

"Well, I really didn't come here for discussions," Verkhovensky let slip this significant little phrase and, as if not noticing the slip at all, moved the candle towards him to have more light.

"It's a pity, sir, a great pity, that you didn't come here for discussions, and a great pity that you're so occupied now with your toilette."

"And what is my toilette to you?"

"A hundred million heads are as hard to realize as remaking the world by propaganda. Maybe even harder, especially if it's in Russia," Liputin ventured again.

"It's Russia they've now set their hopes on," an officer said.

"We've heard about those hopes, too," the lame man picked up. "It is known to us that the mysterious *index* is pointed at our beautiful fatherland as the country most capable of fulfilling the great task. Only here's the thing, sir: in the event of a gradual resolution of the task by propaganda, I at least gain something personally, well, even if it's just pleasant chitchat, and I might indeed get a promotion from the authorities for services to the social cause. But in the other event—that is, this quick resolution by means of a hundred million heads—what in fact will be my reward? Once you start propagandizing, you may well have your tongue cut off."

"Yours will certainly be cut off," said Verkhovensky.

"You see, sir. And since under the most favorable circumstances it would take fifty, or, say, thirty years to finish such a slaughter, because they're not sheep, they may not just let themselves be slaughtered— isn't it better to pack bag and baggage and move somewhere beyond the peaceful seas to some peaceful islands and there serenely close your eyes? Believe me, sir," he tapped the table significantly with his finger, "you'll only provoke emigration with such propaganda, and nothing else, sir!"

He finished, visibly triumphant. Here was one of the powerful intellects of the province. Liputin was smiling insidiously, Virginsky was listening somewhat glumly, the rest followed the argument with great attention, especially the ladies and officers. Everyone realized that the agent of a hundred million heads had been driven into a corner, and waited to see what would come of it.

"That was well put, by the way," Verkhovensky mumbled with still greater indifference than before, and even as if with boredom. "Emigration is a good idea. But if, in spite of all the obvious disadvantages you anticipate, there are still more and more soldiers coming to the common cause every day, then it can do without you. Here, my dear, a new religion is on its way to replace the old one, that's why so many fighters are coming, and this is a big thing. Go ahead and emigrate! And, you know, I'd advise you to go to Dresden, not to any peaceful islands. First, it's a city that has never seen an epidemic, and you, being a developed man, are surely afraid of death; second, it's close to the Russian border, so that one can the sooner receive one's income from the beloved fatherland; third, it contains so-called treasures of art, and you are an aesthetic man, a former teacher of literature, I believe; well, and, finally, it contains its own pocket Switzerland—this now is for poetic inspiration, because you surely must scribble verses. In short, a treasure in a snuffbox!"

There was movement; the officers especially stirred. Another moment and everyone would start talking at once. But the lame man irritably fell upon the bait:

"No, sir, perhaps we won't leave the common cause yet! This must be understood, sir..."

"What, you mean you'd really join a fivesome if I offered it?" Verkhovensky suddenly blurted out and laid the scissors down on the table.

Everyone started, as it were. The mysterious man had suddenly disclosed himself too much. Had even spoken directly about a "five-some."

"Everyone feels himself an honest man and will not shirk the common cause," the lame man went all awry, "but..."

"No, sir, it's not a matter of any *but*," Verkhovensky interrupted imperiously and curtly. "I declare to you, gentlemen, that I want a direct answer. I understand only too well that, having come here and gathered you all together myself, I owe you explanations" (again an unexpected disclosure), "but I cannot give you any before I know what way of thinking you hold with. Talking aside—for we can't babble for another thirty years as we've been babbling for the past thirty—I ask you which is dearer to you: the slow way that consists in the writing of social novels and the bureaucratic predetermining of human destinies on paper for thousands of years to come, with despotism meanwhile gobbling up the roasted hunks that are flying into your mouths of themselves, but that you let go past your mouths; or do you hold with a quick solution, whatever it may consist in, which will finally untie all hands and give mankind the freedom to organize socially by itself, and that in reality, not on paper? 'A hundred million heads,' they shout, and maybe that's just a metaphor, but why be afraid of them if, with these slow paper reveries, despotism in some hundred years will eat up not a hundred but five hundred million heads? Note, too, that the incurable patient is not going to be cured anyway, no matter what prescriptions are given it on paper, and, on the contrary, if there's a delay, it will turn so rotten that it will infect us as well, and corrupt all the fresh

forces which can still be counted on now, so that we'll all finally go under. I fully agree that babbling liberally and eloquently is extremely pleasant, while acting is a bit rough... Well, anyhow, I'm not a good speaker; I came here with communications, and therefore I ask the whole honorable company not even to vote but to declare directly and simply which is more fun for you: a snail's pace through the swamp, or full steam across it?"

"I'm positively for steaming across!" the high-school boy shouted in rapture.

"Me, too," echoed Lyamshin.

"There is certainly no doubt about the choice," one officer muttered, and another after him, and someone else after that one. Above all, everyone was struck that Verkhovensky had "communications" and had himself promised to speak presently.

"Gentlemen, I see that you almost all decide in the spirit of the tracts," he said, scanning the company.

"All, all," came a majority of voices.

"I confess I rather adhere to a humane solution," the major said, "but since it's all, I'll be with all the rest."

"So it turns out that you're not against it either?" Verkhovensky addressed the lame man.

"It's not that I..." the latter seemed to blush somewhat, "but if I do agree with you all now, it's solely so as not to disrupt..."

"You're all like that! The man is ready to argue for half a year for the sake of liberal eloquence, and then winds up voting with all the rest! Consider, however, gentlemen: is it true that you are all ready?" (Ready for what?—his question was a vague but terribly tempting one.)

"Of course, all..." declarations were heard. They all nevertheless kept glancing at each other.

"And maybe afterwards you'll be offended for having agreed so quickly? Because that's almost always what happens with you."

There was agitation of various sorts, great agitation. The lame man flew at Verkhovensky.

"Allow me to observe to you, however, that the answers to such questions depend on certain things. Even if we've given a decision, observe all the same that a question asked in such a strange way..."

"What strange way?"

"A way in which such questions are not asked."

"Teach me, please. And, you know, I was just sure you'd be the first to get offended."

"You dragged an answer out of us about readiness for immediate action, but what right did you have to do so? On what authority do you ask such questions?"

"You should have thought of asking that earlier! Why did you answer, then? First you consent, and now you repent."

"And in my opinion the light-minded frankness of your main question gives me the idea that you have no authority or rights, but were just curious for yourself."

"But what is this, what is this?" Verkhovensky cried, as if he were beginning to be greatly alarmed.

"It's that recruiting, whatever it is, is in any case done in private, and not in an unknown company of twenty people!" the lame man blurted out. He spoke his mind, but he was much too irritated. Verkhovensky quickly turned to the company with a superbly feigned look of alarm.

"Gentlemen, I consider it my duty to announce to you all that this is all foolishness and our talk has gone too far. I have not yet recruited anyone whatsoever, and no one has the right to say of me that I am recruiting, when we were simply talking about opinions. Right? But, whether it's right or not, you alarm me greatly," he again turned to the lame man. "I never thought one had to speak of such all but innocent things in private here. Or are you afraid someone will inform on you? Can it be that there's an informer among us?"

Extreme agitation set in; everyone started talking.

"If it were so, gentlemen," Verkhovensky continued, "I would be the most compromised of all, and therefore I propose that you answer one question—if you wish, of course. You're all entirely free."

"What question? what question?" everyone squawked.

"The sort of question after which it will become clear whether we stay together, or silently put on our hats and go our separate ways."

"The question, the question?"

"If any of us knew of a planned political murder, would he go and inform, foreseeing all the consequences, or would he stay home and await events? Views may differ here. The answer to the question will tell clearly whether we are to separate or stay together, and for much longer than this one evening. Allow me to address you first," he turned to the lame man.

"Why me first?"

"Because you started it all. Kindly don't evade, dodging won't help here. However, as you wish; you are entirely free."

"Excuse me, but such a question is even offensive."

"No, no, be more precise please."

"I've never been an agent of the secret police, sir," the man went even more awry.

"Kindly be more precise, don't keep us waiting."

The lame man was so angry he even stopped answering. Silently, with spiteful eyes, he stared point-blank at his tormentor from behind his spectacles.

"Yes or no? Would you inform or would you not?" Verkhovensky shouted.

"I certainly would *not* inform!" the lame man shouted twice as loudly.

"And no one would inform, of course, no one would," came many voices.

"Allow me to address you, mister Major, would you inform?" Verkhovensky continued, "and note that I'm addressing you on purpose."

"I won't inform, sir."

"Well, and if you knew that someone wanted to kill and rob someone else, an ordinary mortal, you would inform and give warning?"

"Of course, sir, but that would be a civil case, while here it's a political denunciation. I've never been a secret police agent, sir."

"And no one here has ever been," voices came again. "An empty question. We all have the same answer. There are no informers here!"

"Why is that gentleman getting up?" shouted the girl student.

"It's Shatov. Why did you get up, Shatov?" shouted the hostess.

Shatov had indeed gotten up; he was holding his hat in his hand and looking at Verkhovensky. It seemed he wanted to tell him something, but hesitated. His face was pale and spiteful, but he controlled himself, did not say a word, and silently started out of the room.

"Shatov, this is not to your advantage!" Verkhovensky shouted after him mysteriously.

"But it is to yours, spy and scoundrel that you are!" Shatov shouted at him from the doorway and left altogether.

Again shouts and exclamations.

"So that's the test!" shouted a voice.

"Proved useful!" shouted another.

"But didn't it prove useful too late?" observed a third.

"Who invited him? Who let him in? Who is he? Who is this Shatov? Will he inform or won't he?" the questions came pouring out.

"If he was an informer he'd have pretended, but he just spat and left," someone observed.

"Now Stavrogin's getting up, too; Stavrogin hasn't answered the question either," shouted the girl student.

Stavrogin indeed got up, and together with him, from the other end of the table, Kirillov also rose.

"Excuse me, Mr. Stavrogin," the hostess addressed him sharply, "all of us here have answered the question, while you're leaving without a word?"

"I see no need to answer the question that interests you," Stavrogin muttered.

"But we've compromised ourselves, and you haven't," several voices shouted.

"What do I care if you've compromised yourselves?" Stavrogin laughed, but his eyes were flashing.

"What? He doesn't care? He doesn't care?" exclamations came. Many jumped up from their chairs.

"Excuse me, gentlemen, excuse me," the lame man shouted, "but Mr. Verkhovensky also didn't answer the question, he only asked it."

The observation produced a striking effect. They all exchanged glances. Stavrogin laughed loudly in the lame man's face and walked out, followed by Kirillov. Verkhovensky ran out after them to the entryway.

"What are you doing to me?" he murmured, seizing Stavrogin's hand and clenching it as hard as he could in his own. The latter silently jerked it free.

"Go to Kirillov's now, I'll come... It's necessary for me, it's necessary!"

"It's not necessary for me," Stavrogin cut him short.

"Stavrogin will," Kirillov put an end to it. "Stavrogin, it is necessary for you. I'll show you there."

They left.

12: *Ivan the Tsarevich*

They left. Pyotr Stepanovich first rushed back to the "meeting" in order to quiet the chaos, but, probably considering it not worth the trouble, abandoned everything and in two minutes was already flying down the road after the departing men. As he ran he recalled a lane which was a closer way to Filippov's house; sinking to his knees in mud, he started down the lane and in fact arrived at a run the very moment Stavrogin and Kirillov were going through the gate.

"Here already?" Kirillov remarked. "That is well. Come in."

"How is it you said you lived alone?" asked Stavrogin, passing through the entryway where a samovar had been prepared and was already beginning to boil.

"You'll see now who I live with," Kirillov muttered, "come in."

As soon as they entered, Verkhovensky at once pulled out the anonymous letter he had taken earlier from Lembke and placed it in front of Stavrogin. All three sat down. Stavrogin silently read the letter.

"Well?" he asked.

"The scoundrel will do as he says," Verkhovensky explained. "Since he's at your disposal, instruct me how to act. I assure you he may go to Lembke tomorrow."

"Well, let him."

"How, let him? Especially since there are ways to avoid it."

"You're mistaken, he's not dependent on me. And anyway I don't care; he's no danger to me, only to you."

"You, too."

"I don't think so."

"But others may not spare you, don't you understand? Listen, Stavrogin, this is just playing with words. Can you be sorry about the money?"

"So there's a need for money?"

"Certainly, about two thousand, or a minimum of fifteen hundred. Give it to me tomorrow, or even today, and by tomorrow evening I'll have sent him packing off to Petersburg for you, and that is precisely what he wants. If you wish, with Marya Timofeevna—mark that."

There was something completely thrown off in him, he spoke somehow imprudently, ill-considered words escaped him. Stavrogin was watching him in surprise.

"I have no need to send Marya Timofeevna away."

"Maybe you don't even want to?" Pyotr Stepanovich smiled ironically.

"Maybe I don't."

"In short, will there be money or won't there be?" he shouted at Stavrogin in spiteful impatience and as if peremptorily. The latter looked him over seriously.

"There'll be no money."

"Eh, Stavrogin! Do you know something, or have you done something already? You're—on a spree!"

His face became distorted, the corners of his mouth twitched, and he suddenly burst into somehow altogether pointless laughter, inappropriate to anything.

"You got money from your father for the estate," Nikolai Vsevolodovich observed calmly. "Maman gave you about six or eight thousand for Stepan Trofimovich. So you can pay fifteen hundred of your own. I don't want, finally, to pay for other people, I've given out a lot as it is, it makes me feel bad..." he grinned at his own words.

"Ah, you're beginning to joke..."

Stavrogin rose from his chair, and Verkhovensky instantly jumped up as well and mechanically turned his back to the door, as if blocking the way out. Nikolai Vsevolodovich had already made a motion to push him away from the door and go out, but he suddenly stopped.

"I won't let you have Shatov," he said. Pyotr Stepanovich gave a start; the two men stood looking at each other.

"I told you earlier why you need Shatov's blood," Stavrogin flashed his eyes. "You want to stick your crews together with that muck. You drove Shatov out superbly just now: you knew very well he wouldn't have said, 'I won't inform,' and he would have regarded it as baseness to lie in front of you. But me, what do you need me for now? You've been pestering me almost since abroad. The way you've been explaining it to me all along is just sheer raving. And yet what you're driving at is that by giving fifteen hundred to Lebyadkin, I would thus be giving Fedka an occasion for putting a knife into him. I know you've got the notion that I'd like to have my wife killed at the same time. By binding me with a crime you think, of course, you'll be getting power over me, right? What do you want that power for? Why the devil do you need me? Take a good look once and for all: am I your man? And leave me alone."

"Did Fedka come to you on his own?" Verkhovensky asked, short of breath.

"Yes, he did; his price is also fifteen hundred... But he'll confirm it himself, he's standing right here..." Stavrogin reached out his arm.

Pyotr Stepanovich quickly turned around. On the threshold, out of the darkness, a new figure emerged—Fedka, in a sheepskin jacket, but without a hat, as if at home. He stood and chuckled, baring his white, even teeth. His black eyes with their yellow cast darted cautiously around the room, watching the gentlemen. There was something he could not understand; he had obviously just been brought by Kirillov, and it was to him that his questioning eyes turned; he stood on the threshold but would not come into the room.

"You stashed him away here so he could listen to our bargaining, or even see the money in our hands, right?" asked Stavrogin,

and without waiting for a reply, he walked out of the house. Verkhovensky caught up with him at the gate, nearly crazy.

"Stop! Not another step!" he cried, seizing him by the elbow. Stavrogin jerked his arm, but did not jerk it free. Fury came over him: seizing Verkhovensky by the hair with his left hand, he flung him down on the ground with all his might and went through the gate. But before he had walked even thirty steps, the man caught up with him again.

"Let's make peace, let's make peace," he whispered to him, in a convulsive whisper.

Nikolai Vsevolodovich heaved his shoulders, but did not stop or turn around.

"Listen, I'll bring you Lizaveta Nikolaevna tomorrow, do you want that? No? Why don't you answer? Tell me what you want and I'll do it. Listen, I'll give you Shatov, do you want that?"

"So it's true you've decided to kill him?" Nikolai Vsevolodovich cried.

"But what do you want Shatov for? What for?" the frenzied man went on in a breathless patter, running ahead all the time and seizing Stavrogin's elbow, probably without even noticing it. "Listen, I'll give him to you, let's make peace. You've run up a big account, but... let's make peace!"

Stavrogin finally glanced at him and was struck. This was not the same look, not the same voice as always, or as in the room just now; he saw almost a different face. The intonation of the voice was not the same: Verkhovensky was imploring, beseeching. This was a man still stunned because his most precious thing was being, or had already been, taken away.

"But what's the matter with you?" Stavrogin cried. The other did not answer, but kept running after him, looking at him with the same imploring and yet inexorable eyes.

"Let's make peace!" he whispered once more. "Listen, I've got a knife stashed in my boot, just like Fedka, but I'll make peace with you."

"But what the devil do you need me for, finally!" Stavrogin cried out, decidedly wrathful and amazed. "Is there some mystery in it, or what? What sort of talisman have you got me for?"

"Listen, we're going to stir up trouble," the other muttered quickly and almost as if in delirium. "You don't believe we're going to stir up trouble? We'll stir up such trouble that everything will go off its foundations. Karmazinov is right that there's nothing to cling to. Karmazinov is very intelligent. Just another ten crews like that all over Russia, and I'm uncatchable."

"Of the same sort of fools?" reluctantly escaped from Stavrogin.

"Oh, be a bit stupider, Stavrogin, be a bit stupider yourself! You know, you're not at all so smart that one should wish you that: you're afraid, you don't believe, you're frightened of the scale. And why are they fools? They're not such fools; nowadays nobody's mind is his own. Nowadays there are terribly few distinct minds. Virginsky is a most pure man, ten times purer than the likes of us; well, good for him, in that case. Liputin is a crook, but I know one point in him. There's no crook who doesn't have his point. Only Lyamshin doesn't have any, but he's in my hands to make up for it. A few more such crews, and I'll have passports and money everywhere, how about that alone? Just that alone? And safe places, and then let them search. They'll root out one crew but flub the next. We'll get trouble going... Do you really not believe that the two of us are quite enough?"

"Take Shigalyov, and let me in peace..."

"Shigalyov is a man of genius! Do you know he's a sort of genius like Fourier, but bolder than Fourier, but stronger than Fourier; I'm going to concern myself with him. He's invented 'equality'!"

"He's in a fever, and he's raving; something's happened to him, very peculiar," Stavrogin thought, looking at him once more. Both men walked on without stopping.

"He's got it all down nicely in his notebook," Verkhovensky continued. "He's got spying. He's got each member of society watching the others and obliged to inform. Each belongs to all, and all to each. They're all slaves and equal in their slavery. Slander and murder in extreme cases, but above all—equality. First, the level of education, science, and talents is lowered. A high level of science and talents is accessible only to higher abilities—no need for higher abilities! Higher abilities have always seized power and become despots. Higher abilities cannot fail to be despots and have always corrupted rather than been of use; they are to be banished or executed. Cicero's tongue is cut off, Copernicus's eyes are put out, Shakespeare is stoned—this is Shigalyovism! Slaves must be equal: there has never yet been either freedom or equality without despotism, but within a herd there must be equality, and this is Shigalyovism! Ha, ha, ha, so you find it strange? I'm for Shigalyovism!"

Stavrogin tried to quicken his pace and get home more quickly. "If the man is drunk, where did he manage to get drunk?" kept occurring to him. "Can it be the cognac?"

"Listen, Stavrogin: to level the mountains is a good idea, not a ridiculous one. I'm for Shigalyov! No need for education, enough of science! There's sufficient material even without science for a thousand years to come, but obedience must be set up. Only one thing is lacking in the world: obedience. The thirst for education is already an aristocratic thirst. As soon as there's just a tiny bit of family or love, there's a desire for property. We'll extinguish desire: we'll get drinking, gossip, denunciation going; we'll get unheard-of depravity

going; we'll stifle every genius in infancy. Everything reduced to a common denominator, complete equality. ^[154] 'We've learned a trade, and we're honest people, we don't need anything else'—that was the recent response of the English workers. Only the necessary is necessary—henceforth that is the motto of the whole globe. But there is also a need for convulsion; this will be taken care of by us, the rulers. Slaves must have rulers. Complete obedience, complete impersonality, but once every thirty years Shigalyov gets a convulsion going, and they all suddenly start devouring each other, up to a certain point, simply so as not to be bored. Boredom is an aristocratic sensation; in Shigalyovism there will be no desires. Desire and suffering are for us; and for the slaves—Shigalyovism."

"You exclude yourself?" again escaped from Stavrogin.

"And you. You know, I thought of handing the whole world over to the Pope. Let him come out on foot, unshod, and show himself to the mob, as if to say: 'Look what I've been driven to!'—and everyone will swarm after him, even the army. The Pope on top, us around him, and under us—Shigalyovism. It's only necessary that the Internationale agree to the Pope; but it will. And the old codger will instantly agree. Besides, he has no other choice, so remember my words, ha, ha, ha, stupid? Tell me, is it stupid, or not?"

"Enough," Stavrogin muttered in vexation.

"Enough! Listen, I'm dropping the Pope! To hell with Shigalyovism! To hell with the Pope! We need actuality, not Shigalyovism, because Shigalyovism is a piece of jewelry. It's an ideal, it's for the future. Shigalyov is a jeweler and as stupid as every philanthropist. We need dirty work, and Shigalyov despises dirty work. Listen, the Pope will be in the West, and we, we will have you!"

"Leave me alone, drunk man!" Stavrogin muttered, and quickened his pace.

"Stavrogin, you are beautiful!" Pyotr Stepanovich cried out, almost in ecstasy. "Do you know that you are beautiful! The most precious thing in you is that you sometimes don't know it. Oh, I've studied you! I've often looked at you from the side, from a corner! There's even simpleheartedness and naivety in you, do you know that? There is, there still is! You must be suffering, and suffering in earnest, from this simpleheartedness. I love beauty. I am a nihilist, but I love beauty. Do nihilists not love beauty? They just don't love idols, but I love an idol! You are my idol! You insult no one, yet everyone hates you; you have the air of being everyone's equal, yet everyone is afraid of you—this is good. No one will come up and slap you on the shoulder. You're a terrible aristocrat. An aristocrat, when he goes among democrats, is captivating! It's nothing for you to sacrifice life, your own or someone else's. You are precisely what's needed. I, I need precisely such a man as you. I know no one but you. You are a leader, you are a sun, and I am your worm..."

He suddenly kissed his hand. A chill ran down Stavrogin's spine, and he jerked his hand away in fright. They stopped.

"Madman!" whispered Stavrogin.

"Maybe I'm raving, maybe I'm raving!" the other went on in a patter. "But I've thought up the first step. Shigalyov could never think up the first step. The Shigalyovs are many! But one man, only one man in Russia has invented the first step and knows how to do it. That man is me. Why are you staring at me? It's you I need, you, without you I'm a zero. Without you I'm a fly, an idea in a bottle, Columbus without America."

Stavrogin stood looking fixedly into his insane eyes.

"Listen, first we'll get trouble going," Verkhovensky was hurrying terribly, and kept seizing Stavrogin by the left sleeve every moment. "I've already told you: we'll penetrate among the people themselves. Do you know that we're already terribly strong now? Ours aren't only the ones who knife and burn, or perform classic pistol shots, or bite people. That kind only gets in the way. I can conceive of nothing without discipline. I'm a crook, really, not a socialist, ha, ha! Listen, I've counted them all up: the teacher who laughs with children at their God and at their cradle, is already ours. The lawyer who defends an educated murderer by saying that he's more developed than his victims and couldn't help killing to get money, is already ours. Schoolboys who kill a peasant just to see how it feels, are ours. Jurors who acquit criminals right and left, are ours. The prosecutor who trembles in court for fear of being insufficiently liberal, is ours, ours. Administrators, writers—oh, a lot of them, an awful lot of them are ours, and they don't know it themselves! On the other hand, the docility of schoolboys and little fools has reached the highest point; their mentors all have burst gallbladders; everywhere there is vanity in immeasurable measure, appetites beastly, unheard-of... Do you know, do you know how much we can achieve with little ready-made ideas alone? When I left, Littré's thesis that crime is insanity was raging; I come back—crime is no longer insanity but precisely common sense itself, almost a duty, at any rate a noble protest: 'But how can a developed

murderer not murder, if he needs money!' ^[155] And this is just the fruit. The Russian God has already folded in the face of 'rotgut.' The people are drunk, mothers are drunk, children are drunk, the churches are empty, and in the courts it's 'two hundred strokes, or fetch us a pot.' Oh, just let this generation grow up! Only it's a pity there's no time to wait, otherwise they could get themselves even drunker! Ah, what a pity there are no proletarians! But there will be, there will be, we're getting there..."

"It's also a pity we've grown more stupid," Stavrogin muttered, and moved on his way.

"Listen, I myself saw a six-year-old child leading his drunken mother home, and she was swearing at him in foul language. You

think I'm glad of that? When it's in our hands, we may even cure it ... if need be we'll drive them into the desert for forty years ^[156] ... But one or two generations of depravity are necessary now, an unheard-of, mean little depravity, that turns men into vile, cowardly, cruel, self-loving slime—that's what's needed! And with a bit of 'fresh blood' to boot, for the sake of habit. Why are you laughing? I'm not contradicting myself. I'm only contradicting the philanthropists and Shigalyovism, not myself. I'm a crook, not a socialist. Ha, ha, ha! It's just a pity there's so little time. I promised Karmazinov I'd start in May and be done by the Protection. Too soon? Ha, ha! Do you know what I'm going to tell you, Stavrogin: so far there's been no cynicism in the Russian people, though they swear in foul language. Do you know that the enslaved serf had more self-respect than Karmazinov? He got flogged, but he upheld his gods, and Karmazinov did not."

"Well, Verkhovensky, I'm listening to you for the first time, and listening in amazement," said Nikolai Vsevolodovich. "So you're really not a socialist, but some sort of political... climber?"

"A crook, a crook. You're concerned about who I am? I'll tell you presently who I am, that's what I'm driving at. It was not for nothing that I just kissed your hand. But we need the people also to believe that we know what we want, and that the others are merely 'brandishing their cudgel and striking their own.' Eh, if only there was time! That's the one trouble—no time. We'll proclaim destruction... why, why, again this little idea is so captivating! But we've got to limber up. We'll get fires going... We'll get legends going... Here every mangy 'crew' will be of use. I'll find such zealots for you in these same 'crews' as would be ready for any kind of shooting and would even be grateful for the honor. Well, sir, so the trouble will start! Such a heaving will set in as the world has never seen ... Russia will be darkened with mist, the earth will weep for the old gods ... Well, sir, and then we'll bring out... whom?"

"Whom?"

"Ivan the Tsarevich." ^[157]

"Wh-o-om?"

"Ivan the Tsarevich—you, you!"

Stavrogin thought for a minute or so.

"An impostor?" ^[158] he suddenly asked in profound surprise, looking at the frenzied man. "Eh! so this at last is your plan."

"We'll say he's 'in hiding,'" Verkhovensky said softly, in a sort of amorous whisper, as if he were indeed drunk. "Do you know

what this little phrase—'he is in hiding'—means? But he will appear, he will appear. We'll get a legend going better than the castrates'.

[159] He exists, but no one has seen him. Oh, what a legend we can get going! And mainly—a new force is on the way. And this is what's needed, this is what the people are weeping for. What is there in socialism: it destroyed the old forces, but didn't bring any new ones. And here we have a force, and such a force, unheard-of! We need it just this once as a lever, to raise up the earth. Everything will rise!"

"So you've seriously been counting on me?" Stavrogin grinned maliciously.

"Why do you laugh, and so maliciously? Don't scare me. I'm like a child now, I can be scared to death by just one such smile. Listen, I won't show you to anybody, not to anybody: it must be that way. He exists, but no one has seen him, he's in hiding. And, you know, it's even possible to show you, for example, to some one person out of a hundred thousand. And it will start spreading all over the earth: 'We've seen him, we've seen him.' Even with Ivan Filippovich God-of-Sabaoth, they saw how he ascended to heaven in a chariot in front of the people, saw it with their 'own' eyes. And you're no Ivan Filippovich; you're beautiful, proud as a god, seeking nothing for yourself, with the halo of a victim, 'in hiding.' The main thing is the legend! You'll win them over, you'll look and win them

over. He's bringing the new truth and is 'in hiding.' And here we'll get two or three judgments of Solomon going. [160] These crews, these fivesomes—no need for the newspapers! If just one petition in ten thousand is granted, everyone will come with petitions. In every village, every peasant will have heard tell that there exists somewhere this hollow in a tree where petitions are to be put. And the earth will groan a great groan: 'A new, just law is coming,' and the sea will boil up and the whole showhouse will collapse, and then we'll see how to build up an edifice of stone. For the first time! We will do the building, we, we alone!"

"Frenzy!" said Stavrogin.

"Why, why don't you want it? Afraid? But that's why I seized upon you, because you're afraid of nothing. Is it unreasonable, or what? But so far I'm a Columbus without an America; is a Columbus without an America reasonable?"

Stavrogin was silent. Meanwhile they had come right up to the house and stopped at the entrance.

"Listen," Verkhovensky bent towards his ear, "I'll do it for you without money; I'll end it tomorrow with Marya Timofeevna... without money, and by tomorrow I'll bring you Liza. Want Liza tomorrow?"

"Has he really gone crazy?" Stavrogin thought, smiling. The front doors opened.

"Stavrogin, is America ours?" Verkhovensky seized his hand one last time.

"What for?" Nikolai Vsevolodovich said seriously and sternly.

"No desire, I just knew it!" the other cried out in a burst of frenzied spite. "You're lying, you rotten, lascivious, pretentious little squire, I don't believe you, you've got a wolf's appetite! ... Understand, you've run up too big an account now, I really can't renounce you! There's no one else in the world like you! I've been inventing you since abroad; inventing you as I looked at you. If I hadn't been looking at you from a corner, nothing would have come into my head! ..."

Stavrogin went up the steps without answering.

"Stavrogin!" Verkhovensky shouted after him, "I'll give you a day ... or, say, two days... three days; more than three I can't do, and then—your answer!"

13: Stepan Trofimovich Perquisitioned

Meanwhile we had an adventure which surprised me and shocked Stepan Trofimovich. In the morning, at eight o'clock, Nastasya came running to me from him with the news that her master had been "perquisitioned." At first I could understand nothing: all I got was that he had been "perquisitioned" by officials, who had come and taken papers, and a soldier had tied them into a bundle and "carted them away in a wheelbarrow." It was wild news. I hastened at once to Stepan Trofimovich.

I found him in a surprising state: upset and greatly agitated, but at the same time with an unquestionably triumphant air. On the table, in the middle of the room, the samovar was boiling and there stood a full but untouched and forgotten glass of tea. Stepan Trofimovich was dawdling around the table and going into all the corners of the room, not conscious of his movements. He was wearing his usual red dressing jacket, but, seeing me, hastened to put on his waistcoat and frock coat—something he had never done before when any close friend found him in his dressing jacket. He seized me at once and ardently by the hand.

"Enfin un ami." [xcvii] (He drew a deep breath.) "Cher, I sent only to you, and no one knows anything. Nastasya must be ordered to lock the door and let no one in, except *them*, of course... *Vous comprenez?*" [xcviii]

He looked at me worriedly, as if waiting for a reply. Of course, I fell to questioning him and learned somehow from his incoherent speech, full of interruptions and unnecessary additions, that at seven o'clock in the morning a governor's official had "suddenly" come to him ...

"Pardon, j'ai oublié son nom. Il n'est pas du pays, but I believe Lembke brought him here, *quelque chose de bête et d'allemand dans la physionomie. Il s'appelle Rosenthal.*" [xcix]

"Not Blum?"

"Blum. Precisely the name he gave. *Vous le connaissez? Quelque chose d'hébété et de très content dans la figure, pourtant très sévère, roide et sérieux,* [ci] A police figure, the obedient sort, *je m'y connais.* [cii] I was still asleep, and, imagine, he asked 'to have a glance' at my books and manuscripts, *oui, je m'en souviens, il a employé ce mot.* [ciii] He didn't arrest me, only books ... *Il se tenait à distance,* [civ] and when he began explaining his visit to me, he looked as though I... *enfin, il avait l'air de croire que je tomberai sur lui immédiatement et que je commencerai à le battre comme plâtre. Tous ces gens du bas étage sont comme ça,* [cv] when they're dealing with a decent man. Needless to say, I understood everything at once. *Voilà vingt ans que je m'y prépare,* [cvi] I unlocked all the drawers for him, and gave him all the keys; I personally handed them over, I handed everything over. *J'étais digne et calme.* [cvii] Of the books, he took foreign editions of Herzen, a bound volume of *The Bell*, four copies of my poem, *et, enfin, tout ça.* [cviii] Then papers and letters *et quelques-unes de mes ébauches historiques, critiques et politiques.* [cix] All this they carried off. Nastasya says a soldier carted it away in a wheelbarrow, and they covered it with an apron, *oui, c'est cela,* [cx] with an apron."

It was all raving. Who could understand any of it? Once again I showered him with questions: had Blum come alone or not? on whose behalf? by what right? how dared he? did he explain?

"Il était seul, bien seul, [cx] though there was someone else dans l'anti-chambre, oui, je m'en souviens, et puis [cxi] . . . Though there did seem to be someone else, and a guard was standing in the entryway. We must ask Nastasya; she knows it all better. J'étais surexcité, voyez-vous. Il parlait, il parlait. . . un tas de choses; [cxii] though he talked very little, it was I who kept talking ... I told him my life, from that point of view only, of course... J'étais surexcité, mais digne, je vous l'assure. [cxiii] I'm afraid, though, that I seem to have wept. The wheelbarrow they got from a shopkeeper next door."

"Oh, God, how could all this have happened! But, for God's sake, speak more precisely. Stepan Trofimovich, this is a dream, what you're telling me!"

"Cher, I'm as if in a dream myself... *Savez-vous, il a prononcé le nom de Teliatnikoff,* [cxiv] and I think it was he who was hiding in the entry-way. Yes, I recall he suggested the prosecutor, and it seems Dmitri Mitrych... *qui me doit encore quinze roubles de pinochle soit dit en passant. Enfin, je n'ai pas trop compris.* [cxv] But I outwitted them, and what do I care about Dmitri Mitrych. I think I even started begging him very much to conceal, begging him very much, very much, I'm even afraid I humiliated myself, *comment croyez-vous? Enfin, il a consenti.* [cxvi] Yes, I recall it was he himself who asked that it would be better if it were concealed, because he only came 'to have a glance,' *et rien de plus,* [cxvii] and nothing more, nothing ... and that if they found nothing, then there'd be nothing. So that we ended it all *en amis, je suis tout-à-fait content,* [cxviii]

"But, for pity's sake, he was offering you guarantees and the order proper in such cases, and you yourself refused!" I cried in

friendly indignation.

"No, it's better this way, without any guarantees. And who needs a scandal? Let it be *en amis* for the time being... You know, in this town, if they find out... *mes ennemis... et puis à quoi bon ce procureur, ce cochon de notre procureur, qui deux fois m'a manqué de politesse et qu'on a rossé à plaisir l'autre année chez cette charmante et belle Natalia Pavlovna, quand il se cacha dans son boudoir. Et*

puis, mon ami, [cxi] don't contradict me, or discourage, I beg you, because nothing is more unbearable when a man is unhappy than for a hundred friends to come right then and point out to him how stupid he's been. Sit down, anyway, and have some tea, I confess I'm very tired... oughtn't I to lie down and put some vinegar to my head, what do you think?"

"Absolutely," I cried out, "and maybe even ice. You're very upset. You're pale, your hands are trembling. Lie down, rest, and wait to tell me. I'll sit here and wait."

He could not get himself to lie down, but I insisted. Nastasya brought vinegar in a bowl, I wetted a towel and put it to his head. Then Nastasya climbed on a chair and set about lighting an icon lamp in front of the icon in the corner. I noticed it with surprise; besides, there had never even been any icon lamp, and now one had suddenly appeared.

"It was I who ordered it today, just after they left," Stepan Trofimovich muttered, glancing slyly at me. "*Quand on a de ces choses-là dans sa chambre et qu'on vient vous arrêter,* [cxx] it makes an impression, and they really must report that they've seen..."

Having finished with the icon lamp, Nastasya planted herself in the doorway, put her right hand to her cheek, and began looking at him with a lamentable air.

"*Éloignez-la* [cxxi] under some pretext," he beckoned to me from the sofa, "I can't stand this Russian pity, *et puis ça m'embête,*" [cxxii]

But she left on her own. I noticed that he kept glancing back at the door and listening towards the entryway.

"*Il faut être prêt, voyez-vous,*" he gave me a significant look, "*chaque moment* [cxxiii] ... they'll come, take, and fff!—a man disappears!"

"Lord! Who will come? Who will take you?"

"*Voyez-vous, mon cher,* I asked him directly as he was leaving: What will they do to me now?"

"You might as well have asked where they'll exile you to!" I cried out in the same indignation.

"That's what I implied when I asked the question, but he left without answering. *Voyez-vous*, as regards underwear, clothing, warm clothing especially, that's up to them, if they tell me to take it, well and good, or else they may send me in a soldier's greatcoat. But thirty-five roubles" (here he suddenly lowered his voice, glancing back at the door through which Nastasya had left), "I've quietly slipped through a tear in my waistcoat pocket—here, feel it... I think they won't take my waistcoat off, and I left seven roubles in my purse, to pretend 'this is all I have.' You know, there's some change and a few coppers on the table, so they won't guess where I've hidden the money, and they'll think this is all. For God knows where I shall have to spend this night."

I hung my head at such madness. Obviously, it was not possible to make an arrest or a search in the way he was saying, and he was most certainly confused. True, it all happened in those days, before the present latest laws. True, too, he had been offered (according to his own words) a more regular procedure, but had *outwitted* them and refused ... Of course, before—that is, still quite recently—a governor could, in extreme cases ... But, again, what sort of extreme case could this be? That was what baffled me.

"Most likely there was a telegram from Petersburg," Stepan Trofimovich suddenly said.

"A telegram? About you? You mean on account of Herzen's writings and your poem? You're out of your mind, what's there to arrest you for?"

I simply got angry. He made a face and was apparently offended— not at my yelling at him, but at the thought that there was nothing to arrest him for.

"Who can tell these days what he might be arrested for?" he muttered mysteriously. A wild and most absurd idea flashed through my mind.

"Stepan Trofimovich, tell me as a friend," I cried out, "as a true friend, I won't betray you: do you belong to some secret society, or do you not?"

And now, to my surprise, even here he was not certain whether he was or was not a participant in some secret society.

"But that depends, *voyez-vous* ..."

"How does it 'depend'?"

"When one belongs wholeheartedly to progress, and... who can vouch for it: you think you don't belong, and then, lo and behold, it turns out you do belong to something."

"How can that be? It's either yes or no."

"*Cela date de Pétersbourg,* [cxxiv] when she and I wanted to found a magazine there. That's the root of it. We slipped away then and they forgot us, but now they've remembered. *Cher, cher,* but don't you know!" he exclaimed painfully. "In our country they can take you, put you in a kibitka, and march you off to Siberia for good, or else forget you in some dungeon ..."

And he suddenly burst into hot, hot tears. Tears simply poured out of him. He covered his eyes with his red foulard and sobbed, sobbed for a good five minutes, convulsively. I cringed all over. This was the man who for twenty years had been prophesying to us, our preacher, mentor, patriarch, Kukolnik, holding himself so loftily and majestically over us all, before whom we bowed so wholeheartedly, considering it an honor—and now suddenly he was sobbing, sobbing like a naughty little boy waiting for a birching from the teacher who has just gone to fetch the rod. I felt terribly sorry for him. He obviously believed as much in the "kibitka" as in the fact that I was sitting beside him, and expected it precisely that morning, that very minute, and all because of Herzen's writings and some sort of poem of his own! Such full, such total ignorance of everyday reality was both moving and somehow disgusting.

He finally stopped weeping, got up from the sofa, and began pacing the room again, continuing our conversation, but glancing

out the window every moment and listening towards the entryway. Our conversation continued disjointedly. All my assurances and reassurances were like sand against the wind. He scarcely listened, and yet he needed terribly for me to reassure him, and talked nonstop to that end. I saw that he could no longer do without me, and would not let me go for anything in the world. I stayed, and we sat for something over two hours. In the course of the conversation, he recalled that Blum had taken with him two tracts he had found.

"What tracts!" I was fool enough to get scared. "Did you really ..."

"Eh, ten copies were passed off on me," he replied vexedly (he spoke with me now vexedly and haughtily, now terribly plaintively and humbly), "but I had already taken care of eight, so Blum got hold of only two..."

And he suddenly flushed with indignation.

"*Vous me mettez avec ces gens-là!*" ^[cxxxv] Do you really suppose I could be in with those scoundrels, with tract-mongers, with my boy Pyotr Stepanovich, *avec ces esprits-forts de la lâcheté!*" ^[cxxxvi] Oh, God!"

"Hah, haven't they somehow mixed you up with... Nonsense, though, it can't be!" I observed.

"*Savez-vous,*" suddenly escaped him, "I feel at moments *que je ferai là-bas quelque esclandre.*" ^[cxxxvii] Oh, don't go away, don't leave me alone! *Ma carrière est finie aujourd'hui, je le sens.*" ^[cxxxviii] I, you know, I will perhaps rush at someone there and bite him, like that sub-lieutenant..."

He gave me a strange look—frightened and at the same time as if wishing to frighten. He was indeed growing more and more vexed at someone and at something as time went by and the "kibitkas" failed to come; he was even angry. Suddenly Nastasya, who had gone from the kitchen to the entryway for something, brushed against the coat-rack there and knocked it over. Stepan Trofimovich trembled and went dead on the spot; but when the matter was clarified, he all but shrieked at Nastasya and, stamping his feet, chased her back into the kitchen. A minute later he said, looking at me in despair:

"I'm lost! *Cher,*" he suddenly sat down by me and gazed pitifully, so pitifully, into my eyes, "*cher,* it's not Siberia I'm afraid of, I swear to you, oh, *je vous jure*" ^[cxxxix] (tears even came to his eyes), "I am afraid of something else..."

I could tell from his look alone that he wished finally to tell me something extraordinary, meaning something he had refrained from telling me so far.

"I am afraid of disgrace," he whispered mysteriously.

"What disgrace? But quite the contrary! Believe me, Stepan Trofimovich, it will all be explained this very day and will end in your favor..."

"You're so certain I'll be pardoned?"

"But what is this 'pardoned'! Such words! What is it you've done? I assure you you haven't done anything!"

"*Qu'en savez-vous;*" ^[cxxx] all my life has been... *cher...* They'll recall everything... and even if they find nothing, *so much the worse,*" he suddenly added unexpectedly.

"How, so much the worse?"

"Worse."

"I don't understand."

"My friend, my friend, so, let it be Siberia, Arkhangelsk, stripping of rights—if I'm lost, I'm lost! But... I'm afraid of something else" (again a whisper, a frightened look, and mysteriousness).

"But of what, of what?"

"Flogging," he uttered, and gave me a helpless look.

"Who is going to flog you? Where? Why?" I cried out, afraid he was losing his mind.

"Where? Why, there... where it's done."

"And where is it done?"

"Eh, *cher,*" he whispered almost into my ear, "the floor suddenly opens under you, and you're lowered in up to the middle... Everybody knows that."

"Fables!" I cried, once I understood. "Old fables! And can it be that you've believed them all along?" I burst out laughing.

"Fables! But they must have started somewhere, these fables; a flogged man doesn't talk. I've pictured it ten thousand times in my imagination!"

"But you, why you? If you haven't done anything?"

"So much the worse, they'll see I haven't done anything, and they'll flog me."

"And you're convinced you'll be taken to Petersburg for that?"

"My friend, I've already said I do not regret anything, *ma carrière est finie.* From that hour in Skvoreshniki when she said farewell to me, I've had no regret for my life... but the disgrace, the disgrace, *que dira-t-elle,*" ^[cxxxii] if she finds out?"

He glanced at me despairingly, poor man, and blushed all over. I, too, looked down.

"She'll find out nothing, because nothing's going to happen to you. It's as if I were talking to you for the first time in my life, Stepan Trofimovich, you've surprised me so much this morning."

"But, my friend, this is not fear. Let them even pardon me, let them even bring me back here and do nothing—it's here that I am lost. *Elle me soupçonnera toute sa vie*" ^[cxxxiii] ... me, me, the poet, the thinker, the man she worshiped for twenty-two years!"

"It won't even occur to her."

"It will," he whispered with profound conviction. "She and I talked of it several times in Petersburg, during the Great Lent, before we left, when we were both afraid... *Elle me soupçonnera toute sa vie* ... and how undecieve her? It will come out as improbable. And

who in this paltry town will believe it, *c'est invraisemblable... et puis les femmes* ^[cxxxiii] ... She'll be glad. She'll be very upset, very, genuinely, like a true friend, but secretly—she'll be glad... I'll have given her a weapon against me for my whole life. Oh, my life is lost! Twenty years of such complete happiness with her... and now!"

He covered his face with his hands.

"Stepan Trofimovich, why don't you let Varvara Petrovna know at once?" I suggested.

"God forbid!" he gave a start and jumped up from his place. "Not for anything, never, after what was said at our farewell in Skvoreshniki, never!"

His eyes began to flash.

We sat there, I think, for another hour or more, still waiting for something—anyway, that was the idea. He lay down again, even closed his eyes, and lay for about twenty minutes without saying a word, so that I even thought he was asleep or oblivious. Suddenly he rose up impetuously, tore the towel from his head, sprang from the sofa, dashed to the mirror, with trembling fingers tied his tie, and in a thundering voice summoned Nastasya, ordering her to bring him his coat, his new hat, and his stick.

"I can bear it no longer," he said, in a breaking voice, "I cannot, I cannot! ... I am going myself."

"Where?" I, too, jumped up.

"To Lembke. *Cher*, I must, I am obliged to. It is my duty. I am a citizen and a human being, not a chip of wood, I have rights, I want my rights... For twenty years I never demanded my rights, all my life I've criminally forgotten them... but now I will demand them. He must tell me everything, everything. He received a telegram. He dare not torment me, otherwise arrest me, arrest me, arrest me!"

He exclaimed this with some shrieking and stamping of feet.

"I approve," I said on purpose, as calmly as I could, though I was very afraid for him. "Indeed, it is better than to sit in such anguish; but I do not approve of your mood—just look at yourself and in what state you'll be going there. *Il faut être digne et calme*

^[cxxxiv] *avec Lembke.* You may really rush at someone and bite him."

"I am giving myself up. I am walking straight into the lion's maw ..."

"And I'm going with you."

"I expected nothing less of you, I accept your sacrifice, the sacrifice of a true friend, but as far as the house, only as far as the house: you must not, you have no right to compromise yourself further by associating with me. *Oh, croyez-moi, je serai calme!*" ^[cxxxv]

I am aware of being at this moment *à la hauteur de tout ce qu'il y a de plus sacré* ^[cxxxvi] ..."

"I might even go into the house with you," I interrupted him. "Yesterday I was informed by their stupid committee, through Vysotsky, that they're counting on me and inviting me to this fête tomorrow as one of the ushers, or whatever they're called ... these six young men appointed to look after the trays, take care of the ladies, show the guests to their seats, and wear a bow of white and crimson ribbons on their left shoulder. I intended to refuse, but why don't I go into the house now on the pretext of talking with Yulia Mikhailovna herself... And that way you and I can go in together."

He listened, nodding, but it seems he understood nothing. We were standing on the threshold.

"*Cher*," he stretched out his arm towards the icon lamp in the corner, "*cher*, I have never believed in this, but ... so be it, so be it!" (He crossed himself.) "*Allons!*"

"Well, that's better," I thought, going out to the porch with him. "The fresh air on the way will help, we'll calm down a bit, come back home, and retire to bed..."

But I was reckoning without my host. Precisely on the way, an adventure occurred which gave Stepan Trofimovich an even greater shock and finally determined his course ... so that, I confess, I never expected as much pluck from our friend as he suddenly showed that morning. Poor friend, good friend!

14: At Tikhon's

I

Nikolai Vsevolodovich did not sleep that night and spent the whole of it sitting on the sofa, often turning his fixed gaze towards one point in the corner by the chest of drawers. His lamp burned all night. Around seven in the morning he fell asleep sitting up, and when Alexei Yegorovich, as their custom had been established once and for all, came into his room at exactly half past nine with a morning cup of coffee, and woke him up by his appearance, he, having opened his eyes, seemed unpleasantly surprised that he could have slept so long and that it was already so late. He hastily drank his coffee, hastily dressed, and hurriedly left the house. To Alexei Yegorovich's cautious inquiry: "Will there be any orders?"—he answered nothing. He walked along the street, looking at the ground, deep in thought, and only at moments raising his head and suddenly showing now and then some vague but intense disquiet. At one intersection, still not far from his house, a crowd of men crossed his path, fifty or more; they walked decorously, almost silently, in deliberate order. By the shop near which he had to wait for about a minute, someone said they were "Shpigulin workers." He barely

paid any attention to them. Finally, at around half past ten, he reached the gates of our Savior - St. Yefimi Bogorodsky monastery, on the outskirts of town, by the river. It was only here that he suddenly seemed to remember something, stopped, hastily and anxiously felt for something in his side pocket—and grinned. Entering the grounds, he asked the first server he met how to find Bishop Tikhon, who was living in retirement in the monastery. The server began bowing and led him off at once. By the porch at the end of a long, two-storied monastery building, they met a fat and gray-haired monk, who imperiously and deftly took him over from the server and led him through a long, narrow corridor, also kept bowing (although, being unable to bend down owing to his fatness, he merely jerked his head frequently and abruptly) and kept inviting him to please come in, though Stavrogin was following him even without that. The

monk kept posing all sorts of questions and talked about the father archimandrite; ^[212] receiving no answers, he became more and more deferential. Stavrogin noticed that he was known there, though, as far as he could remember, he had come there only in childhood. When they reached the door at the very end of the corridor, the monk opened it as if with an imperious hand, inquired familiarly of the cell attendant who sprang over to him whether they could come in, and, without even waiting for an answer, flung the door wide and, inclining, allowed the "dear" visitor to pass by: then, having been rewarded, he quickly vanished, all but fled. Nikolai Vsevolodovich entered a small room, and at almost the same moment there appeared in the doorway of the adjoining room a tall and lean man of about fifty-five, in a simple household cassock, who looked as if he were somewhat ill, with a vague smile and a strange, as if shy, glance. This was the very Tikhon of whom Nikolai Vsevolodovich had heard for the first time from Shatov, and of whom, since then, he had managed to gather certain information.

The information was diverse and contradictory, but there was something common to all of it—namely, that those who loved and those who did not love Tikhon (there were such), all somehow passed over him in silence—those who did not love him, probably out of scorn, and his devotees, even the ardent ones, out of some sort of modesty, as if they wished to conceal something about him, some

weakness of his, perhaps holy folly. ^[213] Nikolai Vsevolodovich learned that he had been living in the monastery for some six years and that he was visited by the simplest people as well as the noblest persons; that even in far-off Petersburg he had ardent admirers, chiefly lady admirers. On the other hand, he heard from one of our dignified little old "club" gentlemen, a pious gentleman himself, that "this Tikhon is all but mad, a totally giftless being in any case, and unquestionably a tippler." I will add, running ahead of myself, that this last is decidedly nonsense, that he simply had a chronic rheumatic condition in his legs and now and then some nervous spasms. Nikolai Vsevolodovich also learned that, either from weakness of character or from "an absentmindedness unpardonable and unbefitting his rank," the retired bishop had proved unable to inspire any particular respect for himself in the monastery. It was said that the father archimandrite, a stern and strict man with regard to his duties as a superior, and known, besides, for his learning, even nursed a certain hostility towards him, as it were, and denounced him (not to his face, but indirectly) for careless living and almost for heresy. The monastery brethren, too, seemed to treat the ailing bishop not so much carelessly as, so to speak, familiarly. The two rooms that constituted Tikhon's cell were also furnished somehow strangely. Alongside clumpish old-style furniture with worn-through leather stood three or four elegant pieces: a luxurious easy chair, a big desk of excellent finish, an elegantly carved bookcase, little tables, whatnots—all given to him. There was an expensive Bukhara carpet, and straw mats alongside it. There were prints of "secular" subjects and from mythological times, and right there in the corner, on a big icon stand, icons gleaming with gold and silver, among them one from ancient times with relics. The library, they say, had also been assembled in a much too varied and contrasting way: alongside the writings of great Christian hierarchs and ascetics, there were theatrical writings "and maybe even worse." After the first greetings, spoken for some reason with obvious mutual awkwardness, hastily and even indistinctly, Tikhon led his visitor to the study, sat him down on the sofa facing the table, and placed himself next to him in a wicker armchair. Nikolai Vsevolodovich was still greatly distracted by some inner anxiety that was oppressing him. It looked as if he had resolved upon something extraordinary and unquestionable but at the same time almost impossible for him. For a minute or so he looked around the study, apparently not noticing what he was looking at; he was thinking and, of course, did not know what about. He was roused by the silence, and it suddenly seemed to him that Tikhon looked down somehow bashfully and even with some unnecessary and ridiculous smile. This instantly

aroused loathing in him; he wanted to get up and leave, the more so as Tikhon, in his opinion, was decidedly drunk. But the man suddenly raised his eyes and gave him a look that was so firm and so full of thought, and at the same time so unexpected and enigmatic in its expression, that he almost jumped. He imagined somehow that Tikhon already knew why he had come, had already been forewarned (though no one in the whole world could have known the reason), and that if he did not start speaking first, it was to spare him, for fear of humiliating him.

"Do you know me?" he suddenly asked curtly. "Did I introduce myself to you when I came in? I'm rather distracted..."

"You did not introduce yourself, but I had the pleasure of seeing you once, four years ago, here at the monastery ... by chance."

Tikhon spoke very unhurriedly and evenly, in a soft voice, pronouncing the words clearly and distinctly.

"I wasn't in this monastery four years ago," Nikolai Vsevolodovich objected, somehow even rudely, "I was here only as a little child, when you weren't here at all."

"Perhaps you've forgotten?" Tikhon observed cautiously and without insistence.

"No, I haven't forgotten; and it would be funny not to remember," Stavrogin insisted somehow excessively. "Perhaps you simply heard about me and formed some idea, and so you confused that with seeing me."

Tikhon held his peace. Here Nikolai Vsevolodovich noticed how a nervous twitch would occasionally pass over his face, the sign of an old nervous disorder.

"I can see only that you are not well today," he said, "and I think it will be better if I leave."

He even made as if to get up from his place.

"Yes, today and yesterday I've been feeling severe pain in my legs, and I got little sleep last night..."

Tikhon stopped. His visitor again and suddenly fell back into his former vague pensiveness. The silence lasted a long time, about two minutes.

"Have you been watching me?" he suddenly asked, anxiously and suspiciously.

"I was looking at you and recalling your mother's features. For all the lack of external resemblance, there is much resemblance inwardly, spiritually."

"No resemblance at all, especially spiritually. None what-so-ever!" Nikolai Vsevolodovich, anxious again, insisted unnecessarily and excessively, himself not knowing why. "You're just saying it. . . out of sympathy for my position and—rubbish," he suddenly blurted out. "Hah! does my mother come to see you?"

"She does."

"I didn't know. Never heard it from her. Often?"

"Almost every month, or oftener."

"I never, never heard. Never heard. And you, of course, have heard from her that I'm crazy," he suddenly added.

"No, not really that you're crazy. However, I have also heard this notion, but from others."

"You must have a very good memory, then, if you can recall such trifles. And have you heard about the slap?"

"I've heard something."

"Everything, that is. You have an awful lot of spare time. And about the duel? You did hear a great deal here."

"And about the duel."

"You've heard quite a lot here. No need for newspapers in this place. Did Shatov warn you about me? Eh?"

"No. I do know Mr. Shatov, however, but it's a long time since I've seen him."

"Hm... What's that map you've got there? Hah, a map of the last war! How do you have any need for that?"

"I was checking the chart against the text. A most interesting description."

"Show me. Yes, it's not a bad account. Strange reading for you, however."

He drew the book to him and took a fleeting glance at it. It was a voluminous and talented account of the circumstances of the last war, ^[214] though not so much in a military as in a purely literary sense. He turned the book over in his hands and suddenly tossed it aside impatiently.

"I decidedly do not know why I've come here," he said with disgust, looking straight into Tikhon's eyes, as if expecting him to reply.

"You, too, seem to be unwell?"

"Yes, unwell."

And suddenly, though in the most brief and curt expressions, so that some things were even hard to understand, he told how he was subject, especially at night, to hallucinations of a sort; how he sometimes saw or felt near him some malicious being, scoffing and "reasonable," "in various faces and characters, but one and the same, and I always get angry..."

These revelations were wild and incoherent, and indeed came as if from a crazy man. But, for all that, Nikolai Vsevolodovich spoke with such strange sincerity, never before seen in him, with such simple-heartedness, completely unlike him, that it seemed the former man, suddenly and inadvertently, had vanished in him completely. He was not in the least ashamed to show the fear with which he spoke about his phantom. But all this was momentary and vanished as suddenly as it had appeared.

"This is all rubbish," he said quickly and with awkward vexation, recollecting himself. "I'll go to a doctor."

"You certainly should," Tikhon confirmed.

"You say it so affirmatively ... Have you seen such people as I, with such visions?"

"I have, but very rarely. I remember only one such in my life, an army officer, after he lost his wife, an irreplaceable life's companion for him. The other I only heard about. They were both cured abroad... And how long have you been subject to this?"

"About a year, but it's all rubbish. I'll go to a doctor. It's all rubbish, terrible rubbish. It's I myself in various aspects and nothing more. Since I've just added this... sentence, you must be thinking I'm still doubtful and am not certain that it's I and not actually a demon?"

Tikhon gave him a questioning look.

"And ... do you see him really?" he asked, so as to remove all doubt that it was undoubtedly a false and morbid hallucination, "do you actually see some sort of image?"

"It's strange that you should insist about it, when I've already told you I do," Stavrogin again began to grow more irritated with every word, "of course I do, I see it, just as I see you... and sometimes I see it and am not sure I see it, though I do see it... and sometimes I'm not sure I see it, and I don't know what's true: he or I. . . it's all rubbish. And you, can't you somehow suppose that it's actually a demon?" he added, laughing, and changing too abruptly to a scoffing tone. "Wouldn't that be more in line with your profession?"

"It's more likely an illness, although..."

"Although what?"

"Demons undoubtedly exist, but the understanding of them can vary greatly."

"You lowered your eyes again just now," Stavrogin picked up with irritable mockery, "because you were ashamed for me, that I believe in the demon, and yet in the guise of not believing I slyly asked you the question: does he or does he not actually exist?"

Tikhon smiled vaguely. "And, you know, lowering your eyes is totally unbecoming to you: unnatural, ridiculous, and affected, well, know then, I'm not ashamed and to give satisfaction for my rudeness I will tell you seriously and brazenly: I believe in the demon, believe canonically in a personal demon, not an allegory, and I have no need to elicit anything from anyone, there you have it. You must be terribly glad ..."

He gave a nervous, unnatural laugh. Tikhon was gazing at him with curiosity, his eyes gentle and as if somewhat timid.

"Do you believe in God?" Stavrogin suddenly blurted out.

"I do."

"It is said that if you believe and tell a mountain to move, it will move ^[215] ... that's rubbish, however. But, still, I'm curious: could you move a mountain, or not?"

"If God told me to, I could," Tikhon said softly and with restraint, again beginning to lower his eyes.

"Well, but that's the same as if God moved it himself. No, you, you, as a reward for your belief in God?"

"Perhaps not."

"'Perhaps'? That's not bad. And why do you doubt?"

"I don't believe perfectly."

"What, *you*? not perfectly? not fully?"

"Yes... perhaps not to perfection."

"Well! In any case you still believe that at least with God's help you could move it, and that's no small thing. It's still a bit more than the *très peu* ^[ccxxiv] of a certain also archbishop—under the sword, it's true. ^[216] You are, of course, a Christian, too?"

"Let me not be ashamed of thy cross, O Lord," Tikhon almost whispered in a sort of passionate whisper, inclining his head still more. The corners of his lips suddenly moved nervously and quickly.

"And is it possible to believe in a demon, without believing at all in God?" Stavrogin laughed.

"Oh, quite possible, it happens all the time," Tikhon raised his eyes and also smiled.

"And I'm sure you find such faith more respectable than total disbelief... Oh, you cleric!" Stavrogin burst out laughing. Tikhon again smiled to him.

"On the contrary, total atheism is more respectable than worldly indifference," he added, gaily and ingenuously.

"Oho, so that's how you are."

"A complete atheist stands on the next-to-last upper step to the most complete faith (he may or may not take that step), while the indifferent one has no faith, apart from a bad fear."

"However, you... you have read the Apocalypse?"

"I have."

"Do you remember: 'To the angel of the church in Laodicea write...?'"

"I do. Lovely words."

"Lovely? A strange expression for a bishop, and generally you are an odd man... Where is the book?" Stavrogin became strangely hurried and anxious, his eyes seeking the book on the table. "I'd like to read it to you ... do you have a Russian translation?"

"I know it, I know the passage, I remember it very well," said Tikhon.

"You know it by heart? Recite it! ..."

He quickly lowered his eyes, rested his two palms on his knees, and impatiently prepared to listen. Tikhon recited, recalling it word for word: "And unto the angel of the church of the Laodiceans write; These things saith the Amen, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God; I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth. Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked..." ^[217]

"Enough..." Stavrogin cut him short. "It's for the middling sort, for the indifferent ones, right? You know, I love you very much."

"And I you," Tikhon responded in a low voice.

Stavrogin fell silent and suddenly lapsed again into his former pensiveness. This occurred as if in fits, for the third time now. And he had said "I love you" to Tikhon also almost in a fit, at least unexpectedly for himself. More than a minute passed.

"Don't be angry," Tikhon whispered, touching his elbow just barely with his finger, and as if growing timid himself. The other gave a start and frowned wrathfully.

"How could you tell I was angry?" he said quickly. Tikhon was about to say something, but the other suddenly interrupted him in inexplicable alarm:

"What made you precisely think I was sure to get angry? Yes, I was angry, you're right, and precisely for having said 'I love you.'"

You're right, but you're a crude cynic, your thoughts are humiliating to human nature. There might be no anger if it was another man and not me... However, the point isn't about this other one, but about me. Anyhow you're an odd man and a holy fool..."

He was growing more and more irritated, and, strangely, no longer bothered about his words:

"Listen, I don't like spies and psychologists, at least those who try to pry into my soul. I don't invite anyone into my soul, I don't need anyone, I'm able to manage by myself. You think I'm afraid of you?" he raised his voice and looked up defiantly. "You are fully convinced that I've come to reveal some 'dreadful' secret to you and are waiting for it with all the monkish curiosity you're capable of? Well, know then that I shall reveal nothing to you, no secret, because I don't need you at all."

Tikhon looked at him steadily: "You are struck that the Lamb loves the cold one better than the merely lukewarm one," he said. "You do not want to be *merely* lukewarm. I feel that you are in the grip of an extraordinary intention, perhaps a terrible one. If so, I implore you, do not torment yourself and tell me everything you've come with."

"And you knew for certain that I had come with something?"

"I... guessed it from your face," Tikhon whispered, lowering his eyes.

Nikolai Vsevolodovich was somewhat pale, his hands were trembling slightly. For a few seconds he looked motionlessly and

silently at Tikhon, as if making a final decision. Finally he took some printed pages from the side pocket of his frock coat and placed them on the table. "These are pages intended for distribution," he said in a somewhat faltering voice. "If at least one man reads them, then you should know that I am not going to conceal them, and everyone will read them. That is decided. I don't need you at all, because I've decided everything. But read it... While you're reading, don't say anything, and when you've finished—say everything..."

"Shall I read it?" Tikhon asked hesitantly.

"Read it; I've long been at peace."

"No, I can't make it out without my glasses; the print is fine, foreign."

"Here are your glasses," Stavrogin picked them up from the table, handed them to him, and leaned back on the sofa. Tikhon immersed himself in reading.

II

The print was indeed foreign—three printed pages of ordinary, small-format stationery, sewn together. It must have been printed secretly by some Russian press abroad, and at first glance the pages looked very much like a tract. The heading read: "From Stavrogin." I introduce this document into my chronicle verbatim. One may suppose it is now known to many. I have allowed myself only to correct the spelling errors, rather numerous, which even surprised me somewhat, since the author was after all an educated man, and even a well-read one (judging relatively, of course). In the style I have made no changes, despite the errors and even obscurities. In any case, it is apparent that the author is above all not a writer. I shall allow myself one more remark, although I am straying in advance of my story. This document is, in my opinion, a morbid work of the devil who took hold of that gentleman. It is like this: as if a man were suffering from acute pain and tossing about in bed, trying to find a position to relieve his pain even for a moment. Not even to relieve the pain, but only to change it, momentarily, for another. In a situation like that, one of course does not bother about the becoming-ness or good sense of the position. The fundamental idea of the document is a terrible, undisguised craving for self-punishment, the need for the cross, for immolation in the eyes of all. And yet this need for the cross in a man who does not believe in the cross, does not this in itself form an idea as Stephan Trofimovich expressed himself once, on a different occasion though. On the other hand, the document is at the same time something wild and random, although evidently written with a different intention. The author declares that he could not help writing it, that he was compelled, and this is quite likely; he would have been glad to let that cup pass him by, if only he could; but he indeed, so it seems, could not do so, and he merely snatched at a convenient excuse for a fresh outburst. Yes, the sick man tosses about in his bed and wishes to exchange one pain for another, and now the struggle with society appears to him the easiest position, and he throws out a challenge to it. Indeed, in the very fact of such a document is implied a new, unexpected, and unforgivable defiance of society—only to find some enemy to pick a quarrel with! And who can say? Perhaps all this, the sheets and their intended publication, are but the same as the Governor's bitten ear, only in a different shape. But why this should come into my mind now, when so much has already been explained, I can't understand. I bring forward no proof, nor do I at all assert that the document is false, that is, completely made up and fabricated. Most likely the truth ought to be sought somewhere midway. However, I have already wandered too far in advance; it is safer to turn to the document itself. This is what Tikhon read.

FROM STAVROGIN

I, Nikolai Stavrogin, a retired officer, was living in Petersburg in the year 1867, giving myself over to debauchery in which I found no pleasure. For a certain stretch of time then, I had three apartments. In one of them I myself lived, in a rooming house with board and service, where Marya Lebyadkin, now my lawful wife, was then also living. My other two apartments I then rented by the month for an intrigue: in one of them I received a lady who was in love with me, and in the other her maid, and for a while I was much taken up by the intention of bringing the two together, so that the mistress and the wench should meet at my place, in the presence of my friends and the husband. Knowing both their characters, I expected to derive great pleasure from this stupid joke. While I was leisurely preparing this meeting, I had more often to visit one of these apartments, in a large house on Gorokhovy Street, since this was where the maid used to come. I had only one room there on the 4th floor, rented from some Russian tradespeople. They themselves occupied the next room, a smaller one, so much so that the door between the two was always left open that was just what I wanted. The husband worked in someone's office and was away from morning till night. The wife, a woman of about forty, cut up and remade new clothes out of old ones, and also frequently left the house to deliver what she had sewn. I would be left alone with their daughter, about fourteen years old, I think, but who still looked quite a child. Her name was Matryosha. The mother loved her, but used to beat her often, and yelled at her terribly, as such women have a habit of doing. This girl served me and tidied up behind my screen. I declare that I have forgotten the number of the house. Now, on inquiring, I have learned that the old house was demolished, resold, and in place of two or three former houses there stands one very large new one. I have also forgotten the family name of my tradespeople (maybe I did not know it then, either). I remember that the woman's name was Stephanie—Mikhailovna, I think. His I don't remember. Who they were, where they came from, and what has become of them, I have no idea. I suppose if one were really to start searching and making all sorts of inquiries from the Petersburg police, one might find traces. The apartment was on the courtyard, in a corner. It all happened in June. The house was of a light blue colour.

One day a penknife, which I didn't need at all and which was just lying about, disappeared from my table. I told the landlady, not even thinking she would whip her daughter. But the woman had just yelled at the child (I lived simply, and they didn't stand on ceremony with me) for the disappearance of some rag, suspecting her of filching it, and had even pulled her hair. And when this same rag was found under the tablecloth, the girl chose not to utter a word of reproach and watched silently. I noticed this, and then for the first time noticed the child's face, which before had just flitted by. She was pale-haired and freckled, an ordinary face, but with much in it that was childish and quiet, extremely quiet. The mother was displeased that the daughter did not reproach her for having beaten her for nothing, and she shook her fist at her, but did not hit her; just then my penknife came up. Indeed, there was no one there except the three of

us, and only the girl had gone behind my screen. The woman went wild, because her first beating had been unjust, rushed for the broom, pulled some twigs from it, and whipped the girl so that she raised welts on her, right in front of me. Matryosha did not cry out from the birching, but somehow whimpered strangely at each stroke. And afterwards she whimpered very much, for a whole hour.

But before that here is what happened: at the same moment as the landlady was rushing to pull the twigs from the broom, I found the knife on my bed, where it had somehow fallen from the table. It immediately came into my head not to announce anything, so that she would get a birching. I decided on it instantly: such moments always take my breath away. But I intend to tell everything in the firmest words, so that nothing remains hidden any longer.

Every extremely shameful, immeasurably humiliating, mean, and, above all, ridiculous position I have happened to get into in my life has always aroused in me, along with boundless wrath, an unbelievable pleasure. Exactly the same as in moments of crime, or in moments threatening to life. If I was stealing something, I would feel, while committing the theft, intoxication from the awareness of the depth of my meanness. It was not meanness that I loved (here my reason was completely sound), but I liked the intoxication from the tormenting awareness of my baseness. In the same way, each time I stood at the barrier waiting for my adversary to shoot, I felt the same shameful and violent sensation, and once extraordinarily strongly. I confess, I often sought it out myself, because for me it is stronger than any of its sort. When I was slapped (and I have been slapped twice in my life), it was there as well, in spite of the terrible wrath. But if, for all that, the wrath can be restrained, the pleasure will exceed anything imaginable. I never spoke of it to anyone, never even hinted at it, and concealed it as a shame and a disgrace. Yet when I was badly beaten once in a pot-house in Petersburg, and dragged by the hair, I did not feel this sensation, but only unbelievable wrath, without being drunk, but just fighting. Yet if that Frenchman abroad, the *vicomte* who slapped me and whose lower jaw I shot off for it, had seized my hair and pulled me down, I would have felt intoxication and perhaps not even wrath. So it seemed to me then.

I tell all this so that everyone will know that this feeling never subjected the whole of me, but there was always full consciousness left (and it was all based on consciousness!). And though it possessed me to the point of recklessness, it never came to the point of forgetting myself. Going as far as a perfect burning in me, I was at the same time quite able to subdue it, even to stop it at its peak. I am convinced that I could live my whole life as a monk, despite the animal sensuality I am endowed with and which I have always provoked. Giving myself with extraordinary immoderation, until the age of sixteen, to the vice confessed by Jean-Jacques Rousseau, I stopped it the moment I decided I wanted to, in my seventeenth year. I am always master of myself when I want to be. And so, let it be known that I do not want to seek irresponsibility for my crimes either in the environment or in illness.

When the punishment was over, I put the knife into my waistcoat pocket, went out, and threw it away in the street, far from the house, so that no one would ever know. Then I waited for two days. The girl cried a little and became even more silent; against me, I am convinced, she had no spiteful feeling. Though there probably was some shame at having been punished in such a way in front of me, she hadn't cried out, but had only whimpered under the strokes, of course because I was standing there and saw it all. But, being a child, she probably blamed only herself for this shame. Up to then, perhaps, she had only feared me, not personally, but as a tenant, a stranger, and it seems she was very timid.

It was during those two days that I once asked myself the question whether I could drop it and walk away from my planned intention, and I felt at once that I could, could at any time and at that very moment. Around then I wanted to kill myself, from the disease of indifference; however, I do not know from what. During those same two or three days (because I absolutely had to wait until the girl forgot it all), I committed a theft in the rooming house, probably to distract myself from incessant dreaming, or just for the fun of it. This was the only theft in my life.

There were many people nesting in that rooming house. Among them was one official and his family, living in two furnished rooms; about forty years old, not all that stupid, and with a decent air, but poor. I never got close with him, and he was afraid of the company that surrounded me there. He had just received his pay, thirty-five roubles. What chiefly prompted me was that at that moment I really did need money (though four days later I received a postal money order), so that I stole as if from need and not as a joke. It was done brazenly and obviously: I simply went into his room while he and his wife and children were having dinner in their other closet. There on the chair, right next to the door, lay his folded uniform. The thought had suddenly flashed in me still in the corridor. I thrust my hand into the pocket and took out the wallet. But the official heard a rustle and peeked out of the closet. It seems he even saw at least something, but since it was not everything, of course he did not believe his eyes. I said that as I was going down the corridor I came in to glance at the time on his wall clock. "Stopped, sir," he replied, and I left.

I was drinking a lot then, and there used to be a whole crowd in my rooms, Lebyadkin among them. I threw out the wallet with the small change and kept the bills. There were thirty-two roubles, three red bills and two yellow. I broke one of the red ones immediately and sent for champagne; then I sent another red one, and then the third. About four hours later, in the evening, the official stood waiting for me in the corridor.

"Nikolai Vsevolodovich, when you came in earlier, didn't you accidentally knock my uniform off the chair... where it was lying by the door?"

"Not that I remember. Your uniform was lying there?"

"Yes, lying there, sir." "On the floor?"

"First on the chair and then on the floor."

"So, did you pick it up?"

"I did."

"Well, what more do you want?"

"In that case, nothing, sir..."

He did not dare finish, and he did not dare tell anyone in the rooming house—so timid these people are. However, everybody in the rooming house was terribly afraid and respectful of me then. Afterwards I enjoyed meeting his eyes once or twice in the corridor. But quickly got bored.

As soon as three days passed, I went back to Gorokhovy Street. The mother was going out somewhere with a bundle; the

tradesman was, of course, not there. Matryosha and I remained. The windows were open. The tenants of the house were all craftsmen, and all day long there was a tapping of hammers and singing coming from all the floors. We had been there an hour already. Matryosha sat in her closet on a low bench, back to me, pottering over something with her needle. At last she suddenly started to sing softly, very softly; she sometimes did that. I took out my watch and looked at the time—it was two. My heart was beginning to pound. But then I suddenly asked myself again: could I stop? and answered at once that I could. I got up and began stealing towards her. They had a lot of geraniums in the window, and the sun was shining terribly brightly. I quietly sat down on the floor next to her. She gave a start and at first was unbelievably frightened and jumped up. I took her hand and softly kissed it, pulling her back down onto the bench, and began looking into her eyes. The fact that I had kissed her hand suddenly made her laugh like a child, but only for one second, because she impetuously jumped up again, now so frightened that a spasm passed over her face. She looked at me with horribly fixed eyes, and her lips began to twitch, as if on the verge of tears, but all the same she did not cry out. I began to kiss her hands again and, taking her on my knees, kissed her face and her feet. When I kissed her feet, she recoiled all over and smiled as if in shame, but with some crooked smile. Her whole face flushed with shame. I kept whispering something to her. Finally, there suddenly occurred an odd thing, which I will never forget and which caused me astonishment: the girl threw her arms around my neck and suddenly began kissing me terribly herself. Her face expressed complete admiration. I almost got up and left—so unpleasant was it in such a tiny child—out of pity. But I overcame the sudden sensation of my fear and stayed.

When it was all over, she was embarrassed. I didn't try to reassure her and no longer caressed her. She looked at me, smiling timidly. Her face suddenly seemed stupid to me. Embarrassment quickly came over her more and more with every moment. At last, she covered her face with her hands and stood in the corner motionlessly, turned to the wall. I was afraid she was going to get frightened again, as she had earlier, and silently left the house.

I suppose everything that had happened finally had to appear to her as a boundless outrage, with mortal horror. Despite the Russian curses she must have been hearing since she was in diapers, and all sorts of strange conversations, I have the full conviction that she still understood nothing. Most likely it seemed to her in the end that she had committed an unbelievable crime and was mortally guilty for it—that she had "killed God."

That night I had the fight in the pot-house which I have mentioned fleetingly. But I woke up in my rooms the next morning, Lebyadkin had brought me. My first thought on waking up was of whether she had told or not; this was a moment of real fear, though not very strong yet. I was very cheerful that morning and terribly kind to everyone, and the whole crowd was very pleased with me. But I dropped them all and went to Gorokhov Street. I met her downstairs in the entry-way. She was coming back from the shop where she had been sent to buy chicory. When she saw me, she shot up the stairs in terrible fear. When I came in, her mother had already slapped her twice in the face for having run in "headlong," which also covered the real reason for her fright. And so, for the time being everything was quiet. She hid somewhere and never came in while I was there. I stayed for about an hour and then left.

Towards evening I again felt fear, but this time it was incomparably stronger. Of course, I could deny it, but they could also expose me. I kept imagining hard labor. I had never felt any fear, and, apart from this occasion in my life, was never afraid of anything either before or since. Especially not of Siberia, though I could have been sent there more than once. But this time I was frightened and really felt fear, I do not know why, for the first time in my life—a very tormenting sensation. Besides that, in the evening, in my rooms, I came to hate her so much that I decided to kill her. My chief hatred was at the remembrance of her smile. Contempt together with boundless revulsion would spring up in me for the way she had rushed into the corner after it all and covered herself with her hands; I was seized by an inexplicable rage; then came a chill, and when fever began to set in towards morning, I was again overcome by fear, but so strong this time that I have never known a stronger torment. But I no longer hated the girl; at least it did not reach such a paroxysm as the evening before. I observed that strong fear utterly drives out hatred and vengeful feeling.

I woke up around noon, healthy and even surprised at some of yesterday's feelings. I was nonetheless in a bad humor, and again felt compelled to go to Gorokhov Street, despite all my revulsion. I remember wanting terribly at that moment to have a quarrel with someone, only a real one. But on coming to Gorokhov Street, I suddenly found Nina Savelyevna in my room, the maid, who had already been waiting for me for about an hour. I was not at all in love with the girl, so that she had come a bit afraid that I might be angry at the uninvited visit. But I was suddenly very glad to see her. She was not bad-looking, but modest and with the sort of manners common people like, so that my landlady had long been praising her to me. I found them together over coffee, and the landlady was greatly enjoying the pleasant conversation. In the corner of the room I noticed Matryosha. She stood and gazed fixedly at her mother and the visitor. When I came in, she did not hide as before, and did not run away. Only it seemed to me that she had become very thin and that she had a fever. I was tender with Nina and closed the door to the landlady's room, something I hadn't done for a long time, so that Nina left perfectly pleased. I myself took her out and for two days did not go to Gorokhov Street. I was already sick of it.

I decided to finish it all, to give up the apartment and leave Petersburg. But when I came to give up the apartment, I found the landlady worried and distressed: for three days Matryosha had been sick, lying every night in a fever and raving all night. Of course, I asked what she was raving about (we were talking in a whisper in my room). She whispered to me that she was raving "something terrible," saying "I killed God." I offered to bring a doctor at my own expense, but she did not want to: "God willing, it'll just go away, she doesn't lie down all the time, she goes out during the day, she just ran to the store." I decided to find Matryosha when she was

alone, and since the landlady had let on that she had to go to the Petersburg side by five o'clock,^[220] I decided to come back in the evening.

I had dinner in a tavern. Came back at exactly five-fifteen. I always let myself in with my own key. There was no one there but Matryosha. She was lying in their closet, behind the screen, on her mother's bed, and I saw her peek out; but I pretended not to notice. All the windows were open. The air was warm, it was even hot. I walked about the room and sat down on the sofa. I remember it all to the last minute. It decidedly gave me pleasure not to start talking with Matryosha. I waited and sat there for a whole hour, and suddenly she herself jumped from behind the screen. I heard her two feet hit the floor as she jumped off the bed, then rather quick steps, and then she was standing on the threshold of my room. She looked at me silently. In the three or four days since that time, during which I had never once seen her up close, she had indeed become very thin. Her face was as if dried up and her head must have been hot. Her eyes

had grown big and looked at me fixedly, as if with dull curiosity—so it seemed to me at first. I was sitting on the corner of the sofa, looked at her, and did not budge. And then I suddenly felt hatred again. But very soon I noticed that she was not frightened of me at all, but was perhaps more likely delirious. But she was not delirious either. She suddenly began shaking her head rapidly at me, as people do when they reproach very much, and suddenly she raised her little fist at me and began threatening me with it from where she stood. For the first moment this gesture seemed funny to me, but I could not stand it for long; I got up and moved nearer to her. There was despair in her face, such as was impossible to see on the face of a child. She kept brandishing her little fist at me threateningly and shaking her head in reproach. I came close and cautiously began to speak, but saw that she would not understand. Then suddenly she covered her face impetuously with both hands, like before, walked over and stood by the window, back to me. I left her, returned to my room, and sat by my own window. I have no idea why I did not leave then, but stayed as if I were waiting. Soon I heard her hurrying steps again, she walked out the door onto the wooden gallery, from which a stairway went down, and I at once ran to my door, opened it a bit, and had just time to spy Matryosha going into a tiny shed, like a chicken coop, next to the other place. A strange thought flashed in my mind. I closed the door and—back to the window. Of course, it was impossible to believe a fleeting thought; "and yet..." (I remember everything.)

A minute later I looked at my watch and made note of the time. Evening was coming. A fly was buzzing over me and kept landing on my face. I caught it, held it in my fingers, and let it go out the window. Very loudly a cart rolled into the courtyard below. Very loudly (and for long now) an artisan, a tailor, had been singing a song in the corner of the yard, in his window. He was sitting over his work, and I could see him. It occurred to me that since no one had met me when I came through the gateway and went upstairs, so no one had better meet me going downstairs now, and I moved the chair away from the window. Then I picked up a book, threw it down again, began watching a tiny red spider on a geranium leaf, and became oblivious. I remember everything to the last moment.

I suddenly snatched out my watch. It was twenty minutes since she went out. My guess was assuming the shape of a probability. But I decided to wait another quarter of an hour. It also occurred to me that she might have come back and that I perhaps had not heard; but that could not be: there was dead silence and I could hear the whine of every little fly. Suddenly my heart began to pound. I took out my watch: three minutes to go; I sat them out, though my heart was pounding so that it hurt. Then I got up, covered myself with my hat, buttoned my coat, and glanced around the room to make sure everything was in place and there were no signs that I had come. I moved the chair closer to the window, as it had stood before. Finally, I quietly opened the door, locked it with my key, and went to the shed. The door was closed, but not locked; I knew it could not be locked, yet I did not want to open it, but got up on tiptoe and began looking through the crack. At that very moment, as I was getting up on tiptoe, I recalled that when I was sitting by the window looking at the little red spider and became oblivious, I was thinking of how I would get up on tiptoe and reach that crack with my eyes. By putting in this trifle here, I want to prove with certainty to what degree of clarity I was in possession of my mental faculties. I looked through that crack for a long time, it was dark inside, but not totally. At last I made out what I needed ... I wanted to be totally sure.

I decided finally that I could leave, and went downstairs. I did not meet anyone. About three hours later we were all in our shirtsleeves, drinking tea in my rooms and playing a friendly game of cards. Lebyadkin was reciting poetry. Many stories were told and, as if by design, they were all successful and funny, not stupid as usual. Kirillov was also there. No one drank, and though a bottle of rum was standing there, only Lebyadkin kept nipping from it. Prokhor Malov observed that "when Nikolai Vsevolodovich is pleased and not moping, all our boys are cheerful and talk cleverly." It sank into my mind right then.

But by around eleven o'clock the caretaker's girl came running from the landlady, from Gorokhovy Street, bringing me the news that Matryosha had hanged herself. I went with the girl and saw that the landlady did not know herself why she had sent for me. She was howling and thrashing, there was turmoil, a lot of people, police. I stood in the entryway for a while and then left.

I was hardly inconvenienced, though they did ask the appropriate questions. But apart from the fact that the girl had been sick and occasionally delirious over the past few days, so that for my part I had offered a doctor at my own expense, I had decidedly nothing to give as evidence. They also asked me about the penknife; I said that the landlady had given the girl a whipping, but that it was nothing. No one found out that I had come in the evening. I heard nothing about the results of the medical examination.

For a week or so I did not go back there. I went when they had long since buried her, in order to give up the apartment. The landlady was still crying, though she was already pottering with her rags and sewing as before. "It was on account of your knife that I offended her," she said to me, but without great reproach. I paid her off on the pretext that I really could no longer remain in such an apartment and receive Nina Savelyevna in it. She praised Nina Savelyevna once more on parting. As I left I gave her five roubles on top of what I owed for the apartment.

And generally I was bored with life then, to the point of stupefaction. Once the danger was past, I all but completely forgot the incident on Gorokhovy Street, like everything else then, except that for some time I remembered spitefully how I had turned coward. I vented my spite on whomever I could. At the same time, but not at all for any reason or other, I conceived the notion of somehow maiming my life, only in as repulsive a way as possible. For a year already I had been thinking of shooting myself; something better turned up. Once, looking at the lame Marya Timofeevna Lebyadkin, who was something of a servant in those corners, not yet crazy then, but simply an ecstatic idiot, and secretly madly in love with me (as our boys spied out), I decided suddenly to marry her. The thought of Stavrogin marrying such a last being tickled my nerves. Nothing uglier could be imagined. But I will not venture to decide whether my decisiveness included at least unconsciously (of course, unconsciously!) my spite at the base cowardice that had come over me after the thing with Matryosha. I do not think so, really; but in any case I went to the altar not just because of "a bet for wine after a drunken dinner." The witnesses to the marriage were Kirillov and Pyotr Verkhovensky, who happened to be in Petersburg then; and, finally, Lebyadkin himself, and Prokhor Malov (now dead). No one else ever learned of it, and these gave their word to be silent. This silence has always seemed to me a vile thing, as it were, but so far it has not been broken, though I had the intention of announcing it; I announce it now, along with everything else.

After the wedding, I left for the province to see my mother. I went for distraction, because it was unbearable. In our town I left the idea that I was crazy—an idea not eradicated even now, and undoubtedly harmful to me, as I will explain further on. I then went abroad and stayed for four years.

I was in the East, I stood through eight-hour vigils on Mount Athos,^[221] was in Egypt, lived in Switzerland, even went to Iceland; sat out a whole yearlong course in Göttingen. During the last year I became very close with one noble Russian family in Paris and two Russian girls in Switzerland. About two years ago, in Frankfurt, passing by a stationer's shop, I noticed among the photographs on display a small picture of a girl, dressed in an elegant child's costume, but very much resembling Matryosha. I bought the picture at once and, coming to my hotel, placed it on the mantelpiece. There it stayed untouched for about a week, and I never once glanced at it; when I left Frankfurt, I forgot to take it with me.

I am setting this down precisely in order to prove the extent of my power over my memories, and how unfeeling for them I had become. I would reject them all in a mass, and the whole mass would obediently disappear each time the moment I wanted it to. I have always felt bored remembering the past, and was never able to talk about the past, as almost everyone does. As for Matryosha, I even forgot her picture on the mantelpiece.

About a year ago, in the spring, traveling through Germany, I absentmindedly missed the station where I should have changed for my direction, and got onto a different branch. They let me off at the next station; it was three o'clock in the afternoon, a bright day. It was a tiny German town. A hotel was pointed out to me. I had to wait: the next train came through at eleven o'clock at night. I was even pleased with the adventure, because I was not in any hurry. The hotel turned out to be trashy and small, but all sunk in greenery and completely surrounded with flower beds. They gave me a cramped little room. I had a nice meal, and since I had spent the whole night on the train, I fell asleep excellently after dinner, at four o'clock in the afternoon.

I had a dream which for me was totally unexpected, because I had never before had one like it. In Dresden, in the gallery, there exists a painting by Claude Lorrain—"Acis and Galatea,"^[222] I think, according to the catalogue, but I always called it "The Golden Age," I do not know why myself. I had seen it before, but now, three days earlier, I had noticed it once again as I was passing through. It was this painting that I saw in my dream, though not as a painting, but as if it were some kind of verity.

A corner of the Greek archipelago; blue, caressing waves, islands and rocks, a luxuriant coastline, a magic panorama in the distance, an inviting sunset—words cannot express it. Here European mankind remembered its cradle, here were the first scenes from mythology, its earthly paradise... Here beautiful people lived! They rose and lay down to sleep happy and innocent; the groves were filled with their merry songs, the great abundance of their untapped forces went into love, into simplehearted joy. The sun poured down its rays upon these islands and this sea, rejoicing over its beautiful children. A wondrous dream, a lofty delusion! The most incredible vision of all that have ever been, to which mankind throughout its life has given all its forces, for which it has sacrificed everything, for which prophets have died on crosses and been killed, without which people do not want to live and cannot even die. It was as if I lived through this whole sensation in my dream; I don't know precisely what I dreamed about, but the rocks and sea, the slanting rays of the setting sun—it was as if I still saw it all when I woke up and opened my eyes, for the first time in my life literally wet with tears. A feeling of happiness, as yet unknown to me, went through my heart even till it hurt. It was already full evening; in the window of my little room, through the foliage of the flowers in the window, a whole sheaf of bright slanting rays of the setting sun was bursting and flooding me with light. I quickly closed my eyes again, as if straining to return to the departed dream, but suddenly, as if in the midst of the bright, bright light, I saw some tiny dot. It was taking some shape, and suddenly appeared distinctly to me as a tiny red spider. I recalled it at once on the geranium leaf, when the slanting rays of the setting sun had been pouring in just as they were now. It was as though something pierced me, I raised myself and sat up on the bed... (This was how it all happened then!)

I saw before me (oh, not in reality! and if only, if only it had been a real vision!), I saw Matryosha, wasted and with feverish eyes, exactly the same as when she had stood on my threshold and, shaking her head, had raised her tiny little fist at me. And nothing had ever seemed so tormenting to me! The pitiful despair of a helpless ten-year-old being with a still unformed mind, who was threatening me (with what? what could she do to me?), but, of course, blaming only herself! Nothing like it had ever happened to me. I sat until nightfall, not moving and forgetting about time. Is this what is called remorse of conscience or repentance? I do not know, and I cannot tell to this day. Perhaps even to this moment I do not loathe the memory of the act itself. Perhaps this remembrance even now contains something pleasurable for my passions. No—what is unbearable to me is only this image alone, and precisely on the threshold, with its raised and threatening little fist, only that look alone, only that minute alone, only that shaking head. This is what I cannot bear, because since then it appears to me almost every day. It does not appear on its own, but I myself evoke it, and cannot help evoking it, even though I cannot live with it. Oh, if only I could ever see her really, at least in a hallucination!

I have other old memories, perhaps even better than this one. I behaved worse with one woman, and she died from it. In duels I have taken the lives of two men who were innocent before me. Once I was mortally insulted and did not take revenge on my adversary. There is one poisoning to my account—intentional and successful and unknown to anyone. (If need be, I'll tell about it all.)

But why is it that none of these memories evokes anything of the kind in me? Only hatred, perhaps, and that caused by my present situation, while before I would cold-bloodedly forget it and keep it away.

After that I wandered about for almost this whole year trying to occupy myself. I know I can remove the girl even now, whenever I wish. As before, I am in perfect control of my will. But the whole point is that I have never wanted to do it, I myself do not want to and will not want to; that I do know. And so it will go on, right up to my madness.

In Switzerland, two months ago, I was able to fall in love with one girl, or, better to say, I felt a fit of the same passion, with the same sort of violent impulse, as used to happen only long ago, in the beginning. I felt a terrible temptation for a new crime—that is, to commit bigamy (since I was already married); but I fled, following the advice of another girl to whom I confided almost everything. Besides, this new crime would in no way have rid me of Matryosha.

So it is that I have decided to print these pages and bring them to Russia in three hundred copies. When the time comes, I will send them to the police and the local authorities; simultaneously, I will send them to the editorial offices of all the newspapers, requesting that they be made public, and to my numerous acquaintances in Petersburg and in Russia. They will equally appear in translation abroad. I know that legally I will perhaps not be inconvenienced, at least not considerably; I am making this statement on my own, and have no accuser; besides, there are very few if any proofs. Finally, there is the deeply rooted idea that my mind is

deranged, and the efforts my family will certainly make to use this idea to stifle any legal prosecution that might be dangerous for me. I state this incidentally, to prove that I am fully in my right mind and understand my position. But there will remain for me those who know everything and who will look at me, and I at them. And the more of them the better. Whether this will make it any easier for me—I do not know. I am doing it as a last resort.

Once again: a good search through the Petersburg police records might turn something up. The tradespeople might still be in Petersburg. The house will, of course, be remembered. It was light blue. As for me, I won't be going anywhere, and for some time (a year or two) I can always be found at Skvoreshniki, my mother's estate. If I'm summoned, I'll appear anywhere.

Nikolai Stavrogin

III

The reading took about an hour. Tikhon read slowly and perhaps reread some passages a second time. Stavrogin sat all the while silent and motionless. Strangely, the shade of impatience, distraction, and as if delirium that had been on his face all that morning almost disappeared, giving way to calm and as if a sort of sincerity, which lent him an air almost of dignity. Tikhon removed his glasses and began first, somewhat cautiously.

"And might it be possible to make some corrections in this document?"

"What for? I wrote it sincerely," replied Stavrogin.

"To touch up the style a little."

"I forgot to warn you that all your words will be in vain; I will not put off my intention; don't bother talking me out of it."

"You did not forget to warn me of that earlier, before the reading."

"Never mind, I repeat again: no matter how strong your objections, I will not leave off my intention. Note that by this unfortunate

phrase, or fortunate—think what you like—I am in no way inviting you to quickly start objecting to me and entreating me," he added, as if unable to help himself, again suddenly falling for a moment into the former tone, but he at once smiled sadly at his own words.

"I would not even be able to object or to entreat you especially to give up your intention. This thought is a great thought, and there is no way to express a Christian thought more fully. Repentance cannot go any further than the astonishing deed you are contemplating, if only ..."

"If only what?"

"If only it is indeed repentance and indeed a Christian thought."

"These are fine points, it seems to me; does it make any difference? I wrote it sincerely."

"It is as if you purposely want to portray yourself as coarser than your heart would wish ..." Tikhon was growing more and more

bold. Obviously, the "document" had made a strong impression on him.

"'Portray'? I tell you again: I was not 'portraying myself and especially was not 'posturing.'"

Tikhon quickly lowered his eyes.

"This document comes straight from the need of a mortally wounded heart—do I understand correctly?" he went on insistently and with extraordinary ardor. "Yes, it is repentance and the natural need for it that have overcome you, and you have struck upon a great path, a path of an unheard-of sort. But it is as if you already hate beforehand all those who will read what is described here and are challenging them to battle. If you are not ashamed to confess the crime, why are you ashamed of repentance?"

"Ashamed?"

"You're ashamed and afraid!"

"Afraid?"

"Mortally. Let them look at me, you say; well, and you yourself, how are you going to look at them? Certain places in your account are stylistically accentuated; as if you admire your own psychology and seize upon every little detail just to astonish the reader with an unfeelingness that is not in you. What is that if not the proud challenge of a guilty man to his judge?"

"Where is there any challenge? I eliminated all personal reasoning."

Tikhon held his peace. Color even spread over his pale cheeks.

"Let's leave that," Stavrogin brought it abruptly to a halt. "Allow me instead to make you a question: here it is already five

minutes that we've been talking after that" (he nodded to the pages) "and I don't see any expression of loathing or shame in you... you're not squeamish, it seems! ..."

He did not finish and grinned.

"That is, you wish I'd quickly voice my contempt for you," Tikhon rounded off firmly. "I won't conceal anything from you: I was horrified at this great idle force being spent deliberately on abomination. As for the crime itself, many people sin in the same way, and live in peace and quiet with their conscience, even regarding it as one of the inevitable trespasses of youth. There are old men who sin in the same way, even contentedly and playfully. The whole world is filled with all these horrors. But you have felt the whole depth of it, something which rarely happens to such an extent."

"You haven't taken to respecting me after these pages?" Stavrogin grinned crookedly.

"To that I shall not respond directly. But, of course, there is not and cannot be any greater and more terrible crime than your act with the maiden."

"Let's quit putting a yardstick to it. I'm somewhat surprised at your opinion about other people and the ordinariness of such a crime. Perhaps I don't suffer nearly as much as I've written here, and perhaps I've really heaped too many lies on myself," he added unexpectedly.

Tikhon once more held his peace. Stavrogin was not even thinking of leaving; on the contrary, he again began to lapse at moments into deep pensiveness.

"And this girl," Tikhon began again, very timidly, "with whom you broke off in Switzerland, is, if I may ask ... where is she at the present moment?"

"Here."

Again silence.

"Perhaps I was indeed heaping lies on myself," Stavrogin repeated insistently once more. "However, what of it if I'm challenging them by the coarseness of my confession, since you did notice the challenge? I'll make them hate me even more, that's all. And so much the easier for me."

"That is, their hatred will evoke yours, and, hating, it will be easier for you than if you were to accept their pity?"

"You're right. You know," he suddenly laughed, "I may well be called a Jesuit and a pious hypocrite, ha, ha, ha! Right?"

"Of course, there will be such an opinion. And how soon do you hope to carry out this intention?"

"Today, tomorrow, the day after tomorrow, how do I know? Only very soon. You're right: I think what's precisely going to happen. is that I'll make it public unexpectedly and precisely at some vengeful, hateful moment, when I'm hating them most of all."

"Answer one question, but sincerely, for me alone, only me: if someone forgave you for that" (Tikhon pointed to the pages), "and not someone of those you respect or fear, but a stranger, a man you will never know, silently, reading your terrible confession to himself, would this thought make it easier for you, or would it make no difference?"

"Easier," Stavrogin replied in a soft voice, lowering his eyes. "If you were to forgive me, it would be much easier for me," he added unexpectedly and in a half-whisper.

"And you me, as well," Tikhon said in a deeply moved voice.

"What for? what have you done to me? Ah, yes, it's a monastery formula?"

[223] "For my sins both voluntary and involuntary. In sinning, each man sins against all, and each man is at least partly guilty for another's sin. There is no isolated sin. And I am a great sinner, perhaps more than you are."

"It is false humility. All these monastic formulas, you know, are not fine in the least. I'll tell you the whole truth: I wish you to forgive me, and another with you, and a third, but the rest—the rest had better hate me. But I wish it in order to endure with humility..."

"And universal pity you would not be able to endure with the same humility?"

"Perhaps I wouldn't. You picked that up very nicely. But. . . why are you doing this?"

"I feel the degree of your sincerity and, of course, am much to blame for not knowing how to approach people. I've always felt it to be my greatest failing," Tikhon said sincerely and feelingly, looking straight into Stavrogin's eyes. "It's only because I fear for you," he added, "there is an almost impassible abyss before you."

"That I won't endure? that I won't endure their hatred with humility?"

"Not only their hatred."

"And what else?"

"Their laughter," escaped from Tikhon, almost as if despite himself and in a half-whisper.

Stavrogin became embarrassed; uneasiness showed in his face.

"I anticipated that," he said. "So, then, I appeared as a very comical character to you on reading my 'document,' in spite of the whole tragedy? Don't worry, don't be put out ... I did anticipate it."

"There will be horror on all sides, and, of course, more false than sincere. People fear only what directly threatens their personal interests. I'm not speaking of the pure souls: they will be horrified and will blame themselves, but they will not be noticeable. The laughter, however, will be universal."

"Add to that the thinker's observation that there is always something pleasing in another man's calamity."

"A correct thought."

"You, however ... you yourself... I'm surprised at how badly you think of people, with what loathing," Stavrogin said, looking somewhat resentful.

"And yet, believe me, I said it judging more by myself than about other people," Tikhon exclaimed.

"Really? Can there indeed be at least something in your soul that finds amusement here in my calamity?"

"Who knows, perhaps there is. Oh, perhaps there is!"

"Enough. Show me, then, precisely what makes me ridiculous in my manuscript? I know what, but I want you to point your finger to it. And say it nice and cynically, say it with all the sincerity you're capable of. And I'll also tell you again that you are a terribly odd man."

"Even the form of this truly great repentance has something ridiculous in it. Oh, do not believe that you will not win!" he suddenly exclaimed almost in ecstasy. "Even this form will win" (he pointed to the pages), "if only you sincerely accept the beating

[224] and the spitting. In the end it has always been that the most disgraceful cross becomes a great glory and a great power, if the humility of the deed is sincere.

It may even be that you will be comforted in your own lifetime! ..."

"So, in the form alone, in the style, you find something ridiculous?" Stavrogin persisted.

"And in the essence. The uncomeliness will kill it," Tikhon whispered, lowering his eyes.

"What, sir? Uncomeliness? The uncomeliness of what?"

"Of the crime. There are crimes that are truly uncomely. With crimes, whatever they may be, the more blood, the more horror there is, the more imposing they are, the more picturesque, so to speak; but there are crimes that are shameful, disgraceful, all horror aside, so to speak, even far too ungracious..."

Tikhon did not finish.

"That is," Stavrogin picked up in agitation, "you find I made quite a ridiculous figure when I was kissing the dirty little girl's foot... and all that I said about my temperament and... well, and all the rest ... I understand. I understand you very well. And you despair of me precisely because it is uncomely, vile, no, not really vile, but shameful, ridiculous, and you think it's this, rather than anything else, that I won't be able to endure?"

Tikhon was silent.

"Yes, you do know people, that is, you know that I, precisely I, will not be able to endure ... I understand why you asked about the young lady from Switzerland, whether she was here."

"You're not prepared, not tempered," Tikhon whispered timidly, with lowered eyes.

"Listen, Father Tikhon: I want to forgive myself, and that is my chief goal, my whole goal!" Stavrogin said suddenly, with grim rapture in his eyes. "I know that only then will the apparition vanish. That is why I am seeking boundless suffering, seeking it myself."

So do not frighten me."

"If you believe that you can forgive yourself and can attain to this forgiveness in this world, then you believe everything!" Tikhon exclaimed rapturously. "How is it that you say you do not believe in God?"

Stavrogin made no reply.

"God will forgive your unbelief, for you venerate the Holy Spirit without knowing him."

"Christ, incidentally, will not forgive," Stavrogin asked, and a light shade of irony could be heard in the tone of the question, "for it is said in the book: 'Whoso shall offend one of these little ones'—remember? According to the Gospel, there is not and cannot be any

greater crime. ^[225] In this book!"

He pointed to the Gospel.

"I have glad tidings for you about that," Tikhon spoke with tender feeling. "Christ, too, will forgive, if only you attain to forgiving yourself ... Oh, no, no, do not believe that I have spoken a blasphemy: even if you do not attain to reconciliation with yourself and forgiveness of yourself, even then He will forgive you for your intention and for your great suffering... for there are no words or

thoughts in human language to express *all* the ways and reasons of the Lamb, 'until his ways are openly revealed to us.' ^[226] Who can embrace him who is unembraceable, who can grasp the *whole* of him who is infinite!"

The corners of his mouth twitched as before, and a barely noticeable spasm again passed over his face. He restrained himself for a moment and then, unable to stand it, quickly lowered his eyes.

Stavrogin took his hat from the sofa.

"I'll come again sometime," he said with an air of great fatigue, "you and I ... I appreciate only too well the pleasure of the conversation and the honor... and your feelings. Believe me, I understand why there are some who love you so. I ask your prayers from Him whom you love so much ..."

"And you're leaving already?" Tikhon also rose quickly, as though not at all expecting such a speedy farewell. "And I..." he was as if at a loss, "I was about to present you with a request of my own, but ... I don't know how... and now I'm afraid."

"Ah, kindly do." Stavrogin sat down at once, his hat in his hand. Tikhon looked at this hat, at this pose, the pose of a man suddenly turned worldly, both agitated and half crazy, who was granting him five minutes to finish his business—and became still more abashed.

"My whole request is merely that you... now you must admit, Nikolai Vsevolodovich (that is your name, I believe?), that if you make your pages public, you will spoil your fate ... in the sense of a career, for example, and ... in the sense of all the rest."

"Career?" Nikolai Vsevolodovich scowled unpleasantly.

"Why should you spoil it? Why, as it seems, such inflexibility?" Tikhon concluded almost pleadingly, obviously aware of his own awkwardness. A pained impression showed on the face of Nikolai Vsevolodovich.

"I have already asked you and will ask you again: all your words will be superfluous... and in general all our talk is beginning to be unbearable."

He turned significantly in his chair.

"You don't understand me, hear me out and don't be annoyed. You know my opinion: your deed, if done in humility, would be the greatest Christian deed, if you could endure it. Even if you were unable to endure it, all the same the Lord would count your initial sacrifice. Everything will be counted: not a word, not a movement of the soul, not a half thought will be in vain. But I am offering you, instead of this deed, another still greater one, something unquestionably great..."

Nikolai Vsevolodovich was silent.

"You are in the grip of a desire for martyrdom and self-sacrifice; conquer this desire as well, set aside your pages and your intention—and then you will overcome everything. You will put to shame all your pride and your demon! You will win, you will attain freedom..."

His eyes lit up; he pressed his hands together pleadingly.

"You quite simply want very much to avoid a scandal, and you are setting a trap for me, good Father Tikhon," Stavrogin mumbled casually and with vexation, making as if to get up. "In short, you would like me to settle down, perhaps get married, and end my life as a member of the local club, visiting your monastery on every feast day. What a penance! Although, being a reader of human hearts, you may even foresee that this will undoubtedly be so, and the only thing now is to beg me nicely, for the sake of decency, since this is what I myself am longing for—right?"

He laughed contortedly.

"No, not that penance, I am preparing a different one!" Tikhon continued ardently, not paying the least attention to Stavrogin's laughter or remark. "I know an elder, not here, but not far from here, a hermit and monk, and of such Christian wisdom as you and I cannot even understand. He will heed my requests. I will tell him all about you. Put yourself under obedience to him, under his orders, for some five or seven years, for as long as you yourself find necessary afterwards. Make a vow to yourself, and with this great sacrifice you will buy everything that you long for, and even what you do not expect, for you cannot understand now what you will receive!"

Stavrogin heard out his last suggestion seriously, even very seriously.

"You are quite simply suggesting that I become a monk in that monastery? Much though I respect you, that is precisely what I should have expected. Well, I shall even confess to you that the thought has already flashed in me at moments of faintheartedness: to hide away from people in a monastery, at least for a time, once I had made these pages public. But I immediately blushed at such baseness. But to take monastic vows—that never entered my head even in moments of the most fainthearted fear."

"You needn't be in a monastery, you needn't take vows, just be a novice secretly, unapparently, it may even be done so that you live entirely in the world..."

"Stop it, Father Tikhon," Stavrogin interrupted squeamishly and rose from the chair. Tikhon rose, too.

"What's the matter with you?" he suddenly cried out, peering at Tikhon almost in fright. The man stood before him, his hands pressed together in front of him, and a painful spasm, as if from the greatest fear, passed momentarily over his face.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" Stavrogin repeated, rushing to support him. It seemed to him that the man was about to fall over.

"I see ... I see as in reality," Tikhon exclaimed in a soul-penetrating voice and with an expression of the most intense grief, "that you, poor, lost youth, have never stood so close to the most terrible crime as at this moment!"

"Calm yourself!" Stavrogin kept repeating, decidedly alarmed for him. "I may still put it off... you're right, I may not be able to endure it, and in my spite I'll commit a new crime ... all that is so... you're right, I'll put it off."

"No, not after the publication, but before the publication of the pages, a day, maybe an hour before the great step, you will throw yourself into a new crime as a way out, only to *avoid* publishing these pages!"

Stavrogin even trembled with wrath and almost with fear.

"Cursed psychologist!" he broke off suddenly in a rage and, without looking back, left the cell.

15: Filibusters. A Fatal Morning

I

The event that occurred on our way was also of a surprising sort. But I must tell everything in order. An hour before Stepan Trofimovich and I went out, a crowd of people, workers from the Shpigulin factory, about seventy of them, maybe more, moved through town and was noticed with curiosity by many. They moved decorously, almost silently, in purposeful order. It was afterwards asserted that these seventy were delegates chosen from all the factory workers, of whom the Shpigulins had up to nine hundred, to go to the governor and, in view of the owners' absence, seek justice from him against the owners' manager, who, while closing down the factory and dismissing the workers, had brazenly cheated them all—a fact no longer open to any doubt. Others among us deny to this day that they were delegates, insisting that seventy people would be too many for a delegation, and that the crowd simply consisted of the most resentful ones, who came to plead only for themselves, so that there never had been any general factory "riot" such as later caused so much clamor. A third group passionately affirms that these seventy men were not simple rioters, but decidedly political ones—that is, that being some of the most violent ones to begin with, they had been further aroused by none other than the anonymous leaflets. In short, whether or not there was any influence or instigation is still not known precisely. My personal opinion is that the workers had not read any anonymous leaflets, and that even if they had, they would not have understood a word of them, for the sole reason that those who write them, for all the baldness of their style, write extremely obscurely. But since the factory men really were in bad straits—and the police, to whom they had appealed, did not want to enter into their grievance—what could be more natural than their idea of going in a crowd "to the general himself," if possible, even with a petition on their head, lining up decorously in front of his porch, and, the moment he appeared, all falling on their knees and crying out as if to providence itself? To my mind there is no need here either for a riot, or even for delegates, because this is an old, historical method; from time immemorial the Russian people have loved having a talk with "the general himself," for the sheer pleasure of it, in fact, and even regardless of what the end of such a talk might be.

And that is why I am fully convinced that although Pyotr Stepanovich, Liputin, perhaps someone else as well, perhaps even Fedka, had been shuttling among the factory workers earlier (since there exist quite firm indications of this circumstance) and had talked with them, it was certainly with no more than two or three, or say five, only as a trial, and that nothing came of this talk. As regards rioting, even if the factory workers did understand anything of their propaganda, they must certainly have stopped listening at once, seeing it was a stupid matter and altogether unsuitable. Fedka was another matter: it seems he had far better luck than Pyotr Stepanovich. In the town fire that followed three days later, as has now been indisputably revealed, two factory workers did indeed take part along with Fedka, and afterwards, a month later, three more former factory workers in our district were seized, also for robbery and arson. But if Fedka had actually managed to lure them over to direct, immediate action, it was again only these five, because nothing of the sort was heard about any of the others.

Be that as it may, the whole crowd of workers finally arrived at the little square in front of the governor's house, and lined up decorously and silently. Then they gaped at the porch and started waiting. I was told that as soon as they installed themselves, they immediately took off their hats, that is, perhaps half an hour before the arrival of the master of the province, who, as if by design, happened to be away from home at the moment. The police made their appearance at once, first as isolated phenomena, then in the fullest possible complement; they began threateningly, of course, with an order to disperse. But the workers stood there like a flock of sheep at a fence, and answered laconically that they wanted "the general himself"; firm resolve was evident. The unnatural shouting ceased; it quickly yielded to pondering, mysteriously whispered instructions, and a stern, worried preoccupation that furrowed the official brow. The police chief preferred to wait for the arrival of von Lembke himself. It is nonsense that he came flying at full speed with a troika and supposedly started fighting before he got out of his droshky. Our governor did indeed fly and liked to fly around in his droshky with its yellow back, and as his "outrunners driven to debauchery" got wilder and wilder, to the delight of all the merchants in the shopping arcade, he would stand up in his droshky, rise to his full height, holding on to a special strap attached to the side, and, stretching his right arm into space like a monument, would thus survey the town. But in the present case he did not start fighting, and though he really could not do without strong language as he came flying off his droshky, he did it solely so as not to lose popularity. It is still greater nonsense that soldiers with bayonets were brought in, and that a message was sent somewhere by telegraph about dispatching artillery and Cossacks: these are tales that their inventors themselves no longer believe. It is also nonsense that barrels of water were brought from the firehouse and used to drench the people. Quite simply, Ilya Ilyich shouted hot-headedly that no one would escape without getting his feet wet; this must have been turned into barrels, which thus made their way into the reports of the metropolitan newspapers. The most correct version, one must suppose, was that the crowd was first surrounded by all the policemen who happened to be on hand, and a messenger was then sent to Lembke, an officer from the first precinct, who proceeded to fly down the road to Skvoreshniki in the police chief's droshky, knowing that von Lembke had set out for there half an hour earlier in his carriage...

But, I confess, an unresolved question still remains for me: how did it come about that a mere, that is, an ordinary crowd of petitioners—seventy men, it's true—should be turned, right from the first go, from the first step, into a riot that threatened to shake the foundations? Why did Lembke himself seize on this idea when he arrived twenty minutes later, following the messenger? I would

suppose (but again this is a personal opinion) that Ilya Ilyich, who was chummy with the manager, even found it profitable to present the crowd to von Lembke in this light, precisely so as not to bring on a real investigation into the matter; and it was Lembke himself who had given him this idea. Over the past two days he had had two mysterious and exceptional talks with him—quite confused talks, incidentally—from which Ilya Ilyich had nevertheless made out that the front office was firmly set on the idea of the tracts, and of the Shpigulin workers being incited by someone to social rioting, and set on it to such a degree that they themselves might regret it if this inciting turned out to be nonsense. "He wants to distinguish himself somehow in Petersburg," thought our cunning Ilya Ilyich as he was leaving von Lembke. "Well, that plays right into my hands."

But I am convinced that poor Andrei Antonovich would not have wished for a riot even for the sake of distinguishing himself. He was an extremely responsible official, who until his marriage had dwelt in innocence. And was it his fault if, instead of innocent government firewood and a likewise innocent Minchen, a forty-year-old princess had raised him to herself? I know almost positively that it was after this same fatal morning that the first traces became manifest of the condition which is said to have sent poor Andrei Antonovich to a certain special institution in Switzerland, where he is now supposed to be gathering new strength. But if one can merely allow that, precisely after that morning, the manifest facts of *anything* became apparent, then it is possible, in my opinion, to allow that manifestations of similar facts could already have occurred the day before as well, though not so manifestly. It is known to me from rumors of a most intimate sort (well, suppose that later on Yulia Mikhailovna, no longer triumphant, but *almost* repentant—for a woman is never *wholly* repentant—told me a particle of this story herself)—it is known to me that Andrei Antonovich came to his wife on the eve of that day, late at night, past two o'clock, woke her up, and demanded that she listen to "his ultimatum." The demand was so insistent that she was obliged to get up from her bed of rest, in indignation and in curlers, and, sitting on the couch, had to listen, albeit with sarcastic disdain. Only then did she realize for the first time how far gone her Andrei Antonovich was, and she was inwardly horrified. She ought finally to have come to her senses and relented, but she concealed her horror and insisted even more persistently than before. She had (as every wife seems to have) her special way with Andrei Antonovich, already tested not a few times, and which more than once had driven him to frenzy. Yulia Mikhailovna's way consisted of scornful silence, for an hour, for two hours, for a day, for nearly three days—silence at whatever cost, whatever he might say, whatever he might do, even if he climbed out the window to throw himself from the third floor—a way intolerable for a sensitive man! Whether Yulia Mikhailovna was punishing her husband for his recent blunders and his jealous envy, as governor, of her administrative abilities; or was indignant at his criticizing her behavior with the young people and our whole society, without understanding her subtle and farsighted political goals; or was angry at his dumb and senseless jealousy of Pyotr Stepanovich—in any case, she decided not to relent even now, despite the hour of the clock and the unprecedented agitation of Andrei Antonovich. Pacing, beside himself, up and down and in all directions over the carpets of her boudoir, he laid before her everything, everything, quite disconnectedly, it's true, but still *everything* that was seething inside him, for—"it has gone beyond all limits." He began by saying that everyone was laughing at him and "leading him by the nose." "I spit on the phrase," he shrieked at once, catching her smile, "let it be 'by the nose,' but it's true! ... No, madam, the moment has come; let me tell you that this is no time for laughter and women's coquetties. We are not in a mincing lady's boudoir; we are, as it were, two abstract beings in a balloon, who have met in order to speak out the truth." (He was muddled, of course, and unable to find the right forms for his—incidentally correct—thoughts.) "It is you, madam, who took me out of my former state, I accepted this post only for you, for your ambition... You smile sarcastically? Don't be triumphant, don't be hasty. Let me tell you, madam, let me tell you that I could, that I would be able to manage this post, and not just this one post but ten such posts, because I do have the ability; but with you, madam, in your presence—it's impossible for me to manage; because in your presence I do not have the ability. Two centers cannot exist, and you have set up two—one is mine, the other is in your boudoir—two centers of power, madam, but I will not allow it, I will not!! In the service, as in marriage, there is one center, and two are impossible... How have you repaid me?" he proceeded to exclaim. "Our marriage has consisted of nothing but you proving to me all the time, every hour, that I am worthless, stupid, and even mean, and I have been obliged, every hour and humiliatingly, to prove to you that I am not worthless, not at all stupid, and that I astound everyone with my nobility—now, is that not humiliating on both sides?" Here he began quickly and rapidly stamping the carpet with both feet, so that Yulia Mikhailovna was obliged to rise with stern dignity. He soon calmed down, but then passed over to sentimentality and started sobbing (yes, sobbing), beating himself on the breast for almost a whole five minutes, getting more and more beside himself from Yulia Mikhailovna's most profound silence. Finally, he committed the ultimate blunder and let slip that he was jealous of Pyotr Stepanovich. Realizing that this was foolish beyond all measure, he became ferociously furious and shouted that "he would not allow the denial of God"; that he would break up her "shameless salon of faithlessness"; that the burgomaster was even obliged to believe in God, "and so his wife is, too"; that he would not suffer any young men; that "you, madam, you, from your own dignity, ought to have cared for your husband and to have stood up for his intelligence, even if he was a man of poor abilities (and I am by no means of poor abilities!); whereas you are the reason why everyone here despises me, it is you who have put them up to it! ..." He shouted that he would abolish the woman question, that he would smoke out that little spirit, that he would forbid this absurd subscription fête for the governesses (devil take them!) and break it up first thing tomorrow; that first thing tomorrow he would chase any governess he met out of the province "with a Cossack, ma'am!" "On purpose, on purpose!" he kept shrieking. "Do you know, do you know," he shouted, "that it is your scoundrels who are inciting the men at the factory, and that I am informed of it? Do you know that tracts are being distributed on purpose, on purpose, ma'am! Do you know that I am informed of the names of four of these scoundrels, and that I am losing my mind, losing it finally, finally!!! ..." But here Yulia Mikhailovna suddenly broke her silence and sternly declared that she had long known about criminal designs, and that it was all foolishness, he was taking it too seriously, and with regard to pranksters, she knew not only those four, but all of them (she lied); and that she had no intention of losing her mind from all that, but, on the contrary, trusted in her mind more than ever, and hoped to lead everything to a harmonious ending; to encourage the youth, to bring them to reason, to prove to them suddenly and unexpectedly that their designs were known, and then show them to new goals for a reasonable and brighter activity. Oh, what came over Andrei Antonovich in that moment! On learning that Pyotr Stepanovich had hoodwinked him again and made fun of him so crudely, that he had revealed much more and much earlier to her than to him, and, finally, that Pyotr Stepanovich was himself perhaps the chief instigator of all the criminal designs—he flew into a frenzy. "Know, witless but venomous woman," he exclaimed, suddenly bursting all bonds, "know that I shall arrest your unworthy lover at

once, put him in fetters, and dispatch him to the fortress, or—or I myself, right now, in your eyes, will jump out the window!" At this tirade, Yulia Mikhailovna, green with spite, immediately burst into laughter, long, resounding, with little peals and gales, exactly as in the French theater when a Parisian actress, invited for a hundred thousand to play coquettes, laughs in her husband's face for daring to be jealous of her. Von Lembke rushed for the window, but suddenly stopped as if rooted to the spot, folded his arms across his chest, and, pale as a corpse, gave the laughing woman an ominous look. "Do you know, do you know, Yulia..." he said in a suffocating, imploring voice, "do you know that I, too, can do something?" But at the new, still stronger outburst of laughter that followed his last words, he clenched his teeth, moaned, and suddenly rushed—not for the window—but at his spouse, raising his fist over her! He did not bring it down—no, three times no; but instead he perished right there on the spot. Not feeling the legs under him, he ran to his study, threw himself just as he was, fully clothed, facedown on the prepared bed, wrapped himself convulsively, head and all, in the sheet, and lay that way for about two hours—not sleeping, not thinking, with a lead weight on his heart, and dull, unmoving despair in his soul. Every once in a while he shuddered all over with a tormenting, feverish shiver. All sorts of unconnected things recalled themselves to him, which did not go with anything: now he thought, for example, of an old wall clock he had had in Petersburg about fifteen years ago, which had lost its minute hand; now of the jolly official Millebois and of how the two of them had once caught a sparrow in Alexandrovsky Park, and only then recalled, laughing for the whole park to hear, that one of them was already a collegiate assessor. I think he fell asleep at around seven in the morning, not realizing it himself, and slept delightedly, with lovely dreams. Awakening at ten o'clock, he suddenly jumped wildly out of bed, remembered everything all at once, and gave himself a hearty smack on the head with his palm: no breakfast, no Blum, no police chief, no official come to remind him that the members of the ——— committee were expecting his chairmanship that morning—he received none of them, he listened to nothing, nor did he wish to understand, but raced like a lunatic to Yulia Mikhailovna's half. There Sofia Antropovna, a little old lady of gentle birth who had long been living with Yulia Mikhailovna, explained to him that his wife had set out at ten o'clock, with a large company, in three carriages, for Varvara Petrovna Stavrogin's, at Skvoreshniki, to look over the site for the future fête, the second one, planned for two weeks later, and that this had already been arranged three days ago with Varvara Petrovna herself. Stunned by the news, Andrei Antonovich went back to his study and impetuously ordered horses. He was even hardly able to wait. His soul yearned after Yulia Mikhailovna—only to look at her, to be near her for five minutes; perhaps she would look at him, notice him, smile as she used to, forgive—ohh! "But what's with those horses?" Mechanically, he opened a thick book that was lying on the table (he sometimes did divinations this way, by a book, opening it at random and reading on the right-hand page, three lines from the top). It came out: "*Tout est pour le mieux dans le*

meilleur des mondes possibles" ^[cxxxviii]—Voltaire, *Candide*. ' He spat and ran to get into the carriage: "To Skvoreshniki!" The coachman told afterwards how the master kept urging him on all the way, but as soon as they began to approach the main house, he suddenly gave the order to turn around and drive back to town: "Faster, please, faster." Before they reached the walls of the town, "he ordered me to stop again, got out of the carriage, and went across the road into a field; from some sort of weakness, I thought; but he stopped and began examining little flowers, and stood that way for some while, really strangely, so as I felt thoroughly doubtful." Thus the coachman testified. I recall the weather that morning: it was a cold, clear, but windy September day; spread before Andrei Antonovich, who had left the road, lay a stern landscape of bare fields from which the bread had been harvested long before; the howling wind swayed some pitiful remnants of dying yellow flowers... Did he wish to compare himself and his lot with stunted flowers beaten down by autumn and the frost? I don't think so. I even think it was certainly not so, and that he did not remember anything at all about the little flowers, despite the testimony of the coachman and the officer from the first precinct, who drove up at that moment in the police chief's droshky, and later affirmed that he had indeed found the front office with a bunch of yellow flowers in his hand. This police officer—an ecstatically administrative person, Vassily Ivanovich Filibusterov—was still a newcomer to our town, but had already distinguished himself and been noised abroad for his boundless zeal, a certain swoop in all his ways along the executive line, and an innate unsobriety. Leaping from the droshky, and not hesitating in the least at the sight of the front office's occupation, looking crazy but convinced, he fired off the report that "there's unrest in town."

"Eh? What?" Andrei Antonovich turned to him with a stern face, but without the least surprise or any recollection of the carriage or the coachman, as if he were in his own study.

"Officer of the first precinct Filibusterov, Your Excellency. There's a riot in town."

"Filibusters?" Andrei Antonovich repeated ponderingly.

"That's right, Your Excellency. The Shpigulin men are rioting."

"The Shpigulin men! ..."

Something came back to him, as it were, at the mention of "the Shpigulin men." He even gave a start and raised his finger to his forehead: "The Shpigulin men!" Silent, but still pondering, he went unhurriedly to the carriage, got in, and gave orders for town. The officer in the droshky followed after.

I imagine that on his way he vaguely pictured many quite interesting things, on many themes, but he hardly had any firm idea or any definite intention on entering the square in front of the governor's house. But the moment he caught sight of the lined-up and firmly standing crowd of "rioters," the row of policemen, the powerless (and perhaps intentionally powerless) police chief, and the general expectation directed at him, all the blood rushed to his heart. Pale, he stepped from the carriage.

"Hats off!" he said, breathlessly and barely audibly. "On your knees!" he shrieked unexpectedly—unexpectedly for himself, and it was in this unexpectedness that the whole ensuing denouement of the affair perhaps consisted. It was like coasting down a hill at the winter carnival; can a sled that is already going down stop in the middle of the hillside? As ill luck would have it, Andrei Antonovich had been distinguished all his life by the serenity of his character and had never shouted or stamped his feet at anyone; and such men are far more dangerous if it once happens that their sled for some reason shoots off downhill. Everything went whirling around in front of him.

"Filibusters!" he screamed, in an even more shrill and absurd way, and his voice cracked. He stood, still not knowing what he was going to do, but knowing and sensing with his whole being that he was now certainly going to do something.

"Lord!" came from the crowd. Some fellow began to cross himself; three or four men indeed made as if to kneel, but the rest

moved in a mass about three steps forward, and suddenly they all began to squawk at once: "Your Excellency... the deal was for forty... the manager ... don't you go telling us," etc., etc. Nothing could be made of it.

Alas! Andrei Antonovich was unable to make anything out: the flowers were still in his hand. The riot was as evident to him as the kibitkas had been earlier to Stepan Trofimovich. And amid the crowd of "rioters" who stood goggling at him, Pyotr Stepanovich kept darting about in front of him, "agitating" them—he who had not left him for a moment since the day before, Pyotr Stepanovich, the detested Pyotr Stepanovich...

"Birch rods!" he cried, still more unexpectedly.

A dead silence ensued.

This was how it went at the very beginning, judging by the most precise information and my own conjectures. But on what followed the information becomes less precise, as do my conjectures. There are, however, certain facts.

First, the birch rods appeared somehow all too hastily; they had apparently been readied in advance by the quick-witted police chief.

However, only two men were punished in all, I think, not even three; I insist on that. That all the men, or at least half of them, were punished, is sheer invention. It is also nonsense that some poor but noble lady was supposedly seized as she was passing by and promptly thrashed for some reason; and yet I later read about this lady myself in a report in one of the Petersburg newspapers. Many people here were talking about a woman from the cemetery almshouse, a certain Avdotya Petrovna Tarapugin, who, as she was crossing the square on her way back to the almshouse, supposedly pushed her way through the spectators, out of natural curiosity, and on seeing what was happening, exclaimed: "Shame on 'em!"—and spat. For this she was supposedly picked up and also "attended to." Not only was this case printed, but a subscription for her benefit was set up here in town on the spur of the moment. I myself donated twenty kopecks. And what then? It turns out that there never was any such almshouse Tarapugin woman in our town at all! I went myself to inquire at the almshouse by the cemetery: they had never even heard of any Tarapugin woman; moreover, they got quite offended when I told them the rumor. In fact, I mention this nonexistent Avdotya Petrovna only because the same thing that happened with her (if she had existed in reality) almost happened with Stepan Trofimovich; it may even be on account of him that this whole absurd rumor about Tarapugin got started—that is, the gossip in its further development simply went and turned him into some Tarapugin woman. First of all, I do not understand how he gave me the slip as soon as we came to the square. Having a presentiment of something none too good, I wanted to take him around the square right to the governor's porch, but I became curious myself and stopped just for a moment to question some first passer-by, when suddenly I saw that Stepan Trofimovich was no longer beside me. Following my instinct, I rushed at once to look for him in the most dangerous place; for some reason I had a presentiment that his sled had also shot off downhill. And indeed I found him already at the very center of the event. I remember seizing him by the arm; but he calmly and proudly gave me a look of boundless authority:

"*Cher,*" he pronounced, in a voice in which some strained string vibrated. "If all of them here, in the square, in front of our eyes, are ordering people around so unceremoniously, what then are we to expect, say, from *this one* ... if he should happen to act independently."

And, trembling with indignation and with a boundless wish for defiance, he transferred his threatening, exposing finger to Filibusterov, who was standing two steps away goggling his eyes at us.

"*This one!*" he exclaimed, and everything went dark before his eyes. "Which this one? And who are you?" he stepped closer, clenching his fists. "Who are you?" he bellowed furiously, morbidly, and desperately (I will note that he knew Stepan Trofimovich's face perfectly well). Another moment and he would surely have grabbed him by the scruff of the neck; but, fortunately, Lembke turned his head at the shout. Perplexed, he nevertheless looked intently at Stepan Trofimovich, as if trying to figure something out, and suddenly waved his hand impatiently. Filibusterov was cut short. I dragged Stepan Trofimovich out of the crowd. It may be, however, that by then he himself wished to retreat.

"Home, home," I insisted, "if we weren't beaten, it's certainly thanks to Lembke."

"Go, my friend, I am to blame for subjecting you. You have a future and a career of some sort, while I—*mon heure a sonn .*" "

[\[cxxxviii\]](#)

He firmly mounted the steps to the governor's house. The doorkeeper knew me; I announced that we had both come to see Yulia Mikhailovna. In the reception room we sat down and began to wait. I did not want to abandon my friend, but I found it unnecessary to say anything more to him. He had the look of a man who has doomed himself to something like a certain death for the fatherland. We seated ourselves not next to each other but in different corners—I nearer the entrance, he on the far side opposite, his head pensively inclined, leaning lightly with both hands on his cane. He held his wide-brimmed hat in his left hand. We sat like that for about ten minutes.

II

Lembke suddenly came in with quick steps, accompanied by the police chief, glanced at us distractedly and, paying no attention, turned right to go to his study, but Stepan Trofimovich stood in front of him and blocked his way. The tall figure of Stepan Trofimovich, quite unlike any other, produced its impression; Lembke stopped.

"Who is this?" he muttered in perplexity, as if asking the police chief, not turning his head towards him in the least, however, but continuing to examine Stepan Trofimovich.

"Retired collegiate assessor Stepan Trofimovich Verkhovensky, Your Excellency," Stepan Trofimovich replied, augustly inclining his head. His Excellency continued to peer at him, though with a quite dumb look.

"What about?" And with the laconism of authority he squeamishly and impatiently turned his ear to Stepan Trofimovich, taking

him finally for an ordinary petitioner with some written request.

"I was subjected today to a house search by an official acting on Your Excellency's behalf; therefore I wish..."

"Name? Name?" Lembke asked impatiently, as if suddenly realizing something. Stepan Trofimovich repeated his name still more augustly.

"Ahh! It's... it's that hotbed... My dear sir, you have presented yourself from such an angle... You're a professor? A professor?"

"I once had the honor of delivering several lectures to the youth of ——— University."

"Yo-o-outh!" Lembke seemed to jump, though I wager he still had little understanding of what it was about, and even, perhaps, of whom he was talking with. "That, my very dear sir, I will not allow," he suddenly became terribly angry. "I do not allow youth. It's all these tracts. It's a swoop upon society, my dear sir, a seafaring swoop, filibusterism... What is your request, if you please?"

"On the contrary, your wife has requested of me that I read tomorrow at her fête. I myself have no requests, but have come seeking my rights ..."

"At the fête? There will be no fête. I will not allow your fête, sir! Lectures? Lectures?" he cried furiously.

"I wish very much that you would speak more politely with me, Your Excellency, and not stamp your feet or shout at me as at a boy."

"You understand, perhaps, with whom you are talking?" Lembke flushed.

"Perfectly well, Your Excellency."

"I shield society with myself, while you destroy it. Destroy it! You ... I remember about you, however: was it you who were tutor in the house of General Stavrogin's widow?"

"Yes, I was ... tutor ... in the house of General Stavrogin's widow."

"And in the course of twenty years you have been a hotbed of all that has now accumulated ... all the fruit ... I believe I saw you in the square just now. Beware, however, my dear sir, beware: the direction of your thinking is known. You may be sure I have it in mind. Your lectures, my dear sir, I cannot allow, I cannot, sir. Address no such requests to me."

He again made as if to pass by.

"I repeat, you are mistaken, Your Excellency: it is your wife who has requested that I read—not a lecture, but something literary, at tomorrow's fête. But I myself decline to read now. My humble request is that you explain to me, if possible, how, why, and wherefore I was subjected to today's search? Some books, papers, private letters quite dear to me, were taken from me and carted through town in a wheelbarrow..."

"Who did the search?" Lembke fluttered up, coming fully to his senses, and suddenly blushed all over. He turned quickly to the police chief. At that same moment the stooping, long, gawky figure of Blum appeared in the doorway.

"This very same official," Stepan Trofimovich pointed to him. Blum stepped forward with a guilty but by no means capitulating look.

"*Vous ne faites que des bêtises,*" ^[cxxxix] Lembke hurled at him with vexation and spite, and was suddenly transformed, as it were, and all at once regained his consciousness. "Excuse me..." he babbled in extreme confusion and blushing for all he was worth, "this was all. . . this was probably all just simply a blunder, a misunderstanding... just simply a misunderstanding."

"Your Excellency," Stepan Trofimovich observed, "in my youth I witnessed a certain characteristic incident. Once, in a theater, in the corridor, a man quickly went up to another and, in front of the whole public, gave him a resounding slap. Perceiving immediately that the victim was not at all the person for whom the slap was intended, but someone completely different who merely resembled him slightly, the man said angrily and hurriedly, like one who cannot waste precious time, exactly what Your Excellency just said: 'I made a mistake... excuse me, it was a misunderstanding, nothing but a misunderstanding.' And when the offended man nevertheless went on shouting and feeling offended, he observed to him in extreme vexation: 'But I tell you it was a misunderstanding, why are you still shouting!'"

"That... that is, of course, very funny..." Lembke smiled crookedly, "but... but don't you see how unhappy I am myself?"

He almost cried out and... and, it seemed, wanted to hide his face in his hands.

This unexpected, painful outcry, almost a sob, was unbearable. It was probably his first moment since the previous day of full and vivid awareness of all that had been happening—and then at once of despair, full, humiliating, surrendering; who knows, another minute and he might have begun sobbing for the whole room to hear. Stepan Trofimovich first gazed wildly at him, then suddenly inclined his head and in a deeply moved voice said:

"Your Excellency, trouble yourself no more over my peevish complaint, and simply order my books and letters returned..."

He was interrupted. At that very moment, Yulia Mikhailovna and her whole attendant company noisily came in. But this I would like to describe in as much detail as possible.

III

First of all, everyone from all three carriages came crowding into the reception room at once. There was a separate entrance to Yulia Mikhailovna's rooms, straight from the porch to the left; but this time everyone made their way through the reception room—precisely, I suspect, because Stepan Trofimovich was there, and because everything that had happened to him, as well as everything to do with the Shpigulin men, had been announced to Yulia Mikhailovna as she drove back to town. Lyamshin, who had been left behind for some offense and had not taken part in the excursion, had thus learned everything before anyone else and was able to announce it to her. With malicious glee he raced down the road to Skvoreshniki on a hired Cossack nag to meet the returning cavalcade with the merry news. I suppose Yulia Mikhailovna, in spite of all her lofty resolution, was still a bit embarrassed on hearing such a surprising

report; though probably only for a moment. The political side of the question, for instance, could not worry her: Pyotr Stepanovich had already impressed it upon her at least four times that the Shpigulin ruffians all ought to be flogged, and Pyotr Stepanovich had indeed some time since become a great authority for her. "But ... all the same I'll make him pay for it," she must have thought to herself, and the *him* referred, of course, to her husband. I will note in passing that this time, as if by design, Pyotr Stepanovich also did not take part in the general excursion, and no one had seen him anywhere since that morning. I will also mention, incidentally, that Varvara Petrovna, after receiving her visitors, returned with them to town (in the same carriage with Yulia Mikhailovna), in order to take part without fail in the final meeting of the committee for the next day's fête. She, too, must of course have been interested in the news conveyed by Lyamshin about Stepan Trofimovich, and may even have become worried.

The reckoning with Andrei Antonovich began at once. Alas, he felt it from the first glance at his lovely spouse. With a candid air, with a bewitching smile, she quickly approached Stepan Trofimovich, offered him her charmingly begloved hand, and showered him with the most flattering greetings—as if her only care that whole morning had been to hasten to rush up and shower kindnesses upon Stepan Trofimovich for seeing him at last in her house. Not a single hint at the morning search; just as though she still knew nothing. Not a single word to her husband, not a single glance in his direction—as though he were not even in the room. Moreover, she at once imperiously confiscated Stepan Trofimovich and led him off to the drawing room—just as if he had not been discussing anything with Lembke, or, if he had been, it was not worth continuing. Again I repeat: it seems to me that despite all her high tone, Yulia Mikhailovna here again made a great blunder. In this she was helped especially by Karmazinov (who had taken part in the excursion at Yulia Mikhailovna's special request, and who thus, albeit indirectly, did finally pay a visit to Varvara Petrovna, by which she, in her faintheartedness, was perfectly delighted). While still in the doorway (he came in later than the others), he cried out on seeing Stepan Trofimovich and made for him with his embraces, even getting in the way of Yulia Mikhailovna.

"It's been ages, ages! At last... *Excellent ami.*"

He set about kissing and, of course, offered his cheek. The flustered Stepan Trofimovich was obliged to plant a kiss on it.

"*Cher,*" he said to me that evening, recalling everything from the past day, "at that moment I thought: which of us is the meaner? He who is embracing me so as to humiliate me right there, or I who despise him and his cheek and yet kiss it right there, though I could turn away... pahl!"

"So, tell me, tell me everything," Karmazinov mumbled and lisped, as though it were possible just to up and tell him one's whole life over twenty-five years. But this silly frivolity was in "high" tone.

"Remember, you and I last saw each other in Moscow, at a dinner in honor of Granovsky, ^[161] and twenty-four years have passed since then..." Stepan Trofimovich began, quite reasonably (and therefore not at all in high tone).

"*Ce cher homme,*" Karmazinov interrupted shrilly and familiarly, squeezing his shoulder much too amiably with his hand, "but do take us quickly to your rooms, Yulia Mikhailovna, he'll sit down there and tell us everything."

"And yet I've never been on close terms with that irritable old woman," Stepan Trofimovich went on complaining the same evening, shaking with anger. "We were still almost boys, and even then I was beginning to hate him... and he me, of course..." ^[162]

Yulia Mikhailovna's salon filled up quickly. Varvara Petrovna was in an especially excited state, though she tried to appear indifferent; two or three times I caught her glancing hatefully at Karmazinov or wrathfully at Stepan Trofimovich—wrathful beforehand, wrathful out of jealousy, out of love: if Stepan Trofimovich were somehow to muffle it this time and allow Karmazinov to cut him down in front of everyone, it seemed to me she would jump up at once and give him a thrashing. I forgot to mention that Liza was also there, and I had never seen her more joyful, carelessly gay, and happy. Of course, Mavriky Nikolaevich was there, too. Then, in the crowd of young ladies and half-licentious young men who constituted Yulia Mikhailovna's usual retinue, among whom this licentiousness was taken for gaiety and a pennyworth cynicism for intelligence, I noticed two or three new faces: some visiting and

much mincing Pole; some German doctor, a hale old fellow who kept laughing loudly and with pleasure at his own witzes; ^[163] and, finally, some very young princeling from Petersburg, a mechanical figure, with the bearing of a statesman and a terribly long collar. But one could see that Yulia Mikhailovna greatly valued this visitor and was even anxious for her salon...

"*Cher monsieur Karmazinoff,*" Stepan Trofimovich began to speak, sitting himself down picturesquely on the sofa, and suddenly beginning to lisp no worse than Karmazinov, "*cher monsieur Karmazinoff,* the life of a man of our former time and of certain convictions, even over a span of twenty-five years, must appear monotonous ..."

The German burst into a loud and abrupt guffaw, like a whinny, apparently thinking that Stepan Trofimovich had said something terribly funny. The latter looked at him with affected amazement, which failed, however, to produce any effect. The prince also looked, turning with all his collar towards the German and aiming his pince-nez at him, though without the least curiosity.

". . . Must appear monotonous," Stepan Trofimovich deliberately repeated, drawing each word out as lengthily and unceremoniously as possible. "Such, too, has my life been for this whole quarter of a century, *et comme on trouve partout plus de moines que de raison,* ^[cxli] and since I fully agree with that, ^[164] the result is that for this whole quarter of a century I..."

"*C'est charmant, les moines,*" ^[cxlii] Yulia Mikhailovna whispered, turning to Varvara Petrovna, who was sitting next to her.

Varvara Petrovna responded with a proud look. But Karmazinov could not bear the success of the French phrase, and quickly and shrilly interrupted Stepan Trofimovich.

"As for me, I am at ease in that regard, and it's seven years now that I've been sitting in Karlsruhe. And when the city council decided last year to install a new drainpipe, I felt in my heart that this Karlsruhian drainpipe question was dearer and fonder to me than all the questions of my dear fatherland ... during all the time of these so-called reforms here."

"I am forced to sympathize, though it is counter to my heart," Stepan Trofimovich sighed, inclining his head significantly.

Yulia Mikhailovna was triumphant: the conversation was acquiring both profundity and direction.

"You mean a sewer pipe?" the doctor inquired loudly.

"A drainpipe, doctor, a drainpipe, and I even helped them to draw up the plan."

The doctor gave a splitting guffaw. Many followed him, but this time in the doctor's face, who did not notice it and was terribly pleased that everyone was laughing.

"Allow me to disagree with you, Karmazinov," Yulia Mikhailovna hastened to put in. "Karlsruhe is one thing, but you love to be mystifying, and this time we shall not believe you. Who among Russians, among writers, has put forth so many of the most modern types, divined so many of the most modern questions, indicated precisely those modern points of which the type of the modern activist is composed? You, you alone, and no one else. Just try and convince us after that of your indifference to your motherland and your terrible interest in the Karlsruhian drainpipe! Ha, ha!"

"Yes, of course," Karmazinov lisped, "I did put forth in the type of Pogozhev all the flaws of the Slavophiles, and in the type of Nikodimov all the flaws of the Westerners..."

"All, indeed," Lyamshin whispered softly.

"But I do it offhand, just to kill ineluctable time somehow and ... to satisfy all these ineluctable demands of my compatriots."

"It is probably known to you, Stepan Trofimovich," Yulia Mikhailovna went on rapturously, "that tomorrow we shall have the delight of hearing the charming lines... one of Semyon Yegorovich's very latest, most gracious artistic inspirations, it is entitled *Merci*. In this piece he announces that he will write no more, not for anything in the world, even if an angel from heaven, or, better to say, all of high society should beg him to alter his decision. In short, he lays down his pen for the rest of his life, and this graceful *Merci* is addressed to the public in gratitude for the constant rapture with which it has accompanied for so many years his constant service to honest Russian thought..."

Yulia Mikhailovna was at the height of bliss.

"Yes, it will be my farewell; I'll say my *Merci* and leave, and there ... in Karlsruhe ... I shall close my eyes," Karmazinov gradually started going to pieces.

Like many of our great writers (and we have very many great writers), he could not resist praise, and would begin to go soft at once, despite his wit. But I think this is pardonable. They say one of our Shakespeares blurted right out in private conversation that "for us *great men* it is impossible to do otherwise," etc., and, what's more, did not even notice it.

"There, in Karlsruhe, I shall close my eyes. For us great men, all that's left once our work is done is to hasten to close our eyes, without seeking a reward. I shall do the same."

"Give me the address, and I'll come to visit your grave in Karlsruhe," the German guffawed boundlessly.

"Nowadays they even send dead people by train," one of the insignificant young men said unexpectedly.

Lyamshin simply squealed with delight. Yulia Mikhailovna frowned. Nikolai Stavrogin entered.

"And I was told you'd been taken to the police station," he said loudly, addressing Stepan Trofimovich first of all.

"No, just my *stationery*," Stepan Trofimovich punned.

"But I hope it will not have the slightest influence upon my request," Yulia Mikhailovna picked up again, "I hope that, notwithstanding this unfortunate annoyance, of which I still have no idea, you will not disappoint our best expectations and deprive us of the delight of hearing your reading at the literary *matinée*."

"I don't know, I... now..."

"Really, I'm so unfortunate, Varvara Petrovna... and imagine, precisely when I so desired to quickly make the personal acquaintance of one of the most remarkable and independent Russian minds, and now Stepan Trofimovich suddenly expresses his intention of withdrawing from us."

"Your compliment was spoken so loudly that I, of course, ought to turn a deaf ear to it," Stepan Trofimovich rapped out, "but I do not believe that my poor person was so necessary for your *fête* tomorrow. However, I..."

"No, you're going to spoil him!" Pyotr Stepanovich cried, running quickly into the room. "I've just taken him in hand, and suddenly, in one morning—a search, an arrest, a policeman grabs him by the scruff of the neck, and now the ladies are cooing over him in the burgomaster's salon! Every little bone in him is aching with delight now; he's never dreamed of such a gala performance. Wait and see how he starts denouncing the socialists now!"

"That cannot be, Pyotr Stepanovich. Socialism is too great an idea for Stepan Trofimovich not to be aware of it," Yulia Mikhailovna interceded energetically.

"The idea is great, but those who profess it are not always giants, *et brisons-là, mon cher*," [\[cxliii\]](#) Stepan Trofimovich concluded, addressing his son and rising handsomely from his place.

But here a most unexpected circumstance occurred. Von Lembke had already been in the salon for some time, but had gone as if unnoticed by anyone, though everyone had seen him come in. Yulia Mikhailovna, still set on her former idea, continued to ignore him. He placed himself by the door and, with a stern look, gloomily listened to the conversation. On hearing the morning's events alluded to, he began looking around somehow uneasily, fixing his stare first on the prince, apparently struck by the thrust of his heavily starched collar; then he suddenly seemed to give a start, hearing the voice of Pyotr Stepanovich and seeing him run in, and, as soon as Stepan Trofimovich managed to utter his maxim about the socialists, he suddenly went up to him, knocking on the way into Lyamshin, who jumped aside at once with an exaggerated gesture of surprise, rubbing his shoulder and pretending he had been badly hurt.

"Enough!" said von Lembke, energetically grabbing the frightened Stepan Trofimovich's hand and squeezing it as hard as he could in his own. "Enough, the filibusters of our time are ascertained. Not a word more. Measures have been taken..."

He uttered it loudly, for the whole room to hear, concluding energetically. The impression produced was painful. Everyone sensed that something was not well. I saw Yulia Mikhailovna turn pale. The effect was crowned by a silly accident. After announcing that measures had been taken, Lembke turned around sharply and started quickly out of the room, but after two steps he tripped on the rug, lurched nose downwards, and nearly fell. He stopped for a moment, looked at the place where he had tripped, and, having said aloud, "Change it," walked out the door. Yulia Mikhailovna ran after him. Her exit was followed by an uproar in which it was difficult to make anything out. Some said he was "deranged," others that he was "susceptible." A third group pointed their fingers to their

foreheads; Lyamshin, in the corner, put two fingers above his forehead. There were hints at some domestic events, all in a whisper, of course. None of them took their hats, but all were waiting. I do not know what Yulia Mikhailovna managed to do, but she came back in about five minutes trying as hard as she could to appear calm. She answered evasively that Andrei Antonovich was slightly agitated, but that it was nothing, that he had had it since childhood, that she knew "far better," and that tomorrow's fête would certainly cheer him up. There followed a few flattering words to Stepan Trofimovich, but solely for the sake of decency, and a loud invitation to the committee members to open the meeting right then, at once. Only now did those not participating in the committee start preparing to go home; but the painful adventures of that fatal day were not yet over...

At the very moment when Nikolai Vsevolodovich entered, I noticed that Liza looked quickly and intently at him, and for a long time afterwards did not take her eyes off him—so long that in the end it aroused attention. I saw that Mavriky Nikolaevich bent over her from behind and, it seemed, wanted to whisper something to her, but evidently changed his intention and quickly straightened up, looking around at everyone like a guilty man. Nikolai Vsevolodovich, too, aroused curiosity: his face was paler than usual, and his gaze uncommonly distracted. After tossing his question at Stepan Trofimovich on entering, it was as if he forgot about him at once, and indeed, it seems to me, he even forgot to approach the hostess. He never once glanced at Liza—not because he did not want to, but, I maintain, because he did not notice her at all either. And suddenly, after some silence following Yulia Mikhailovna's invitation to open the last meeting without further delay—suddenly there came Liza's ringing, deliberately loud voice. She called to Nikolai Stavrogin.

"Nikolai Vsevolodovich, some captain who calls himself your relation, your wife's brother, a man by the name of Lebyadkin, keeps writing indecent letters to me, complaining in them about you, offering to reveal to me certain secrets concerning you. If he really is your relation, do forbid him to offend me and rid me of this unpleasantness."

A terrible challenge could be heard in these words, everyone understood that. The accusation was obvious, though perhaps unexpected even for her. She was like someone closing her eyes and throwing herself off a roof.

But Nikolai Stavrogin's answer was even more astounding.

First of all, it was strange enough that he was in no way surprised and listened to Liza with the most calm attention. His face reflected neither embarrassment nor wrath. Simply, firmly, even with an air of complete readiness, he answered the fatal question:

"Yes, I have the misfortune to be this man's relation. I am the husband of his sister, née Lebyadkin, soon now it will be for five years. Rest assured that I will convey your demands to him in the nearest future, and I will answer for his not troubling you anymore."

I will never forget the horror that was expressed on Varvara Petrovna's face. With an insane look she rose from her chair, holding her right hand up in front of her as if to defend herself. Nikolai Vsevolodovich looked at her, at Liza, at the spectators, and suddenly smiled with boundless haughtiness; unhurriedly, he walked out of the room. Everyone saw how Liza jumped up from the sofa as soon as Nikolai Vsevolodovich turned to leave and made an obvious move to run after him, but caught hold of herself and did not run but walked out quietly, also without saying a word to anyone or looking at anyone, accompanied, of course, by Mavriky Nikolaevich, who rushed after her...

Of the uproar and talk in town that evening I will not even make mention. Varvara Petrovna locked herself in her town house, and Nikolai Vsevolodovich, it was said, drove straight to Skvoreshniki without seeing his mother. Stepan Trofimovich sent me to "*cette chère amie*" in the evening to beg permission for him to come to her, but I was not received. He was terribly struck; he wept. "Such a marriage!

Such a marriage! Such horror in the family," he repeated all the time. However, he also kept recalling Karmazinov and abused him terribly. He was preparing energetically for the next day's reading and—the artistic nature!—preparing in front of the mirror, recalling all his witticisms and little puns over the course of his life, specially written down in a notebook, so as to introduce them into the next day's reading.

"My friend, this is for the sake of a great idea," he said to me, apparently justifying himself. "*Cher ami*, I have moved from my place of twenty-five years and suddenly set out—where, I do not know, but I have set out..."

PART III

16: The Beginning of the Fête

I

The fête took place, all the perplexities of the previous "Shpigulin" day notwithstanding. I think that even if Lembke had died that same night, the fête would still have taken place in the morning—so much of some special significance did Yulia Mikhailovna connect with it. Alas, until the final moment she remained blind and did not understand the mood of society. No one towards the end believed that the great day would go by without some colossal adventure, without a "denouement," as some put it, rubbing their hands in anticipation. Many, it is true, tried to assume a most frowning and political look; but, generally speaking, the Russian man is boundlessly amused by any socially scandalous commotion. True, there was among us something rather more serious than the mere thirst for scandal; there was a general irritation, something unappeasably spiteful; it seemed everyone was terribly sick of everything. Some sort of general, muddled cynicism had come to reign, a forced, as if strained, cynicism. Only the ladies were not to be muddled, and that only on one point: their merciless hatred of Yulia Mikhailovna. In this all the ladies' tendencies converged. And she, poor woman, did not even suspect; until the final hour she remained convinced that she was "surrounded" and still the subject of "fanatical devotion."

I have already hinted at the fact that various trashy sorts of people had appeared among us. Always and everywhere, in a troubled time of hesitation or transition, various trashy sorts appear. I am not speaking of the so-called "vanguard," who always rush ahead of everyone else (their chief concern) and whose goal, though very often quite stupid, is still more or less definite. No, I am speaking only of scum. This scum, which exists in every society, rises to the surface in any transitional time, and not only has no goal, but has not even the inkling of an idea, and itself merely expresses anxiety and impatience with all its might. And yet this scum, without knowing it, almost always falls under the command of that small group of the "vanguard" which acts with a definite goal, and which directs all this rabble wherever it pleases, provided it does not consist of perfect idiots itself—which, incidentally, also happens. It is said among

us now, when everything is already over, that Pyotr Stepanovich was controlled by the Internationale, ^[165] that Pyotr Stepanovich controlled Yulia Mikhailovna, and that she, at his command, directed all sorts of scum. Our most solid minds are now marveling at themselves: how could they suddenly have gone so amiss then? What our troubled time consisted of, and from what to what our transition was—I do not know, and no one, I think, knows—except perhaps certain visitors from outside. And yet the trashiest people suddenly gained predominance and began loudly criticizing all that's holy, whereas earlier they had not dared to open their mouths, and the foremost people, who until then had so happily kept the upper hand, suddenly began listening to them, and became silent themselves; and some even chuckled along in a most disgraceful way. Some sort of Lyamshins, Telyatnikovs, landowner Tentetnikovs,

homegrown milksop Radishchevs, ^[166] little Jews with mournful but haughty smiles, jolly passing travelers, poets with a tendency from the capital, poets who in place of a tendency and talent had peasant coats and tarred boots, majors and colonels who laughed at the meaninglessness of their rank and were ready, for an extra rouble, to take off their swords at once and slink away to become railroad clerks; generals defecting to the lawyers; developed dealers, developing little merchants, countless seminarians, women who embodied in themselves the woman question—all this suddenly and fully gained the upper hand among us, and over whom? Over the club, over venerable dignitaries, over generals on wooden legs, over our most strict and inaccessible ladies' society. If even Varvara Petrovna, right up to the catastrophe with her boy, was all but running errands for all this scum, then some of our Minervas can be partially forgiven for their befuddlement at the time. Now everything is imputed, as I have already said, to the Internationale. The idea has grown so strong that even all the visiting outsiders have been informed along these lines. Just recently Councillor Kubrikov, sixty-

two years old and with a Stanislav round his neck, ^[167] came without any summons and declared in a heartfelt voice that during the whole three months he had undoubtedly been under the influence of the Internationale. And when, with all due respect for his age and merits, he was asked to explain himself more satisfactorily, though unable to present any documents except that he "felt it with all his senses," he nevertheless stuck firmly to his declaration, so that he was not questioned further.

I will repeat once again. Among us there was also preserved a small group of prudent persons who had secluded themselves at the very beginning and even locked themselves in. But what lock can stand against a law of nature? In the same way, even in the most prudent families, young ladies grow up who have a need to go dancing. And so all these persons, too, ended up by subscribing for the governesses. And the ball promised to be so magnificent, boundless; wonders were being told; rumors spread about visiting princes with lorgnettes, about ten ushers, all young cavaliers, with bows on their left shoulders; about Petersburg movers of some sort; about Karmazinov consenting to augment the collection by reading *Merci* in the costume of a governess from our province; about the planned "quadrille of literature," also all in costume, with each costume representing some tendency. Finally, also in costume, some sort of "honest Russian thought" would perform a dance—which in itself was a complete novelty. How could one not subscribe? Everyone subscribed.

II

According to the program, the festive day was divided into two parts: the literary *matinée*, from noon till four, and then the ball, from nine o'clock on through the night. But this arrangement itself concealed germs of disorder. First, from the very beginning a rumor established itself among the public about a luncheon right after the literary *matinée*, or even during it, with a break especially arranged for that purpose—a free luncheon, naturally, as part of the program, and with champagne. The enormous price of the ticket (three roubles) contributed to this rumor's taking root. "Because why should I subscribe for nothing? The fête is supposed to go on round the clock, so they'll have to feed us. People will get hungry"—thus the reasoning went. I must admit that it was Yulia Mikhailovna herself who planted this pernicious rumor through her own light-mindedness. About a month earlier, still under the initial enchantment of the grand design, she had babbled about her fête with whoever happened along, and about the fact that toasts would be proposed she had even sent a notice to one of the metropolitan newspapers. She had been seduced mainly by these toasts then: she wanted to propose them herself, and kept devising them in anticipation. They were to explain our chief banner (what banner? I bet the poor dear never devised anything), to be passed on in the form of reports to the metropolitan newspapers, to touch and charm the higher authorities, and then to go winging over all the provinces, arousing astonishment and imitation. But for toasts champagne was necessary, and since one could not really drink champagne on an empty stomach, a luncheon, of itself, also became necessary. Later, when through her efforts a committee had been formed and they got down to business more seriously, it was proved to her at once and clearly that if one were dreaming of banquets, very little would be left for the governesses, even with the most abundant collection. The question thus

presented two solutions: either a Belshazzar's feast ^[168] with toasts and about ninety roubles left for the governesses, or the realization of a significant collection, with the fête being, so to speak, only for form. The committee only wanted to give her a scare, however, and, of course, came up with a third solution, conciliatory and sensible—that is, quite a proper fête in all respects, only without champagne, and thus with quite a decent sum as a balance, much more than ninety roubles. But Yulia Mikhailovna did not agree; her character despised the philistine middle. She resolved then and there, since the first idea was unfeasible, to rush immediately and entirely to the opposite extreme—that is, to realize a colossal collection that would be the envy of all the provinces. "For the public must finally understand," she concluded her fiery committee speech, "that the achievement of universal human goals is incomparably loftier than momentary physical pleasures, that the fête is essentially only a proclamation of the great idea, and therefore one must be content with the most economical little German ball, solely as an allegory, since it's impossible to do without this obnoxious ball altogether!"—so much did she suddenly hate it. But she was finally calmed down. It was then, for example, that they thought up and suggested the "quadrille of literature" and other aesthetic things to replace physical pleasures. It was then, too, that Karmazinov finally agreed to read *Merci* (until then he had only hemmed and hawed), and thereby annihilate even the very idea of food in the minds of our incontinent public. In this way the ball was again becoming a most magnificent festivity, though no longer of the same sort. And so as not to go soaring off completely into the clouds, it was decided that at the beginning of the ball they would serve tea with lemon and little round cookies, then orgeat and lemonade, and lastly even ice cream, but that was all. For those who, always and everywhere, inevitably feel hungry and, above all, thirsty—a special buffet would be opened at the far end of the suite of rooms, to be taken charge of by Prokhorych (the head cook at the club), who—though under strict supervision by the committee—would serve whatever anyone liked, but for a separate price, and to that end a written announcement would be posted at the door of the reception hall that the buffet was outside the program. But for the *matinée* they decided not to open the buffet at all, so as not to interfere with the reading, even though the buffet would be located five rooms away from the white hall in which Karmazinov had consented to read *Merci*. Curiously, it seems this event—that is, the reading of *Merci*—was seen by the committee as being all too colossally significant, and even by the most practical people. As for the more poetical people, the wife of the marshal of nobility announced to Karmazinov, for instance, that after the reading she would at once order a marble plaque to be fixed to the wall of her white hall with an inscription in gold saying that on such-and-such a day and year, here, on this spot, the great Russian and European writer, as he laid down his pen, read *Merci* and thus for the first time bade farewell to the Russian public in the persons of the representatives of our town, and that everyone would be able to read this inscription at the ball, that is, only five hours after *Merci* was read. I know for certain that it was chiefly Karmazinov who demanded that there be no buffet at the *matinée*, while he was reading, on any account whatsoever, despite the remarks of some committee members that this was not quite our way of doing things.

Thus matters stood, while in town people still went on believing in a Belshazzar's feast—that is, in the committee buffet; they believed in it to the last hour. Even the young ladies dreamed of quantities of candies and preserves and other unheard-of things. Everyone knew that the collection realized was abundant, that the whole town would be storming the doors, that people were coming in from the country, and there were not enough tickets. It was also known that beyond the fixed price there had also been considerable donations: Varvara Petrovna, for example, had paid three hundred roubles for her ticket and provided all the flowers from her greenhouse to decorate the hall. The marshal's wife (a committee member) provided her house and the lighting; the club provided the music and servants, and released Prokhorych for the whole day. There were other donations, though not such big ones, so that there was even a thought of lowering the original ticket price from three roubles to two. The committee indeed feared at first that the young ladies would not come for three roubles, and suggested arranging family tickets somehow—namely, by asking each family to pay for just one young lady, while all other young ladies of the same name, even an edition of ten, would come free. But all fears proved groundless: on the contrary, it was precisely the young ladies who did come. Even the poorest officials brought their girls, and it was only too clear that if they had not had girls, it would never have occurred to them to subscribe. One most insignificant secretary brought all seven of his daughters, not to mention his wife, of course, and also his niece, and each of these persons held a three-rouble entrance ticket in her hand. One can imagine, however, what a revolution went on in town! Take merely the fact that the fête was divided into two parts, and thus for each lady two costumes were necessary—a morning gown for the reading, and a ball gown for the dancing. Many of the middle class, it turned out later, pawned everything for that day, even the family linen, even their sheets and almost their mattresses, to the local Jews, who, over the past two years, as if on purpose, had been settling in terrible quantities in our town, and keep coming more and more. Almost all the officials took an advance on their salaries, and some landowners sold much-needed cattle, and all this just so as to bring their young ladies looking like real marquises, and to be no worse than others. The magnificence of the costumes this time was, considering the place, unheard-of. Two weeks beforehand the town was already stuffed

with family anecdotes, all of which were immediately carried to Yulia Mikhailovna's court by our witlings. Family caricatures were passed around. I myself saw several drawings of this sort in Yulia Mikhailovna's album. All this became only too well known there where the anecdotes originated; that, it seems to me, is why such hatred for Yulia Mikhailovna had built up lately in these families. Now they all curse and gnash their teeth when they recall it. But it was clear beforehand that if the committee should fail to please in some way, were the ball to go amiss somehow, there would be an unheard-of outburst of indignation. That is why everyone was secretly expecting a scandal; and if it was so expected, how then could it not take place? At noon precisely the orchestra struck up. Being one of the ushers, that is, one of the twelve "young men with a bow," I saw with my own eyes how this day of infamous memory began. It began with a boundless crush at the entrance. How did it happen that everything went amiss from the very first, beginning with the police? I do not blame the real public: fathers of families not only were not crowding each other or anyone else, even despite their rank, but, on the contrary, are said to have been abashed while still in the street at the sight, unusual for our town, of the shoving mob that was besieging the entrance and trying to force it, instead of simply going in. Meanwhile, carriages kept driving up and finally blocked the street. Now, as I write, I have solid grounds for affirming that some of the vilest scum of our town were simply brought in without tickets by Lyamshin and Liputin, and perhaps also by someone else who, like me, was one of the ushers. Anyway, even completely unknown persons appeared, who came from other districts and elsewhere. The moment these savages entered the hall, they would go at once to inquire, in the same words (as if they had been prompted), where the buffet was, and on learning that there was no buffet, would begin swearing without any politics and with a boldness hitherto unusual among us. True, some of them came drunk.

Some were struck, like savages, by the magnificence of the marshal's wife's reception hall, since they had never seen anything like it, and, on entering, would become hushed for a moment and gaze around openmouthed. This big White Hall, despite its already decrepit structure, was indeed magnificent: of huge dimensions, with windows on both sides, with a ceiling decorated in the old manner and trimmed with gold, with galleries, with mirrors between the windows, with red and white draperies, with marble statues (such as they were, still they were statues), with heavy old furniture of the Napoleonic era, gilt white and upholstered in red velvet. At the moment described here, a high platform rose up at the end of the hall for the writers who were to read, and the entire room was completely filled with chairs, like the parterre of a theater, with wide aisles for the public. But after the first moments of astonishment, the most senseless questions and declarations would begin. "Maybe we don't even want any reading... We paid money... The public has been brazenly deceived... We're the masters, not the Lembkas! ..." In a word, as though it were for just this that they had been let in. I recall particularly one confrontation in which yesterday's visiting princeling distinguished himself, the one who had been at Yulia Mikhailovna's the previous morning, in his standing collar, and looking like a wooden doll. He, too, at her relentless request, had agreed to pin a bow to his left shoulder and become our fellow usher. It turned out that this mute wax figure on springs knew, if not how to speak, then at least, after a fashion, how to act. When one pockmarked, colossal retired captain, supported by a whole crew of various scum crowding at his back, began to pester him about "where to get to the buffet"—he winked to a policeman. The directive was promptly fulfilled: in spite of his swearing, the drunken captain was dragged out of the hall. Meanwhile, the "real" public also began finally to appear and in three long lines threaded its way down the three aisles between the chairs. The disorderly element began to quiet down, but the public, even the "cleanest" part of it, had a displeased and amazed look; some of the ladies were quite simply frightened.

Finally all were seated; the music also died down. People began blowing their noses, looking around. They were altogether too solemnly expectant—which is always a bad sign in itself. But the "Lembkas" were still not there. Silks, velvets, diamonds shone and sparkled on all sides; fragrance permeated the air. The men were wearing all their decorations, and the old men were even wearing their uniforms. Finally, the marshal's wife also appeared, together with Liza. Never before had Liza been so dazzlingly lovely as that morning, or so magnificently attired. Her hair was done up in curls, her eyes flashed, a smile shone on her face. She produced a visible effect; she was looked over, whispered about. People said she was seeking Stavrogin with her eyes, but neither Stavrogin nor Varvara Petrovna was there. I did not then understand the expression of her face: why was there so much happiness, joy, energy, strength in this face? I kept recalling yesterday's event, and was nonplussed. The "Lembkas," however, were still not there. This was indeed a mistake. I learned afterwards that Yulia Mikhailovna had waited till the last minute for Pyotr Stepanovich, without whom she could not take a step lately, though she never admitted it to herself. I will note in parenthesis that at the last committee meeting, the previous day, Pyotr Stepanovich had refused the usher's bow, which had upset her very much, even to tears. To her surprise, and afterwards to her great embarrassment (which I announce beforehand), he disappeared for the whole morning and did not come to the literary reading at all, so that no one met him until that same evening. Finally, the public began to show obvious impatience. No one appeared on the platform, either. In the back rows people began clapping as in a theater. Old men and ladies were frowning: the "Lembkas" were obviously giving themselves too many airs. Even among the best part of the public an absurd whispering began, that perhaps the fête would indeed not take place, that perhaps Lembke himself was indeed quite unwell, and so on and so forth. But, thank God, the Lembkes finally appeared, he leading her by the arm—I confess, I myself was terribly worried about their appearance. But the fables thus were falling, and truth was claiming its own. The public seemed relieved. Lembke himself, apparently, was in perfect health, as I recall everyone else also concluded, for one can imagine how many eyes were turned on him. I will note as characteristic that generally very few people in our higher society supposed that Lembke was somehow not quite well; and his deeds were found perfectly normal, so much so that even the previous day's episode in the square was received with approval. "Should've done it that way from the start," the dignitaries said. "But no, they come as philanthropists and end up with the same thing, without noticing that it's necessary for philanthropy itself—so at least they reasoned in the club. They only blamed him for getting into a temper over it. "One has to keep cool, but after all the man is new at it," the connoisseurs said. With equal greediness all eyes turned to Yulia Mikhailovna as well. Of course, no one has the right to demand of me as a narrator too detailed an account of one point: here is mystery, here is woman; but one thing I do know: the previous evening she had gone into Andrei Antonovich's study and was with him till well past midnight. Andrei Antonovich was forgiven and consoled. The spouses agreed in all things, everything was forgotten, and when at the end of their talk von Lembke did go on his knees all the same, remembering with horror the main concluding episode of the previous night, the lovely little hand, and after it the lips, of his spouse blocked the fiery outpouring of penitent speeches of a man chivalrously delicate, yet weakened by tenderness. Everyone saw happiness on her face. She walked with a candid air and in a splendid dress. It seemed she was

at the summit of her desires, the fête—the goal and crown of her politics—was realized. As they proceeded to their places just in front of the platform, both Lembkes were bowing and responding to others' bows. They were surrounded at once. The marshal's wife rose to meet them... But here a nasty misunderstanding occurred: the orchestra, out of the blue, burst into a flourish—not some sort of march, but simply a dinnertime flourish, as at table in our club, when they drink someone's health during an official banquet. I know now that this was owing to the good services of Lyamshin, in his capacity as usher, supposedly to honor the entrance of the "Lembkas." Of course, he could always make the excuse that he had done it out of stupidity or excessive zeal. . . . Alas, I did not yet know that by then they were no longer worried about making excuses, and that that day was to put an end to everything. But the flourish was not the end of it: along with the vexatious bewilderment and smiling of the public, suddenly, from the end of the hall and from the gallery there came a *hurrah*, also as if in honor of the Lembkes. The voices were few, but I confess they lasted for some time. Yulia Mikhailovna turned red; her eyes flashed. Lembke had stopped by his place and, turning in the direction of those who were shouting, was grandly and sternly surveying the hall... He was quickly seated. I noticed with fear that same dangerous smile on his face with which he had stood yesterday morning in his wife's drawing room and looked at Stepan Trofimovich before going up to him. It seemed to me that now, too, there was some ominous expression on his face, and, worst of all, a slightly comical one, the expression of a being who is offering himself—oh, very well—as a sacrifice, only to play up to the higher aims of his wife... Yulia Mikhailovna hastily beckoned me to her and whispered that I should run to Karmazinov and beg him to begin. No sooner had I turned around than another abomination occurred, only much nastier than the first one. On the platform, on the empty platform, to which till that moment all eyes and all expectations had been turned, and where all that could be seen was a small table, a chair before it, and on the table a glass of water on a little silver tray—on this empty platform suddenly flashed the colossal figure of Captain Lebyadkin in a tailcoat and white tie. I was so struck that I did not believe my eyes. The captain, it seems, became abashed and halted at the rear of the platform. Suddenly, from amid the public, a shout was heard: "Lebyadkin! you?" The captain's stupid red mug (he was totally drunk) spread at this cry into a broad, dumb smile. He raised his hand, rubbed his forehead with it, shook his shaggy head, and, as if venturing all, stepped two steps forward and— suddenly snorted with laughter, not loud but long, happy, rippling, which sent his whole fleshy mass heaving and made his little eyes shrink. At the sight of this, nearly half the public laughed, twenty people applauded. The serious public gloomily exchanged glances; all this, however, lasted no more than half a minute. Suddenly Liputin with his usher's bow and two servants ran out on the platform; they carefully took the captain under both arms, while Liputin did a bit of whispering in his ear. The captain frowned, muttered "Ah, well, in that case," waved his hand, turned his enormous back to the public, and disappeared with his escort. But a moment later Liputin again jumped out on the platform. On his lips was the sweetest of his perennial smiles, which usually resembled vinegar and sugar, and in his hands was a sheet of writing paper. With small but rapid steps he came to the edge of the platform.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he addressed the public, "by oversight a comical misunderstanding took place, which has been removed; but I, not without hope, have taken upon myself a charge and a profound, most respectful request from one of our local town bards... Moved by a humane and lofty goal ... in spite of his looks... the very same goal which has united us all... to dry the tears of the poor educated girls of our province... this gentleman—that is, I mean to say, this local poet... while wishing to preserve his incognito... very much wished to see his poem read before the start of the ball... that is, I meant to say—the reading. Although this poem is not on the program and doesn't figure... because it was delivered only half an hour ago... yet it seemed to us" (us who? I am citing this abrupt and muddled speech verbatim) "that with its remarkable naivety of feeling, combined with as remarkable a gaiety, the poem could be read—that is, not as something serious, but as something suited to the festivities... To the idea, in short... Moreover, these few lines... and so I wanted to ask permission of the benevolent public."

"Read it!" barked a voice from the end of the hall.

"Shall I read it, then?"

"Read it, read it!" came many voices.

"I'll read it, with the public's permission," Liputin twisted himself up again, with the same sugary smile. It seemed as if he still could not make up his mind, and I even had the impression that he was worried. These people sometimes stumble, for all their boldness. However, a seminarian would not have stumbled, and Liputin did, after all, belong to the old society.

"I warn you—I mean, I have the honor of warning you—that all the same this is not really the kind of ode that once used to be written for festive occasions, this is almost, so to speak, a joke, but combining indisputable feeling and playful gaiety, and with, so to speak, the realmost truth."

"Read it, read it!"

He unfolded the piece of paper. Of course, no one had time to stop him. Besides, he was there with an usher's bow. In a ringing voice he declaimed:

"To the fatherland's governess of local parts from a poet at the fête.

"I give you greetings grand and grander, Governess! Be triumphant now, Retrograde or true George-Sander, Be exultant anyhow!"

"But that's Lebyadkin's! It is, it's Lebyadkin's!" several voices echoed. There was laughter and even applause, though not widespread.

"You teach our snot-nosed children French From an alphabetic book, The beadle even, in a pinch, For marriage you won't overlook!"

"Hoorah! hoorah!"

"But now, when great reforms are flowering, Even a beadle's hard to hook: Unless, young miss, you've got a 'dowering,' It's back to the alphabetic book."

"Precisely, that's realism, not a step without a 'dowering'!"

"Today, however, with our hosting We have raised much capital, And while dancing here we're posting A dowry to you from this hall.

Retrograde or true George-Sander, Be exultant anyhow! Governess by dower grander, Spit on the rest and triumph now!"

I confess, I did not believe my ears. Here was such obvious impudence that it was impossible to excuse Liputin even by stupidity. And, anyway, Liputin was far from stupid. The intention was clear, to me at least: they were as if hastening the disorder. Some lines of this idiotic poem, the very last one, for example, were of a sort that no stupidity would allow. Liputin himself seemed to feel that he had taken on too much: having accomplished his great deed, he was so taken aback by his own boldness that he did not even leave the platform, but went on standing there as if wishing to add something. He must have supposed it would come out somehow differently; but even the bunch of hooligans who had applauded during the escapade suddenly fell silent, as if they, too, were taken aback. Stupidest of all was that many of them took the whole escapade in a pathetic sense—that is, not as lampoonery, but indeed as the real truth concerning governesses, as verse with a tendency. But these people, too, were finally struck by the excessive license of the poem. As for the rest of the public, the entire hall was not only scandalized but visibly offended. I am not mistaken in conveying the impression. Yulia Mikhailovna said afterwards that she would have fainted in another moment. One of the most venerable little old men helped his little old lady to her feet, and they both left the hall, followed by the alarmed eyes of the public. Who knows, the example might have carried others along as well, if at that moment Karmazinov himself had not appeared on the platform, in a tailcoat and white tie, and with a notebook in his hand. Yulia Mikhailovna turned rapturous eyes to him, as to a deliverer... But by then I had already gone backstage; I was after Liputin.

"You did it on purpose!" I said, indignantly seizing him by the arm.

"By God, I had no idea," he cowered, immediately starting to lie and pretend to be miserable, "the verses were just brought, and I thought as a merry joke..."

"You never thought any such thing. Can you possibly find that giftless trash a merry joke?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"You're simply lying, and it wasn't just brought to you. You wrote it yourself, together with Lebyadkin, maybe yesterday, to cause a scandal. The last line is certainly yours, and the part about the beadle as well. Why did he come out in a tailcoat? It means you were preparing to have him read, if he hadn't gotten drunk?"

Liputin looked at me coldly and caustically.

"What business is it of yours?" he asked suddenly, with a strange calm.

"What? You're wearing one of these bows, too... Where is Pyotr Stepanovich?"

"I don't know, somewhere around. Why?"

"Because I see through it now. This is simply a conspiracy against Yulia Mikhailovna, to disgrace the day..."

Liputin again looked askance at me.

"And what is that to you?" he grinned, shrugged, and walked off.

I felt as if stricken. All my suspicions were justified. And I had still hoped I was mistaken! What was I to do? I thought of discussing it with Stepan Trofimovich, but he was standing in front of the mirror, trying on various smiles, and constantly consulting a piece of paper on which he had made some notes. He was to go on right after Karmazinov and was no longer in any condition to talk with me. Should I run to Yulia Mikhailovna? But it was too soon for her: she needed a much harsher lesson to cure her of the conviction of her "surround-edness" and the general "fanatical devotion." She would not believe me and would regard me as a dreamer. And how could she be of help? "Eh," I thought, "really, what business is it of mine? I'll take the bow off and go home, *once it starts*." I actually said "once it starts," I remember that.

But I had to go and listen to Karmazinov. Taking a last look around backstage, I noticed that there were quite a few outsiders, and even women, darting about, coming and going. This "backstage" was quite a narrow space, totally screened off from the public by a curtain and connected through a corridor in back with other rooms. Here our readers waited their turns. But I was particularly struck at that moment by the lecturer who was to follow Stepan Trofimovich. He, too, was some sort of professor (even now I do not know exactly what he was), who had voluntarily retired from some institution after some student incident and had turned up in our town for one reason or another just a few days earlier. He, too, had been recommended to Yulia Mikhailovna, and she had received him with reverence. I know now that he had visited her only on one evening prior to the reading, had spent the whole evening in silence, had smiled ambiguously at the jokes and tone of the company that surrounded Yulia Mikhailovna, and had made an unpleasant impression on everyone by his air—arrogant and at the same time touchy to the point of timorousness. It was Yulia Mikhailovna herself who had recruited him to read. Now he was pacing from corner to corner and, like Stepan Trofimovich, was whispering to himself as well, but looking at the ground, not in the mirror. He did not try on any smiles, though he smiled frequently and carnivorously. Clearly it was not possible to talk with him, either. He was short, looked about forty, was bald front and back, had a grayish little beard, and dressed decently. But most interesting was that at each turn he raised his right fist high, shook it in the air above his head, and suddenly brought it down as if crushing some adversary to dust. He repeated this trick every moment. It gave me an eerie feeling. I ran quickly to listen to Karmazinov.

III

Again something wrong was hovering in the hall. I declare beforehand: I bow down to the greatness of genius; but why is it that at the end of their illustrious years these gentlemen geniuses of ours sometimes act just like little boys? So what if he is Karmazinov and comes out with all the bearing of five court chamberlains? Is it possible to hold a public like ours for an entire hour with one article? Generally, I have observed that at a light, public literary reading, even the biggest genius cannot occupy the public with himself for more than twenty minutes with impunity. True, the entrance of the great genius was met with the utmost respect. Even the sternest old men expressed approval and curiosity, and the ladies even a certain rapture. The applause, however, was a bit brief, somehow not general, disconcerted. Yet there was not a single escapade from the back rows until Mr. Karmazinov actually began to speak, and even

then it was nothing so especially bad, just a misunderstanding, as it were. I have already mentioned that his voice was rather shrill, even somewhat feminine, and with a genuine, highborn, aristocratic lisp besides. He had uttered no more than a few words when someone suddenly permitted himself to laugh loudly—probably some inexperienced little fool, who had never seen anything of the world and, besides, was naturally given to laughter. But there was nothing in the least demonstrative in it; on the contrary, the fool was hissed and he obliterated himself. But then Mr. Karmazinov, mincing and preening, announced that "he had flatly refused to read at first" (much he needed to announce that!). "There are lines," he said, "which so sing themselves from a man's heart as cannot be told,"

[169] and such a sacred thing simply cannot be laid before the public" (why was he laying it, then?); "but as he had been prevailed upon, so he was laying it, and as he was, moreover, putting down his pen forever, and had sworn never to write again for anything, then, so be it, he had written this last thing; and as he had sworn never, for anything in the world, to read anything in public, then, so be it, he would read this last article to the public," etc., etc., all in the same vein. But all this would still have been nothing, and who does not know what authors' prefaces are like? Though I will note that, given the scanty education of our public and the irritability of the back rows, all this might have had an influence. So, would it not have been better to read a little tale, a tiny story, of the sort he once used to write—that is, polished, mincing, but occasionally witty? That would have saved everything. But no, sir, nothing doing! An

[170] oration commenced! God, what wasn't in it! I will say positively that even a metropolitan public would have been reduced to stupor, not only ours. Imagine some thirty printed pages of the most mincing and useless babble; what's more, the gentleman was reading somehow superciliously, ruefully, as if for a favor, so that it even came out offensive to our public. The theme... But, who could make out the theme? It was some sort of account of some sort of impressions, some sort of recollections. But of what? But what about? No matter how furrowed our provincial brows were through the first half of the reading, they could get none of it, so that they listened through the second half only out of courtesy. True, much was said about love, about the genius's love for some person, but I confess it came out rather awkwardly. The short, fattish little figure of the writer of genius somehow did not go very well, in my opinion, with the story of his first kiss... And, which again was offensive, these kisses occurred somehow not as with the rest of mankind. Here the inevitable furze is growing all around (it is inevitably furze or some such plant, which has to be looked up in botany). At the same time there is inevitably some violet hue in the sky which, of course, no mortal has ever noticed—that is, everyone has seen it, but failed to notice it, "while I," he says, "I looked and am now describing it to you fools as a most ordinary thing." The tree under which the interesting couple sits is inevitably of some orange color. They are sitting somewhere in Germany. Suddenly they

see Pompey or Cassius on the eve of battle, [171] and both are pierced by the chill of ecstasy. Some mermaid peeps in the bushes.

[172] Gluck begins playing a fiddle among the reeds. The piece he plays is named *en toutes lettres*, [cxliii] but is not known to anyone, so it has to be looked up in a musical dictionary. Then mist comes billowing, billowing and billowing, more like a million pillows than any mist. And suddenly it all disappears, and the great genius is crossing the Volga in winter, during a thaw. Two and a half pages on the crossing, and he falls through a hole in the ice anyway. The genius is drowning—do you think he drowns? It never occurred to him; all this was so that when he was already quite drowned and choking, there should flash before him a piece of ice, a piece of ice tiny as a pea, but pure and transparent "like a frozen tear," and in this tear Germany was reflected, or, better say, the sky of Germany, and with its iridescent play the reflection reminded him of that same tear which, "remember, rolled from your eye, as we sat beneath the emerald tree, and you exclaimed joyfully: 'There is no crime!' 'Yes,' said I through my tears, 'but, if so, there are also no righteous men.' We wept and parted forever." She somewhere to the seacoast, he to some caves; and so he descends, and descends, for three years he descends beneath the Sukharev Tower in Moscow, and suddenly in the very depths of the earth he finds, in a cave, an icon lamp, and before the icon lamp—a monk. The monk is praying. The genius bends to a tiny barred window and suddenly hears a sigh. You think it was the monk who sighed? Much need he has for your monk! No, sir, it is simply that this sigh "reminded him of her first sigh, thirty-seven years ago," when, "remember, in Germany, we were sitting under the agate tree, and you said to me: 'Why love? Look, ochre is growing all around, and I am in love, but the ochre will stop growing, and I will cease to love.'" Here again mist billowed, Hoffmann appeared, the mermaid whistled something from Chopin, and suddenly, out of the mist, wearing a laurel wreath, over the roofs of

Rome appeared Ancus Marcius. [173] "The chill of ecstasy ran down our spines, and we parted forever," etc., etc. In short, I may not be telling it right and perhaps cannot, but the sense of the blather was precisely of that sort. And, finally, what is this disgraceful passion of our great minds for punning in a higher sense! The great European philosopher, the great scholar, the inventor, the laborer and

[174] martyr—all these who labor and are heavy-laden—are for our Russian great genius decidedly like cooks in his kitchen. He is the master and they come to him, chef's hat in hand, waiting for orders. True, he also smiles haughtily at Russia, and he likes nothing better than to proclaim Russia's bankruptcy in all respects before the great minds of Europe, but as regards himself—no, sir, he has already risen above these great minds of Europe; they are all only material for his puns. He takes another man's idea, weaves its own antithesis into it, and the pun is ready. There is crime, there is no crime; there is no right, there are no righteous men; atheism, Darwinism, Moscow bells ... But, alas, he no longer believes in Moscow bells; Rome, laurels ... but he does not even believe in laurels ... Then

[175] comes a conventional fit of Byronic anguish, a grimace from Heine, something from Pechorin, and—off it goes, off it goes, the engine whistling ... "But praise me anyway, praise me, I do love it terribly; I'm just saying that I'm putting down my pen; wait, I'll wear you out three hundred times over, you'll get tired of reading it..."

Of course, the end was none too good; but the bad thing was that everything started with it. Long since there had begun the shuffling, nose-blowing, coughing, and all else that occurs at a literary reading when the writer, whoever he may be, keeps the public longer than twenty minutes. But the writer of genius did not notice any of it. He went on lisping and mumbling, totally oblivious of the public, so that everyone began to be perplexed. Then suddenly, in the back rows, a lonely but loud voice was heard:

"Lord, what rubbish!"

This popped out inadvertently and, I am sure, without any demonstrativeness. The man simply got tired. But Mr. Karmazinov

paused, looked mockingly at the public, and suddenly lisped with the bearing of an offended court chamberlain:

"It seems, ladies and gentlemen, that you are rather bored with me?"

And here is where he was at fault, in having spoken first; for in thus provoking a response, he gave all sorts of scum an opportunity to speak as well, and even legitimately, as it were, while if he had refrained, they would have blown their noses a little longer, and it would all have gone over somehow... Perhaps he expected applause in response to his question; but there was no applause; on the contrary, everyone became as if frightened, shrank down, and kept still.

"You never saw any Ancus Marcius, that's all just style," came one irritated, even as if pained, voice.

"Precisely," another voice picked up at once, "there are no ghosts nowadays, only natural science. Look it up in natural science."

"Ladies and gentlemen, such objections were the last thing I expected," Karmazinov was terribly surprised. The great genius had grown totally unaccustomed to his fatherland in Karlsruhe.

"In our age it's shameful to read that the world stands on three fishes," a young girl suddenly rattled out. "You couldn't have gone down to some hermit in a cave, Karmazinov. Who even talks about hermits nowadays?"

"What surprises me most, ladies and gentlemen, is that it's all so serious. However... however, you are perfectly right. No one respects real truth more than I do..."

Though he was smiling ironically, all the same he was greatly struck. His face simply said: "I'm not the way you think, I'm for you, only praise me, praise me more, as much as possible, I like it terribly..."

"Ladies and gentlemen," he cried at last, now completely wounded, "I see that my poor little poem got to the wrong place. And I think I myself got to the wrong place."

"Aimed at a crow and got a cow," some fool, undoubtedly drunk, shouted at the top of his lungs, and of course he ought to have been ignored. True, there was irreverent laughter.

"A cow, you say?" Karmazinov picked up at once. His voice was becoming more and more shrill. "Concerning crows and cows, ladies and gentlemen, I shall allow myself to refrain. I have too much respect even for any sort of public to allow myself comparisons, however innocent; but I thought..."

"Anyhow, dear sir, you'd better not be so..." someone shouted from the back rows.

"But I supposed that, as I was putting down my pen and saying farewell to the reader, I would be heard..."

"No, no, we want to listen, we do," several voices, emboldened at last, came from the front row.

"Read, read!" several rapturous ladies' voices picked up, and at last some applause broke through, though scant and thin, it's true. Karmazinov smiled wryly and rose from his place.

"Believe me, Karmazinov, everyone even regards it as an honor..." even the marshal's wife could not restrain herself.

"Mr. Karmazinov," a fresh, youthful voice suddenly came from the depths of the hall. It was the voice of a very young teacher from the district high school, an excellent young man, quiet and noble, still a recent arrival in town. He even rose slightly from his place. "Mr. Karmazinov, if I had the good fortune to love as you have described to us, I really wouldn't put anything about my love into an article intended for public reading..."

He even blushed all over...

"Ladies and gentlemen," Karmazinov cried, "I have ended. I omit the ending and I withdraw. But permit me to read just the six concluding lines.

"Yes, friend and reader, farewell!" he began at once from the manuscript and now without sitting down in his chair. "Farewell, reader; I do not even much insist that we should part friends: why, indeed, trouble you? Abuse me even, oh, abuse me as much as you like, if it gives you any pleasure. But it will be best of all if we forget each other forever. And if all of you, readers, should suddenly be so good as to fall on your knees and entreat me with tears: 'Write, oh, write for us, Karmazinov—for the fatherland, for posterity, for the wreaths of laurel—even then I would answer you, having thanked you, of course, with all courtesies: 'Ah, no, we have had enough of bothering each other, my dear compatriots, *merci* ! It is time we parted ways! *Merci, merci, merci*. '"

Karmazinov bowed ceremoniously and, all red as though he had been boiled, made for backstage.

"Nobody's going down on his knees—a wild fancy."

"What conceit!"

"It's just humor!" someone a bit more sensible corrected.

"No, spare us your humor!"

"This is impudence, anyhow, gentlemen."

"He's finished now, at least."

"What a heap of boredom!"

But all these ignorant exclamations from the back rows (though not only from the back rows) were drowned by the applause of the other part of the public. Karmazinov was called back. Several ladies, Yulia Mikhailovna and the marshal's wife at their head, crowded up to the platform. In Yulia Mikhailovna's hands there appeared a magnificent wreath of laurel, on a white velvet cushion, inside another wreath of live roses.

"Laurels!" Karmazinov said with a subtle and somewhat caustic grin. "I am moved, of course, and accept this wreath, prepared beforehand but as yet unwithered, with lively emotion; but I assure you, *mesdames*, I have suddenly become so much of a realist that I consider laurels in our age rather more fitting in the hands of a skillful cook than in mine..."

"Except that cooks are more useful," cried that same seminarian who had attended the "meeting" at Virginsky's. The order was somewhat disrupted. People from many rows jumped up to see the ceremony with the laurel wreath.

"I'd add three more roubles for a cook," another voice picked up loudly, even too loudly, insistently loudly.

"So would I."

"So would I."

"But do they really have no buffet here?"

"Gentlemen, it's sheer deception..."

However, it must be admitted that all these unbridled gentlemen were still very afraid of our dignitaries, and also of the police officer who was there in the hall. After about ten minutes everyone settled down again anyhow, but the former order was not restored. And it was into this burgeoning chaos that poor Stepan Trofimovich stepped...

IV

I ran to him backstage one last time, however, and managed to warn him, beside myself as I was, that in my opinion it had all blown up and he had better not come out at all, but go home at once, excusing himself with his cholera if need be, and that I, too, would tear off my bow and come with him. At this moment he was already heading for the platform, suddenly stopped, haughtily looked me up and down, and solemnly pronounced:

"Why, my dear sir, do you consider me capable of such baseness?"

I stepped back. I was as sure as two times two that he would not get out of there without a catastrophe. As I was standing in utter dejection, there again flashed before me the figure of the visiting professor, whose turn it was to go out after Stepan Trofimovich, and who earlier kept raising his fist and bringing it down with all his might. He was still pacing back and forth in the same way, absorbed in himself and muttering something under his nose with a wily but triumphant smile. Somehow almost without intending to (what on earth possessed me?), I went up to him as well.

"You know," I said, "based on many examples, if a reader keeps the public longer than twenty minutes, they cease to listen. Even a celebrity can't hold out for half an hour..."

He suddenly stopped and even seemed to tremble all over at the offense. A boundless haughtiness showed in his face.

"Don't worry," he muttered contemptuously, and walked by. At that moment came the sound of Stepan Trofimovich's voice in the hall.

"Eh, confound you all!" I thought, and ran to the hall.

Stepan Trofimovich sat down in the chair amid the still lingering disorder. He apparently met with ill-disposed looks from the front rows. (They had somehow stopped liking him in the club of late, and respected him much less than before.) However, it was good enough that they did not hiss. I had had this strange idea ever since yesterday: I kept thinking he would be hissed off at once, as soon as he appeared. Yet he was not even noticed right away, owing to the lingering disorder. And what could the man hope for, if even Karmazinov was treated in such a way? He was pale; it was ten years since he had appeared before the public. By his agitation and by all that I knew only too well in him, it was clear to me that he himself regarded his present appearance on the platform as the deciding of his fate, or something of the sort. That was what I was afraid of. So dear the man was to me. And what I felt when he opened his mouth and I heard his first phrase!

"Ladies and gentlemen!" he said suddenly, as if venturing all, and at the same time in an almost breaking voice. "Ladies and gentlemen! Only this morning there lay before me one of those lawless papers recently distributed here, and for the hundredth time I was asking myself the question: 'What is its mystery?'"

The entire hall instantly became hushed, all eyes turned to him, some in fear. Yes, indeed, he knew how to get their interest from the first word. Heads were even stuck out from backstage; Liputin and Lyamshin listened greedily. Yulia Mikhailovna waved her hand to me again:

"Stop him, at any cost, stop him!" she whispered in alarm. I merely shrugged; how was it possible to stop a man who has *ventured all*? Alas, I understood Stepan Trofimovich.

"Aha, it's about the tracts!" was whispered among the public; the whole hall stirred.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have solved the whole mystery. The whole mystery of their effect lies—in their stupidity!" (His eyes began to flash.) "Yes, ladies and gentlemen, were it an intentional stupidity, counterfeited out of calculation—oh, that would even be a stroke of genius! But we must do them full justice: they have not counterfeited anything. This is the shortest, the barest, the most

simplehearted stupidity—*c'est la bêtise dans son essence la plus pure, quelque chose comme un simple chimique*.^[cxliv] Were it just a drop more intelligently expressed, everyone would see at once all the poverty of this short stupidity. But now everyone stands perplexed: no one believes it can be so elementally stupid. 'It can't be that there's nothing more to it,' everyone says to himself, and looks for a secret, sees a mystery, tries to read between the lines—the effect is achieved! Oh, never before has stupidity received so grand a reward, though it has so often deserved it... For, *en parenthèse*, stupidity, like the loftiest genius, is equally useful in the destinies of mankind..."

"Puns from the forties!" came someone's, incidentally quite modest, voice, but after it everything seemed to break loose; there was loud talking and squawking.

"Hurrah, ladies and gentlemen! I propose a toast to stupidity!" Stepan Trofimovich cried, now in a perfect frenzy, defying the hall.

I ran to him as if on the pretext of pouring him some water.

"Stepan Trofimovich, leave off, Yulia Mikhailovna begs..."

"No, you leave off with me, idle young man!" he fell upon me at the top of his voice. I ran away. "*Messieurs!*" he went on, "why the excitement, why the shouts of indignation that I hear? I have come with an olive branch. I have brought you the last word, for in this matter the last word is mine—and then we shall make peace."

"Away!" shouted some.

"Quiet, let him speak, let him have his say," another part yelled. Especially excited was the young teacher, who, having once dared to speak, seemed no longer able to stop.

"Messieurs, the last word in this matter is all-forgiveness. I, an obsolete old man, I solemnly declare that the spirit of life blows as ever and the life force is not exhausted in the younger generation. The enthusiasm of modern youth is as pure and bright as in our time. Only one thing has happened: the displacing of purposes, the replacing of one beauty by another! The whole perplexity lies in just what is more beautiful: Shakespeare or boots, Raphael or petroleum?"^[176]

"Is he an informer?" grumbled some.

"Compromising questions!"

"Agent provocateur!"

"And I proclaim," Stepan Trofimovich shrieked, in the last extremity of passion, "and I proclaim that Shakespeare and Raphael are higher than the emancipation of the serfs, higher than nationality, higher than socialism, higher than the younger generation, higher than chemistry, higher than almost all mankind, for they are already the fruit, the real fruit of all mankind, and maybe the highest fruit there ever may be! A form of beauty already achieved, without the achievement of which I might not even consent to live... Oh, God!" he clasped his hands, "ten years ago I cried out in the same way from a platform in Petersburg, exactly the same things and in the same words, and in exactly the same way they understood nothing, they laughed and hissed, as now; short people, what more do you need in order to understand? And do you know, do you know that mankind can live without the Englishman, it can live without Germany, it can live only too well without the Russian man, it can live without science, without bread, and it only cannot live without beauty, for then there would be nothing at all to do in the world! The whole secret is here, the whole of history is here! Science itself would not stand for a minute without beauty—are you aware of that, you who are laughing?—it would turn into boorishness, you couldn't invent the nail! ... I will not yield!" he cried absurdly in conclusion, and banged his fist on the table with all his might.

But while he was shrieking without sense or order, the order in the hall was also breaking up. Many jumped from their places, some surged forward, closer to the platform. Generally, it all happened much more quickly than I am describing, and there was no time to take measures. Perhaps there was no wish to, either.

"It's fine for you, with everything provided, spoiled brats!" the same seminarian bellowed, right by the platform, gleefully baring his teeth at Stepan Trofimovich. He noticed it and leaped up to the very edge:

"Was it not I, was it not I who just declared that the enthusiasm of the younger generation is as pure and bright as it ever was, and that it is perishing only for being mistaken about the forms of the beautiful? Is that not enough for you? And if you take it that this was proclaimed by a crushed, insulted father, how then—oh, you short ones—how then is it possible to stand higher in impartiality and tranquillity of vision?... Ungrateful... unjust... why, why do you not want to make peace! ..."

And he suddenly burst into hysterical sobs. He wiped away the flood of tears with his fingers. His shoulders and chest were shaking with sobs... He forgot everything in the world.

The public was decidedly seized with fright, almost everyone rose from their places. Yulia Mikhailovna also jumped up quickly, seized her husband's arm, and pulled him from the chair... The scandal was going beyond bounds.

"Stepan Trofimovich!" the seminarian bellowed joyfully. "Here in town and in the vicinity we've now got Fedka the Convict, an escaped convict, wandering around. He robs people, and just recently committed a new murder. Allow me to ask: if you had not sent him to the army fifteen years ago to pay off a debt at cards—that is, if you had not quite simply lost him in a card game—tell me, would he have wound up at hard labor? Would he go around putting a knife in people, as he does now, in his struggle for existence? What have you got to say, mister aesthete?"

I refuse to describe the ensuing scene. First, there was furious applause. Not everyone applauded, only some fifth part of the hall, but they applauded furiously. The rest of the public surged towards the exit, but since the applauding part of the public was still crowding towards the platform, there was general confusion. Ladies cried out, some young girls started weeping and begged to be taken home. Lembke, standing by his seat, kept glancing around wildly and quickly. Yulia Mikhailovna was quite lost—for the first time during her career among us. As for Stepan Trofimovich, for the first moment he was, it seemed, literally crushed by the seminarian's words; but suddenly he raised both arms, as if stretching them out over the public, and screamed:

"I shake off the dust from my feet^[177] and curse you... The end... the end..."

And, turning, he ran backstage, waving and threatening with his arms.

"He has insulted society! ... Verkhovensky!" the furious ones bellowed. They even wanted to rush in pursuit of him. To calm them was impossible, at least for the moment, and—suddenly the final catastrophe crashed down like a bomb on the gathering, and exploded in its midst: the third reader, that maniac who kept waving his fist backstage, suddenly ran out on the platform.

He looked utterly mad. With a broad, triumphant smile, full of boundless self-confidence, he gazed around the agitated hall and, it seemed, was glad of the disorder. He was not embarrassed in the least at having to read in such turmoil, on the contrary, he was visibly glad. This was so obvious that it attracted attention at once.

"What on earth is this?" questions were heard, "who on earth is this? Shh! What does he want to say?"

"Ladies and gentlemen!" the maniac shouted with all his might, standing at the very edge of the platform, and in almost the same shrilly feminine voice as Karmazinov, only without the aristocratic lisp. "Ladies and gentlemen! Twenty years ago, on the eve of war with half of Europe, Russia stood as an ideal in the eyes of all state and privy councillors. Literature served in the censorship; the

universities taught military drill;^[178] the army turned into a ballet, and the people paid taxes and kept silent under the knout of serfdom. Patriotism turned into the gouging of bribes from the living and the dead. Those who did not take bribes were considered rebels, for they disrupted the harmony. Whole birch groves were destroyed to maintain order. Europe trembled... But never, in all the thousand witless years of her life, did Russia reach such disgrace ..."

He raised his fist, waving it ecstatically and menacingly over his head, and suddenly brought it down furiously, as if crushing his adversary to dust. Frenzied yelling came from all sides, deafening applause broke out. This time almost half the hall applauded; they were most innocently carried away: Russia was being dishonored before all eyes, publicly—how could one not roar in ecstasy?

"That's the business! Now we're getting to business! Hurrah! No, this is none of your aesthetics!"

The maniac went on ecstatically:

"Since then twenty years have passed. Universities have been opened and multiplied. Drill has turned into a legend; we're thousands short of the full complement of officers. Railroads have eaten up all the capital and covered Russia like spiderwebs, so that perhaps in another fifteen years or so one may even be able to take a ride somewhere. Bridges burn only rarely, while towns burn down regularly, in established order, by turns, during the fire seasons. In the courts there are judgments of Solomon, and jurors take bribes solely in the struggle for existence, when they're going to die of hunger. The serfs are free and whack each other with birch rods instead of their former landowners. Seas and oceans of vodka are drunk to support the budget, and in Novgorod, opposite the ancient and useless Sophia, a colossal bronze ball has been solemnly erected to commemorate a millennium of already elapsed disorder and witlessness. [\[179\]](#) Europe is frowning and beginning to worry again... Fifteen years of reforms! And yet never, even in the most caricaturish epochs of her witlessness, has Russia reached..."

The last words could not even be heard over the roar of the crowd. He could be seen raising his hand again and once more bringing it down victoriously. The ecstasy went beyond all bounds: people were yelling, clapping their hands, some of the ladies even shouted: "Enough! You couldn't say anything better!" It was like drunkenness. The orator let his eyes wander over them all and was as if melting in his own triumph. I caught a glimpse of Lembke, in inexpressible agitation, pointing something out to someone. Yulia Mikhailovna, all pale, was hurriedly saying something to the prince, who had run up to her... But at that moment a whole crowd of about six more or less official persons rushed out on the platform from backstage, laid hold of the orator, and drew him backstage. I do not understand how he could have torn free of them, but he did tear free, leaped up to the very edge again, and still managed to shout with all his might, waving his fist:

"But never before has Russia reached..."

But he was already being dragged away again. I saw about fifteen men, perhaps, rush backstage to free him, not across the platform but from the side, smashing the flimsy partition so that it finally fell down ... I saw later, not believing my eyes, how the girl student (Virginsky's relative) jumped up on the platform with that same bundle of hers under her arm, dressed in the same clothes, her face the same red, with the same well-fed cheeks, surrounded by two or three women and two or three men, and accompanied by her mortal enemy, the high-school boy. I even managed to catch the phrase:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have come to proclaim the sufferings of unfortunate students and rouse them to protest everywhere."

But I fled. I hid my bow in my pocket and, by various back passages known to me, got myself out of the house to the street. First of all, of course, I went to Stepan Trofimovich.

17 : The End of the Fête

I

He did not receive me. He had locked himself in and was writing. To my repeated knocking and calling, he answered through the door:

"My friend, I have finished it all, who can demand more of me?"

"You didn't finish anything, you just contributed to the general collapse. For God's sake, Stepan Trofimovich, let's do without punning; open up. We must take measures; they may come here and insult you..."

I considered I had the right to be especially stern and even exacting. I feared he might undertake something still more insane. But to my surprise I met with an extraordinary firmness.

"Don't you be the first to insult me, then. I thank you for all that's past, but, I repeat, I have finished it all with people, both good and wicked. I am writing a letter to Darya Pavlovna, whom I have so unpardonably forgotten until now. Deliver it tomorrow, if you like, and now '*merci*.'"

"Stepan Trofimovich, I assure you the matter is more serious than you think. You think you smashed someone there? You didn't smash anyone, but you yourself broke like an empty glass" (oh, I was rude and impolite; it grieves me to remember!). "There is decidedly no reason for you to write to Darya Pavlovna... and what's going to become of you now without me? What do you understand of practical things? You must be plotting something else? You'll just perish another time if you're plotting something again..."

He rose and came right up to the door.

"You have not spent so long a time with them, yet you have been infected by their language and tone, *Dieu vous pardonne, mon ami, et Dieu vous garde*." ^[cxlvi] But I have always noticed the germs of decency in you, and perhaps you will still think better of it

—*après le temps*, ^[cxlvi] of course, like all of us Russians. As for your remark about my impracticability, I shall remind you of a long-standing thought of mine: that in our Russia a vast number of people occupy themselves with nothing else but attacking other people's impracticability, fiercely and with special persistence, like flies in summer, accusing all and sundry of it, and excluding only themselves. *Cher*, remember that I am agitated and do not torment me. Once more, *merci* for everything, and let us part from each other as Karmazinov did from his public—that is, forget each other with all possible magnanimity. He was being sly when he begged his

former readers so very much to forget him; *quant à moi*, ^[cxlvii] I am not so vain and trust most of all in the youth of your innocent heart: are you likely to remember a useless old man for long? 'Live more,' my friend, as Nastasya wished me on my last name day (*ces*

pauvres gens ont quelquefois des mots charmants et pleins de philosophie). ^[cxlvi] I do not wish you much happiness—it would bore you; I do not wish you trouble either; but, following the people's philosophy, I will simply repeat: 'Live more' and try somehow not to be too bored; this useless wish I am adding on my own. Now, farewell, and a serious farewell. And don't stand by my door, I won't open it."

He walked away, and I achieved nothing further. In spite of the "agitation," he had spoken evenly, unhurriedly, with weight, and obviously trying to impress. Of course, he was somewhat vexed with me and was indirectly taking revenge on me, let's say, perhaps still for yesterday's "kibitkas" and "opening floorboards." And this morning's public tears, despite a certain sort of victory, had placed him, he knew, in a somewhat comical position, and there was no man more concerned with beauty and strictness of form in his relations with friends than Stepan Trofimovich. Oh, I do not blame him! But it was this scrupulousness and sarcasm, which held out in him despite all shocks, that set me at ease then: this man who had apparently changed so little as compared to usual was certainly not disposed at that moment towards anything tragic or extraordinary. So I reasoned then, and, my God, how mistakenly! I had lost sight of too many things...

Anticipating events, I will quote the first few lines of this letter to Darya Pavlovna, which she in fact received the next day.

"*Mon enfant*, my hand is trembling, but I have finished everything. You were not present at my final combat with people; you did not come to this 'reading,' and you did well. But you will be told that in our character-impoorished Russia one courageous man stood up and, despite the deadly menace pouring from all sides, told those little fools their truth—that is, that they are little fools. *O, ce sont*

des pauvres petits vauriens et rien de plus, des petits little fools—*voilà le mot!*" ^[cxlxi] The die is cast; I am leaving this town forever, whither I do not know. Everyone I loved has turned away from me. But you, you, a pure and naïve being, you, a meek one, whose fate was almost joined with mine by the will of one capricious and tyrannical heart, you, who perhaps in disdain watched me shed fainthearted tears on the eve of our unrealized marriage; you who, whatever you may be, cannot look on me in any other way than as a comical person, oh, to you, to you goes the last cry of my heart, to you is my last duty, to you alone! I cannot possibly leave you forever to think of me as an ungrateful fool, boor, and egoist, as is probably affirmed to you day after day by one ungrateful and cruel heart, which, alas, I cannot forget..."

And so on and so forth, four big pages in all.

Having pounded on the door three times with my fist in response to his "I won't open it," and having shouted after him that he would still send Nastasya for me three times that same day, but that I would not come, I abandoned him and ran to Yulia Mikhailovna.

II

There I found myself witness to an outrageous scene: the poor woman was being deceived right to her face, and I could do nothing. Indeed, what could I tell her? I had had time to come to my senses somewhat and to realize that all I had were just certain feelings, suspicious presentiments, and nothing more. I found her in tears, almost in hysterics, with eau de Cologne compresses and a glass of water. Before her stood Pyotr Stepanovich, who was talking nonstop, and the prince, who was as silent as though he were under lock and key. With tears and little cries she was reproaching Pyotr Stepanovich for his "apostasy." It struck me at once that she ascribed the whole failure, the whole disgrace of this *matinée*, everything, in short, to Pyotr Stepanovich's absence alone.

As for him, I noticed one important change: he was almost serious, as if preoccupied with something. Ordinarily he never seemed serious, always laughed, even when he was angry, and he was often angry. Oh, he was angry now, too, spoke rudely, carelessly, with vexation and impatience. He assured her that he had been sick with a headache and vomiting at Gaganov's, where he had chanced to stop early that morning. Alas, the poor woman still wanted so much to be deceived! The main question I found on the agenda was whether or not the ball—that is, the whole second half of the *fête*—was to take place. Yulia Mikhailovna would not agree for anything in the world to appear at the ball after "today's insults"; in other words, she wished with all her might to be compelled to go, and by absolutely no one else but him, Pyotr Stepanovich. She looked upon him as an oracle, and it seemed that if he had left then, she would have taken to her bed. But he had no intention of leaving: he himself needed with all his might that the ball take place that day, and Yulia Mikhailovna absolutely had to be there...

"So, what's there to cry about! You absolutely must have a scene? Vent your anger on someone? Go ahead, vent it on me, only make it quick, because time is passing and we've got to decide. We messed it up with the reading; we'll smooth it over with the ball. The prince here is of the same opinion. Yes, ma'am, if it hadn't been for the prince, where would it all have ended?"

The prince had been against the ball at first (that is, against Yulia Mikhailovna's appearance at the ball; the ball itself had anyhow to take place), but after two or three such references to his opinion, he gradually began to grunt in token of consent.

I was also surprised by the altogether extraordinary impoliteness of Pyotr Stepanovich's tone. Oh, I indignantly reject the base gossip spread later about some supposed liaison between Yulia Mikhailovna and Pyotr Stepanovich. There was not and could not have been anything of the sort. He got the upper hand with her only by yessing her with all his might from the very beginning in her dreams of influencing society and the ministry; by entering into her plans, devising them for her, acting through the crudest flattery, he entangled her from head to foot, and became as necessary to her as air.

Seeing me, she cried out, flashing her eyes:

"Ask him! He, too, never left my side all the while, like the prince. Tell me, isn't it obvious that it's all a conspiracy, a base, cunning conspiracy, to do all possible evil to me and to Andrei Antonovich? Oh, they arranged it! They had a plan. There's a party, a whole party of them!"

"That's overshot, as usual with you. There's some poem eternally running through your head. I'm glad, however, to see Mr...." (he pretended to have forgotten my name), "he'll tell us his opinion."

"My opinion," I hastened, "agrees entirely with Yulia Mikhailovna's opinion. The conspiracy is all too obvious. I've brought you these ribbons, Yulia Mikhailovna. Whether the ball does or does not take place—is, of course, none of my business, since the power is not mine; but my role as an usher is at an end. Forgive my heat, but I cannot act to the detriment of common sense and conviction."

"You hear! You hear!" she clasped her hands.

"I hear, ma'am, and this is what I shall tell you," he turned to me. "I think you all must have eaten something that has made you all delirious. In my opinion, nothing has happened, precisely nothing, that never happened before and could not always have happened in this town here. What conspiracy? It came out ugly, stupid to the point of disgrace, but where is the conspiracy? You mean against Yulia Mikhailovna, against her who indulged them, protected them, forgave them right and left for all their pranks? Yulia Mikhailovna! What have I been hammering into you this whole month nonstop? What have I been warning you about? So, what, what did you need all these people for? You just had to deal with this trash! Why? What for? To unite society? But can they possibly unite, for pity's sake?"

"When did you ever warn me? On the contrary, you approved, you even demanded ... I confess, I am so surprised... You yourself brought many strange people to me."

"On the contrary, I argued with you, I did not approve, and as for bringing—I did bring them, but not until they themselves came swarming by dozens, and that only recently, to make up the 'quadrille of literature,' since there was no way of doing without these boors. Only I'll bet a dozen or two more of the same boors were brought in today without tickets."

"Quite certainly," I confirmed.

"See, you already agree. Remember the tone we've had here lately, I mean, in this whole wretched town? It's all turned into nothing but insolence, shamelessness; it's been a scandal with a ceaseless ringing of bells. And who encouraged them? Who shielded them with her authority? Who got everyone muddled? Who infuriated all the small-fry? In your album all the local family secrets are reproduced. Wasn't it you who patted your poets and artists on the head? Wasn't it you who held out your hand for Lyamshin to kiss? Wasn't it in your presence that a seminarian swore at an actual state councillor and ruined his daughter's dress with his monstrous tarred boots? Why are you surprised, then, that the public is set against you?"

"But that's all you, you yourself! Oh, my God!"

"No, ma'am, I kept warning you; we quarreled, do you hear, we quarreled!"

"You're lying to my face!"

"Ah, yes, of course, it costs nothing to say a thing like that. You need a victim now, someone to vent your anger on; go ahead, vent it on me, as I told you. I'd better address myself to you, Mr...." (He still could not recall my name.) "Let's count up on our fingers: I maintain that, apart from Liputin, there was no conspiracy, none what-so-ever! I'll prove it, but let's first analyze Liputin. He came out with that fool Lebyadkin's verses—was that, in your opinion, a conspiracy? But, you know, Liputin might simply have thought it was witty. Seriously, seriously, witty. He simply came out with the aim of making everybody laugh and have fun, his patroness Yulia Mikhailovna first, that's all. You don't believe it? Why, isn't it in tone with everything that's been going on here this whole month? And, if you wish, I'll say all: by God, under other circumstances it might even have gone over! A crude joke, well, yes, salacious or whatever, but funny, funny, right?"

"What! You consider Liputin's act witty?" Yulia Mikhailovna cried out in terrible indignation. "Such stupidity, such tactlessness, so base, so vile, so deliberate—oh, you're saying it on purpose! It means you yourself are in conspiracy with him!"

"Oh, certainly, sitting in back, hiding, moving the whole little mechanism! But if I had taken part in any conspiracy—understand this at least!—it wouldn't have ended just with Liputin! So, according to you, I also arranged with papa that he should purposely produce such a scandal? Well, ma'am, whose fault was it that father was brought in to read? Who tried to stop you yesterday, just yesterday, yesterday?"

"O, *hier il avait tant d'esprit*, ^[cl] I was counting on him so much, and, besides, he has manners: I thought he and Karmazinov... and now look!"

"Yes, ma'am, and now look. But in spite of all that *tant d'esprit*, papa mucked it up, and if I'd known beforehand that he was going to muck it up so badly, being part of the indubitable conspiracy against your fête, I would undoubtedly not have started persuading you yesterday to keep the bull out of the china shop, right, ma'am? And yet I did try to talk you out of it yesterday—I did, because I had a presentiment. It was, of course, impossible to foresee everything: he himself probably didn't know, a minute before, what he was going to fire off. These nervous old codgers don't even resemble human beings! But you can still salvage it: tomorrow, for the public's satisfaction, send two doctors to him by administrative order, with all the trimmings, to inquire after his health—you could even do it today—and then straight to the hospital, for cold compresses. At least everyone will laugh and see that there's nothing to be offended at. I'll make an announcement about it tonight at the ball, since I'm the son. Karmazinov's another matter, he came out like a green ass and stretched his article for a whole hour—now there's one who must surely be in conspiracy with me! As if he said, 'Why don't I muck it up, too, just to harm Yulia Mikhailovna!'"

"Oh, Karmazinov, *quelle bonte*! ^[cli] I was burning, burning with shame for our public!"

"Well, ma'am, I wouldn't have burned, but I'd have roasted him. The public was right. And who, again, is guilty of Karmazinov? Did I foist him on you, or didn't I? Did I take part in adoring him, or didn't I? Ah, well, devil take him, but that third maniac, the political one, that's another question. Here everybody went amiss, it's not just my conspiracy."

"Ah, don't speak of it, it's terrible, terrible! I, I alone, am guilty of that!"

"Of course, ma'am, but here I'm going to vindicate you. Eh, who can keep track of these sincere ones! They can't guard against them even in Petersburg. Because he was recommended to you; and how he was! You'll agree, then, that it's even your duty now to appear at the ball. Because it's an important thing, because you yourself put him up on the rostrum. You must precisely declare in public now that you are not solidary with this, that the fine fellow is already in the hands of the police, and that you were deceived in some inexplicable way. You must declare indignantly that you were the victim of a mad person. Because he is a madman and nothing else. That's how he must be reported. I can't stand these biters. I may talk even worse myself, but not from the rostrum. And right now they're shouting about a senator."

"What senator? Who is shouting?"

"You see, I don't understand anything myself. You, Yulia Mikhailovna, do you know anything about some senator?"

"Senator?"

"You see, they're convinced that a senator has been appointed here, and that you are being replaced from Petersburg. I've heard it from many people."

"I've heard it, too," I confirmed.

"Who said so?" Yulia Mikhailovna flushed all over.

"You mean, who first started talking? How should I know. They're just talking. The mass is talking. They were talking yesterday especially. Everybody's somehow much too serious, though it's impossible to make anything out. Of course, those who are a bit more intelligent and competent—are not talking, but even among them some are listening to it."

"How mean! And... how stupid!"

"Well, so you must appear precisely now and show the fools."

"I confess, I myself feel it's even my duty, but... what if there's another disgrace awaiting us? What if they don't attend? Because no one's going to come, no one, no one!"

"Such ardor! They won't come, eh? And what about all those dresses made, what about the girls' costumes? No, after this I give up on you as a woman. Such human insight!"

"The marshal's wife won't come, she won't!"

"But what, finally, has happened here? Why won't they come?" he suddenly cried out with spiteful impatience.

"Infamy, disgrace—that's what has happened. There was, I don't know what, but something, after which it's impossible for me to enter."

"Why? But what, finally, are you to blame for? Why go taking the blame on yourself? Isn't it rather the public, your venerable elders, your fathers of families, who are to blame? It was for them to restrain the scoundrels and wastrels—because all we have here are wastrels and scoundrels, nothing serious. In no society anywhere is it possible to manage with the police alone. Here with us every

person, on entry, demands that a special little cop be detailed to protect him. They don't understand that society protects itself. And what do our fathers of families, our dignitaries, wives, maidens, do in such circumstances? Keep mum and sulk. There's not even enough social initiative to restrain the pranksters."

"Ah, that is a golden truth! They keep mum, sulk, and... glance around."

"And if it's true, it's for you to speak it out here, aloud, proudly, sternly. Precisely to show that you're not crushed. Precisely to the little old men and the mothers. Oh, you'll find a way, you have the gift, when your head is clear. You'll draw them into a group—and speak aloud, aloud. Then a report to the *Voice* and the *Stock Exchange*. Wait, I'll take it in hand myself, I'll arrange it all for you. Of course, more attentiveness and a good eye on the buffet—ask the prince, ask Mr.... You cannot possibly leave us, *monsieur*, precisely when we must start all over again. Well, and finally, you arm in arm with Andrei Antonovich. How is Andrei Antonovich's health?"

"Oh, how unjustly, how wrongly, how offensively you have always judged that angelic man!" Yulia Mikhailovna cried out suddenly, on an unexpected impulse, and almost in tears, bringing her handkerchief to her eyes. For the first moment, Pyotr Stepanovich even faltered:

"For pity's sake, I... but what did I... I've always..."

"You never, never! Never did you do him justice!"

"Never can one understand a woman!" Pyotr Stepanovich grumbled, with a crooked smile.

"He is the most truthful, the most delicate, the most angelic man! The most kindly man!"

"For pity's sake, but as for his kindness, what have I ... as for his kindness, I've always..."

"Never! But leave that. I defend him much too awkwardly. Today that Jesuit, the marshal's wife, also dropped a few sarcastic hints about yesterday."

"Oh, she won't be bothered now with hints about yesterday—she's got today. And why are you so worried that she won't come to the ball? Of course she won't, now that she's come into such a scandal. Maybe she's not to blame, but still there's her reputation; she got her little hands dirty."

"What? I don't understand: how are her hands dirty?" Yulia Mikhailovna looked at him in perplexity.

"I mean, I don't insist on it, but the bells are already ringing in town that it was she who did the matchmaking."

"What? Matchmaking whom?"

"Eh, so you still don't know?" he cried out in surprise, superbly feigned. "Why, Stavrogin and Lizaveta Nikolaevna!"

"How! What!" we all cried out.

"So you really don't know? Whew! There have been tragic novels going on here: Lizaveta Nikolaevna was so good as to get out of the marshal's wife's carriage and straight into Stavrogin's, and to slip away with 'the latter' to Skvoreshniki in broad daylight. Just an hour ago, not even that."

We were dumbfounded. Of course, we hastened to inquire further, but, surprisingly, though he himself had "inadvertently" been a witness, he nevertheless could tell us nothing in detail. The thing seemed to have happened like this: when the marshal's wife brought Liza and Mavriky Nikolaevich from the "reading" to the house of Liza's mother (whose legs were still ailing), someone's carriage was waiting not far from the entrance, about twenty-five steps off to one side. When Liza jumped out at the entrance, she ran straight to this carriage; the door opened, slammed shut; Liza called out "Spare me!" to Mavriky Nikolaevich—and the carriage flew at top speed to Skvoreshniki. To our hurried questions: "Was there some arrangement? Who was sitting in the carriage?"—Pyotr Stepanovich replied that he knew nothing; that there must certainly have been an arrangement, but that he had not made out Stavrogin himself in the carriage; it might have been the valet, old Alexei Yegorovich, who was sitting there. To the question: "And how did you turn up there? And why do you know for certain that she went to Skvoreshniki?"—he replied that he chanced to be there because he was passing by, and on seeing Liza even ran up to the carriage (and yet did not make out who was in the carriage, and with his curiosity!), and that Mavriky Nikolaevich not only did not set off in pursuit, but did not even try to stop Liza, and with his own hand even held back the marshal's wife, who was shouting at the top of her voice: "She's gone to Stavrogin, she's gone to Stavrogin!" Here I suddenly got beside all patience and shouted furiously at Pyotr Stepanovich:

"You set it up, you scoundrel! You killed the whole morning on it. You helped Stavrogin, you came in the carriage, you put her into it... you, you, you! Yulia Mikhailovna, he is your enemy, he will ruin you, too! Beware!"

And I rushed precipitously from the house.

To this day I do not understand and marvel myself at how I could have shouted that to him then. But I had guessed perfectly: it had all happened almost exactly the way I said, as turned out afterwards. In the first place, the obviously false way in which he reported the news was all too noticeable. He did not tell it as soon as he entered the house, as a first and extraordinary piece of news, but pretended that we already knew without him—which was impossible in so short a time. And if we had known, we could not in any case have kept silent about it until he started to speak. He also could not have heard of any "bells ringing" in town about the marshal's wife, because again the time was too short. Besides, as he was telling about it, he smiled a couple of times somehow meanly and flippantly, probably regarding us by then as utterly deceived fools. But I could no longer be bothered with him; the main fact I did believe, and I ran out of Yulia Mikhailovna's beside myself. The catastrophe struck me to the very heart. It pained me almost to tears; perhaps I was actually weeping. I did not know at all what to undertake. I rushed to Stepan Trofimovich, but the vexatious man again would not open the door. Nastasya assured me in a reverent whisper that he had retired to bed, but I did not believe it. At Liza's house I was able to question the servants; they confirmed the flight, but knew nothing themselves. The house was in alarm; the ailing mistress was having fainting fits, and Mavriky Nikolaevich was with her. I did not think it possible to call Mavriky Nikolaevich away. When I inquired about Pyotr Stepanovich, it was confirmed that he had been darting about the house during the past few days, sometimes even twice a day. The servants were sad, and spoke of Liza with some special reverence; she was loved. That she was ruined, utterly ruined, I did not doubt, but I was decidedly unable to comprehend the psychological side of the matter, especially after her scene the day before with Stavrogin. To run around town and inquire of acquaintances, in gloating houses, where the news, of course, had already spread, seemed disgusting to me and humiliating for Liza. But, strangely, I did run by to see Darya Pavlovna, where, however, I was not received (no one had been received in the Stavrogins' house since the previous day); what I could have said to her, and why I ran

by, I do not know. From her I made my way to her brother. Shatov listened to me glumly and silently. I will note that I found him in an unprecedentedly dark mood; he was terribly thoughtful and, it seemed, had to force himself to listen to me. He said almost nothing and began walking back and forth from corner to corner of his closet, stomping more than usual with his boots. But when I was already on my way down the stairs, he shouted after me that I should go to Liputin: "You'll find out everything there." Yet I did not go to Liputin, but, well on my way, turned back again to Shatov, and, half opening the door, without going in and without any explanations, suggested to him laconically: wouldn't he be going to see Marya Timofeevna today? At that Shatov cursed, and I left. I set down here, so as not to forget, that that same evening he went especially to the outskirts of town to visit Marya Timofeevna, whom he had not seen for quite a while. He found her in reasonably good health and spirits, and Lebyadkin dead drunk, asleep on the sofa in the front room. This was at exactly nine o'clock. He told it to me himself the next day, meeting me hotfoot in the street. And I decided after nine o'clock to go to the ball, but not now as a "gentleman usher" (besides, my bow had stayed with Yulia Mikhailovna), but from an irresistible curiosity to hear (without asking questions) what people were saying in town about all these events generally. Besides, I wanted to have a look at Yulia Mikhailovna, if only from afar. I reproached myself very much for the way I had run out on her earlier.

III

The whole of that night, with its almost absurd events and ghastly "denouement" in the morning, comes back to me even now as a hideous, nightmarish dream, and constitutes—for me at least—the most difficult part of my chronicle. Though I came late to the ball, I arrived towards the end of it anyway—so quickly was it destined to end. It was already past ten when I reached the entrance of the marshal's wife's house, where the same White Hall in which the reading took place had, despite the shortness of time, been cleared and made ready to serve as the main ballroom, it was supposed, for the whole town. But however ill-disposed I had been towards the ball that morning—even so I did not anticipate the full truth: not a single family from higher circles came; even officials of any importance at all were absent—and that was an extremely marked feature. As for ladies and young girls, here Pyotr Stepanovich's (now obviously perfidious) calculations turned out to be incorrect to the highest degree: exceedingly few had appeared; there was scarcely one lady to four men, and what ladies! "Certain" wives of regimental officers, of various small fry from the post office and petty clerkdom, three doctors' wives with their daughters, two or three landowners of the poorer sort, the seven daughters and one niece of that secretary I mentioned somewhere above, some merchants' wives—was this what Yulia Mikhailovna had expected? Even half of the merchants did not come. As for the men, their mass was still indeed dense, despite the compact absence of all our nobility, but produced an ambiguous and suspicious impression. Of course, there were several rather quiet and respectful officers with their wives, several most obedient fathers of families, as again, for example, that same secretary, the father of his seven daughters. All these humble small potatoes came, so to speak, "out of inevitability," as one of these gentlemen put it. But, on the other hand, the mass of perky characters, and the mass, besides, of such persons as Pyotr Stepanovich and I had suspected of being let in to the *matinée* without tickets, seemed to have increased still more compared with the *matinée*. For the time being they were sitting in the buffet, and had gone straight to the buffet on arrival, as if the place had been appointed beforehand. At least it seemed so to me. The buffet was located at the end of the suite of rooms, in a spacious hall, where Prokhorych had installed himself with all the enticements of the club kitchen and with a tempting display of snacks and drinks. I noticed several personages there in all but torn frock coats, in the most dubious and utterly un-ball-like outfits, who had obviously been sobered up with boundless effort and for a short time only, and had been fetched from God knows where, perhaps from out of town. I knew, of course, that in accordance with Yulia Mikhailovna's idea it had been suggested to arrange a most democratic ball, "not refusing even tradesmen, if any such should happen to pay for a ticket." She could bravely utter these words in her committee, knowing perfectly well that it would not occur to any of our town tradesmen, all of them destitute, to buy a ticket. But anyway I doubted that these gloomy, all but tattered frock-coaters ought to have been let in, despite all the democratism of the committee. Who, then, had let them in, and with what purpose? Liputin and Lyamshin had been deprived of their ushers' bows (though they were present at the ball, as participants in the "quadrille of literature"); but Liputin's place had been taken, to my surprise, by that same seminarian who more than anyone else had made a scandal of the "*matinée*" by his skirmish with Stepan Trofimovich, and Lyamshin's by Pyotr Stepanovich himself; what, then, could be expected in such a case? I tried to listen in on conversations. Some opinions were striking in their wildness. It was maintained in one group, for example, that the whole story of Stavrogin and Liza had been fixed up by Yulia Mikhailovna, who had taken money from Stavrogin for it. The amount was even quoted. It was maintained that she had even arranged the *fête* for that purpose; and that was why, when they learned what was going on, half the town stayed away, and Lembke himself was so jolted that his "reason got deranged," and she was now "leading him about" insane. There was also much guffawing, hoarse, savage, and sly. Everyone criticized the ball terribly and abused Yulia Mikhailovna without any ceremony. Generally, the babble was disorderly, fragmentary, drunken, and agitated, so that it was difficult to grasp or infer anything. Simple merry-makers also found refuge in the buffet, and there were even several ladies of the sort that can no longer be surprised or frightened by anything, most jolly and amiable, mainly officers' wives, with their husbands. They settled in groups at separate tables and had an extremely merry time drinking tea. The buffet turned into a snug haven for nearly half the assembled public. And yet in a short time this whole mass was to come pouring into the ballroom; it was terrible even to think of it.

And meanwhile in the White Hall three skimpy little quadrilles had been formed, with the prince's participation. The young ladies were dancing, and their parents were rejoicing over them. But here, too, many of these respectable persons were already thinking of how, after letting their girls have fun, they could clear out in time, and not be there "once it starts." Decidedly everyone was certain that it was inevitably going to start. It would be difficult for me to describe the state of mind of Yulia Mikhailovna herself; I did not speak with her, though I came quite close to her. She did not respond to my bow on entering, because she did not notice me (really did not notice). Her face was pained, her glance haughty and disdainful, yet wandering and anxious. She was controlling herself with visible suffering—for what and for whom? She ought certainly to have left, and, above all, to have taken her husband away, yet she stayed!

One could tell just by the look of her that her eyes had been "fully opened" and she had nothing more to wait for. She did not even call Pyotr Stepanovich over to her (he seemed to be avoiding her himself; I saw him in the buffet, in an exceedingly gay mood). But nevertheless she stayed at the ball and would not let Andrei Antonovich leave her side even for a moment. Oh, to the last minute she would have rejected with genuine indignation any hint at his health, even that morning, but now her eyes were to be opened in this respect as well. As for me, it seemed to me from the first glance that Andrei Antonovich looked worse than in the morning. It seemed he was in some sort of oblivion and was not quite sure where he was. Sometimes he would suddenly look around with unexpected sternness, a couple of times at me, for example. Once he tried to talk about something, began in a loud voice, and did not finish, almost throwing a scare into one humble old official who happened to be near him. But even this humble part of the public present in the White Hall gloomily and timorously avoided Yulia Mikhailovna, at the same time casting extremely strange glances at her husband, glances all too out of harmony, in their intent candor, with the fearfulness of these people.

"It was this trait that pierced me through and made me suddenly begin to guess about Andrei Antonovich," Yulia Mikhailovna privately confessed to me afterwards.

Yes, again she was to blame! Probably earlier, when, after my flight, she and Pyotr Stepanovich had decided that the ball would be and that she would be at the ball—probably she had gone again to the study of Andrei Antonovich, now finally "shaken" at the "reading," again employed all her seductions, and thus drew him along with her. But how tormented she must have been now! And still she would not leave! Whether she was tormented by pride, or was simply lost—I do not know. For all her haughtiness, she did try with humiliation and smiles to make conversation with some of the ladies, but they at once became confused, got off with a laconic, mistrustful "yes, ma'am" or "no, ma'am," and visibly avoided her.

Of the unquestionable dignitaries of our town, only one turned up at the ball—that same important retired general I have already described once, who, at the marshal's wife's, after the duel between Stavrogin and Gaganov, had "opened the door for public impatience."

He pompously strutted about the rooms, looked and listened, and tried to make it seem as if he had come more to observe morals than for any indubitable pleasure. He ended by attaching himself wholly to Yulia Mikhailovna and would not go a step away from her, apparently trying to reassure her and calm her. He was undoubtedly a most kind man, a great dignitary, and so very old that one could even tolerate his pity. But to confess to herself that this old babbler dared to pity her and almost to patronize her, understanding that he was honoring her with his presence, was extremely vexing. And the general would not leave off but kept babbling nonstop.

"A city, they say, cannot stand without seven righteous men... seven, I think, I don't remember the re-com-men-ded number.

[180] How many of these seven... indubitably righteous men of our town... have the honor of attending your ball, I don't know, but in spite of their presence I am beginning to feel myself unsafe. *Vous me pardonnerez, charmante dame, n'est-ce pas?* [cliii] I am speaking al-le-gor-i-cally, but I went to the buffet and am glad to have come back in one piece ... Our inestimable Prokhorych is out of place there, and it looks as though his kiosk will be pulled down before morning. I'm joking, however. I'm only waiting to see how this 'quadrille of lit-er-ature' turns out, and then to bed. Forgive a gouty old man, I retire early, and I'd advise you to go 'bye-bye,' too, as they say *aux enfants*. In fact, I came for the young beauties ... whom, of course, I can meet nowhere else in such rich assortment, except in this place here... They're all from across the river, and I don't go there. There's the wife of one officer ... of the chasseurs, I think... not bad, not bad at all, and... and she knows it herself. I spoke with the minx—a pert thing, and... well, and the girls are fresh, too; but that's about it; apart from the freshness—nothing. Still, it's a pleasure. There are some sweet little buds; only they have thick lips. Generally, the Russian beauty of women's faces has little of that regularity and... and comes down to something like a pancake... *Vous me pardonnerez, n'est-ce pas* ... with nice eyes, however... pretty, laughing eyes. These little buds are cha-a-arming for about two years of their youth, even three... well, and then they spread out forever... producing in their husbands that lamentable in-dif-fer-entism which contributes so much to the development of the woman question ... if I understand that question correctly ... Hm. The hall is nice; the décor isn't bad. Could be worse. The music could be much worse ... not to say it should be. Generally, having so few ladies produces a bad impression. I o-mit all men-tion of costume. It's bad that that one in the gray trousers allows himself to can-can-ize so openly. If it's from joy, I'll forgive him, and also because he's the local apothecary... but before eleven is still too early even for an apothecary... Two men had a fight there in the buffet, and they weren't taken out. Before eleven the fighters ought to be taken out, whatever the morals of the public... not to say past two; there we must yield to public opinion—if this ball survives until two o'clock. Varvara Petrovna, however, didn't keep her promise and supply the flowers. Hm, she can't be bothered with flowers, *pauvre mère!* And poor Liza, have you heard? A mysterious story, they say, and... and Stavrogin is back in the arena... Hm. I'd like to go home to bed... I'm dropping off. And when is this 'quadrille of lit-er-ature'?"

[181] At last the "quadrille of literature" began. In town lately, whenever a conversation about the coming ball started up somewhere, it would inevitably come round to this "quadrille of literature," and since no one could imagine what it was, it aroused boundless curiosity. Nothing could have been a greater threat to its success, and—what a disappointment it turned out to be!

The side doors to the White Hall, hitherto locked, were now opened, and several maskers suddenly appeared. The public eagerly surrounded them. The entire buffet to the last man poured into the hall at once. The maskers took up their positions for the dance. I managed to squeeze to the front and settled myself just behind Yulia Mikhailovna, von Lembke, and the general. Here Pyotr Stepanovich, who had been missing so far, sprang over to Yulia Mikhailovna.

"I've been in the buffet all this time, watching," he whispered, with the air of a guilty schoolboy, assumed on purpose, however, to tease her even more. She flushed with anger.

"Stop deceiving me now, at least, you brazen man!" escaped her, almost aloud, so that it was heard in the public. Pyotr Stepanovich sprang away, extremely pleased with himself.

It would be hard to imagine a more pathetic, trite, giftless, and insipid allegory than this "quadrille of literature." Nothing less suited to our public could have been devised; and yet it was said to have been devised by Karmazinov. True, it was arranged by Liputin, with advice from that lame teacher who had been at Virginsky's party. But, all the same, Karmazinov had supplied the idea,

and it was said that he even wanted to dress up himself and take some special and independent role. The quadrille consisted of six pairs of pathetic maskers—almost not even maskers, because they were wearing the same clothes as everyone else. Thus, for example, one elderly gentleman, short, in a tailcoat—dressed like everyone else, in a word—with a venerable gray beard (tied on, this constituting the whole costume), was shuffling in place as he danced, with a solid expression on his face, trotting with rapid, tiny steps, and almost without moving from his place. He was producing some sounds in a moderate but husky bass, and it was this huskiness of his voice that was meant to signify one of the well-known newspapers. Opposite this masker danced a pair of giants, X and Z, with those letters pinned to their tailcoats, but what the X and Z signified remained unclear. "Honest Russian thought" was presented as a middle-aged gentleman in spectacles, tailcoat, gloves, and—in fetters (real fetters). Under this thought's arm was a briefcase containing some "dossier." Out of his pocket peeked an unsealed letter from abroad, which included an attestation, for all who doubted it, of the honesty of "honest Russian thought." All this was filled in orally by the ushers, since it was hardly possible to read a letter sticking out of someone's pocket. In his raised right hand "honest Russian thought" was holding a glass, as if he wished to propose a toast. Close to him on either side two crop-haired nihilist girls were trotting, while vis-à-vis danced some gentleman, also elderly, in a tailcoat, but with a heavy club in his hand, supposedly representing the non-Petersburg but formidable publication: *One Swat—A Wet Spot*. But, in spite of his club, he was quite unable to endure the spectacles of "honest Russian thought" staring fixedly at him and tried to avert his eyes, and as he performed the *pas de deux*, he twisted and fidgeted and did not know what to do with himself—so greatly, no doubt, did his conscience torment him... However, I cannot recall all these dumb little inventions;

everything was in the same vein, so that I finally felt painfully ashamed. And precisely the same impression as if of shame showed in all the public, even on the most sullen physiognomies from the buffet. For some time everyone was silent and watched in angry perplexity. An ashamed man usually begins to get angry and is inclined to cynicism. Gradually our public began to buzz:

"What on earth is this?" muttered a buffet person in one group.

"Some sort of silliness."

"Literature of some sort. They're criticizing the *Voice*."

"What do I care?"

From another group:

"Asses!"

"No, they're not asses, we're asses."

"Why are you an ass?"

"I'm not an ass."

"If you're not an ass, I'm certainly not either."

From a third group:

"Give them all a good pasting and to hell with them!"

"Shake the whole hall up!"

From a fourth:

"Aren't the Lembkas ashamed to look?"

"Why should they be ashamed? You're not ashamed, are you?"

"I am, too, ashamed, and he's the governor."

"And you are a swine."

"Never in my life have I seen such an utterly ordinary ball," one lady said venomously right beside Yulia Mikhailovna, obviously wishing to be heard. The lady was about forty, thick-set and rouged, wearing a bright silk dress; almost everyone in town knew her, but no one received her. She was the widow of a state councillor, who had left her a wooden house and a scanty pension, but she lived well and kept horses. About two months earlier she had paid a first call on Yulia Mikhailovna, but she did not receive her.

"Exactly what one might have foreseen," she added, insolently peeking into Yulia Mikhailovna's eyes.

"If you could foresee it, why then were you so good as to come?" Yulia Mikhailovna could not help saying.

"Why, out of naivety," the perky lady snapped at once, getting all fluttered up (she wished terribly to have a fight); but the general stepped between them.

"*Chère dame*," he bent towards Yulia Mikhailovna, "you really ought to leave. We are only hindering them, and without us they will have excellent fun. You have fulfilled everything, you have opened the ball for them, so now let them be... Besides, it seems Andrei Antonovich is not feeling quite sa-tis-fac-torily... To avoid trouble?"

But it was too late.

Throughout the quadrille, Andrei Antonovich gazed at the dancers in some wrathful perplexity, and when the public began to comment, he began to look around uneasily. Here, for the first time, certain of the buffet personages caught his attention; his eyes expressed extraordinary surprise. Suddenly there was loud laughter over one antic of the quadrille: the publisher of the "formidable non-Petersburg publication," who was dancing with a club in his hands, feeling finally that he could no longer endure the spectacles of "honest Russian thought" fixed on him, and not knowing where to hide, suddenly, during the last figure, went to meet the spectacles walking upside down—which, incidentally, was to signify the constant turning upside down of common sense in the "formidable non-Petersburg publication." Since Lyamshin was the only one who knew how to walk upside down, he had undertaken to represent the publisher with the club. Yulia Mikhailovna was decidedly unaware that there was going to be any walking upside down. "They concealed it from me, they concealed it," she repeated to me afterwards, in despair and indignation. The guffawing of the crowd greeted, of course, not the allegory, which nobody cared about, but simply the walking upside down in a coat with tails. Lembke boiled over and started shaking.

"Scoundrel!" he cried, pointing to Lyamshin. "Seize the blackguard, turn him... turn his legs ... his head ... so his head is up... up!"

Lyamshin jumped back to his feet. The guffawing was getting louder.

"Throw out all the scoundrels who are laughing!" Lembke suddenly prescribed. The crowd began to buzz and rumble.

"That's not right, Your Excellency."

"Shouldn't abuse the public, sir."

"A fool yourself!" came a voice from somewhere in a corner.

"Filibusters!" someone shouted from the other end.

Lembke quickly turned at the shout and went all pale. A dull smile appeared on his lips—as if he had suddenly understood and remembered something.

"Gentlemen," Yulia Mikhailovna addressed the oncoming crowd, at the same time drawing her husband away with her, "gentlemen, excuse Andrei Antonovich, Andrei Antonovich is unwell... excuse... forgive him, gentlemen!"

I precisely heard her say "forgive." The scene went very quickly. But I decidedly remember that part of the public rushed from the hall at that same moment, as if in fright, precisely after these words of Yulia Mikhailovna's. I even remember one hysterical woman's tearful cry:

"Ah, again like before!"

And suddenly, into what was already the beginnings of a crush, a bomb struck, precisely "again like before":

"Fire! All of Zarechye's in flames!"

I only do not remember where this terrible cry first arose—whether it was in the hall, or, as it now seems, someone ran in from the front steps—but it was followed by such alarm as I cannot even begin to describe. More than half of the public assembled at the ball came from Zarechye—owners of wooden houses there, or inhabitants of them. People rushed to the windows, instantly pulled open the curtains, tore down the blinds. Zarechye was ablaze. True, the fire was still just beginning, but it was blazing in three completely different places—and that was what was frightening.

"Arson! The Shpigulin men!" came screams from the crowd.

I remember several rather characteristic exclamations:

"I just felt in my heart that they'd set fire to it, all these days I've been feeling it!"

"It's the Shpigulin men, the Shpigulin men, and no one else!"

"And they gathered us here on purpose so they could set fires over there!"

This last, most astonishing cry came from a woman—the inadvertent, involuntary cry of a burnt-out Korobochka. ^[182] All surged towards the exit. I will not describe the crush in the entryway as people hunted for their fur coats, shawls, and cloaks, the shrieks of frightened women, the weeping of young girls. There was hardly any theft, but it was not surprising that in such disorder some people simply left without their warm clothes, unable to find them, of which there was talk in town for a long time afterwards, with legends and embellishments. Lembke and Yulia Mikhailovna were nearly crushed by the crowd in the doorway.

"Stop them all! Let no one leave!" Lembke screamed, holding out a menacing arm to meet the crowding people. "The strictest search of every last man of them, at once!"

Strong oaths poured from the hall.

"Andrei Antonovich! Andrei Antonovich!" Yulia Mikhailovna cried out in complete despair.

"Arrest her first!" the man shouted, pointing a menacing finger at her. "Search her first! The ball was organized with the intent of arson..."

She gave a cry and fainted (oh, it was most assuredly a real faint). The prince, the general, and I rushed to help her; there were others who helped us in this difficult moment, even from among the ladies. We carried the unfortunate woman out of that hell and into her carriage; but she came to her senses only as we neared her house, and her first cry was again about Andrei Antonovich. With the destruction of all her fantasies, Andrei Antonovich alone remained before her. A doctor was sent for. I spent a whole hour waiting at her place, as did the prince; the general, in a fit of magnanimity (though very frightened himself), wanted not to leave "the unfortunate woman's bedside" all night, but in ten minutes had fallen asleep in the drawing room while waiting for the doctor, and we simply left him there in his armchair.

The police chief, hastening from the ball to the fire, managed to lead Andrei Antonovich out behind us and tried to put him into Yulia Mikhailovna's carriage, persuading His Excellency with all his might to "take repose." I do not understand why, but he did not prevail. Of course, Andrei Antonovich would not even hear of repose and was straining to get to the fire; but this was no reason. It ended with the police chief taking him to the fire in his droshky. He told later that Lembke kept gesticulating all the way and "was shouting out such ideas as, being extraordinary, were impossible to obey." Afterwards it was reported that in those moments His Excellency was already in a state of brain fever owing to "a suddenness of fright."

There is no point in telling how the ball ended. A few dozen carousers, and with them even a few ladies, remained in the rooms. No police. They would not let the music go, and beat up the musicians who wanted to leave. By morning "Prokhorych's kiosk" had

been all pulled down, they were drinking to distraction, dancing the "komarinsky" uncensored, ^[183] the rooms were filthy, and only at dawn did part of this rabble, totally drunk, arrive at the scene of the dying-down fire for new disorders... The other half simply spent the night in the rooms, dead drunk, with all the consequences, on velvet sofas or on the floor. In the morning, at the first opportunity, they were dragged outside by the feet. Thus ended the fête for the benefit of the governesses of our province.

IV

The fire frightened our public from across the river precisely because the arson was so obvious. Remarkably, at the first cry of "fire," there came at once the cry that it was "the work of the Shpigulin men." It is known only too well now that three Shpigulin men did in fact participate in the arson, but—that was all; the rest of the factory hands were entirely vindicated both in general opinion and officially. Aside from those three scoundrels (one of whom has been caught and has confessed, while two are still in hiding), Fedka the

Convict undoubtedly participated in the arson. That is all that is so far known with certainty about the origin of the fire; surmises are quite a different matter. What led these three scoundrels, were they guided by someone, or not? It is very difficult to answer all this even now.

The fire, owing to a strong wind, to the predominantly wooden buildings of Zarechye, and, finally, to its having been set at three different points, spread quickly and covered the whole area with incredible force (incidentally, the fire should be reckoned as having been set at two points: the third was caught and extinguished almost the moment it flared up—of that later). But, even so, the reporting of our disaster in the metropolitan newspapers was exaggerated: approximately speaking, no more (and perhaps less) than a quarter of the whole of Zarechye burned down. Our fire brigade, though weak in comparison with the extent and population of the town, acted quite correctly and selflessly. But it would not have done much, even with the concerted assistance of the populace, were it not that the wind changed towards morning, ceasing just before dawn. When, just an hour after fleeing from the ball, I made my way to Zarechye, the fire was already at full force. The entire street parallel to the river was in flames. It was as bright as day. I will not describe the picture of the fire in detail: who in Russia does not know it? The lanes nearest the blazing street were bustling and crowded beyond measure. Here the fire was definitely expected, and the inhabitants were dragging out their possessions, yet still would not leave their homes, but sat expectantly on dragged-out chests and feather beds, each under his own windows. Part of the male population was working hard, ruthlessly chopping down fences and even knocking apart entire shanties that stood closer to the fire and to windward. There was only the crying of awakened children and the wailing lamentations of women who had already successfully dragged their junk out. The unsuccessful were silently and energetically dragging theirs out. Sparks and grit flew far away; they were extinguished as well as possible. At the fire itself there was a crowd of spectators who had come running from every end of town. Some helped to put it out, others gazed like admirers. A big fire at night always produces a stirring and exhilarating impression; fireworks are based on that, but there the fire is disposed along graceful, regular lines and, with all its safety, produces a playful and light impression, as after a glass of champagne. A real fire is another matter: here horror and, after all, some sense of personal danger, as it were—combined with the well-known exhilarating impression of a fire at night—produce in the spectator (not, of course, in the burnt-out inhabitant) a sort of brain concussion and a challenge, as it were, to his own destructive instincts, which, alas! lie hidden in every soul, even that of the

most humble and familial titular councillor ^[184] ... This gloomy sensation is almost always intoxicating. "I really do not know whether it is possible to watch a fire without a certain pleasure." This was said to me, word for word, by Stepan Trofimovich, on returning from a night fire he had chanced to witness, and still under the first impression of the spectacle. Of course, that same admirer of night fires will also rush into the fire to save a burning child or an old woman; but that is an altogether different matter.

Plodding after the curious crowd, I made my way, without any inquiries, to the most important and dangerous spot, where I finally caught sight of Lembke, whom I was looking for on instructions from Yulia Mikhailovna herself. His position was astonishing and extraordinary. He was standing on the debris of a fence; to the left of him, about thirty steps away, towered the black skeleton of a nearly burnt-down two-story wooden house, with holes instead of windows on both floors, its roof fallen in, and flames still snaking here and there over the charred beams. At the back of the courtyard, about twenty steps away from the burnt-down house, a cottage, also two-storied, was beginning to blaze, and the firemen were working on it as hard as they could. To the right, the firemen and the people were fighting for a rather large wooden building which was not yet burning, but had already caught fire several times, and was inevitably fated to burn down. Lembke was shouting and gesticulating, his face turned towards the cottage, and issuing orders which no one obeyed. I almost thought he had simply been left there and completely abandoned. At least no one in the dense and extremely diverse crowd that surrounded him, in which, along with all kinds of people, there were also some gentlemen and even the cathedral priest, though they all listened to him with curiosity and astonishment, either spoke to him or tried to lead him away. Lembke, pale, his eyes flashing, was uttering the most astonishing things; to top it off, he was without his hat, and had lost it long ago.

"It's all arson! It's nihilism! If anything's ablaze, it's nihilism!" I heard all but with horror, and though there was no longer anything to be astonished at, still manifest reality always has something shocking about it.

"Your Excellency," a policeman turned up beside him, "if you'd be so good as to try domestic repose, sir... the way it is, it's even dangerous for Your Excellency to be standing here."

This policeman, as I learned later, was purposely left with Andrei Antonovich by the police chief, to watch over him and try as hard as he could to take him home, and in case of danger even to act with force—a charge obviously beyond the powers of its executor.

"The tears of the burnt-out people will be wiped away, but the town will be burned. It's all four blackguards, four and a half. Arrest the blackguard! He's in it alone, and has slandered the four and a half. He worms himself into the honor of families. Governesses have been used to set houses on fire. This is mean, mean! Aie, what is he doing?" he cried, suddenly noticing a fireman on the roof of the blazing cottage, the roof already burned through under him and fire flaring up all around. "Pull him down, pull him down, he'll fall through, he'll catch fire, put him out... What is he doing up there?"

"Putting it out, Your Excellency."

"Unbelievable. The fire is in people's minds, not on the rooftops. Pull him down and drop it all! Better drop it, drop it! Leave it to itself somehow! Aie, who is that still crying? An old woman! An old woman is shouting, why did you forget the old woman?"

Indeed, a forgotten old woman was shouting on the bottom floor of the blazing cottage, the eighty-year-old relative of the merchant who owned the burning house. But she had not been forgotten; she had gone back into the burning house herself while it was possible, with the insane purpose of dragging her feather bed out of the still untouched corner room. Choking from the smoke and shouting from the heat, because that room, too, had caught fire, she was still trying with all her might to push her feather bed through a broken window with her decrepit hands. Lembke rushed to help her. Everyone saw him run up to the window, seize a corner of the feather bed and begin to pull it through the window with all his might. As bad luck would have it, at that very moment a broken board fell from the roof and struck the unfortunate man. It did not kill him, it merely grazed his neck with one end as it fell, but the career of Andrei Antonovich was over, at least among us; the blow knocked him off his feet, and he collapsed unconscious.

At last came a sullen, gloomy dawn. The fire dwindled; after the wind it suddenly became still, and then came a slow, drizzling rain, as if through a sieve. I was by then in another part of Zarechye, far from the spot where Lembke had fallen, and there in the crowd

I heard very strange talk. A strange fact had been discovered: at the edge of the quarter, on a vacant lot beyond the kitchen gardens, not less than fifty steps away from the other buildings, there stood a small, recently built wooden house, and this solitary house had burst into flames almost before any of the others, at the very beginning of the fire. Even if it had burned down, it could not have transmitted the fire to any town buildings because of the distance, and, vice versa, if the whole of Zarechye had burned down, this one house would have remained untouched, whatever wind was blowing. It appeared to have caught fire separately and independently, so there was something behind it. But the main thing was that it had not had time to burn down, and towards daybreak astonishing things were discovered inside it. The owner of this new house, a tradesman who lived in the nearby quarter, as soon as he saw his new house on fire, rushed to it and managed to save it, with the help of some neighbors, by scattering the burning logs that had been piled against the side wall. But there were tenants living in the house—a captain well known in town, his sister, and with them an elderly servingwoman, and these tenants, the captain, his sister, and the servingwoman, had all three been stabbed to death that night and apparently robbed. (It was here that the police chief had gone when he had left the fire while Lembke was trying to rescue the feather bed.) By morning the news had spread and a huge mass of all sorts of people, even some who had been burned out in Zarechye, poured down to the vacant lot, to the new house. It was so crowded that it was even difficult to get through. I was told at once that the captain had been found with his throat cut, on the bench, dressed, and that he had probably been dead drunk when he was killed, so that he had not even felt it, and that he had bled "like a bull"; that his sister Marya Timofeevna had been "stuck all over" with a knife, and was lying on the floor of the doorway, so that she had probably been awake and had struggled and fought with the murderer. The housekeeper, who probably also woke up, had her head completely smashed in. According to the owner's story, the captain had come to see him the day before, in the morning, had boasted and displayed a lot of money, as much as two hundred roubles. The captain's old, worn green wallet was found empty on the floor; but Marya Timofeevna's trunk had not been touched, and the silver casing of her icon had not been touched either; of the captain's clothes, everything turned out to be intact as well; one could see that the thief had been in a hurry, and that he was a man who was familiar with the captain's affairs, had come to take money only, and knew where to find it. If the owner had not come running right away, the logs would have flared up and quite certainly burned the house down, "and it would have been difficult to learn the truth from charred corpses."

So ran the account of the affair. Further information was added: that the place had been rented for the captain and his sister personally by Mr. Stavrogin, Nikolai Vsevolodovich, General Stavrogin's widow's boy, that he had come personally to rent it, and had been very insistent, because the owner did not want to let it and was intending to make the house a tavern, but Nikolai Vsevolodovich had spared no expense and handed him money for a year in advance.

"There's something behind this fire," voices came from the crowd.

But the majority were silent. Their faces were gloomy, but I did not notice any great, obvious irritation. All around, however, stories went on about Nikolai Vsevolodovich, that the murdered woman was his wife, that yesterday, "in a dishonest manner," he had lured to himself a young lady from the foremost house in town, the daughter of General Drozdov's widow, that a complaint would be lodged against him in Petersburg, and that if his wife had been killed, it must have been so that he could marry the Drozdov girl. Skvoreshniki was no more than a mile and a half away, and I remember thinking: shouldn't I send word to them there? However, I did not notice anyone especially inciting the crowd, and I do not want to speak evil, though I did see flash by me two or three "buffet" mugs, who turned up at the fire by morning and whom I recognized at once. I particularly remember one tall, lean fellow, a tradesman, haggard, curly-haired, as if smeared with soot—a locksmith, as I learned later. He was not drunk, but, in contrast to the gloomily standing crowd, seemed beside himself. He kept addressing the people, though I do not remember his words. Whatever was coherent was no longer than: "What's this, brothers? Can it really be like this?"—all the while waving his arms.

18: A Finished Romance

I

From the big reception room at Skvoreshniki (the same one in which the last meeting between Varvara Petrovna and Stepan Trofimovich had taken place), the fire was in full view. At dawn, towards six o'clock, Liza was standing at the last window on the right, looking intently at the dying glow. She was alone in the room. The dress she was wearing was the festive one from the day before, in which she had appeared at the reading—light green, magnificent, all lace, but rumpled now, hastily and carelessly put on. Suddenly noticing that the front of the dress was not tightly fastened, she blushed, hastily put it right, snatched from the armchair a red shawl left there the day before when she came in, and threw it around her neck. Her fluffy hair fell in disorderly curls onto her right shoulder from under the shawl. Her face was tired, preoccupied, but her eyes were burning from under her frowning brows. She went up to the window again and leaned her hot forehead against the cold glass. The door opened and Nikolai Vsevolodovich came in.

"I've sent a messenger on horseback," he said, "in ten minutes we'll learn everything, but meanwhile the servants are saying that part of Zarechye has burned down, nearer the embankment, to the right from the bridge. It started burning before twelve; it's going out now."

He did not go to the window, but stopped three steps behind her, yet she did not turn to him.

"By the calendar it ought to have been light an hour ago, and it's still like night," she said with vexation.

"Every calendar doth lie," ^[185] he remarked with an obliging grin, but, ashamed, hastened to add: "It's boring to live by the calendar, Liza."

And he fell silent finally, vexed at the new platitude he had uttered; Liza smiled crookedly.

"You're in such a sad mood that you can't even find words with me. But don't worry, you put it appropriately: I always live by the calendar, my every step is reckoned by the calendar. Are you surprised?"

She quickly turned away from the window and sat down in an armchair.

"You sit down, too, please. We won't be together long, and I want to say whatever I like... Why shouldn't you, too, say whatever you like?"

Nikolai Vsevolodovich sat down beside her and gently, almost timorously, took her hand.

"What does this language mean, Liza? Where does it come from so suddenly? What is the meaning of 'we won't be together long'? This is the second mysterious phrase since you woke up half an hour ago."

"You've started counting my mysterious phrases?" she laughed. "And do you remember how yesterday, as I came in, I introduced myself as a dead person? You found it necessary to forget that. To forget or not to notice."

"I don't remember, Liza. Why a dead person? One must live..."

"And you stop short. You've quite lost your eloquence. I've lived my hour in the world, and enough. Do you remember Khristofor Ivanovich?"

"No, I don't," he frowned.

"Khristofor Ivanovich, in Lausanne? You got terribly sick of him. He'd open the door and always say, 'I've just come for a minute,' and he'd sit for the whole day. I don't want to be like Khristofor Ivanovich and sit for the whole day."

A pained impression came to his face.

"Liza, this broken language grieves me. This grimacing must cost you dearly. What is it for? Why?"

His eyes lit up.

"Liza," he exclaimed, "I swear I love you more now than yesterday when you came to me!"

"What a strange confession! Why this yesterday and today, these two measures?"

"You won't abandon me," he went on, almost with despair, "we'll leave together, this very day, right? Right?"

"Aie, don't squeeze my hand so painfully! Where are we going to go together this very day? To 'resurrect' somewhere again? No, enough trying... and it's too slow for me; and I'm not able; it's too high for me. If we're to go, it should be to Moscow, to pay calls there and receive people—that's my ideal, you know; even in Switzerland I didn't conceal from you how I am. Since it's not possible for us to go to Moscow and pay calls, because you're married, there's no point in talking about it."

"Liza! What was it yesterday, then?"

"It was what it was."

"That's impossible! That's cruel!"

"So what if it's cruel; just endure it, if it's cruel."

"You're taking revenge on me for yesterday's fantasy..." he muttered, grinning spitefully. Liza flushed.

"What a base thought!"

"Then why did you give me ... 'so much happiness'? Do I have the right to know?"

"No, try doing without rights somehow; don't crown the baseness of your suggestion with foolishness. You're not doing well today. Incidentally, are you not perchance afraid of the world's opinion, and that you'll be condemned for this 'so much happiness'? Oh, if you are, for God's sake don't worry. You didn't cause anything, and you're not answerable to anyone. When I was opening your door

yesterday, you didn't even know who was coming in. Here it was precisely my fantasy alone, as you just put it, and nothing more. You can look everyone boldly and triumphantly in the eye."

"Your words, this laughter, for an hour already they've been sending a chill of horror over me. This 'happiness' you're now talking about so frenziedly has cost me... everything. How can I lose you now? I swear I loved you less yesterday. Why then do you take everything from me today? Do you know how much it cost me, this new hope? I paid for it with life."

"Your own or someone else's?"

He got up quickly.

"What does that mean?" he said, looking at her motionlessly.

"Paid with your own life or with mine, that is what I wanted to ask. Or have you now lost all understanding entirely?" Liza flushed. "Why did you jump up so suddenly? Why are you looking at me that way? You scare me. Why are you afraid all the time? I noticed a while ago that you're afraid, precisely now, precisely at this moment... Lord, you're turning so pale!"

"If you know anything, Liza, I swear that I do not. . . and I wasn't talking about *that* just now when I spoke of paying with life..."

"I don't understand you at all," she said, faltering timorously.

At last a slow, pensive grin appeared on his lips. He slowly sat down, put his elbows on his knees, and covered his face with his hands.

"A bad dream and delirium ... We were talking about two different things."

"I don't know at all what you were talking about... Did you really not know yesterday that I would leave you today, did you or did you not? Don't lie, did you know or did you not?"

"I did..." he uttered softly.

"So what do you want: you knew it, and you reserved 'the moment' for yourself. How can there be any score?"

"Tell me the whole truth," he cried out with deep suffering, "when you opened my door yesterday, did you know yourself that you were opening it for one hour only?"

She looked at him with hatred:

"Truly, the most serious man can ask the most amazing questions. And why do you worry so? Can it be out of pride that a woman left you first, and not you her? You know, Nikolai Vsevolodovich, since I've been here I've become convinced, among other things, that you are being terribly magnanimous towards me, and that is precisely what I cannot endure in you."

He got up from his place and walked several steps about the room.

"Very well, suppose it has to end this way... But how could it all have happened?"

"Who cares! And the main thing is that you yourself can tell it off on your own fingers and understand it better than anyone in the world and were counting on it. I am a young lady, my heart was brought up in the opera, it started there, that's the whole answer."

"No."

"There's nothing here that can gall your pride, and it's all perfectly true. It began with a beautiful moment which I could not endure. Two days ago when I 'offended' you before all the world, and you gave me such a chivalrous reply, I came home and guessed at once that you were running away from me because you were married, and not at all out of contempt for me—which is what I, being a young lady of fashion, was most afraid of. I understood that it was me, a reckless girl, that you were protecting by running away. You see how I value your magnanimity. Then Pyotr Stepanovich jumped up to me and explained it all at once. He revealed to me that you were being shaken by a great idea, before which he and I were utterly nothing, but that I still stood in your way. He included himself in it; he absolutely wanted it to be the three of us together, and said the most fantastic things about a bark and maple oars from some Russian song. I praised him, said he was a poet, and he took it for pure gold. And since I'd known for a long time, even without that, that I'd never last more than a moment, I just up and decided. So that's all, and enough, and, please, no more explanations. Otherwise we might quarrel. Don't be afraid of anyone, I take it all upon myself. I'm bad, I'm capricious, I got tempted by an operatic bark, I'm a young lady ... But, you know, I still thought you loved me terribly. Don't despise a foolish girl or laugh at this little tear that just fell. I like terribly much to cry and 'pity myself.' Well, enough, enough. I'm not capable of anything, you're not capable of anything; two flicks, one on each side, and let that be a comfort to us. At least our pride doesn't suffer."

"Dream and delirium!" Nikolai Vsevolodovich cried out, wringing his hands and pacing the room. "Liza, poor Liza, what have you done to yourself?"

"Burned myself in a candle, that's all. Are you crying, too? Be more decent, more unfeeling..."

"Why, why did you come to me?"

"But don't you understand, finally, what a comical position you put yourself in before worldly opinion by asking such questions?"

"Why did you ruin yourself in such an ugly and stupid way, and what is to be done now?"

"And this is Stavrogin, the 'bloodsucker Stavrogin,' as one lady here who is in love with you calls you! Listen, I already told you: I've traded my life for a single hour, and I'm at peace. Trade yours the same way... though you've got no reason to; you'll still have so many different 'hours' and 'moments.'"

"As many as you have; I give you my great word, not an hour more than you have!"

He kept pacing and did not see her quick, piercing look which suddenly seemed to light up with hope. But the ray of light went out at the same moment.

"If you knew the price of my present *impossible* sincerity, Liza, if only I could reveal it to you..."

"Reveal? You want to reveal something to me? God save me from your revelations!" she interrupted, almost fearfully.

He stopped and waited uneasily.

"I must confess to you, ever since Switzerland the thought has settled in me that there is something horrible, dirty, and bloody on your soul, and ... at the same time something that makes you look terribly ridiculous. Beware of revealing it to me, if it's true: I'll ridicule you. I'll laugh at you all your life... Aie, you're turning pale again? I won't, I won't, I'll leave at once," she jumped up from the chair with a squeamish and scornful gesture.

"Torment me, punish me, vent your spite on me," he cried out in despair. "You have every right! I knew I didn't love you, and I

ruined you. Yes, 'I reserved the moment for myself; I had a hope ... for a long time ... a last hope ... I couldn't resist the light that shone in my heart when you came to me yesterday, yourself, alone, first. I suddenly believed... maybe I believe even now.'

"For such noble sincerity I shall repay you in kind. I do not want to be your tenderhearted nurse. Suppose I do indeed become a sick-nurse, unless I incidentally manage to die this very day; still, if I do, it won't be to you, though of course you're worth anyone legless or armless. It has always seemed to me that you would bring me to some place where there lives a huge, evil spider, as big as a man, and we would spend our whole life there looking at him and being afraid.

That's how our mutual love would pass. Address yourself to Dashenka; she'll go with you wherever you like."

"And even now you can't help recalling her?"

"Poor puppy! Give her my regards. Does she know you intend her for your old age in Switzerland? What consideration! What foresight! Aie, who's there?"

At the far end of the room the door opened a tiny bit; someone's head stuck itself in and quickly hid.

"Is that you, Alexei Yegorych?" Stavrogin asked.

"No, it's only me," Pyotr Stepanovich again stuck in the upper half of himself. "Hello, Lizaveta Nikolaevna; or, anyhow, good morning. I just knew I'd find you both in this room. Absolutely for just one moment, Nikolai Vsevolodovich—I hurried here at all costs for a couple of words... most necessary words ... a couple, no more!"

Stavrogin started to go, but after three steps he returned to Liza.

"If you hear anything now, Liza, know this: I am guilty."

She gave a start and looked at him timorously; but he hurriedly went out.

II

The room Pyotr Stepanovich had peeked out from was a big oval anteroom. Before he came, Alexei Yegorych had been sitting there, but he sent him away. Nikolai Vsevolodovich closed the door to the reception room behind himself and stopped in expectation. Pyotr Stepanovich looked him over quickly and inquisitively.

"Well?"

"I mean, if you already know," Pyotr Stepanovich hurried on, wishing, it seemed, to jump into the man's soul with his eyes, "then, of course, none of us is guilty of anything, and you first of all, because it's such a conjunction ... a coincidence of events ... in short, legally it cannot involve you, and I flew here to forewarn you."

"They're burned? Killed?"

"Killed but not burned, and that's the bad thing, but I give you my word of honor that I'm not guilty there either, however much you suspect me—because maybe you do suspect me, eh? Want the whole truth? You see, the thought did indeed occur to me—you prompted me to it yourself, not seriously, teasing me (because you wouldn't really prompt me seriously), but I didn't dare, and I wouldn't have dared for anything, not even for a hundred roubles—and there isn't any profit in it, I mean for me, for me..." (He hurried terribly and spoke like a rattle.) "But look what a coincidence of circumstances: I gave that drunken fool Lebyadkin two hundred and thirty roubles of my own (of my own, you hear, of my own, not a rouble of it was yours, and, moreover, you know that yourself), two days ago, already that evening—you hear, two days ago, not yesterday after the 'reading,' note that: it's a rather important coincidence, because I didn't know anything for certain then about Lizaveta Nikolaevna's going to you or not; and I gave my own money solely because two days ago you distinguished yourself by deciding to announce your secret to everyone. Well, I'm not getting into... it's your business... this chivalry... but, I confess, it surprised me, like a clout on the head. But since I am exceeding weary of all these tragedies—and note that I'm speaking seriously, though I'm using antiquated expressions—since it's all finally harmful to my plans, I swore to myself I'd pack the Lebyadkins off to Petersburg at all costs and without your knowledge, the more so since he was anxious to go there himself. One mistake: I gave him the money on your behalf; was it a mistake, or not? Maybe not, eh? Now listen, listen to how it all turned out..." In the fever of talking he moved up very close to Stavrogin and went to grab him by the lapel of his jacket (maybe on purpose, by God). Stavrogin, with a strong movement, hit him on the arm.

"What's this now ... come on ... you'll break my arm ... the main thing here is how it turned out," he rattled on, not even the least surprised at being hit. "I hand him the money in the evening, so that he and his dear sister can set out the next day at dawn; I charge the scoundrel Liputin with that little business, putting them on the train and seeing them off himself. But the blackguard Liputin felt the need to pull a prank on the public—maybe you heard? At the 'reading'? So listen, listen: the two of them drink, compose verses, half belonging to Liputin; he dresses him up in a tailcoat, assures me he sent him off in the morning, all the while keeping him somewhere in a back closet, in order to push him out onto the platform. But he quickly and unexpectedly gets drunk. Then the notorious scandal, then he's brought home more dead than alive, and Liputin takes the two hundred roubles from him on the sly, leaving him some change. But, unfortunately, it turns out that he had already taken the two hundred out of his pocket in the morning, boasting and showing it where he shouldn't have. And since Fedka was just waiting for that, and had heard something at Kirillov's (remember your hint?), he decided to make use of it. That's the whole truth. I'm glad at least that Fedka didn't find the money—and he was counting on getting a thousand, the scoundrel! He was in a hurry and, it seems, was frightened by the fire himself... Would you believe it, that fire was a real whack on the head for me. No, it's the devil knows what! It's such high-handedness... Look, I won't conceal anything, since I expect so much from you: so, yes, I've had this little idea of a fire ripening in me for a long time, since it's so national and popular; but I was keeping it for a critical hour, for that precious moment when we all rise up and... And they suddenly decided it high-handedly and without any orders, now, precisely when they should have laid low and held their breath! No, it's such highhandedness! ... in short, I still don't know anything, they're talking here about two Shpigulin men... but if *ours* were in it as well, if any one of them warned his hands at it—woe to him! You see what it means to slacken even a little! No, this democratic scum with its fivesomes is a poor support;

what we need is one splendid, monumental, despotic will, supported by something external and not accidental... Then the fivesomes will also put their tails of obedience between their legs, and their obsequiousness will occasionally come in handy. Anyhow, though it's being shouted in all trumpets that Stavrogin needed to burn his wife, and that's why the town got burned down, still ..."

"They're already shouting in all trumpets?"

"I mean, not at all so far, and, I confess, I've heard nothing whatsoever, but what can you do with people, especially when they've

been burned out: *Vox populi vox dei*. ^[186] How long does it take to blow the stupidest rumor to the four winds?... But as a matter of fact you have nothing whatsoever to fear. Legally, you're completely in the right, and morally, too—because you didn't want it, eh? Did you? There's no evidence, just a coincidence ... Unless Fedka happens to recall your imprudent words that time at Kirillov's (and why did you say that then?), but that proves nothing at all, and we will cancel Fedka. I'm canceling him today..."

"And the bodies didn't burn at all?"

"Not a bit; that rascal couldn't arrange anything properly. But I'm glad at least that you're so calm... because though you're not guilty in any way, not even in thought, still, all the same. And, besides, you must agree that all this gives an excellent turn to your affairs: suddenly you're a free widower and at this very moment can marry a wonderful girl with enormous money, who, on top of that, is already in your hands. That's what a simple, crude coincidence of circumstances can do—eh?"

"Are you threatening me, foolish head?"

"Eh, enough, enough, right away I'm a foolish head! And what's this tone? Instead of being glad, you ... I came flying especially to forewarn you sooner ... And how am I going to threaten you? As if I need you under threat! I need your good will, and not out of fear. You are the light, the sun... It's I who am afraid of you with all my might, not you of me! I'm not Mavriky Nikolaevich... And, imagine, I'm flying here in a racing droshky, and there's Mavriky Nikolaevich by the garden fence, at the back corner of the garden ... in his greatcoat, soaked through, must have been sitting there all night! Wonders! How people can lose their minds!"

"Mavriky Nikolaevich? Is it true?"

"True, true. Sitting by the garden fence. From here—about three hundred steps from here, I suppose. I hurried to get past him, but he saw me. You didn't know? In that case I'm very glad I didn't forget to tell you. His kind is most dangerous if he happens to have a revolver, and, finally, the night, the slush, the natural irritation—because look what situation he's in now, ha, ha! Why do you think he's sitting there?"

"Waiting for Lizaveta Nikolaevna, of course."

"Ah-ha! But why should she go out to him? And ... in such rain... what a fool!"

"She will go out to him presently."

"Ehh! That's news! So then ... But listen, her affairs are completely changed now: what need does she have for Mavriky now? When you're a free widower and can marry her tomorrow? She doesn't know yet—leave it to me, I'll take care of it right away. Where is she, I must make her happy with the news."

"Happy?"

"What else! Let's go."

"And you think she won't guess about those corpses?" Stavrogin narrowed his eyes somehow peculiarly.

"Of course she won't," Pyotr Stepanovich picked up like a decided little fool, "because legally... Eh, you! But even if she does guess! With women it all gets so excellently shaded in—you still don't know women! Besides, it's entirely to her profit to marry you now, because she's made a scandal of herself, after all, and, besides, I told her a pile of stuff about the 'bark': I precisely thought one could affect her with the 'bark,' so that's the caliber of the girl. Don't worry, she'll step over those little corpses all right, and la-di-da!—the more so as you're perfectly, perfectly innocent, isn't that so? She'll just stash those little corpses away so as to needle you later on, say in the second year of your marriage. Every woman on her way to the altar keeps something like that stored up from her husband's old days, but then ... what will it be like in a year? Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you came in a racing droshky, take her now to Mavriky Nikolaevich. She said just now that she couldn't stand me and was going to leave me, and she certainly won't accept my carriage."

"Ah-ha! She's really leaving? What might have brought that about?" Pyotr Stepanovich gave a silly look.

"She guessed somehow during the night that I don't love her at all... which, of course, she's always known."

"But don't you love her?" Pyotr Stepanovich picked up, with a look of boundless amazement. "But in that case why did you keep her here when she came yesterday, and not inform her directly, like a noble man, that you didn't love her? That is terribly mean on your part; and what a mean position you put me in before her!"

Stavrogin suddenly laughed.

"I'm laughing at my ape," he clarified at once.

"Ah! You guessed I was clowning," Pyotr Stepanovich also burst into terribly gay laughter. "It was to make you laugh! Imagine, as soon as you came out to me, I guessed at once from your face that you'd had a 'misfortune.' Maybe even a complete fiasco, eh? Now, I'll bet," he cried, almost choking with delight, "that you spent the whole night side by side on chairs in the drawing room, and argued about some most lofty nobility the whole precious time ... Excuse me, excuse me; what do I care: I already knew for sure yesterday that it would end with foolishness between you. I brought her to you solely to amuse you, and to prove that with me you won't be bored; I'll be useful in that line three hundred times; I generally like being pleasant with people. And if you don't need her now, which is what I was figuring on, what I came for, then..."

"So you brought her here only for my amusement?"

"What else?" "And not to make me kill my wife?"

"Ah-ha, but did you kill her, really? What a tragic man!"

"It makes no difference. You killed her."

"Did I, really? I'm telling you, I didn't have a drop to do with it. However, you're beginning to worry me..."

"Go on. You said: 'If you don't need her now, then...'"

"Permit me, of course! I'll get her excellently married to Mavriky Nikolaevich, whom, incidentally, I did not plant there in your garden, don't take that into your head as well. In fact, I'm afraid of him now. In the racing droshky, you say; but I really just snicked by him... what if he does indeed have a revolver?... It's a good thing I brought mine along. Here it is" (he took a revolver from his pocket, showed it, and immediately put it back again). "I brought it along on account of the far distance ... Anyhow, I'll fix it up for you in a second: her little heart is precisely aching for Mavriky now ... at least it should be... and you know—by God, I'm even slightly sorry for her now! I'll put her together with Mavriky, and she'll immediately start remembering you—praising you to him and abusing him to his face—a woman's heart! Well, so you're laughing again? I'm terribly glad you've cheered up so much. Well, then, let's go. I'll start straight off with Mavriky, and those... the murdered ones... you know, why don't we just not mention them for now? She'll find out later anyway."

"Find out what? Who has been murdered? What did you say about Mavriky Nikolaevich?" Liza suddenly opened the door.

"Ah! you've been eavesdropping?"

"What did you just say about Mavriky Nikolaevich? Has he been murdered?"

"Ah! so you didn't quite hear! Calm yourself, Mavriky Nikolaevich is alive and well, which you can instantly ascertain for yourself, because he's here on the roadside, by the garden fence... and spent the whole night there, it seems; he's soaked through, in his greatcoat ... I drove by, he saw me."

"That isn't true. You said 'murdered'... Who has been murdered?" she insisted, with painful mistrust.

"Only my wife, her brother Lebyadkin, and their housekeeper have been murdered," Stavrogin declared firmly.

Liza gave a start and turned terribly pale.

"A brutal case, a strange case, Lizaveta Nikolaevna, a most stupid case of robbery," Pyotr Stepanovich began rattling at once, "just robbery, taking advantage of the fire; it's the doing of the brigand Fedka the Convict, and that fool Lebyadkin, who was showing everyone his money ... I came flying to tell you... like a smack on the head. Stavrogin could barely keep his feet when I told him. We were discussing whether to tell you now or not."

"Nikolai Vsevolodovich, is he telling the truth?" Liza barely uttered.

"No, it's not the truth."

"How, not the truth!" Pyotr Stepanovich jumped. "What's this now!"

"Lord, I'm losing my mind!" Liza cried out.

"But understand, at least, that right now he is the mad one!" Pyotr Stepanovich shouted with all his might. "After all, his wife has been murdered. See how pale he is ... Wasn't he with you all night, without leaving you for a moment, how can you suspect him?"

"Nikolai Vsevolodovich, tell me, as before God, are you guilty or not, and I swear I'll believe your word as if it were God's own, and follow you to the ends of the earth, oh, I will! I'll go like a little dog..."

"Why are you tormenting her, you fantastic head?" Pyotr Stepanovich flew into a frenzy. "Lizaveta Nikolaevna, grind me in a mortar, by gosh, but he's innocent, on the contrary, he's crushed and raving, you can see that. He's not guilty of anything, not of anything, not even of the thought! ... It's all the doing of brigands alone, who will certainly be found within a week and punished with flogging... Fedka the Convict and the Shpigulin men are the ones, the whole town's rattling about it, which is why I am, too."

"Is that right? Is that right?" Liza waited, all trembling, for her final sentence.

"I didn't kill them and was against it, but I knew they would be killed, and I didn't stop the killers. Leave me, Liza," Stavrogin uttered, and he turned and went into the drawing room.

Liza covered her face with her hands, turned, and went out. Pyotr Stepanovich first dashed after her, but immediately came back to the drawing room.

"So that's how you are? So that's how you are? So you're not afraid of anything?" he fell upon Stavrogin in a perfect fury, muttering incoherently, almost at a loss for words, foaming at the mouth.

Stavrogin stood in the middle of the room without answering a word. He lightly grasped a tuft of his hair with his left hand and smiled forlornly. Pyotr Stepanovich pulled him hard by the sleeve.

"Are you all there, or what? So this is what you're doing now? You'll denounce everybody and take yourself to a monastery, or to the devil... But I'll bump you off all the same, even if you're not afraid of me!"

"Ah, it's you rattling!" Stavrogin finally made him out. "Run," he suddenly came to his senses, "run after her, order the carriage, don't abandon her ... Run, run! Take her home, so that no one knows, and so that she doesn't go there ... at the bodies ... at the bodies... force her to get into the carriage. Alexei Yegorych! Alexei Yegorych!"

"Stop, don't shout! She's in Mavriky's arms by now... Mavriky is not going to get into your carriage... Stop! This is more precious than the carriage!"

He snatched out the revolver again; Stavrogin gave him a serious look.

"Go ahead, kill me," he said softly, almost peaceably.

"Pah, the devil, what lies a man heaps on himself!" Pyotr Stepanovich was simply shaking. "By God, you ought to be killed! Truly, she should have spat on you! What sort of 'bark' are you; you're an old, leaky timber barge, fit to be broken up! ... Can't you come to your senses now, at least out of spite, at least out of spite! Ehh! Does it make any difference to you, since you're asking for a bullet in the head?"

Stavrogin grinned strangely.

"If you weren't such a clown, perhaps I'd say yes now ... If you were just a drop smarter..."

"I am a clown, but I don't want you, my main half, to be a clown! Do you understand me?"

Stavrogin did understand, and he alone, perhaps. For Shatov was amazed when Stavrogin told him there was enthusiasm in Pyotr Stepanovich.

"Leave me now, go to the devil, and by tomorrow I'll wring something out of myself. Come tomorrow."

"Yes? Yes?"

"How do I know! ... To the devil, to the devil!"

And he left the room.

"Maybe it's all still for the better," Pyotr Stepanovich muttered to himself, putting the revolver away.

III

He rushed to catch up with Lizaveta Nikolaevna. She had not gone very far yet, only a few steps from the house. She had been detained for a while by Alexei Yegorovich, who was still following her, a step behind, in a tailcoat, reverently inclined and hatless. He begged her persistently to wait for the carriage; the old man was frightened and almost weeping.

"Go, the master's asking for tea, there's no one to serve him," Pyotr Stepanovich pushed him away and at once took Lizaveta Nikolaevna's arm.

She did not pull her arm free, but seemed not to have quite recovered her reason, not to have come to her senses yet.

"First of all, you're not going the right way," Pyotr Stepanovich began to prattle, "we must go that way, not past the garden; and, second, in any case it's not possible on foot, it's a good two miles, and you're not dressed for it. If you'd wait a bit. I came in a droshky, the horse is here in the yard, I'll bring it in a moment, put you in, and deliver you so that no one will see."

"You're so kind..." Liza said tenderly.

"For pity's sake, on such an occasion any humane person in my place would also..."

Liza looked at him and was surprised.

"Ah, my God, and I thought that old man was still here!"

"Listen, I'm terribly glad you're taking it this way, because it's all a terrible prejudice, and since that's the way it is, why don't I order this old man to take care of the carriage, it's just ten minutes, and we'll go back and wait under the porch, eh?"

"I first want... where are those murdered people?"

"Ah, what a fancy! Just what I was afraid of... No, we'd better leave that trash alone; and there's nothing there to look at."

"I know where they are, I know that house."

"So what if you do know! The rain, the fog, for pity's sake (what a sacred duty I've heaped on myself, though!)... Listen, Lizaveta Nikolaevna, it's one of two things: either you come with me in the droshky, in which case stop and don't go a step farther, because another twenty steps and Mavriky Nikolaevich will certainly notice us."

"Mavriky Nikolaevich! Where? Where?"

"Well, and if you want to go with him, then perhaps I'll take you a little farther and show you where he's sitting, and then—I'm your humble servant. I don't want to get near him right now."

"He's waiting for me, oh, God!" she suddenly stopped, and color spread over her face.

"But, for pity's sake, if he's a man without prejudices! You know, Lizaveta Nikolaevna, it's all none of my business; I'm completely outside of it, and you know that yourself; but still, I do wish you well ... If our 'bark' has failed, if it has turned out to be just an old, rotten barge, only fit to be broken up..."

"Ah, wonderful!" Liza cried out.

"Wonderful, and with tears pouring down. One needs courage here. One mustn't yield to a man in anything. In our day and age, when a woman... pah, the devil!" (Pyotr Stepanovich nearly spat). "And, mainly, there's nothing to be sorry for: maybe it will all turn out excellently. Mavriky Nikolaevich is a ... in a word, he's a sensitive man, though not very talkative, which, however, is also good, on condition, of course, if he's without prejudices..."

"Wonderful, wonderful!" Liza burst into hysterical laughter.

"Ah, well, the devil... Lizaveta Nikolaevna," Pyotr Stepanovich was suddenly piqued, "as a matter of fact, it's for you that I... what is it to me ... I did you a service yesterday when you yourself wanted it, but today... Well, from here you can see Mavriky

Nikolaevich, there he sits, he doesn't see us. I wonder, Lizaveta Nikolaevna, have you ever read *Polinka Sachs*?" ^[187]

"What is it?"

"There's this novella, *Polinka Sachs*. I read it when I was still a student... In it some official, Sachs, with a big fortune, arrests his wife at their summer house for infidelity... Ah, well, the devil, spit on it! You'll see, Mavriky Nikolaevich will propose to you even before you get home. He still hasn't seen us."

"Ah, he mustn't see us!" Liza cried out suddenly, as if insane. "Let's go away, go away! To the forest, to the fields!"

And she started running back.

"Lizaveta Nikolaevna, this is real faintheartedness!" Pyotr Stepanovich ran after her. "Why don't you want him to see you? On the contrary, look him proudly and directly in the eye ... If it's something about *that*... maidenly... it's such a prejudice, such backwardness... But where are you going, where? Ehh, she's running! Let's better go back to Stavrogin, get my droshky... But where are you going? That's a field... hah, she fell! ..."

He stopped. Liza was flying like a bird, not knowing where, and Pyotr Stepanovich already lagged fifty steps behind her. She stumbled over a mound and fell. At the same moment, from in back, to one side, came a terrible cry, the cry of Mavriky Nikolaevich, who had seen her run and fall, and was running to her across the field. Pyotr Stepanovich instantly retreated through the gates of Stavrogin's house, to get quickly into his droshky.

And Mavriky Nikolaevich, terribly frightened, was already standing by Liza, who had gotten to her feet, was bending over her and holding her hand in his. The whole incredible situation of this encounter shook his reason, and tears streamed down his face. He had seen her, before whom he stood in awe, madly running across the field, at such an hour, in such weather, wearing only a dress, yesterday's magnificent dress, crumpled now, dirty from her fall... Unable to say a word, he took off his greatcoat and, with trembling

hands, began to cover her shoulders. Suddenly he gave a cry, feeling her touch his hand with her lips.

"Liza!" he cried, "I'm no good for anything, but don't drive me away from you!"

"Oh, yes, let's leave here quickly, don't abandon me!" and taking him by the hand, she drew him after her. "Mavriky Nikolaevich," she suddenly lowered her voice fearfully, "I kept pretending I was brave in there, but here I'm afraid of death. I'll die, I'll die very soon, but I'm afraid, afraid to die..." she whispered, squeezing his hand hard.

"Oh, if only someone," he kept looking around in despair, "if only someone would pass by! Your feet will get wet, you'll... lose your reason!"

"Never mind, never mind," she reassured him, "like that, I'm less afraid with you, hold my hand, lead me ... Where are we going now, home? No, I want to see the murdered ones first. I've heard they murdered his wife, and he says he murdered her himself; but it's not true, it's not true, is it? I myself want to see the ones who were murdered ... for me... because of them he stopped loving me last night. . . I'll see and I'll know everything. Hurry, hurry, I know that house... there's fire there... Mavriky Nikolaevich, my friend, don't forgive me, dishonorable as I am! Why forgive me? What are you crying for? Slap me in the face and kill me here in the field, like a dog!"

"No one can be your judge now," Mavriky Nikolaevich said firmly, "God forgive you, and least of all will I be your judge!"

But it would be strange to describe their conversation. And meanwhile the two were walking arm in arm, quickly, hurrying, as if half crazed. They were making straight for the fire. Mavriky Nikolaevich had still not lost hope of meeting some cart at least, but no one came along. A fine drizzle pervaded all the surroundings, absorbing every sheen and every shade, and turning everything into one smoky, leaden, indifferent mass. It had long been day, yet it seemed that dawn had still not come. Then suddenly, out of this cold, smoky haze, a figure materialized, strange and absurd, walking towards them. Picturing it now, I think I would not have believed my eyes, even if I had been in Lizaveta Nikolaevna's place; and yet she cried out joyfully and recognized the approaching man at once. It was Stepan Trofimovich. How he had left, in what way the insane, cerebral notion of his flight could have been carried out—of that later. I will only mention that he was already in a fever that morning, but even illness did not stop him: he strode firmly over the wet ground; one could see that he had thought the enterprise over as best he could, alone with all his bookish inexperience. He was dressed in "traveling fashion"—that is, in a greatcoat with sleeves and a wide patent-leather belt with a buckle, as well as high new boots with his trousers tucked into them. Probably he had long pictured a traveling man in this way, and several days earlier had provided himself with the belt and the high boots with their gleaming hussar tops, in which he did not know how to walk. A wide-brimmed hat, a worsted scarf wrapped tightly around his neck, a stick in his right hand, and in his left an extremely small but exceedingly tightly packed valise, completed the outfit. There was, besides, an open umbrella in that same right hand. These three objects—the umbrella, the stick, and the valise—had been very awkward to carry for the first half mile, and simply heavy for the second.

"Can it really be you?" Liza cried out, looking him over in sorrowful surprise, which replaced her first impulse of unconscious joy.

"Lise!" Stepan Trofimovich also cried out, rushing to her also almost in delirium. "*Chère, chère*, can it be that you, too ... in such fog? Do you see: a glow! *Vous êtes malheureuse, n'est-ce pas?*" ^[cliii] I see, I see, but don't tell, but don't question me either. *Nous sommes tous malheureux, mais il faut les pardonner tous. Pardonnons, Lise,* ^[cliv] and be free forever. To settle accounts with the world and be fully free—*il faut pardonner, pardonner, et pardonner!*"

"But why are you kneeling down?"

"Because, as I am bidding the world farewell, I want to bid farewell, in your image, to the whole of my past!" He began to weep and brought both her hands to his weeping eyes. "I kneel before all that was beautiful in my life, I kiss and give thanks! I've now broken myself in two: there—a madman who dreamed of soaring up into the sky, *vingt-deux ans!*" ^[clv] Here—a crushed and chilled old

tutor... *chez ce marchand, s'il existe pourtant ce marchand* ^[clvi] ... But how soaked you are, *Lise!*" he cried, jumping to his feet, feeling that his knees, too, had become soaked on the sodden ground, "and how is this possible, you, in this dress?... and on foot, and in this field... You're crying? *Vous êtes malheureuse?* Hah, I heard something... But where are you coming from now?" he quickened his

questions, with a timorous look, glancing in deep perplexity at Mavriky Nikolaevich, "*mais savez-vous l'heure qu'il est!*" ^[clvii]

"Stepan Trofimovich, did you hear anything there about murdered people ... Is it true? Is it?"

"Those people! I saw the glow of their deeds all night. They couldn't have ended otherwise..." (His eyes began to flash again.) "I'm running from a delirium, from a feverish dream, running to seek Russia, *existe-t-elle la Russie? Bah, c'est vous, cher capitaine!*" ^[clviii]

I never doubted but that I'd meet you somewhere at some lofty deed... But do take my umbrella and—why must you go on foot? For God's sake, at least take my umbrella, and I'll hire a carriage somewhere anyway. I'm on foot only because *Stasie* (that is, Nastasya) would have started shouting for the whole street to hear, if she'd found out I was leaving; so I slipped away as incognito as possible. I don't know, in the *Voice* they're writing about robberies everywhere, but it can't be, I thought, that the moment I get out on the road, there will be a robber? *Chère Lise*, it seems you said someone murdered someone? *O, mon Dieu*, you're not well!"

"Let's go, let's go!" Liza cried out as if in hysterics, again drawing Mavriky Nikolaevich after her. "Wait, Stepan Trofimovich," she suddenly went back to him, "wait, poor dear, let me make a cross over you. It might be better to tie you up, but I'd better make a cross over you. You, too, pray for 'poor' Liza—just so, a little, don't trouble yourself too much. Mavriky Nikolaevich, give this child back his umbrella, you must give it back. There... Let's go now! Let's go!"

Their arrival at the fatal house occurred precisely at the moment when the thick crowd thronging in front of the house had heard a good deal about Stavrogin and how it was profitable for him to kill his wife. But still, I repeat, the great majority went on listening silently and motionlessly. Only bawling drunkards and "breaking-loose" people like that arm-waving tradesman lost control of themselves. Everyone knew him as even a quiet man, but it was as if he would suddenly break loose and fly off somewhere if something suddenly struck him in a certain way. I did not see Liza and Mavriky Nikolaevich arrive. I first noticed Liza, to my

stupefied amazement, when she was already far away from me in the crowd, and in the beginning I did not even make out Mavriky Nikolaevich. It seems there was a moment when he lagged a couple of steps behind her because of the crowd, or else he was forced aside. Liza, who was tearing through the crowd without seeing or noticing anything around her, like someone in a fever, like someone escaped from a hospital, of course drew attention to herself all too quickly: there was loud talk and suddenly shouting. Then someone yelled: "That's Stavrogin's woman!" And from the other side: "They don't just kill, they also come and look!" Suddenly I saw someone's hand, above her head, from behind, raised and lowered; Liza fell. There came a terrible cry from Mavriky Nikolaevich, who tore to her aid and struck the man who was between him and Liza with all his strength. But at the same moment that tradesman seized him from behind with both arms. For some time it was impossible to make anything out in the ensuing scuffle. It seems Liza got up, but fell again from another blow. Suddenly the crowd parted and a small empty circle formed around the prostrate Liza, with the bloody, crazed Mavriky Nikolaevich standing over her, shouting, weeping, and wringing his hands. I do not remember with complete precision how things went after that; I only remember that Liza was suddenly being carried away. I ran after her; she was still alive, and perhaps still conscious. From among the crowd, the tradesman and another three men were seized. These three up to now have denied any participation in the evil-doing, stubbornly insisting that they were seized by mistake; perhaps they are right. The tradesman, though clearly exposed, being a witless man, has been unable up to now to explain coherently what happened. I, too, had to give my evidence at the investigation, as a witness, though a distant one: I declared that everything had happened to the highest degree by chance, through people who, though perhaps of a certain inclination, had very little awareness, were drunk, and had already lost the thread. I am still of that opinion.

19: The Last Decision

I

Many saw Pyotr Stepanovich that morning; those who did recall that he was extremely excited. At two o'clock in the afternoon he ran by to see Gaganov, who had arrived from the country just the day before, and where a whole house full of visitors had gathered who talked much and hotly about the events that had just transpired. Pyotr Stepanovich talked most of all and made himself heard. He was always regarded among us as a "garrulous student with a hole in his head," but now he was talking about Yulia Mikhailovna, and, considering the general turmoil, the topic was a gripping one. In his quality as her recent and most intimate confidant, he reported many quite new and unexpected details about her; inadvertently (and, of course, imprudently) he reported some of her personal opinions about people widely known in town, thereby instantly pricking some vanities. It all came out vague and muddled, as from a none-too-clever man who yet, as an honest person, was faced with the painful necessity of explaining all at once a whole heap of perplexities, and who, in his simplehearted awkwardness, did not know himself where to begin and where to end. He let slip, also rather imprudently, that Yulia Mikhailovna knew the whole of Stavrogin's secret and that she herself had conducted the whole intrigue. And she had also done him, Pyotr Stepanovich, a bad turn, because he himself had been in love with this unfortunate Liza, and yet he had been so "turned around" that he had *almost* taken her to Stavrogin in a carriage. "Yes, yes, gentlemen, it's all very well for you to laugh, but if only I'd known, if I'd known how it would end!" he concluded. To various anxious inquiries about Stavrogin, he declared directly that the catastrophe with Lebyadkin was, in his opinion, pure chance, and the one to blame for it all was Lebyadkin himself who displayed his money. He explained this particularly well. One of the listeners at some point observed to him that he had no business "playacting"; that he ate, drank, and all but slept in Yulia Mikhailovna's house, and was now the first to besmirch her, and that it was not at all as pretty a thing as he supposed. But Pyotr Stepanovich defended himself at once: "I ate and drank not because I had no money, and I'm not to blame if I was invited there. Allow me to judge for myself how grateful I ought to be for that."

Generally, the impression was in his favor: "Granted he's an absurd fellow and, of course, an empty one, but how is he to blame for Yulia Mikhailovna's follies? On the contrary, it appears he tried to stop her..."

At about two o'clock the news suddenly spread that Stavrogin, of whom there was so much talk, had unexpectedly left for Petersburg on the midday train. This was very interesting; many frowned. Pyotr Stepanovich was struck to such an extent that they say he even changed countenance and exclaimed strangely: "But who could have let him out?" He immediately left Gaganov's at a run. However, he was seen in two or three other houses.

Towards dusk he found an opportunity for penetrating to Yulia Mikhailovna, though with great difficulty, because she decidedly had no wish to receive him. I learned of this circumstance only three weeks later from the lady herself, before her departure for Petersburg. She did not go into detail, but observed with a shudder that he had "amazed her then beyond all measure." I suppose he simply frightened her with a threat of complicity in case she decided to "talk." This need to frighten was closely bound up with his designs at the time, certainly unknown to her, and only afterwards, about five days later, did she guess why he had so doubted her silence and so feared any new outbursts of indignation from her...

Before eight o'clock in the evening, when it was already quite dark, on the outskirts of town, in Fomin Lane, in a small lopsided house, in the apartment of Ensign Erkel, *our* people gathered in full complement, all five of them. The place of the general meeting had been appointed by Pyotr Stepanovich himself; but he was unpardonably late, and the members had already been waiting an hour for him. This Ensign Erkel was that same little visiting officer who had sat the whole time at Virginsky's party with a pencil in his hand and a notebook in front of him. He had arrived in town not long ago, rented a solitary place in a secluded lane from two sisters, old tradeswomen, and was due to leave soon; to gather at his place was most inconspicuous. This strange boy was distinguished by an extraordinary taciturnity; he could sit for ten evenings in a row, in noisy company and amid the most extraordinary conversations, without saying a word himself, but, on the contrary, with extreme attention, following the speakers with his child's eyes and listening. His face was very pretty and even as if intelligent. He did not belong to the fivesome; *our* people supposed he had special instructions of some sort and from somewhere, purely along executive lines. It is now known that he had no instructions, and that he hardly even understood his position. He simply bowed down before Pyotr Stepanovich, whom he had met not long before. Had he met some prematurely depraved monster who under some socio-romantic pretext egged him on to found a band of robbers and ordered him, as a test, to kill and rob the first peasant he came upon, he would certainly have gone and obeyed. He had a sick mother somewhere to whom he sent half of his scanty pay—and how she must have kissed that poor blond head, trembled for it, prayed for it! I enlarge upon him so much because I am very sorry for him.

Our people were excited. They had been struck by the events of the past night and, it seems, had gone cowardly. The simple but systematic scandal in which they had so zealously taken part so far, had had an outcome they did not expect. The night fire, the murder of the Lebyadkins, the crowd's violence over Liza—these were all surprises not envisioned in their program. They hotly accused the hand that moved them of despotism and disingenuousness. In short, while waiting for Pyotr Stepanovich, they incited each other so much that they again resolved finally to ask him for a categorical explanation, and if he evaded once more, as had already happened, even to break up the fivesome, but so as to found, in place of it, a new secret society for the

"propaganda of ideas," and that by themselves, on the principles of equal rights and democracy. Liputin, Shigalyov, and the

knower of the people especially supported this idea; Lyamshin kept mum, though with an air of agreement. Virginsky hesitated and wished to hear out Pyotr Stepanovich first. It was resolved that they would hear out Pyotr Stepanovich; but he still did not come; such negligence added even more venom. Erkel was totally silent and merely arranged for tea to be served, which he brought with his own hands from his landladies, in glasses on a tray, without bringing in the samovar or letting the servingwoman enter.

Pyotr Stepanovich arrived only at half past eight. With quick steps he went up to the round table in front of the sofa, around which the company had placed themselves; he kept his hat in his hand and refused tea. His look was angry, stern, and haughty. He must have noticed at once by their faces that they were "rebellious."

"Before I open my mouth, you lay out your stuff, you've got yourselves all braced for it," he observed with a spiteful smile, looking around at their physiognomies.

Liputin began "on behalf of all" and, in a voice trembling with offense, announced "that if it goes on like this, one could smash one's own head, sir." Oh, they're not at all afraid to smash their heads, and are even ready to, but only for the common cause. (A general stirring and concurring.) And therefore let there be frankness with them as well, so that they would always know beforehand, "otherwise what will it come to?" (Again a stirring, some guttural sounds.) To act in this way is humiliating and dangerous... It's not at all because we're afraid, but if there's one who acts and the rest are mere pawns, then the one may bungle it, and all will get caught. (Exclamations: yes, yes! General support.)

"Devil take it, what do you want then?"

"And what relation to the common cause," Liputin began to seethe, "do Mr. Stavrogin's little intrigues have? Suppose he does belong in some mysterious way to the center, if this fantastic center really exists, but we don't want to know about that, sir. And meanwhile a murder has taken place, the police are aroused; by the string they'll find the ball."

"If you and Stavrogin get caught, we'll get caught, too," the knower of the people added.

"And quite uselessly for the common cause," Virginsky concluded dejectedly.

"What nonsense! The murder was a matter of chance, done by Fedka for the sake of robbery."

"Hm. A strange coincidence, though, sir," Liputin squirmed.

"And, if you wish, it came about through you."

"How, through us?"

"First of all, you, Liputin, took part in this intrigue yourself, and, second, and mainly, you were ordered to send Lebyadkin away, and money was provided, and what did you do? If you had sent him away, nothing would have happened."

"But wasn't it you who came up with the idea that it would be nice to let him out to recite poetry?"

"An idea isn't an order. The order was to send him away."

"Order. Rather a strange word... On the contrary, you precisely ordered the sending away to be stopped."

"You're mistaken and have shown stupidity and self-will. The murder was Fedka's doing, and he acted alone, from robbery. You heard bells ringing and believed it. You turned coward. Stavrogin isn't so stupid, and the proof is—he left at twelve noon today, after a meeting with the vice-governor; if there was anything, he wouldn't have been let out to Petersburg in broad daylight."

"But we by no means assert that Mr. Stavrogin himself did the killing," Liputin picked up venomously and unabashedly. "He may even know nothing at all, sir, just as I didn't; and you yourself know only too well that I knew nothing, sir, though I fell right into it like mutton into the pot."

"Whom are you accusing, then?" Pyotr Stepanovich gave him a dark look.

"The same ones who need to burn towns, sir."

"What's worst is that you're trying to wriggle out of it. However, kindly read this and show it to the others; it's just for your information."

He took Lebyadkin's anonymous letter to Lembke from his pocket and handed it to Liputin. He read it, was visibly surprised, and pensively handed it to the next man; the letter quickly made the circle.

"Is it really Lebyadkin's handwriting?" remarked Shigalyov.

"Yes, it's his," Liputin and Tolkachenko (that is, the knower of the people) declared.

"It's just for your information, seeing that you've waxed so sentimental over Lebyadkin," Pyotr Stepanovich repeated, taking the letter back. "Thus, gentlemen, quite by chance some Fedka rids us of a dangerous man. That is what chance can sometimes mean! Instructive, is it not?"

The members exchanged quick glances.

"And now, gentlemen, it comes my turn to ask questions," Pyotr Stepanovich assumed a dignified air. "Permit me to know why you were so good as to set fire to the town without permission?"

"What's that! We, we set fire to the town? That's really shifting the blame!" they exclaimed.

"I realize that you got caught up in the game," Pyotr Stepanovich stubbornly continued, "but this is not just some little scandal with Yulia Mikhailovna. I've gathered you here, gentlemen, to explain to you the degree of danger you have so stupidly heaped on yourselves, and which threatens all too many things besides you."

"I beg your pardon, but we, on the contrary, intended presently to declare to you the degree of despotism and inequality with which such a serious and at the same time strange measure had been taken over the members' heads," the heretofore silent Virginsky declared, almost with indignation.

"So you disclaim yourselves? Yet I insist that the burning was done by you, you alone, and no one else. Do not lie, gentlemen, I have precise information. By your self-will you have even exposed the common cause to danger. You are merely one knot in an infinite network of knots, and you owe blind obedience to the center. And meanwhile three of you incited the Shpigulin men to set the fire, not having the least instructions for that, and the fire has taken place."

"Which three? Which three of us?"

"The day before yesterday, between three and four in the morning, you, Tolkachenko, were inciting Fomka Zavyalov in the 'Forget-me-not.'"

"For pity's sake," the man jumped up, "I barely said a word, and that without any intention, but just so, because he got a whipping that morning, and I dropped it at once, I saw he was too drunk. If you hadn't reminded me, I'd never have remembered. It couldn't have caught fire from a word."

"You're like the man who is surprised that a tiny spark can blow a whole powder magazine sky-high."

"I was talking in a whisper, and in a corner, into his ear, how could you have found out?" Tolkachenko suddenly realized.

"I was sitting there under the table. Don't worry, gentlemen, I know all your steps. You're smiling craftily, Mr. Liputin? Yet I know, for example, that three days ago you pinched your wife all over, at midnight, in your bedroom, as you were going to bed."

Liputin gaped and went pale.

(Afterwards it became known that he had learned of Liputin's exploit from Agafya, Liputin's maid, whom he had paid money to spy for him from the very beginning, as came to light only later.)

"May I state a fact?" Shigalyov suddenly rose.

"State it."

Shigalyov sat down and braced himself.

"So far as I have understood, and one could hardly not understand, you yourself, at the beginning and then a second time, rather eloquently—albeit too theoretically—developed a picture of Russia covered with an infinite network of knots. For its own part, each of the active groups, while proselytizing and spreading its side-branchings to infinity, has as its task, by a systematic denunciatory propaganda, ceaselessly to undermine the importance of the local powers, to produce bewilderment in communities, to engender cynicism and scandal, complete disbelief in anything whatsoever, a yearning for the better, and, finally, acting by means of fires as the popular means par excellence, to plunge the country, at the prescribed moment, if need be, even into despair. Are these your words, which I have tried to recall verbatim? Is this your program of action, conveyed by you as a representative of the central—but hitherto completely unknown and, to us, almost fantastic—committee?"

"Correct, only you're dragging it out a lot."

"Everyone has the right to his own word. Allowing us to guess that there are now up to several hundred knots of the general net already covering Russia, and developing the suggestion that if each man does his work successfully, then the whole of Russia by the given time, at the signal ..."

"Ah, devil take it, there's enough to do without you!" Pyotr Stepanovich turned in his armchair.

"If you prefer, I'll shorten it and end simply with a question: we have already seen the scandals, seen the discontent of the populations, been present and taken part in the fall of a local administration, and, finally, with our own eyes, we have seen a fire. What, then, are you displeased with? Isn't this your program? What can you accuse us of?"

"Of self-will!" Pyotr Stepanovich shouted furiously. "While I am here, you dare not act without my permission. Enough. The denunciation is prepared, and perhaps tomorrow, or this very night, you'll all be seized. There you have it. The information is true."

This time everyone gaped.

"You'll be seized not only as inciters to arson, but as a fivesome. The informer knows the whole secret of the network. There's your mischief-making!"

"Stavrogin, for sure!" cried Liputin.

"How ... why Stavrogin?" Pyotr Stepanovich suddenly seemed to stop short. "Eh, the devil," he recollected himself at once, "it's Shatov! You all seem to know by now that in his time Shatov belonged to the cause. I must disclose that in keeping watch on him through persons he does not suspect, I have found out, to my surprise, that for him neither the organization of the network, nor ... in a word, nothing is secret. To save himself from being accused of former participation, he will denounce everyone. So far he has still hesitated, and I've been sparing him. Now you've unbound him with this fire: he's shaken and no longer hesitant. By tomorrow we'll be arrested as incendiaries and political criminals."

"Is it true? How does Shatov know?"

The agitation was indescribable.

"It's all perfectly true. I have no right to declare my ways to you, or how I discovered it, but here is what I can do for you meanwhile: there is one person through whom I can influence Shatov so that he, without suspecting, will hold back his denunciation—but for no longer than a day. More than a day I can't do. So you may consider yourselves safe until the morning of the day after tomorrow."

Everyone was silent.

"Send him to the devil, finally!" Tolkachenko shouted first.

"Should've been done long ago!" Lyamshin put in spitefully, banging his fist on the table.

"But how to do it?" Liputin muttered.

Pyotr Stepanovich immediately picked up the question and explained his plan. It consisted in luring Shatov, for the handing over of the secret press in his possession, to the solitary place where it was buried, the next day, at nightfall—and "taking care of it there." He went into much necessary detail, which we omit here, and thoroughly clarified those ambiguous present relations between Shatov and the central society of which the reader already knows.

"That's all very well," Liputin observed unsteadily, "but since it's again ... a new adventure of the same sort ... it will strike people's minds too much."

"Undoubtedly," Pyotr Stepanovich agreed, "but that, too, has been foreseen. There exists a means of averting suspicion completely."

And with the same precision he told them about Kirillov, his intention to shoot himself, and how he had promised to wait for a signal, and to leave a note before dying taking upon himself all that would be dictated to him. (In a word, all that the reader already knows.)

"His firm intention to take his life—philosophical and, in my opinion, mad—became known *there*" (Pyotr Stepanovich went on explaining). "*There* not the slightest hair, not a speck of dust is lost; everything goes to benefit the common cause. Foreseeing the

benefit and becoming convinced that his intention was perfectly serious, he was offered the means to get to Russia (for some reason he wanted without fail to die in Russia), was charged with an assignment which he pledged himself to fulfill (and did fulfill), and, moreover, they pledged him to the promise, already known to you, to put an end to himself only when he was told to. He promised everything. Note that he belongs to the cause on special terms and wishes to be beneficial; I cannot reveal any more to you. Tomorrow, *after Shatov*, I'll dictate a note to him saying that the cause of Shatov's death was himself. This will be very probable: they used to be friends and went to America together, there they quarreled, and all this will be explained in the note... and... and depending on the circumstances, it may even be possible to dictate another thing or two to Kirillov, about the tracts, for example, and maybe partly about the fire. However, I'll have to think about that. Don't worry, he has no prejudices; he'll sign anything."

Doubts were voiced. The story seemed fantastic. However, everyone had more or less heard somewhat about Kirillov; Liputin more than any of them.

"What if he suddenly changes his mind and doesn't want to," said Shigalyov. "One way or another he's still a madman, so the hope is an uncertain one."

"Don't worry, gentlemen, he will want to," Pyotr Stepanovich snapped out. "According to our arrangement, I must warn him a day ahead, meaning today. I invite Liputin to go to him with me now, to make sure, and when he comes back, gentlemen, he will tell you, today if necessary, whether or not I've been speaking the truth. However," he suddenly broke off, with extreme irritation, as if he suddenly felt it was too much of an honor to persuade and bother so over such paltry people, "however, you can act as you please. If you don't decide on it, the union is dissolved—but owing solely to the fact of your disobedience and betrayal. So, then, from that moment on we're all separate. But know that in that case, along with the unpleasantness of Shatov's denunciation and its consequences, you are drawing upon yourselves yet another little unpleasantness, which was firmly stated when the union was formed. As for me, gentlemen, I am not very afraid of you... Don't think I'm connected with you all that much... However, it makes no difference."

"No, we're decided," Lyamshin declared.

"There's no other way out," Tolkachenko muttered, "and if Liputin confirms about Kirillov, then..."

"I'm against it; I protest with my whole soul against such a bloody solution!" Virginsky rose from his place.

"But?" Pyotr Stepanovich asked.

"What *but*?"

"You said *but*... so I'm waiting."

"I don't think I said *but*... I simply wanted to say that if it's decided on, then..."

"Then?"

Virginsky fell silent.

"I think one can disregard one's own safety of life," Erkel suddenly opened up his mouth, "but if the common cause may suffer, then I think one cannot dare to disregard one's own safety of life..."

He became confused and blushed. Preoccupied though each of them was with his own thing, they all glanced at him in astonishment, so unexpected was it that he, too, would begin to speak.

"I am for the common cause," Virginsky said suddenly.

They all got up from their places. It was decided to exchange news once more at noon the next day, though without all getting together, and then to make final arrangements. The place where the press was buried was announced, the roles and duties were distributed. Liputin and Pyotr Stepanovich immediately set off together to Kirillov.

II

That Shatov would denounce them our people all believed; but that Pyotr Stepanovich was playing with them like pawns they likewise believed. And, what's more, they all knew that they would still come in complement to the spot the next day, and that Shatov's fate was sealed. They felt they had suddenly been caught like flies in the web of a huge spider; they were angry but quaking with fear.

Pyotr Stepanovich was unquestionably guilty before them: it all could have been handled with much greater accord and *ease*, if he had only cared to brighten the reality at least a little. Instead of presenting the fact in a decent light, as something Roman and civic or the like, he had held up only crude fear and the threat to their own skins, which was simply impolite. Of course, there is the struggle for existence in everything, and there is no other principle, everybody knows that, but still...

But Pyotr Stepanovich had no time to stir up any Romans; he himself was thrown off his tracks. Stavrogin's flight stunned and crushed him. He lied that Stavrogin had seen the vice-governor; the thing was that he had left without seeing anyone, even his mother — and it was indeed strange that he had not even been inconvenienced.

(Afterwards the authorities had to answer especially for that.) Pyotr Stepanovich had spent the whole day making inquiries, but so far had found out nothing, and never before had he been so worried. And how could he, how could he renounce Stavrogin just like that, all at once! That was why he was unable to be very tender with our people. Besides, they kept his hands tied: he had already decided to go galloping after Stavrogin without delay, and yet Shatov detained him, the fivesome had to be finally cemented together, just in case. "I can't let it go for nothing, it might come in handy." So I suppose he reasoned.

And as for Shatov, he was quite certain that he would denounce them. What he had told *our* people about the denunciation was all lies: he had never seen this denunciation or heard of it, but he was as sure of it as two times two. It precisely seemed to him that Shatov would be unable to endure the present moment—the death of Liza, the death of Marya Timofeevna—and that precisely now he would finally decide. Who knows, perhaps he had some grounds for thinking so. It is also known that he hated Shatov personally; there had once been a quarrel between them, and Pyotr Stepanovich never forgave an offense. I am even convinced that this was the foremost reason.

Our sidewalks are narrow and made of brick, or else simply of planks. Pyotr Stepanovich was striding along the middle of the sidewalk, occupying it entirely, paying not the least attention to Liputin, who had no room left next to him, so that he had either to keep a step behind, or run down into the mud if he wanted to walk next to him and talk. Pyotr Stepanovich suddenly remembered how he had recently gone scurrying through the mud in the same way in order to keep up with Stavrogin, who, like him now, also strode down the middle, occupying the entire sidewalk. He recalled this scene and rage took his breath away.

But resentment also took Liputin's breath away. Let Pyotr Stepanovich treat *our* people as he liked, but him? He who was more *in the know* than any of our people, was closest to the cause, was most intimately connected with it, and up to now had constantly, though indirectly, participated in it! Oh, he knew that even now Pyotr Stepanovich could ruin him *as a last resort*. But he had begun hating Pyotr Stepanovich long ago, and not for the danger, but for the haughtiness of his treatment. Now, when he had to venture upon such a thing, he was more angry than all the rest of our people put together. Alas, he knew that "like a slave" he would certainly be the first on the spot tomorrow and, moreover, would bring all the rest with him, and if he could somehow have killed Pyotr Stepanovich now, before tomorrow, he would certainly have killed him.

Immersed in his feelings, he kept silent and trotted after his tormentor. The latter seemed to have forgotten about him; only every now and then he carelessly and impolitely shoved him with his elbow. Suddenly, on the most prominent of our streets, Pyotr Stepanovich stopped and went into a tavern.

"Why here?" Liputin boiled up. "This is a tavern."

"I want to have a beefsteak."

"For pity's sake, it's always full of people."

"Well, so what."

"But... we'll be late. It's already ten o'clock."

"One can never be late there."

"No, I'll be late! They're expecting me back."

"Well, so what; only it's stupid to go back to them. Because of all your bother, I haven't had dinner today. And with Kirillov, the later the surer."

Pyotr Stepanovich took a private room. Liputin, irate and resentful, sat down in an armchair to one side and watched him eat. Half an hour passed, and more. Pyotr Stepanovich did not hurry, ate with relish, rang, demanded a different mustard, then beer, and said not a word all the while. He was deep in thought. It was possible for him to do both things at once—to eat with relish and to be deep in thought. Liputin finally hated him so much that he could not tear himself away from him. It was something like a nervous fit. He counted every piece of steak the man sent into his mouth, hated him for the way he opened it, for the way he chewed, for the way he sucked savoringly on the fatter pieces, hated the beefsteak itself. Finally, things became as if confused in his eyes; he began to feel slightly dizzy; heat and chill ran alternately down his spine.

"You're not doing anything—read this," Pyotr Stepanovich suddenly tossed him a piece of paper. Liputin went over to a candle. The paper was covered with small writing, in a bad hand, with corrections on every line. By the time he managed to read it, Pyotr Stepanovich had already paid and was going out. On the sidewalk Liputin handed the paper back to him.

"Keep it; I'll say later. Anyhow, what do you say?"

Liputin shuddered all over.

"In my opinion... such a tract ... is nothing but a ridiculous absurdity."

The anger broke through; he felt as if he were being picked up and carried.

"If we decide to distribute such tracts," he was trembling all over, "we will make ourselves despised for our stupidity and incomprehension of things, sir."

"Hm. I think otherwise," Pyotr Stepanovich strode along firmly.

"And I think otherwise; can it be that you wrote it yourself?"

"That's none of your business."

"I also think the 'Shining Light' doggerel is the trashiest doggerel possible and could never have been written by Herzen."

"Lies; the poem's good."

"I'm also surprised, for instance," Liputin raced on, leaping and playing in spirit, "that it is suggested we act so that everything fails. In Europe it is natural to want everything to fail, because there's a proletariat there, but here we're just dilettantes and, in my opinion, are simply raising dust, sir."

"I thought you were a Fourierist."

"That's not Fourier, not at all, sir."

"He's nonsense, I know."

"No, Fourier is not nonsense... Excuse me, but I simply cannot believe there could be an uprising in May."

Liputin even unbuttoned his coat, he was so hot.

"Well, enough, and now, before I forget," Pyotr Stepanovich switched with terrible coolness, "you will have to typeset and print this leaflet with your own hands. We'll dig up Shatov's press, and you'll take charge of it tomorrow. In the shortest possible time, you will typeset and print as many copies as you can, to be distributed throughout the winter. The means will be indicated. We need as many copies as possible, because you'll have orders from other places."

"No, sir, excuse me, I cannot take upon myself such a ... I refuse."

"And yet take it you will. I'm acting on instructions from the central committee, and you must obey."

"And I think that our centers abroad have forgotten Russian reality and broken all connections, and are therefore simply raving... I even think that instead of many hundreds of fivesomes there is only our one in all Russia, and there isn't any network," Liputin finally choked.

"The more contemptible for you, that you ran after the cause without believing in it. . . and are running after me now like a mean little cur."

"No, sir, I'm not running. We have every right to leave off and to form a new society."

"Mor-ron!" Pyotr Stepanovich suddenly thundered menacingly, flashing his eyes.

The two stood facing each other for a time. Pyotr Stepanovich turned and confidently set off on his way again.

It flashed like lightning through Liputin's mind: "I'll turn and go back; if I don't turn now, I'll never go back." He thought thus for exactly ten steps, but at the eleventh a new and desperate thought lit up in his mind: he did not turn and did not go back.

They came to Filippov's house, but before reaching it went down a lane, or, better to say, an inconspicuous path by the fence, so that for some time they had to make their way along the sloping side of a ditch, where one had to hold on to the fence in order to keep one's footing. In the darkest corner of the tilting fence, Pyotr Stepanovich removed a board; an opening was formed, through which he promptly climbed. Liputin was surprised, but climbed through in his turn; then the board was put back. This was that secret way by which Fedka used to get to Kirillov.

"Shatov mustn't know we're here," Pyotr Stepanovich whispered sternly to Liputin.

III

Kirillov, as always at that hour, was sitting on his leather sofa having tea. He did not rise to meet them, but somehow heaved himself all up and looked with alarm at the entering people.

"You're not mistaken," said Pyotr Stepanovich, "I've come for that very thing."

"Today?"

"No, no, tomorrow... around this time."

And he hastily sat down at the table, observing the alarmed Kirillov somewhat anxiously. He, however, had already calmed down and looked as usual.

"These people still won't believe it. You're not angry that I brought Liputin?"

"Today I'm not, but tomorrow I want to be alone."

"But not before I come, and so in my presence."

"I'd prefer not in your presence."

"You remember you promised to write out and sign everything I dictate."

"Makes no difference to me. Will you stay long now?"

"I must see a certain person, and I have half an hour till then, so whether you want it or not, I'll stay for that half hour."

Kirillov said nothing. Liputin, meanwhile, placed himself to one side, under the portrait of a bishop. The same desperate thought was taking hold of his mind more and more. Kirillov barely paid any attention to him. Liputin had known Kirillov's theory even before and had always laughed at him; but now he was silent and looked around gloomily.

"And I wouldn't mind having some tea," Pyotr Stepanovich stirred. "I've just had a beefsteak and was hoping to find your tea ready."

"Have some."

"You used to offer it yourself," Pyotr Stepanovich observed sourishly.

"Makes no difference. Liputin can have some, too."

"No, sir, I... can't."

"Can't, or won't?" Pyotr Stepanovich turned quickly.

"I won't do it here, sir," Liputin refused meaningly. Pyotr Stepanovich scowled.

"Smells of mysticism—devil knows what sort of people you all are!"

No one answered him; they were silent for a full minute.

"But I know one thing," he suddenly added sharply, "that no prejudice will stop any of us from doing his duty."

"Stavrogin left?" Kirillov asked.

"Yes."

"He did well."

Pyotr Stepanovich flashed his eyes, but kept hold of himself.

"I don't care what you think, so long as each one keeps his word."

"I will keep my word."

"However, I have always been sure that you would do your duty as an independent and progressive man."

"You are ridiculous."

"So be it, I'm very glad to make you laugh. I'm always glad to be able to oblige."

"You want very much that I shoot myself, and are afraid if suddenly not?"

"I mean, you see, you yourself joined your plan with our actions. Counting on your plan, we've already undertaken something, so you simply cannot refuse, because you would let us down."

"No right at all."

"I understand, I understand, it's entirely as you will, and we are nothing, just as long as this entire will of yours gets carried out."

"And I'll have to take all your vileness on myself?"

"Listen, Kirillov, you haven't turned coward? If you want to refuse, say so right now."

"I haven't turned coward."

"It's because you're asking too many questions."

"Will you leave soon?"

"Another question?"

Kirillov looked him over with contempt.

"Here, you see," Pyotr Stepanovich went on, getting more and more angry, worried, unable to find the right tone, "you want me to leave, for solitude, in order to concentrate, but these are all dangerous signs for you, for you first of all. You want to think a lot. In my view, it's better not to think, but just to do it. You worry me, you really do."

"Only one thing is very bad for me, that at that moment there will be such a viper as you around me."

"Well, that makes no difference. Maybe when the time comes I'll go out and stand on the porch. If you're dying and show such a lack of indifference, then ... this is all very dangerous. I'll go out on the porch, and you can suppose that I understand nothing and am a man immeasurably lower than you."

"No, not immeasurably; you have abilities, but there is a lot you don't understand, because you are a low man."

"Very glad, very glad. I've already said I'm glad to provide diversion ... at such a moment."

"You understand nothing."

"I mean, I... anyway, I listen with respect."

"You can do nothing; even now you cannot hide your petty spitefulness, though it's unprofitable to show it. You will make me angry, and I will suddenly want half a year longer."

Pyotr Stepanovich looked at his watch.

"I've never understood a thing about your theory, but I do know that you didn't make it up for us, and so you'll carry it out without us. I also know that it was not you who ate the idea, but the idea that ate you, and so you won't put it off."

"What? The idea ate me?"

"Yes."

"Not me the idea? That's good. You have some small intelligence. Only you keep teasing, and I am proud."

"Wonderful, wonderful. That's precisely how it should be—that you should be proud."

"Enough; you've drunk, now go."

"Devil take it, I guess I'll have to," Pyotr Stepanovich stood up. "It's still early, though. Listen, Kirillov, will I find our man at Myasnichikha's, you know? Or was she lying, too?"

"You won't, because he's here, not there."

"How, here, devil take it, where?"

"He's sitting in the kitchen, eating and drinking."

"But how dared he?" Pyotr Stepanovich flushed wrathfully. "He was obliged to wait. . . nonsense! He's got no passport or money!"

"I don't know. He came to say good-bye; he's dressed and ready. He's leaving and won't come back. He said you're a scoundrel and he doesn't want to wait for your money."

"Ahh! He's afraid I'll... well, I might even now, if he... Where is he, in the kitchen?"

Kirillov opened a side door into a tiny, dark room; from this room three steps led down to the kitchen, directly into the partitioned-off closet where the cook's bed usually stood. It was here, in the corner, under the icons, that Fedka was now sitting at a bare wooden table. In front of him on the table were a small bottle, a plate with bread, and, on an earthenware dish, a cold piece of beef with potatoes. He was having a leisurely snack, and was already slightly tipsy, but had his sheepskin coat on and was apparently quite ready to set off. A samovar was beginning to boil behind the partition, but it wasn't for Fedka, though Fedka himself had made a point of lighting it and preparing it every night for a week or more, for "Alexei Nilych, sir, seeing as he's so ver-ry accustomed to having tea at night." I strongly suspect that the beef and potatoes had been roasted for Fedka that morning by Kirillov himself, for lack of a cook.

"What do you think you're doing?" Pyotr Stepanovich rolled into the downstairs. "Why didn't you stay where you were ordered to?"

And he swung and banged his fist on the table.

Fedka assumed a dignified air.

"You wait, Pyotr Stepanovich, you wait," he began to speak, jauntily emphasizing each word, "here firstly you must understand that you're at a noble visit with Mr. Kirillov, Alexei Nilych, whose boots are always there for you to polish, since he's an educated mind before you, and you're just—pfui!"

And he jauntily spat over his shoulder. One could see arrogance, resoluteness, and a certain rather dangerous, affected, calm casuistry before the first explosion. But Pyotr Stepanovich was beyond noticing any danger, which, besides, did not fit with his view of things. The events and failures of the day had him totally in a whirl... Liputin was peeking curiously down the three steps from the dark closet.

"Do you or do you not want to have a proper passport and good money to travel where you were told. Yes or no?"

"You see, Pyotr Stepanovich, you began deceiving me from the very first beginning, whereby you come out to me as a real scoundrel. The same as a vile human louse—that's what I count you as. You promised me big money for innocent blood, and swore an oath for Mr. Stavrogin, though what comes out is nothing but your own uncivility. I got no share of it, as I live, not a drop, to say nothing of fifteen hundred, and Mr. Stavrogin slapped your face the other day, which is already known to me. Now you're threatening me again and promising money—for what business, you won't say. And I have doubts in my mind that you're sending me to Petersburg to revenge your wickedness with whatever you've got on Mr. Stavrogin, Nikolai Vsevolodovich, trusting in my gullibility. And by that you come out as the foremost murderer. And do you know what you deserve now by this sole point that in your depravity you've ceased to believe in God himself, the true creator? The same thing as an idolater, and on the same lines as a Tartar or a Mordovian. Alexei Nilych, being a philosopher, has manifoldly explained to you the true God, the creator and maker, and about the creation of the world, and equally about the future destinies and transfiguration of every creature and every beast from the book of the Apocalypse. But you, like a witless idol, persist in your deafness and dumbness, and have brought Ensign Erkel to the same thing, like that same evildoer and seducer called the atheist..." "Ah, you drunken mug! You strip icons, and then preach God!" "You see, Pyotr Stepanovich,

I'll tell you it's true that I stripped them; but I only took the pearlys off, and how do you know, maybe that same moment my tear, too, was transformed before the crucible of the Almighty, for some offense against me, since I'm just exactly that very same orphan, not even having any daily refuge. Do you know from the books that once upon some ancient times a certain merchant stole a pearl from the nimbus of the Most Holy Mother of God with just exactly the same tearful sighing and praying, and afterwards returned the whole sum right at her feet, in public, on his knees, and our Mother and Intercessor overshadowed him with her veil before all the people, so that on this subject a miracle even came about at that time, and it was ordered by way of the authorities to write it down exactly into the state books. But you let the mouse in, and so you blasphemed against the very finger of God. And if you weren't my natural master, who I used to carry in my arms when I was still a youth, I'd do you in right now, as I live, without even moving from this spot!"

Pyotr Stepanovich became exceedingly wrathful.

"Speak, did you see Stavrogin today?"

"There's one thing you daren't ever to do—to question me. Mr. Stavrogin, as he lives, stands amazed before you, nor took part by his wishes, to say nothing of any orders or money. Me you dared."

"You'll get the money, and you'll also get the two thousand, in Petersburg, on the spot, the whole sum, and still more."

"You're lying, my gentle sir, and it's funny for me even to see such a gullible man as you are. Mr. Stavrogin stands before you like on a ladder, and you're yapping at him from below like a silly tyke, whereas he regards it as doing you a big honor even to spit on you from up there."

"And do you know," Pyotr Stepanovich flew into a rage, "that I won't let you take a step out of here, you scoundrel, and will hand you straight over to the police?"

Fedka jumped to his feet and flashed his eyes furiously. Pyotr Stepanovich snatched out his revolver. Here a quick and repulsive scene took place: before Pyotr Stepanovich could aim the revolver, Fedka instantly swerved and struck him in the face with all his might. At the same moment another terrible blow was heard, then a third, a fourth, all in the face. Crazed, his eyes goggling, Pyotr Stepanovich muttered something and suddenly crashed full-length to the floor.

"There he is, take him!" Fedka cried with a victorious flourish, instantly grabbed his cap, his bundle from under the bench, and made himself scarce. Pyotr Stepanovich lay gasping, unconscious. Liputin even thought a murder had taken place. Kirillov rushed headlong down to the kitchen.

"Water on him!" he cried, and scooping some from a bucket with an iron dipper, he poured it over his head. Pyotr Stepanovich stirred, raised his head, sat up, and looked senselessly in front of him.

"Well, how's that?" asked Kirillov.

The man went on looking at him intently and still without recognition; but catching sight of Liputin, who stuck himself out from the kitchen, he smiled his nasty smile and suddenly jumped up, snatching the revolver from the floor.

"If you decide to run away tomorrow like that scoundrel Stavrogin," he flew at Kirillov in a frenzy, all pale, stammering and articulating his words imprecisely, "I'll hang you like a fly... squash you ... at the other end of the globe... understand!"

And he pointed the revolver straight at Kirillov's forehead; but at almost the same moment, recovering his senses completely at last, he jerked his hand back, shoved the revolver into his pocket, and, without another word, went running out of the house. And Liputin after him. They climbed through the same hole and again went along the slope holding on to the fence. Pyotr Stepanovich began striding quickly down the lane, so that Liputin could barely keep up with him. At the first intersection, he suddenly stopped.

"Well?" he turned to Liputin with a challenge.

Liputin remembered the revolver and was still trembling all over from the scene that had taken place; but the answer somehow suddenly and irrepressibly jumped off his tongue of itself:

"I think ... I think that 'from Smolensk to far Tashkent they're not so impatiently awaiting the student.'"

"And did you see what Fedka was drinking in the kitchen?"

"What he was drinking? He was drinking vodka."

"Well, know that he was drinking vodka for the last time in his life. I recommend that you remember that for your further considerations. And now, go to the devil, you're not needed until tomorrow... But watch out: no foolishness!"

Liputin rushed headlong for home.

IV

He had long kept ready a passport in a different name. It is wild even to think that this precise little man, a petty family tyrant, a functionary in any case (though a Fourierist), and, finally, before all else, a capitalist and moneylender—had long, long ago conceived within himself the fantastic notion of readying this passport just in case, so as to slip abroad with its help *if*. . . so he did allow for the possibility of this *if*! though, of course, he himself was never able to formulate precisely what this *if* might signify...

But now it suddenly formulated itself, and in the most unexpected way. That desperate idea with which he had come to Kirillov's, after hearing Pyotr Stepanovich's "moron" on the sidewalk, consisted in abandoning everything tomorrow at daybreak and expatriating abroad! Whoever does not believe that such fantastic things happen in our everyday reality even now, may consult the biographies of all real Russian émigrés abroad. Not one of them fled in a more intelligent or realistic way. It is all the same unbridled kingdom of phantoms, and nothing more.

Having run home, he began by locking himself in, getting a valise, and beginning to pack convulsively. His main concern was about money, what amount and how he would be able to secure it. Precisely to secure, because, according to his notion, he could not delay even an hour, and had to be on the highway at daybreak. He also did not know how he would get on the train; he vaguely resolved to get on somewhere at the second or even third big station from town, and to get there even if by foot. In this way,

instinctively and mechanically, with a whole whirl of thoughts in his head, he stood pottering over his valise and—suddenly stopped, abandoned it all, and with a deep moan stretched out on the sofa.

He clearly felt and suddenly became conscious of the fact that he might indeed be running away, but that to resolve the question of whether he was to run away *before* or *after* Shatov was now already quite beyond his power; that he was now only a crude, unfeeling body, an inert mass, but that he was being moved by some external, terrible power, and that though he did have a passport for abroad, though he could run away from Shatov (otherwise why such a hurry?), he would run away not before Shatov, not from Shatov, but precisely *after* Shatov, and that it had been thus decided, signed, and sealed. In unbearable anguish, trembling and astonished at himself every moment, groaning and going numb alternately, he somehow survived, locked in and lying on his sofa, until eleven o'clock the next morning, and it was then suddenly that the expected push came which suddenly directed his decision. At eleven o'clock, as soon as he unlocked his door and went out to his family, he suddenly learned from them that a robber, the escaped convict Fedka, who terrorized everyone, a pilferer of churches, a recent murderer and arsonist, whom our police had been after but kept failing to catch, had been found murdered that morning at daybreak, some four miles from town, at the turnoff from the highway to the road to Zakharyino, and that the whole town was already talking about it. He at once rushed headlong out of the house to learn the details, and learned first that Fedka, found with his head smashed in, had by all tokens been robbed, and second, that the police already had strong suspicions and even some firm evidence for concluding that his murderer was the Shpigulin man Fomka, the same one with whom he had undoubtedly killed and set fire to the Lebyadkins, and that a quarrel had already taken place between them on their way, because Fedka had supposedly hidden a big sum of money stolen from Lebyadkin... Liputin also ran to Pyotr Stepanovich's place and managed to learn at the back door, on the sly, that although Pyotr Stepanovich had returned home yesterday at, say, around one o'clock in the morning, he had been pleased to spend the whole night there quietly asleep until eight o'clock. Of course, there could be no doubt that the death of the robber Fedka contained nothing at all extraordinary in itself, and that such denouements precisely happen most often in careers of that sort, but the coincidence of the fatal words that "Fedka had drunk vodka that evening for the last time," with the immediate justification of the prophecy, was so portentous that Liputin suddenly ceased to hesitate. The push was given; it was as if a stone had fallen on him and crushed him forever. Returning home, he silently shoved his valise under the bed with his foot, and that evening, at the appointed time, was the first of them all to come to the place fixed for meeting Shatov—true, with his passport still in his pocket...

20: A Traveller

I

The catastrophe with Liza and the death of Marya Timofeevna produced an overwhelming impression on Shatov. I have already mentioned that I saw him that morning in passing; he seemed to me as if he were not in his right mind. He told me, incidentally, that the evening before, at around nine o'clock (that is, some three hours before the fire), he had been at Marya Timofeevna's. He went in the morning to have a look at the corpses, but as far as I know he did not give any evidence anywhere that morning. Meanwhile, towards the end of the day, a whole storm arose in his soul and... and I believe I can say positively that there was a certain moment at dusk when he wanted to get up, go, and—declare all. What this *all* was—he himself well knew. Of course, he would have achieved nothing, and would simply have betrayed himself. He had no proofs to expose the just-committed evildoing; and what he did have were only vague guesses about it, which for him alone were equal to full conviction. But he was ready to ruin himself just in order to "crush the scoundrels"—his own words. Pyotr Stepanovich had in part correctly divined this impulse in him and knew he was running a great risk in postponing his new, terrible design until the next day. Here, as usual, there was on his part much presumption and disdain for all this "trash," and for Shatov especially. He had long disdained Shatov for his "tearful idiocy," as he had said about him while still abroad, and firmly trusted that he could handle such an unclever man—that is, not lose sight of him all that day and stop him at the first sign of danger. And yet the "scoundrels" were spared a little longer only through a completely unexpected and, by them, totally unforeseen circumstance.

Somewhere between seven and eight in the evening (it was precisely the time when *our* people were gathered at Erkel's, waiting indignantly and anxiously for Pyotr Stepanovich), Shatov, with a headache and a slight chill, was lying stretched out on his bed, in the dark, without a candle, tormented by perplexity, angry, deciding and then unable to decide finally, and anticipating with a curse that anyhow it would all lead nowhere. Gradually he dozed off into a momentary, light sleep, and in his dreams had something like a nightmare; he dreamed he was on his bed all tangled up in ropes, bound and unable to move, and meanwhile the whole house was resounding from a terrible knocking on the fence, on the gate, on his door, in Kirillov's wing, so that the whole house was trembling, and some distant, familiar, but, for him, tormenting voice was piteously calling him. He suddenly came to his senses and raised himself on his bed. To his surprise, the knocking on the gate continued, and though it was hardly as strong as it had seemed in his dream, it was rapid and persistent, and the strange and "tormenting" voice, though not piteous but, on the contrary, impatient and irritable, still came from below at the gate, alternating with another more restrained and ordinary voice. He jumped up, opened the vent window, and stuck his head out.

"Who's there?" he called, literally going stiff with fright.

"If you are Shatov," the answer came sharply and firmly from below, "then please be so good as to announce directly and honestly whether you agree to let me in or not?"

Right enough; he recognized the voice!

"Marie! ... Is it you?"

"It's me, me, Marya Shatov, and I assure you that I cannot keep the coachman any longer."

"Wait ... let me ... a candle..." Shatov cried weakly. Then he rushed to look for matches. The matches, as usual on such occasions, refused to be found. He dropped the candlestick and candle on the floor, and as soon as the impatient voice came again from below, he abandoned everything and flew headlong down his steep stairway to open the gate.

"Kindly hold the bag till I finish with this blockhead," Mrs. Marya Shatov met him below and shoved into his hands a rather light, cheap canvas handbag with brass studs, of Dresden manufacture. And she herself irritably fell upon the coachman:

"I venture to assure you that you are charging too much. If you dragged me for a whole extra hour around your dirty streets, it's your own fault, because it means you yourself did not know where this stupid street and asinine house were. Be so good as to accept your thirty kopecks, and rest assured that you will not get any more."

"Eh, little lady, wasn't it you who jabbed at Voznesensky Street, and this here is Bogoyavlensky: Voznesensky Lane is way over that way. You just got my gelding all in a stew."

"Voznesensky, Bogoyavlensky—you ought to know all these stupid names more than I, ^[188] since you're a local inhabitant, and, besides, you're wrong: I told you first thing that it was Filippov's house, and you precisely confirmed that you knew it. In any case, you can claim from me tomorrow at the justice of the peace, and now I ask you to leave me alone."

"Here, here's another five kopecks!" Shatov impetuously snatched out a five-kopeck piece from his pocket and gave it to the coachman.

"Be so good, I beg you, don't you dare do that!" Madame Shatov began to seethe, but the coachman started his "gelding," and Shatov, seizing her by the hand, drew her through the gate.

"Quick, Marie, quick... it's all trifles and—how soaked you are! Careful, there are steps up—sorry there's no light—the stairs are steep, hold on tighter, tighter, well, so here's my closet. Excuse me, I have no light... wait!"

He picked up the candlestick, but the matches took a long time to be found. Mrs. Shatov stood waiting in the middle of the room, silent and motionless.

"Thank God, at last!" he cried out joyfully, lighting up the closet. Marya Shatov took a cursory look around the place.

"I was told you lived badly, but still I didn't think it was like this," she said squeamishly, and moved towards the bed.

"Oh, I'm tired!" and with a strengthless air she sat on the hard bed. "Please put the bag down, and take a chair yourself. As you wish, however; you're sticking up in front of me. I'll stay with you for a time, until I find work, because I know nothing here and have no money. But if I'm cramping you, be so good, I beg you, as to announce it to me, which is your duty if you're an honest man. I can still sell something tomorrow and pay at the hotel, but you must be so good as to take me there yourself... Oh, only I'm so tired!"

Shatov simply started shaking all over.

"No need, Marie, no need for the hotel! What hotel? Why? Why?"

He pressed his hands together imploringly.

"Well, if it's possible to do without the hotel, it's still necessary to explain matters. Remember, Shatov, that you and I lived maritally in Geneva for two weeks and a few days; we separated three years ago, though without any special quarrel. But don't think I've come back to resume any of the former foolishness. I've come back to look for work, and if I've come directly to this town, it's because it makes no difference to me. I did not come to repent of anything; kindly don't think of that stupidity either."

"Oh, Marie! There's no need, no need at all!" Shatov was muttering vaguely.

"And if so, if you're developed enough to be able to understand that as well, then I'll allow myself to add that if I've now turned directly to you and come to your apartment, it's partly because I've always regarded you as far from a scoundrel, and perhaps a lot better than other... blackguards! ..."

Her eyes flashed. She must have endured her share of one thing and another from certain "blackguards."

"And please rest assured that I was by no means laughing at you just now when I declared that you are good. I spoke directly, without eloquence, which, besides, I can't stand. However, it's all nonsense. I always hoped you'd be intelligent enough not to be a nuisance ... Oh, enough, I'm tired!"

And she gave him a long, worn-out, tired look. Shatov stood facing her across the room, five steps away, and listened to her timidly, but somehow in a renewed way, with some never-seen radiance in his face. This strong and rough man, his fur permanently bristling, was suddenly all softness and brightness. Something unusual, altogether unexpected, trembled in his soul. Three years of separation, three years of broken marriage, had dislodged nothing from his heart. And perhaps every day of those three years he had dreamed of her, the dear being who had once said to him: "I love you." Knowing Shatov, I can say for certain that he could never have admitted in himself even the dream that some woman might say "I love you" to him. He was wildly chaste and modest, considered himself terribly ugly, hated his face and his character, compared himself with some monster who was fit only to be taken around and exhibited at fairs. As a consequence of all that, he placed honesty above all things, and gave himself up to his convictions to the point of fanaticism, was gloomy, proud, irascible, and unloquacious. But now this sole being who had loved him for two weeks (he always, always believed that!)—a being he had always regarded as immeasurably above him, despite his perfectly sober understanding of her errors; a being to whom he could forgive everything, *everything* (there could have been no question of that, but even somewhat the opposite, so that in his view it came out that he himself was guilty before her for everything), this woman, this Marya Shatov, was again suddenly in his house, was again before him... this was almost impossible to comprehend! He was so struck, this event contained for him so much of something fearsome, and together with it so much happiness, that, of course, he could not, and perhaps did not wish to, was afraid to, recover his senses. This was a dream. But when she gave him that worn-out look, he suddenly understood that this so beloved being was suffering, had perhaps been offended. His heart sank. He studied her features with pain: the luster of first youth had long since disappeared from this tired face. True, she was still good-looking—in his eyes a beauty, as before. (In reality she was a woman of about twenty-five, of rather strong build, taller than average (taller than Shatov), with dark blond, fluffy hair, a pale oval face, and big dark eyes, now shining with a feverish glint.) But the former thoughtless, naive, and simplehearted energy, so familiar to him, had given place in her to sullen irritability, disappointment, cynicism, as it were, to which she was not yet accustomed and which was a burden to her. But, above all, she was ill, he could see that clearly. Despite all his fear before her, he suddenly went up to her and took her by both hands:

"Marie... you know... perhaps you're very tired, for God's sake, don't be angry ... If you'd accept, for instance, some tea at least, eh? Tea is very fortifying, eh? If you'd accept! ..."

"Why ask me to accept, of course I accept, what a child you are still. Give it if you can. What a small room! How cold it is!"

"Oh, right away, firewood, firewood ... I have some firewood!" Shatov got all stirred up. "Firewood... that is, but. . . tea, too, right away," he waved his hand as if with desperate resolution, and grabbed his cap.

"You're going out? So there's no tea in the house!"

"There will be, there will, there'll be everything, right away... I..." He grabbed the revolver from the shelf.

"I'll sell this revolver now ... or pawn it..."

"How stupid, and it will take so long! Here, take my money, if you have nothing, there's eighty kopecks, I think; that's all. It's like a crazy house here."

"There's no need, no need for your money, I'll go now, one moment, even without the revolver..."

And he rushed straight to Kirillov. This was probably still two hours before Kirillov was visited by Pyotr Stepanovich and Liputin. Shatov and Kirillov, who shared the same yard, hardly ever saw each other, and when they met they did not nod or speak: they had spent much too long "lying" beside each other in America.

"Kirillov, you always have tea; have you got tea and a samovar?"

Kirillov, who was pacing the room (as was his custom, all night, from corner to corner), suddenly stopped and looked intently at the man who had run in, though without any special surprise.

"There's tea, there's sugar, and there's a samovar. But no need for the samovar, the tea is hot. Just sit down and drink."

"Kirillov, we lay beside each other in America ... My wife has come to me... I... Give me the tea ... I need the samovar."

"If it's a wife, you need the samovar. But the samovar later. I have two. For now take the teapot from the table. Hot, the hottest. Take everything; take sugar; all of it. Bread ... A lot of bread; all of it. There's veal. A rouble in cash."

"Give it to me, friend, I'll pay it back tomorrow! Ah, Kirillov!"

"Is this the wife who was in Switzerland? That's good. And that you ran in like that is also good."

"Kirillov!" Shatov cried, taking the teapot under his arm and sugar and bread in both hands, "Kirillov! If ... if you could renounce your terrible fantasies and drop your atheistic ravings... oh, what a man you'd be, Kirillov!"

"One can see you love your wife after Switzerland. That's good, if it's after Switzerland. When you need tea, come again. Come all night, I don't sleep at all. There'll be a samovar. Take the rouble, here. Go to your wife, I'll stay and think about you and your wife."

Marya Shatov was visibly pleased by his haste and almost greedily got down to her tea, but there was no need to run for the samovar: she drank only half a cup and swallowed just a tiny piece of bread. The veal was squeamishly and irritably rejected.

"You're ill, Marie, it's all such illness in you..." Shatov remarked timidly, waiting timidly on her.

"Of course I'm ill, sit down, please. Where did you get tea, if there wasn't any?"

Shatov told her about Kirillov, slightly, briefly. She had heard something about him.

"He's mad, I know; no more, please. As if there weren't enough fools! So you were in America? I heard, you wrote."

"Yes, I... wrote to Paris."

"Enough, and please let's talk about something else. Are you a Slavophil by conviction?"

"I... not that I... Seeing it was impossible to be a Russian, I became a Slavophil," he grinned crookedly, with the strain of a man whose witticism is inappropriate and forced.

"So you're not a Russian?"

"No, I'm not."

"Well, this is all stupid. Sit down, finally, I beg you. What's all this back-and-forth? You think I'm raving? Maybe I will be raving. You say there are just the two of you in the house?"

"Two... downstairs..."

"And both such smart ones. What's downstairs? You said downstairs?"

"No, nothing."

"What, nothing? I want to know."

"I was just going to say that there are two of us on the yard now, and before the Lebyadkins used to live downstairs..."

"That's the woman who was killed last night?" she suddenly heaved herself up. "I heard about it. As soon as I arrived, I heard about it. You had a fire?"

"Yes, Marie, yes, and maybe I'm a terrible scoundrel this minute, because I forgive the scoundrels..." He suddenly got up and began to pace the room, his arms raised as if in a frenzy.

But Marie did not quite understand him. She listened distractedly to his replies; she asked, but did not listen.

"Nice things you've got going. Oh, how scoundrelly everything is! They're all such scoundrels. But do sit down, I beg you, finally—oh, how you irritate me!" and, exhausted, she lowered her head onto the pillow.

"Marie, I won't... Maybe you want to lie down, Marie?"

She did not answer and strengthlessly closed her eyes. Her pale face became like a dead woman's. She fell asleep almost instantly. Shatov looked around, straightened the candle, looked anxiously at her face one more time, clasped his hands tightly in front of him, and tiptoed out of the room into the hallway. At the top of the stairs he pressed his face into a corner and stood that way for about ten minutes, silently and motionlessly. He would have stood there longer, but suddenly he heard soft, cautious footsteps from below. Someone was coming up. Shatov remembered that he had forgotten to lock the gate.

"Who's there?" he asked in a whisper.

The unknown visitor kept coming up without haste and without answering. When he reached the landing, he stopped; to make him out in the darkness was impossible; suddenly there came his cautious question:

"Ivan Shatov?"

Shatov gave his name, and immediately reached his hand out to stop him; but the man himself seized him by the hand and—Shatov gave a start, as if he had touched some horrible viper.

"Stop there," he whispered quickly, "don't come in, I can't receive you now. My wife has come back to me. I'll bring a candle out."

When he came back with the candle, there stood some young little officer; he did not know his name, but he had seen him somewhere.

"Erkel," the man introduced himself. "You saw me at Virginsky's."

"I remember; you sat and wrote. Listen," Shatov suddenly boiled up, frenziedly stepping close to him, but speaking in a whisper as before, "you gave me a sign just now with your hand, when you seized mine. But know that I could spit on all these signs! I don't acknowledge ... I don't want to ... I could chuck you down the stairs now, do you know that?"

"No, I don't know any of it, and I don't know at all why you got so angry," the visitor replied, mildly and almost simpleheartedly. "I only have to tell you something, and that is why I've come, wishing above all not to waste any time. You have a press that does not belong to you, and for which you are accountable, as you know yourself. I was told to demand that you hand it over tomorrow, at exactly seven o'clock in the evening, to Liputin. Furthermore, I was told to inform you that nothing else will ever be demanded of you."

"Nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing. Your request is being granted, and you are removed forever. I was told to inform you positively of this."

"Who told you to inform me?"

"Those who gave me the sign."

"Are you from abroad?"

"That... that, I think, is irrelevant for you."

"Eh, the devil! And why didn't you come sooner, if you were told?"

"I followed certain instructions and was not alone."

"I understand, I understand that you weren't alone. Eh ... the devil! And why didn't Liputin come himself?"

"And so I will come for you tomorrow at exactly six o'clock in the evening, and we will go there on foot. There will be no one there except the three of us."

"Will Verkhovensky be there?"

"No, he won't. Verkhovensky is leaving town tomorrow, in the morning, at eleven o'clock."

"Just as I thought," Shatov whispered furiously and struck himself on the hip with his fist, "he ran away, the dog!"

He lapsed into agitated thought. Erkel was looking intently at him, waiting silently.

"And how are you going to take it? It can't be picked up in one piece and carried away."

"There will be no need to. You'll just point out the place, and we'll just make sure it really is hidden there. We know just the whereabouts of the place, but not the place itself. And have you pointed the place out to anyone else?"

Shatov looked at him.

"And you, and you, such a boy—such a silly boy—you, too, have gotten into it up to your neck, like a sheep? Eh, but that's what they need, such sap. Well, go! Ehh! That scoundrel hoodwinked you all and ran away."

Erkel looked at him serenely and calmly, but seemed not to understand.

"Verkhovensky ran away! Verkhovensky!" Shatov rasped furiously.

"But he's still here, he hasn't left yet. He's only leaving tomorrow," Erkel observed gently and persuadingly. "I especially invited him to be present as a witness; my instructions all had to do with him" (he confided like a young, inexperienced boy). "But, unfortunately, he did not agree, on the pretext of his departure, and he really seems to be in a hurry."

Shatov again glanced pityingly at the simpleton, but suddenly waved his hand as if thinking: "What's there to pity?"

"All right, I'll come," he suddenly broke off, "and now get out of here, go!"

"And so I'll come at exactly six o'clock," Erkel bowed politely and went unhurriedly down the stairs.

"Little fool!" Shatov could not help shouting at his back from upstairs.

"What's that, sir?" the man responded from below.

"Never mind, go."

"I thought you said something."

II

Erkel was the sort of "little fool" whose head lacked only the chief sense; he had no king in his head, but of lesser, subordinate sense he had plenty, even to the point of cunning. Fanatically, childishly devoted to the "common cause," and essentially to Pyotr Verkhovensky, he acted on his instructions, given him at that moment during the meeting of *our* people when the roles for the next day were arranged and handed out. Pyotr Stepanovich, assigning him the role of messenger, managed to have about a ten-minute talk with him aside. The executive line was what was required by this shallow, scant-reasoning character, eternally longing to submit to another's will—oh, to be sure, not otherwise than for the sake of a "common" or "great" cause. But that, too, made no difference, for little fanatics like Erkel simply cannot understand service to an idea otherwise than by merging it with the very person who, in their understanding, expresses this idea. Sentimental, tender, and kindly Erkel was perhaps the most unfeeling of the murderers who gathered against Shatov, and, having no personal hatred, could be present at his murder without batting an eye. Among other things, for instance, he had been told to spy out Shatov's situation thoroughly while going about his errand, and when Shatov, receiving him on the stairs, blurted out in his heat, most likely without noticing it, that his wife had returned to him—Erkel at once had enough instinctive cunning not to show the slightest further curiosity, despite the surmise flashing in his head that the fact of the returned wife was of great significance for the success of their undertaking...

And so it was, essentially: this fact alone saved the "blackguards" from Shatov's intention, and at the same time helped them to "get rid" of him... First of all, it excited Shatov, unsettled him, deprived him of his usual perspicacity and caution. Now least of all could any sort of notion of his own safety enter his head, occupied as it was by something quite different. On the contrary, he passionately believed that Pyotr Verkhovensky was going to run away the next day: it coincided so well with his suspicions! Having returned to his room, he again sat down in the corner, leaned his elbows on his knees, and covered his face with his hands. Bitter thoughts tormented him...

And then he would raise his head again, get up, and go on tiptoe to look at her: "Lord! By tomorrow she'll be running a fever, by morning, it may have started already! She caught cold, of course. Unused to this terrible climate, and then the train, third class, rain and storm all around, and her cape is so light, no clothes to speak of... And to leave her here, abandon her without any help! Her bag, such a tiny bag, light, shriveled, ten pounds! Poor thing, how wasted, how much she's endured! She's proud, that's why she doesn't complain. But irritated, so irritated! It's the illness: even an angel would get irritated in illness. How dry, how hot her forehead must be, so dark under her eyes, and... and yet how beautiful the oval of her face and this fluffy hair, how..."

And he would hasten to look away, would hasten to get away, as if fearing the mere thought of seeing anything in her but an unfortunate, worn-out being in need of help—"what *hopes* could there be here! Oh, how low, how mean man is!"—and he would go back to his corner, sit down, cover his face with his hands, and again dream, again recall... and again picture hopes.

"Oh, I'm tired, so tired!" he recalled her exclamations, her weak, strained voice. "Lord! To abandon her now, and she with her eighty kopecks; she offered her purse, old, tiny! She's come to look for a position—well, what does she understand about positions, what do they understand in Russia? They're like whimsical children, all they have are their own fantasies, made up by themselves; and

she's angry, poor thing, why doesn't Russia resemble their little foreign dreams! Oh, unfortunate, oh, innocent ones! ... However, it really is cold here..."

He remembered that she had complained, that he had promised to light the stove. "The firewood's there, I could fetch it, as long as I don't wake her up. I could do it, however. And what do I decide about the veal? She'll get up, she may want to eat... Well, that can wait; Kirillov doesn't sleep all night. What shall I cover her with, she's so fast asleep, but she must be cold, ah, cold!"

And he went over yet again to look at her; her dress was turned back a little, and her right leg was half bared to the knee. He suddenly turned away, almost in fear, took off his warm coat, and, remaining in a wretched old jacket, covered the bare part, trying not to look at it.

Lighting the stove, walking on tiptoe, looking at the sleeping woman, dreaming in the corner, then looking at the sleeping woman again, took a long time. Two or three hours went by. It was during this time that Verkhovensky and Liputin managed to visit Kirillov. Finally he, too, dozed off in the corner. A groan came from her; she awoke, she was calling him; he jumped up like a criminal.

"Marie! I fell asleep... Ah, what a scoundrel I am, Marie!"

She raised herself, looking around in surprise, as if not recognizing where she was, and suddenly became all stirred with indignation, with wrath:

"I took your bed, I fell asleep, beside myself with fatigue; how dared you not wake me up? How dared you think I intend to burden you?"

"How could I wake you, Marie?"

"You could; you should have! There's no other bed for you here, and I took yours. You shouldn't have put me in a false position. Or do you think I came to take advantage of your charity? Be so good as to take your bed right now, and I will lie down in the corner, on some chairs ..."

"Marie, I don't have so many chairs, or anything to make a bed from."

"Well, then simply on the floor. Otherwise you yourself will have to sleep on the floor. I want the floor, now, now!"

She got up, tried to take a step, but suddenly it was as if a most violent convulsive pain took away all her strength and all her resolve at once, and with a loud groan she fell back on the bed. Shatov ran to her, but Marie, her face buried in the pillows, seized his hand in hers and began to squeeze it and wring it with all her might. This went on for about a minute.

"Marie, darling, if you need, there's a Doctor Frenzel here, an acquaintance of mine, a very ... I could run over to him."

"Nonsense!"

"Why nonsense? Tell me, Marie, what hurts you? How about compresses ... on your stomach, for instance ... That I could do without a doctor ... Or else mustard plasters."

"What is this?" she asked strangely, raising her head and looking at him fearfully.

"What do you mean, Marie?" Shatov failed to understand. "What are you asking about? Oh, God, I'm completely lost, Marie, forgive me for not understanding anything."

"Eh, leave me alone, it's not your business to understand. And it would be very funny..." she grinned bitterly. "Talk to me about something. Walk around the room and talk. Don't stand over me and stare at me, that I particularly ask you for the five hundredth time!"

Shatov began to walk around the room, looking at the floor and trying as hard as he could not to glance at her.

"Here—don't be cross, Marie, I beg you—I have some veal here, not far away, and tea... You ate so little before..."

She waved her hand squeamishly and angrily. Shatov bit his tongue in despair.

"Listen, I intend to open a bookbinding shop here, on rational co-operative principles. ^[189] Since you live here, what do you think: will it succeed or not?"

"Eh, Marie, they don't even read books here, and there aren't any at all. And why would he suddenly go binding them?"

"He who?"

"The local reader, the local inhabitant in general, Marie."

"Well, speak more clearly, then; otherwise you say *he* and nobody knows who he is. You never learned grammar."

"It's in the spirit of the language, Marie," Shatov muttered.

"Ah, go on, you and your spirit, it's boring. Why won't the local inhabitant or reader have his books bound?"

"Because to read a book and to bind it are two whole periods of development, and enormous ones. First, he gradually gets accustomed to reading—over centuries, of course—but he tears books and throws them around, not considering them serious things. Now, binding signifies a respect for books, it signifies that he has not only come to love reading, but has recognized it as a serious thing. Russia as a whole has not yet reached this period. Europe has been binding for a long time."

"Pedantically put, but still it's not such a stupid thing to have said. It reminds me of three years ago. You were sometimes rather witty three years ago."

She uttered this as squeamishly as all her earlier capricious remarks.

"Marie, Marie," Shatov addressed her with tender emotion, "oh, Marie! If you knew how much has passed and gone in these three years! I heard later that you supposedly despised me for changing my convictions. But whom did I abandon? The enemies of living life; outdated little liberals, afraid of their own independence; lackeys of thought, enemies of the person and freedom, decrepit preachers of carrion and rot! What do they have: gray heads, the golden mean, the most abject and philistine giftlessness, envious

equality, equality without personal dignity, equality as understood by a lackey or a Frenchman of the year 'ninety-three ^[190] ... And scoundrels, above all, scoundrels, scoundrels everywhere!"

"Yes, there are many scoundrels," she said haltingly and painfully. She was lying stretched out, motionless and as if afraid to stir, her head thrown back on the pillow, slightly to one side, looking at the ceiling with tired but hot eyes. Her face was pale, her lips dry and parched.

"You understand, Marie, you understand!" Shatov exclaimed. She was about to shake her head, but suddenly the same convulsion came over her. Again she hid her face in the pillow, and again for a whole minute she clung painfully, with all her might, to the hand of Shatov, who rushed to her and was out of his mind with terror.

"Marie, Marie! But this may be very serious, Marie!"

"Keep still... I don't want it, I don't want it," she kept exclaiming, almost in fury, turning her face up again, "don't you dare look at me with your compassion! Walk around, say something, talk..."

Shatov, like a lost man, tried to begin muttering something again.

"What do you do here?" she asked, interrupting him with squeamish impatience.

"I go to a merchant's office. You know, Marie, if I really wanted to, I could even get good money here."

"So much the better for you..."

"Ah, don't think anything, Marie, I just said it..."

"And what else are you doing? What are you preaching? Surely you can't help preaching, with such a character!"

"I preach God, Marie."

"In whom you don't believe yourself. That's an idea I never could understand."

"Let's drop it, Marie, save it for later."

"What was this Marya Timofeevna here?"

"That, too, we can save for later, Marie."

"Don't you dare make such remarks to me! Is it true that this death can be put down to these people's... villainy?"

"Absolutely true," Shatov ground out.

Marie suddenly raised her head and cried out painfully:

"Don't you dare say any more to me about it, ever, ever!"

And she fell back on the bed again in a seizure of the same convulsive pain; this was the third time now, but this time her moans grew louder, turned into cries.

"Oh, unbearable man! Oh, insufferable man!" she was thrashing about, no longer sparing herself, pushing away Shatov, who was standing over her.

"Marie, I'll do whatever you like... I'll walk, talk..."

"But can't you see it's begun?"

"What's begun, Marie?"

"How do I know. Do I know anything about it?... Oh, curse it! Oh, curse it all beforehand!"

"Marie, if you'd say what has begun... otherwise I... what am I to understand, then?"

"You're an abstract, useless babbler. Oh, curse everything in the world!"

"Marie! Marie!"

He seriously thought she was beginning to go mad.

"But can't you finally see that I'm in labor?" she raised herself a little, looking at him with a terrible, painful spite that distorted her whole face. "Curse it beforehand, this child!"

"Marie," Shatov exclaimed, realizing at last what it was about, "Marie... but why didn't you tell me sooner?" He suddenly collected himself and, with energetic determination, grabbed his cap.

"How did I know when I came in? Would I have come to you? I was told it would be another ten days! Where, where are you going, don't you dare!"

"To fetch a midwife! I'll sell my revolver; money's the first thing now!"

"Don't you dare do anything, no midwife, just some peasant woman, any old woman, I have eighty kopecks in my purse ... Village women give birth without midwives... And if I drop dead, so much the better..."

"You'll have both a midwife and a peasant woman. Only how, how can I leave you alone, Marie!"

But realizing that it was better to leave her alone now, despite all her frenzy, than leave her without help later on, he paid no attention to her moans and wrathful exclamations, and, trusting to his legs, started headlong down the stairs.

III

To Kirillov, first of all. It was already one o'clock in the morning. Kirillov was standing in the middle of the room.

"Kirillov, my wife's giving birth!"

"How's that?"

"Giving birth, to a baby!"

"You're not... mistaken?"

"Oh, no, no, she's having spasms! ... I need a woman, some old woman, right now... Can I get one now? You used to have lots of old women..."

"It's a great pity that I'm not able to give birth," Kirillov answered pensively, "that is, not that I'm not able to give birth, but that I'm not able to make it so that there is birth... or... No, I'm not able to say it."

"That is, you yourself can't help in childbirth; but that's not what I mean; a woman, an old woman, I'm asking for an old woman, a nurse, a servant!"

"You'll have an old woman, only maybe not now. If you like, instead, I'll..."

"Oh, impossible; I'll go right now to the Virginsky woman, the midwife."

"A harpy!"

"Oh, yes, Kirillov, yes, but she's the best one! Oh, yes, it will all be without awe, without joy, squeamish, with curses, with blasphemy—this great mystery, the appearance of a new being! ... Oh, she's already cursing it now! ..."

"If you wish, I..."

"No, no, but while I'm running around (oh, I'll drag that Virginsky woman here!), you should go to my stairway every once in a while and listen quietly, but don't you dare go in, you'll frighten her, don't go in for anything, only listen... just in some terrible case. Well, if something extreme happens, then go in."

"I understand. There's one more rouble. Here. I wanted a chicken for tomorrow, but no more. Run quickly, run as hard as you can. There's a samovar all night."

Kirillov knew nothing about the intentions concerning Shatov, and even before he never knew the full extent of the danger that threatened him. He knew only that he had some old scores with "those people," and though he himself was partly mixed up in the affair through some instructions conveyed to him from abroad (rather superficial ones, however, for he had never participated closely in anything), he had lately dropped everything, all assignments, removed himself completely from all affairs, and in the first place from the "common cause," and given himself to a life of contemplation. Although at the meeting Pyotr Verkhovensky had summoned Liputin to Kirillov's to make sure he would take the "Shatov case" upon himself at the proper moment, nevertheless, in his talk with Kirillov he did not say a word about Shatov, not even a hint—probably regarding it as impolitic, and Kirillov even as unreliable—and had left it till the next day, when everything would already be done, and it would therefore "make no difference" to Kirillov; so, at least, Pyotr Stepanovich's reasoning about Kirillov went. Liputin also noticed very well that, despite the promise, not a word was mentioned about Shatov, but Liputin was too agitated to protest.

Shatov ran like the wind to Muravyiny Street, cursing the distance and seeing no end to it.

It would take a lot of knocking at Virginsky's: everyone had long been asleep. But Shatov started banging on the shutters as hard as he could and without any ceremony. The dog tied in the yard strained and went off into a furious barking. All the dogs down the street joined in; a clamor of dogs arose.

"Why are you knocking and what is it you want?" the soft voice of Virginsky, quite incommensurate with the "outrage," came at last from a window. The shutter opened a bit, as did the vent.

"Who's there, what scoundrel?" the female voice of the old maid, Virginsky's relative, this time fully commensurate with the outrage, angrily shrieked.

"It's me, Shatov, my wife has come back to me and is now presently giving birth..."

"Well, let her! Away with you!"

"I've come for Arina Prokhorovna, I won't leave without Arina Prokhorovna!"

"She can't just go to everybody. Night practice is a separate thing ... Away with you to the Maksheev woman, and don't you dare make any more noise!" the irate female voice rattled on. One could hear Virginsky trying to stop her; but the old maid kept pushing him away and would not give in.

"I won't leave!" Shatov shouted again.

"Wait, wait!" Virginsky finally raised his voice, overpowering the maid. "I beg you, Shatov, wait five minutes, I'll wake up Arina Prokhorovna, and please don't knock or shout... Oh, how terrible this all is!"

After five endless minutes, Arina Prokhorovna appeared.

"Your wife has come to you?" her voice issued from the vent window and, to Shatov's surprise, was not at all angry, merely peremptory as usual; but Arina Prokhorovna could not speak any other way.

"Yes, my wife, and she's in labor."

"Marya Ignatievna?"

"Yes, Marya Ignatievna. Of course, Marya Ignatievna!"

Silence ensued. Shatov waited. There was whispering in the house.

"Did she come long ago?" Madame Virginsky asked again.

"Tonight, at eight o'clock. Please hurry."

Again there was whispering and again an apparent discussion.

"Listen, you're not mistaken, are you? Did she send for me herself?"

"No, she didn't send for you, she wants a woman, a peasant woman, so as not to burden me with the expense, but don't worry, I'll pay." "All right, I'll come, pay or no pay. I've always thought highly of Marya Ignatievna's independent feelings, though she may not remember me. Do you have the most necessary things?" "I have nothing, but I'll get it all, I will, I will..." "So there's magnanimity in these people, too!" Shatov thought, as he headed for Lyamshin's. "Convictions and the man—it seems they're two different things in many ways. Maybe in many ways I'm guilty before them! ... We're all guilty, we're all guilty, and ... if only we were all convinced of it! ..."

He did not have to knock long at Lyamshin's; surprisingly, the man instantly opened the window, having jumped out of bed barefoot, in his underwear, at the risk of catching cold—he who was so nervous and constantly worried about his health. But there was a particular reason for such sensitiveness and haste; Lyamshin had been trembling all night and was still so agitated that he could not sleep, as a consequence of the meeting of *our* people; he kept imagining visits from some uninvited and altogether unwanted guests. The news about Shatov's denunciation tormented him most of all... And then suddenly, as if by design, there came such terrible, loud knocking at the window! ...

He got so scared when he saw Shatov that he immediately slammed the window and ran for his bed. Shatov started knocking and shouting furiously.

"How dare you knock like that in the middle of the night?" Lyamshin, though sinking with fear, shouted threateningly, venturing to open the window again after a good two minutes and making sure finally that Shatov had come alone.

"Here's your revolver; take it back, give me fifteen roubles." "What, are you drunk? This is hooliganism; I'll simply catch cold."

Wait, let me throw a plaid over me."

"Give me fifteen roubles right now. If you don't, I'll knock and shout till dawn; I'll break your window."

"And I'll shout for help and you'll be locked up." "And I'm mute, am I? Do you think I won't shout for help? Who should be more afraid of shouting for help, you or me?"

"How can you nurse such mean convictions ... I know what you're hinting at. . . Wait, wait, for God's sake, don't knock! Good heavens, who has money at night? What do you need money for, if you're not drunk?"

"My wife has come back to me. I've chopped off ten roubles for you, I never once fired it; take the revolver, take it this minute."

Lyamshin mechanically reached his hand out the window and accepted the revolver; he waited a little, and all at once, quickly popping his head out the window, started babbling, as if forgetting himself, and with a chill in his spine:

"You're lying, your wife hasn't come back to you at all. It's... it's that you simply want to run away somewhere."

"You're a fool, where am I going to run to? Let your Pyotr Verkhovensky run away, not me. I just left the midwife Virginsky, and she agreed at once to come to me. Ask her. My wife's in labor; I need money; give me money!"

A whole fireworks of ideas flashed in Lyamshin's shifty mind. Everything suddenly took a different turn, yet fear still prevented him from reasoning.

"But how... aren't you separated from your wife?"

"I'll smash your head in for such questions."

"Ah, my God, forgive me, I understand, it's just that I was flabbergasted... But I understand, I understand. But... but—will Arina Prokhorovna really go? Didn't you just say she went? You know, that's not true. See, see, see, at every step you say things that aren't true."

"She must be with my wife now, don't keep me, it's not my fault that you're so stupid."

"That's not true, I'm not stupid. Excuse me, I really can't..."

And, completely at a loss now, he started to close the window for the third time, but Shatov raised such a cry that he immediately stuck himself out again.

"But this is a total infringement upon a person! What are you demanding of me, well, what, what?—formulate it! And in the middle of the night, note that, note that!"

"I'm demanding fifteen roubles, muttonhead!"

"But maybe I don't wish to take the revolver back. You have no right. You bought the thing—and that's that, and you have no right. There's no way I can produce such a sum at night. Where can I get such a sum?"

"You always have money; I've taken off ten roubles for you, but you're a notorious little Jew."

"Come the day after tomorrow—do you hear, the day after tomorrow, in the morning, at twelve sharp, and I'll give you all of it, agreed?"

Shatov knocked furiously at the window for the third time:

"Give me ten roubles, and five tomorrow at daybreak."

"No, five the day after tomorrow, and tomorrow nothing, by God. You'd better not come, you'd better not come."

"Give me ten—oh, you scoundrel!"

"Why such abuse? Wait, I need a light; look, you've broken the window... Why such abuse in the night? Here!" he held a note out to him through the window.

Shatov grabbed the note—it was five roubles.

"By God, I can't, strike me dead, but I can't, the day after tomorrow I can give you all of it, but nothing now."

"I won't leave!" Shatov bellowed.

"Well, here, take more, you see, more, and that's it. You can shout your head off, I won't give you more, whatever happens, I won't, I won't, I won't!"

He was in a frenzy, in despair, covered with sweat. The two notes he had added were for a rouble each. Altogether, Shatov had collected seven roubles.

"Well, devil take you, I'll come tomorrow. I'll give you a beating, Lyamshin, if you haven't got eight roubles ready."

"And I won't be home, you fool!" Lyamshin thought to himself quickly.

"Wait, wait!" he called frenziedly after Shatov, who was already running off. "Wait, come back. Tell me, please, is it true what you said about your wife coming back to you?"

"Fool!" Shatov spat and ran home as hard as he could.

IV

I will note that Arina Prokhorovna knew nothing about the intentions adopted at the previous day's meeting. Virginsky, coming home stunned and weakened, did not dare tell her the adopted decision; but even so he could not help himself and did reveal half—that is, all that Verkhovensky had reported to them about Shatov's definite intention to denounce them; but he declared at the same time that he did not quite trust this report. Arina Prokhorovna was terribly frightened. That was why, when Shatov came running to fetch her, she immediately decided to go, tired though she was from having toiled over a woman in childbirth all the night before. She had always been sure that "such trash as Shatov was capable of civic meanness"; yet the arrival of Marya Ignatievna placed the matter in a new perspective. Shatov's fright, the desperate tone of his appeals, his pleas for help, signified a turnabout in the traitor's feelings: a man who had even resolved to betray himself just so as to ruin others would, it seemed, have a different look and tone than the reality presented. In short, Arina Prokhorovna resolved to examine it all herself, with her own eyes. Virginsky remained very pleased with her

resolution—as if five tons had been lifted from him! A hope was even born in him: Shatov's look seemed to him to the highest degree incompatible with Verkhovensky's supposition ...

Shatov was not mistaken; on his return he found Arina Prokhorovna already with Marie. She had just arrived, had disdainfully chased away Kirillov, who was sticking about at the foot of the stairs; had hastily made the acquaintance of Marie, who did not recognize her as an old acquaintance; had found her "in a very bad state"—that is, angry, upset, and in "the most fainthearted despair"—and in some five minutes had decidedly gained the upper hand over all her objections.

"What's all this carping about not wanting an expensive midwife?" she was saying the very moment Shatov entered. "Sheer nonsense, false notions, from the abnormal state you're in. You'd have fifty chances of ending badly with the help of some simple old woman, some peasant granny; and then there'd be more troubles and costs than with an expensive midwife. How do you know I'm an expensive midwife? You can pay later, I won't take too much from you, and I guarantee you success; with me you won't die, I've seen lots worse cases. And I'll send the baby to the orphanage, tomorrow even, if you like, and then to the country to be brought up, and that'll be the end of that. Then you can recover, settle down to some rational work, and in a very short time reward Shatov for the lodging and expenses, which won't be all that great..."

"It's not that ... I have no right to be a burden..."

"Rational and civic feelings, but, believe me, Shatov will spend almost nothing, if he decides to turn himself, at least a little, from a fantastic gentleman into a man of right ideas. All he has to do is not commit any follies, not beat the drum, not run around town with his tongue hanging out. If he's not tied down, he'll rouse all the doctors in town before morning; he certainly roused all the dogs on my street. There's no need for doctors, I've already said I guarantee everything. You could maybe hire an old woman to serve you, that won't cost anything. Though he himself could be of use for something besides just foolishness. He's got arms, he's got legs, he can run over to the pharmacy without insulting your feelings in any way by his charity. The devil it's charity! Isn't he the one who got you into this state? Wasn't it he who made you quarrel with the family where you were governess, with the egoistic purpose of marrying you? We heard about that... Though he himself just came running like a lunatic and shouting for the whole street to hear. I'm not forcing myself on anybody, I came solely for you, on the principle that our people are all bound by solidarity; I announced that to him before I left the house. If I'm unnecessary in your opinion, then good-bye; only you may be asking for trouble that could easily be avoided."

And she even got up from her chair.

Marie was so helpless, she was suffering so much, and, to tell the truth, was so afraid of what lay ahead of her, that she did not dare let her go. But the woman suddenly became hateful to her: what she was saying was not it, was not at all what was in Marie's soul! But the prophecy of possible death at the hands of an inexperienced midwife overcame her revulsion. To make up for it, she became, from that moment on, even more exacting, more merciless to Shatov. It finally reached a point where she forbade him not only to look at her but even to stand facing her. The pains were becoming worse. The curses and even profanities were becoming more violent.

"Eh, why don't we send him out," Arina Prokhorovna snapped, "he looks awful, he just frightens you, he's pale as a corpse! What is it to you, tell me please, you funny fellow? What a comedy!"

Shatov did not reply; he resolved not to reply.

"I've seen foolish fathers on such occasions; they, too, lose their minds. But at least they..."

"Stop it, or leave me and let me die! Nobody say a word! I don't want it, I don't want it!" Marie started shouting.

"It's impossible not to say a word, or are you out of your mind yourself? That's how I understand you in the state you're in. We have to talk business at least: tell me, do you have anything ready? You answer, Shatov, she can't be bothered with it."

"Tell me what precisely is necessary?"

"In other words, nothing's ready."

She counted off all the needful things necessary and, one must do her justice, limited herself to sheer necessities, to beggarliness. It turned out that Shatov had some things. Marie took her key and gave it to him to look in her bag. His hands were trembling and he fumbled somewhat longer than he should have in opening the unfamiliar lock. Marie lost her temper, but when Arina Prokhorovna ran to take the key from him, she refused to let her peek into the bag, and insisted with capricious cries and tears that the only one who should open the bag was Shatov.

For certain things he had to run over to Kirillov. As soon as Shatov turned to go, she immediately began calling him back frenziedly, and calmed down only when Shatov rushed madly back from the stairs and explained to her that he was leaving only for a minute, to get the most necessary things, and would come back at once.

"Well, lady, you're a hard one to please," Arina Prokhorovna laughed. "One minute he has to stand facing the wall and not dare look at you, the next he mustn't dare leave for a moment or you'll cry. He might think something this way. Now, now, don't be capricious, don't pout, I'm just laughing."

"He dare not think anything."

"Tsk, ts, ts, if he wasn't in love with you like a sheep, he wouldn't be running around town with his tongue hanging out, and he wouldn't have roused all the local dogs. He broke my window."

V

Shatov found Kirillov, who was still pacing his room from corner to corner, so distracted that he had even forgotten about the wife's arrival and listened uncomprehendingly.

"Ah, yes," he remembered suddenly, as if tearing himself away with effort, and only for a moment, from some idea that held him fascinated, "yes ... an old woman ... A wife or an old woman? Wait: both a wife and an old woman, right? I remember; I went; the old

woman will come, only not now. Take the pillow. Anything else? Yes... Wait, Shatov, do you ever have moments of eternal harmony?"

"You know, Kirillov, you mustn't go on not sleeping at night."

Kirillov came to himself and—strangely—began to speak even far more coherently than he usually spoke; one could see that he had long been formulating it all, and perhaps had written it down:

"There are seconds, they come only five or six at a time, and you suddenly feel the presence of eternal harmony, fully achieved. It is nothing earthly; not that it's heavenly, but man cannot endure it in his earthly state. One must change physically or die. The feeling is clear and indisputable. As if you suddenly sense the whole of nature and suddenly say: yes, this is true. ^[191] God, when he was

creating the world, said at the end of each day of creation: 'Yes, this is true, this is good.' ^[192] This... this is not tenderheartedness, but simply joy. You don't forgive anything, because there's no longer anything to forgive. You don't really love—oh, what is here is higher than love! What's most frightening is that it's so terribly clear, and there's such joy. If it were longer than five seconds—the soul couldn't endure it and would vanish. In those five seconds I live my life through, and for them I would give my whole life, because it's worth it. To endure ten seconds one would have to change physically. I think man should stop giving birth. Why children, why development, if the goal has been achieved? It's said in the Gospel that in the resurrection there will be no birth, but people will be like

God's angels. ^[193] A hint. Your wife's giving birth?"

"Kirillov, does it come often?"

"Once in three days, once a week."

"You don't have the falling sickness?"

"No."

"Then you will. Watch out, Kirillov, I've heard that this is precisely how the falling sickness starts. An epileptic described to me in detail this preliminary sensation before a fit, exactly like yours; he, too, gave it five seconds and said it couldn't be endured longer.

Remember Muhammad's jug that had no time to spill while he flew all over paradise on his horse? ^[194] The jug is those same five seconds; it's all too much like your harmony, and Muhammad was an epileptic. Watch out, Kirillov, it's the falling sickness!"

"It won't have time," Kirillov chuckled softly.

VI

The night was passing. Shatov was sent out, abused, called back. Marie reached the last degree of fear for her life. She shouted that she wanted to live, that "she must live, she must!" and was afraid to die. "Not that, not that!" she kept repeating. Had it not been for Arina Prokhorovna, things would have been very bad. Gradually she gained complete control over the patient, who started obeying her every word, her every bark, like a child. Arina Prokhorovna used severity, not kindness, but her work was masterful. Dawn broke. Arina Prokhorovna suddenly came up with the idea that Shatov had just run out to the stairs to pray to God, and she began to laugh. Marie also laughed, spitefully, caustically, as if it made her feel better. Finally, they chased Shatov out altogether. A damp, cold morning came. He leaned his face to the wall in the corner, exactly as the evening before when Erkel came. He was trembling like a leaf, afraid to think, yet his thought clung to everything that presented itself to his mind, as happens in dreams. Reveries incessantly carried him away, and incessantly snapped off like rotten threads. Finally, it was no longer groans that came from the room, but terrible, purely animal sounds, intolerable, impossible. He wanted to stop his ears, but could not, and fell to his knees, unconsciously repeating "Marie, Marie!" And then, finally, there came a cry, a new cry, at which Shatov gave a start and jumped up from his knees, the cry of an infant, weak, cracked. He crossed himself and rushed into the room. In Arina Prokhorovna's hands a small, red, wrinkled being was crying and waving its tiny arms and legs, a terribly helpless being, like a speck of dust at the mercy of the first puff of wind, yet crying and proclaiming itself, as if it, too, somehow had the fullest right to life... Marie was lying as if unconscious, but after a minute she opened her eyes and gave Shatov a strange, strange look: it was somehow quite a new look, precisely how he was as yet unable to understand, but he did not know or remember her ever having such a look before.

"A boy? A boy?" she asked Arina Prokhorovna in a pained voice.

"A little boy!" she shouted in reply, swaddling the baby.

For a moment, once she had swaddled him and before laying him across the bed between two pillows, she handed him to Shatov to hold. Marie, somehow on the sly and as if she were afraid of Arina Prokhorovna, nodded to him. He understood at once and brought the baby over to show her.

"How... pretty..." she whispered weakly, with a smile.

"Pah, what a look!" the triumphant Arina Prokhorovna laughed merrily, peeking into Shatov's face. "Just see the face on him!"

"Be glad, Arina Prokhorovna... This is a great joy..." Shatov babbled with an idiotically blissful look, radiant after Marie's two words about the baby.

"What's this great joy of yours?" Arina Prokhorovna was amusing herself, while bustling about, tidying up, and working like a galley slave.

"The mystery of the appearance of a new being, a great mystery and an inexplicable one, Arina Prokhorovna, and what a pity you don't understand it!"

Shatov was muttering incoherently, dazedly, and rapturously. It was as if something were swaying in his head, and of itself, without his will, pouring from his soul.

"There were two, and suddenly there's a third human being, a new spirit, whole, finished, such as doesn't come from human

hands; a new thought and a new love, it's even frightening ... And there's nothing higher in the world!"

"A nice lot of drive! It's simply the further development of the organism, there's nothing to it, no mystery," Arina Prokhorovna was guffawing sincerely and merrily. "That way every fly is a mystery. But I tell you what: unnecessary people shouldn't be born. First reforge everything so that they're not unnecessary, and then give birth to them. Otherwise, you see, I've got to drag him to the orphanage tomorrow... Though that's as it should be."

"Never will he go from me to the orphanage!" Shatov said firmly, staring at the floor.

"You're adopting him?"

"He is my son."

"Of course, he's a Shatov, legally he's a Shatov, and there's no point presenting yourself as a benefactor of mankind. They just can't do without their phrases. Well, well, all right, only I tell you what, ladies and gentlemen," she finally finished tidying up, "it's time for me to go. I'll come again in the morning, and in the evening if need be, and now, since it's all gone off so very well, I must also run to the others, they've been waiting a long time. Shatov, you've got an old woman sitting somewhere; the old woman is fine, but you, dear husband, don't you leave her either; stay by her, just in case you can be useful; and I don't suppose Marya Ignatievna will chase you away... well, well, I'm just laughing..."

At the gate, where Shatov went to see her off, she added, to him alone:

"You've made me laugh for the rest of my life: I won't take any money from you; I'll laugh in my sleep. I've never seen anything funnier than you last night."

She left thoroughly pleased. From Shatov's look and his talk, it became clear as day that the man "was going to make a father of himself, and was a consummate dishrag." She ran over to her place, though it would have been closer to go directly to her next patient, on purpose to tell Virginsky about it.

"Marie, she said you should wait and not sleep for a while, though that, I see, is terribly difficult. . ." Shatov began timidly. "I'll sit here by the window and keep watch on you, hm?"

And he sat down by the window behind the sofa so that there was no way she could see him. But before a minute had passed, she called him and squeamishly asked him to straighten her pillow. He began to straighten it. She was looking angrily at the wall.

"Not like that, oh, not like that... What hands!"

Shatov straightened it again.

"Bend down to me," she suddenly said wildly, trying all she could not to look at him.

He gave a start, but bent down.

"More... not like that... closer," and suddenly her left arm impetuously went around his neck, and he felt on his forehead her firm, moist kiss.

"Marie!"

Her lips were trembling, she tried to restrain herself, but suddenly she sat up and, flashing her eyes, said:

"Nikolai Stavrogin is a scoundrel!"

And strengthlessly, as if cut down, she fell with her face in the pillow, sobbing hysterically and squeezing Shatov's hand tightly in her own.

From that moment on she no longer let him leave her, she demanded that he sit by her head. She could talk little, but kept looking at him with a blessed smile on her face. It was as if she had suddenly turned into some silly fool. Everything seemed transformed. Shatov now wept like a little boy, now said God knows what, wildly, dazedly, inspiredly; he kissed her hands; she listened with rapture, perhaps not even understanding, but tenderly touching his hair with a weakened hand, smoothing it, admiring it. He talked to her of Kirillov, of how they were now going to start living "anew and forever," of the existence of God, of everyone being good ... In rapture they again took the baby out to look at him.

"Marie," he cried, holding the baby in his arms, "an end to the old delirium, disgrace, and carrion! Let us work, and on a new path, the three of us, yes, yes! ... Ah, yes, what name are we going to give him, Marie?"

"Him? What name?" she repeated in surprise, and a terribly rueful look suddenly came to her face.

She clasped her hands, glanced reproachfully at Shatov, and threw herself facedown on the pillow.

"Marie, what is it?" he cried out with rueful fright.

"How could you, how could you... Oh, you ungrateful man!"

"Marie, forgive me, Marie ... I just asked what to name him. I don't know..."

"Ivan, Ivan," she raised her flushed face, wet with tears, "could you really suppose it would be some other, *terrible* name?"

"Marie, calm down, oh, you're so upset!"

"More rudeness! Why ascribe it to my being upset? I bet if I told you to give him that... terrible name, you'd agree at once and wouldn't even notice! Oh, ungrateful, mean, all of you, all of you!"

A minute later, of course, they made peace. Shatov convinced her to get some sleep. She fell asleep, but still without letting go of his hand; she kept waking up, looking at him as if fearing he might leave, and falling asleep again.

Kirillov sent the old woman up with "congratulations," and with hot tea, besides, some just-fried cutlets, and bouillon with white bread for "Marya Ignatievna." The patient drank the bouillon greedily, the old woman changed the baby, Marie also made Shatov eat the cutlets.

Time was passing. Shatov, strengthless, fell asleep in the chair himself, his head on Marie's pillow. Thus they were found by Arina Prokhorovna, true to her word, who cheerfully woke them up, discussed whatever was necessary with Marie, looked the baby over, and again told Shatov not to leave her side. Then, cracking a joke about the "spouses" with a shade of scorn and superciliousness, she left as well pleased as before.

It was already quite dark when Shatov woke up. He hastened to light the candle and ran for the old woman; but as soon as he started down the stairs, he was struck by someone's soft, unhurried footsteps of a man coming up towards him. Erkel came in.

"Don't come in!" Shatov whispered, and seizing him impetuously by the arm, he dragged him back to the gate. "Wait here, I'll

come out right away, I totally, totally forgot about you! Oh, what a reminder!"

He began hurrying so much that he did not even run over to see Kirillov and only called the old woman out. Marie was in despair and indignation that he "could even think of leaving her alone."

"But," he cried rapturously, "this is the very last step! And then the new path, and we'll never, ever remember the old horror!"

He somehow managed to convince her and promised to be back at nine o'clock sharp; he gave her a big kiss, kissed the baby, and quickly ran down to Erkel.

The two men set off for Stavrogin's park at Skvoreshniki, where about a year and a half earlier, in a solitary place at the very edge of the park where the pine forest already began, he had buried the printing press that had been entrusted to him. The place was wild and deserted, totally inconspicuous, quite far from the Skvoreshniki house. It was about a two-mile walk from Filippov's house, maybe even two and a half.

"Not on foot, really? I'll hire a carriage."

"I beg you very much not to," Erkel objected, "they precisely insisted on that. A driver is also a witness."

"Well... the devil! No matter, just to be done with it, done with it!"

They were walking very quickly.

"Erkel, you little boy, you!" Shatov cried out, "have you ever been happy?"

"And you seem to be very happy now," Erkel observed with curiosity.

21: A Toilsome Night

I

Virginsky, in the course of the day, employed two hours in running around to see all *our* people and tell them that Shatov was certainly not going to denounce them, because his wife had come back to him and a child had been born, and, "knowing the human heart," it was impossible to suppose he could be dangerous at that moment. But, to his disconcertion, he found almost no one home except Erkel and Lyamshin. Erkel listened to him silently, gazing serenely into his eyes; and to the direct question: "Would he go at six o'clock or not?" replied, with the most serene smile, that "of course he would."

Lyamshin was in bed, apparently quite seriously sick, with his head wrapped in a blanket. When Virginsky came in, he got scared and, as soon as he began to speak, suddenly started waving his hands from under the blanket, pleading to be left alone. However, he listened to everything about Shatov; for some reason, the news that no one was home struck him greatly. It also turned out that he already knew (through Liputin) about Fedka's death, and hurriedly and incoherently told Virginsky about it himself, thereby striking him in his turn. And to Virginsky's direct question: "Should we go or not?" he again started pleading, waving his hands, that he was "not concerned, knew nothing, and to leave him alone."

Virginsky returned home dispirited and greatly alarmed; what made it hard for him was that he also had to conceal it from his family; he was used to revealing everything to his wife, and had it not been for a new thought, a certain new, conciliatory plan for further action which lit up in his inflamed brain at that moment, he might have taken to his bed like Lyamshin. But the new thought strengthened him; what's more, he even began waiting impatiently for the time, and set out for the gathering place even earlier than necessary.

It was a very dark place, at the end of the huge Stavrogin park. Afterwards I went there on purpose to have a look; how dismal it must have seemed on that harsh autumn evening! It was the edge of an old forest preserve; in the darkness, huge, century-old pines loomed as dark and dim shapes. It was so dark that it was almost impossible for them to make each other out from two steps away, but Pyotr Stepanovich, Liputin, and then Erkel brought lanterns with them. In time immemorial, no one knew why or when, a rather ridiculous sort of grotto had been built there from wild, unhewn stones. The table and benches inside the grotto had long since rotted and fallen apart. About two hundred paces to the right was the tip of the park's third pond. These three ponds, starting right from the house, followed one another, stretching over half a mile, right to the end of the park. It was hard to suppose that a noise, a cry, or even a shot, could reach the inhabitants of the abandoned Stavrogin house. Since Nikolai Vsevolodovich's departure the day before, and with the absence of Alexei Yegorych, there were no more than five or six inhabitants left in the whole house, of an invalid sort, so to speak. In any case, one could suppose with almost full probability that even if screams and cries for help were to be heard by one of these secluded inhabitants, they would evoke only fear, but not one of them would stir from their warm stoves and warmed-up benches to help.

At twenty minutes past six almost everyone except Erkel, who had been dispatched to bring Shatov, turned out to have gathered. This time Pyotr Stepanovich did not tarry; he arrived with Tolkachenko. Tolkachenko was scowling and preoccupied; all his affected and insolently boastful resolution had vanished. He almost never left Pyotr Stepanovich's side and seemed to have become boundlessly devoted to him; he kept coming at him, frequently and fussily, with his whisperings; but the latter scarcely replied, or vexedly muttered something to get rid of him.

Shigalyov and Virginsky arrived even somewhat earlier than Pyotr Stepanovich, and at his arrival immediately drew somewhat apart in profound and obviously deliberate silence. Pyotr Stepanovich raised his lantern and looked them over with unceremonious and insulting attentiveness. "They want to talk," flashed in his head.

"No Lyamshin?" he asked Virginsky. "Who said he was sick?"

"I'm here," Lyamshin responded, suddenly stepping from behind a tree. He was wearing a warm coat and was tightly wrapped in a plaid, so that it was hard to make out his physiognomy even with a lantern.

"So, just no Liputin?"

And Liputin silently came out of the grotto. Pyotr Stepanovich again raised the lantern.

"Why were you hiding in there, why didn't you come out?"

"I suppose we all retain the right to freedom ... of our movements," Liputin began to mutter, though probably not quite understanding what he wished to express.

"Gentlemen," Pyotr Stepanovich raised his voice, breaking the half-whisper for the first time, which produced its effect, "you understand very well, I believe, that there's no point in us smearing it around anymore. Everything was said and chewed over yesterday, directly and definitely. But perhaps, as I can see by your physiognomies, someone would like to state something; if so, I ask you to be quick. Devil take it, we don't have much time; Erkel may bring him any moment ..."

"He's certain to bring him," Tolkachenko put in for some reason.

"If I'm not mistaken, the handing over of the press will take place first?" Liputin inquired, again as if not understanding why he was asking the question.

"Well, of course, there's no point in losing things," Pyotr Stepanovich raised the lantern to his face. "But we did all agree

yesterday that we needn't actually take it. Let him just show you the spot where he buried it; we'll dig it up later ourselves. I know it's somewhere ten paces from some corner of the grotto... But, devil take it, how could you forget, Liputin? It was agreed that you'd meet him alone, and we'd come out only after that... It's strange you're asking, or was it just so?"

Liputin kept gloomily silent. Everyone fell silent. The wind swayed the tops of the pines.

"I trust, however, gentlemen, that everyone will do his duty," Pyotr Stepanovich broke off impatiently.

"I know that Shatov's wife came and gave birth to a child," Virginsky suddenly started to speak, excitedly, hurriedly, barely enunciating the words, and gesticulating. "Knowing the human heart... we can be sure that he won't denounce us now... because he's in happiness... And so I called on everyone earlier and found no one home... and so maybe there's no need for anything now..."

He stopped: his breath failed him.

"If you, Mr. Virginsky, should suddenly become happy," Pyotr Stepanovich made a step towards him, "would you put off—not a denunciation, no one's talking about that, but some risky civic deed, which you had been planning before your happiness and which you considered your duty and responsibility, in spite of the risk and the loss of your happiness?"

"No, I wouldn't! I wouldn't put it off for anything!" Virginsky said, with some terribly absurd fervor, his body moving all over.

"You'd sooner wish to become unhappy again than be a scoundrel?"

"Yes, yes... Even completely the opposite ... I'd rather be a complete scoundrel... no, I mean... not a scoundrel at all, but the opposite, completely unhappy, than be a scoundrel."

"Let it be known to you, then, that Shatov regards this denunciation as his civic deed, his highest conviction, and the proof is that he himself is running some risk before the government, though much will certainly be forgiven him for the denunciation. Such a man will never retract. No happiness will prevail; within a day he'll come to his senses, reproach himself, and go and do it. Besides, I don't see any happiness in the fact that his wife has come to him, after three years, to give birth to a Stavrogin child."

"But no one has seen the denunciation," Shigalyov said suddenly and emphatically.

"I have seen the denunciation," cried Pyotr Stepanovich, "it exists, and all this is terribly stupid, gentlemen!"

"And I," Virginsky suddenly boiled up, "I protest... I protest with all my strength ... I want... This is what I want: I want, when he gets here, for us all to come out and ask him: if it's true, then make him repent, and if it's word of honor, then let him go. In any case—a trial; with a trial. And not all of us hiding and then falling on him."

"To risk the common cause on a word of honor—is the height of stupidity! Devil take it, gentlemen, now is such a stupid time for this! And what role are you assuming in the moment of danger?"

"I protest, I protest," Virginsky harped.

"Don't shout, at least, or we won't hear the signal. Shatov, gentlemen ... (Devil take it, now is such a stupid time for this!) I've already told you that Shatov is a Slavophil—that is, one of the stupidest people ... Ah, the devil, spit on it anyhow, it makes no difference! You just throw me off! ... Shatov, gentlemen, is an embittered man, but since he still belonged to the society, whether he liked it or not, I hoped till the last minute that he could be of use to the common cause and be employed as an embittered man. I kept him and spared him, in spite of the most precise instructions ... I spared him a hundred times more than he was worth! But he ended by denouncing us; well, the devil, so spit on it! ... Only just let anyone try slipping away now! None of you has the right to abandon the cause! You can go and kiss him if you like, but you have no right to betray the common cause on a word of honor! Only swine and people bought by the government act like that!"

"Who here has been bought by the government?" Liputin filtered again.

"You, maybe. Better keep still, Liputin, you're just saying it out of habit. The bought, gentlemen, are all those who turn coward in the moment of danger. Some fool will always come along who gets scared and at the last minute runs and shouts: 'Aie, forgive me, I'll sell everybody!' But know, gentlemen, that at this point you'll no longer be forgiven for any denunciation. Even if they knock off two degrees for you legally, it's still Siberia for each of you, and, besides, there's another sword you won't escape. And that other sword is sharper than the government's."

Pyotr Stepanovich was furious and said too much. Shigalyov firmly stepped three steps towards him.

"I have thought the matter over since yesterday evening," he began, confidently and methodically as always (and I believe that if the earth had given way under him, even then he would not have raised his tone or changed one iota in the methodicalness of his statement), "and having thought it over, I have decided that the intended murder is not only a waste of precious time that could be employed in a more immediate and essential way, but represents, moreover, that pernicious deviation from the normal path which has always done most harm to the cause and has obviated its successes for decades, being subject to the influence of light-minded and predominantly political men instead of pure socialists. I came here solely to protest against the intended undertaking, for general edification, and also—to remove myself from the present moment, which you, I do not know why, call your moment of danger. I am leaving—not from fear of this danger, or from any sentimentality over Shatov, whom I by no means wish to kiss, but solely because this entire affair, from beginning to end, literally contradicts my program. As regards denunciation or being bought by the government, for my part you may be perfectly at ease: there will be no denunciation."

He turned and started walking away.

"Devil take it, he'll meet them and warn Shatov!" Pyotr Stepanovich cried, and he snatched out his revolver. There was the click of the hammer being cocked.

"You may be assured," Shigalyov turned around again, "that if I meet Shatov on my way, I may still greet him, but I will not warn him."

"And do you know that you may have to pay for this, Mr. Fourier?"

"I beg you to note that I am not Fourier. By mixing me up with that sugary, abstract maunderer, you only prove that though my manuscript has been in your hands, it is completely unknown to you. And as regards your revenge, I will tell you that you should not have cocked the hammer; at the moment it is absolutely unprofitable for you. And if you are threatening me for tomorrow or the day after tomorrow, then once again, except for some extra trouble, you won't gain anything for yourself by shooting me: you will kill me, but sooner or later you will still arrive at my system. Good-bye."

At that moment there came a whistle from about two hundred paces away, from the park, in the direction of the pond. Liputin, still following yesterday's plan, responded at once by whistling back (for which purpose, not trusting in his rather toothless mouth, he had bought a child's clay whistle for a kopeck in the market that morning). Erkel had had time on the way to caution Shatov that there would be whistling, so that he would not conceive any suspicions.

"Don't worry, I'll go around them, they won't notice me at all," Shigalyov cautioned in an imposing whisper, and then, without hurrying or quickening his pace, he finally set off through the dark park for home.

How this terrible event took place is now fully known in the smallest detail. First, Liputin met Erkel and Shatov just at the grotto; Shatov did not greet him or offer his hand, but at once said hastily and loudly:

"Well, so where's your spade, and haven't you got another lantern? Don't be afraid, there's absolutely no one here; you could fire off cannons now, they wouldn't hear a thing in Skvoreshniki. It's here, this is the place, this very spot..."

And he stamped his foot, ten paces indeed from the far corner of the grotto, in the direction of the forest. At that same moment Tolkachenko rushed at his back from behind a tree, and Erkel seized him by the elbows, also from the back. Liputin threw himself at him from the front. The three of them knocked him down at once and pinned him to the ground. Here Pyotr Stepanovich sprang over with his revolver. It is said that Shatov had time to turn his head towards him and was still able to make him out and recognize him. Three lanterns lighted the scene. Shatov suddenly cried out a brief and desperate cry; but he was not to cry out again: Pyotr Stepanovich accurately and firmly put the revolver right to his forehead, hard point-blank, and—pulled the trigger. The shot, I suppose, was not very loud; at least nothing was heard at Skvoreshniki. Shigalyov, who had scarcely gone three hundred steps, heard it, of course—heard both the cry and the shot, but, as he himself later testified, did not turn or even stop. Death occurred almost instantly. Full efficiency—though not, I think, cold-bloodedness—was preserved only by Pyotr Stepanovich. Squatting down, he searched the murdered man's pockets hastily but with a firm hand. There was no money (the purse had remained under Marya Ignatievna's pillow). Two or three worthless scraps of paper were found: an office note, some book title, and an old foreign tavern bill which, God knows why, had survived in his pocket for two years.

Pyotr Stepanovich transferred the scraps of paper to his own pocket and, suddenly noticing that everyone was clustered around looking at the corpse and not doing anything, he began angrily and impolitely cursing and hustling them. Tolkachenko and Erkel, coming to their senses, ran to the grotto and instantly brought two stones put there in the morning, each weighing about twenty pounds, and already prepared—that is, with ropes tied tightly and securely around them. Since the intention was to carry the corpse to the nearest (the third) pond and sink it there, they began tying these stones to it, at the feet and neck. The tying was done by Pyotr Stepanovich, while Tolkachenko and Erkel merely stood holding the stones and handed them over in turn. Erkel handed over the first stone, and while Pyotr Stepanovich, grumbling and cursing, was tying the legs of the corpse together and tying this first stone to them, Tolkachenko, during all this rather long time, went on holding his stone out at arm's length, his whole body bent sharply and as if reverently forward, so as to hand it over without delay at the first asking, and never once thought of lowering his burden to the ground in the meantime. When both stones were finally tied on and Pyotr Stepanovich got up from the ground to examine the physiognomies of those present, a strange thing suddenly happened, which was totally unexpected and surprised almost everyone.

As has already been said, almost everyone was standing and not doing anything, with the partial exception of Tolkachenko and Erkel. Virginsky, though he had rushed to Shatov along with everyone else, had not seized him or helped to hold him. And Lyamshin got into the bunch only after the shot. Then, during the perhaps ten-minute-long pottering with the corpse, they all as if lost part of their consciousness. They grouped themselves around and, before any worry or alarm, felt as if only surprise. Liputin stood in front, just by the corpse. Virginsky was behind him, peeping over his shoulder with some particular and as if unrelated curiosity, even standing on tiptoe in order to see better. And Lyamshin hid behind Virginsky, only peeping out warily from behind him every now and then, and hiding again at once. But when the stones were tied on and Pyotr Stepanovich stood up, Virginsky suddenly started quivering all over, clasped his hands, and cried ruefully at the top of his voice:

"This is not it, this is not it! No, this is not it at all!"

He might have added something more to his so belated exclamation, but Lyamshin did not let him finish: suddenly, and with all his might, he clasped him and squeezed him from behind and let out some sort of incredible shriek. There are strong moments of fear, for instance, when a man will suddenly cry out in a voice not his own, but such as one could not even have supposed him to have before then, and the effect is sometimes even quite frightful. Lyamshin cried not with a human but with some sort of animal voice. Squeezing Virginsky from behind harder and harder with his arms, in a convulsive fit, he went on shrieking without stop or pause, his eyes goggling at them all, and his mouth opened exceedingly wide, while his feet rapidly stamped the ground as if beating out a drum roll on it. Virginsky got so scared that he cried out like a madman himself and tried to tear free of Lyamshin's grip in some sort of frenzy, so viciously that one even could not have expected it of Virginsky, scratching and punching him as well he was able to reach behind him with his arms. Erkel finally helped him to tear Lyamshin off. But when, in fear, Virginsky sprang about ten steps away, Lyamshin, seeing Pyotr Stepanovich, suddenly screamed again and rushed at him. Stumbling over the corpse, he fell across it onto Pyotr Stepanovich and now clenched him so tightly in his embrace, pressing his head against his chest, that for the first moment Pyotr Stepanovich, Tolkachenko, and Liputin were almost unable to do anything. Pyotr Stepanovich yelled, swore, beat him on the head with his fists; finally, having somehow torn himself free, he snatched out the revolver and pointed it straight into the open mouth of the still screaming Lyamshin, whom Tolkachenko, Erkel, and Liputin had already seized firmly by the arms; but Lyamshin went on shrieking even in spite of the revolver. Finally, Erkel somehow bunched up his foulard and stuffed it deftly into his mouth, and thus the shouting ceased. Meanwhile, Tolkachenko tied his hands with a leftover end of rope.

"This is very strange," Pyotr Stepanovich said, studying the madman in alarmed astonishment.

He was visibly struck.

"I had quite a different idea of him," he added pensively.

For the time being, Erkel was left with him. They had to hurry with the dead man: there had been so much shouting that it might have been heard somewhere. Tolkachenko and Pyotr Stepanovich raised their lanterns and picked up the corpse at the head; Liputin and Virginsky took hold of the feet and lifted. With the two stones, it was a heavy burden, and the distance was more than two hundred

steps. Tolkachenko was the strongest of them. He tried to suggest that they walk in step, but no one responded to him, and they went on haphazardly. Pyotr Stepanovich walked on the right and, bent completely double, carried the dead man's head on his shoulder, supporting the stone from underneath with his left hand. Since Tolkachenko, for a good half of the way, never thought of helping to carry the stone, Pyotr Stepanovich finally shouted a curse at him. It was a sudden, solitary shout; they all went on silently carrying, and only at the very edge of the pond did Virginsky, bending under the burden and as if weary from its weight, suddenly exclaim again in the same loud, tearful voice:

"This is not it, no, no, this is not it at all!"

Where this third, quite large Skvoreshniki pond ended, and where they had brought the murdered man, was one of the most deserted and unfrequented places in the park, especially at such a late time of year. This end of the pond, near the bank, was overgrown with reeds. They set the lantern down, swung the corpse, and threw it into the water. There was a dull and long sound. Pyotr Stepanovich raised the lantern; after him they all stuck their heads out, peering curiously at how the dead man was sinking; but by then nothing could be seen: the body with the two stones went under at once. The big ripples that spread over the surface of the water were quickly dying away. The matter was ended.

"Gentlemen," Pyotr Stepanovich addressed them all, "we will now disperse. You undoubtedly must feel that free pride which is attendant upon the fulfillment of a free duty. And if, unhappily, you are now too alarmed for such emotions, you will undoubtedly feel it tomorrow, by which time it would be shameful not to feel it. As for Lyamshin's all too shameful agitation, I agree to regard it as delirium, all the more so in that they say he really has been sick since morning. And you, Virginsky, one moment of free reflection will show you that, in view of the interests of the common cause, it was not possible to act upon a word of honor, but precisely as we have done. The consequences will show that there had been a denunciation. I agree to forget your exclamations. As for danger, there is none to be expected. No one will even think of suspecting any of us, especially if you yourselves know how to behave; so the main thing still depends on you yourselves and on your full conviction, which I hope will grow firm in you by tomorrow. And that, incidentally, is precisely why you united together into a separate organization of the free assembly of the like-minded, so as in the common cause to share your energy among yourselves at a given moment and, if need be, to watch over and observe each other. Each of you owes a higher accounting. You are called to renew the cause, which is decrepit and stinking from stagnation; keep that always before your eyes for encouragement. In the meantime your whole step is towards getting everything destroyed: both the state and its morality. We alone will remain, having destined ourselves beforehand to assume power: we shall rally the smart ones to ourselves, and ride on the backs of the fools. You should not be embarrassed by it. This generation must be re-educated to make it worthy of freedom. There are still many thousands of Shatovs ahead of us. We will get organized so as to seize the tendency; it is shameful not to reach out and take what is lying there idly with its mouth gaping at us. I'm now going to Kirillov, and by morning there will be a document in which he, on dying, by way of an explanation to the government, will take everything upon himself. Nothing could be more plausible than such a combination. First of all, there was enmity between him and Shatov; they lived together in America, so they had time to quarrel. It is known that Shatov changed his convictions; the enmity, then, was because of convictions and the fear of denunciation—that is, the most unforgiving kind. All this will be written down just that way. Finally, it will be mentioned that Fedka lodged with him, in Filippov's house. Thus, all this will completely remove all suspicion from you, because it will throw all those muttonheads off. Tomorrow, gentlemen, we will not see each other; I'll be away in the district capital for a very short time. But the day after tomorrow you'll have reports from me. I would advise you, in fact, to spend tomorrow at home. We will now set out by twos on different routes. You, Tolkachenko, I ask to occupy yourself with Lyamshin and take him home. You may influence him and, above all, impress upon him the extent to which he will be harming himself first of all by his faintheartedness. Your relative Shigalyov, Mr. Virginsky, I do not wish to doubt, any more than I do you yourself: he will not denounce us. His action remains regrettable; but, all the same, he has not yet announced that he is leaving the society, so it is too early to bury him. Well—quick now, gentlemen; they may be muttonheads, but there's no harm in being prudent..."

Virginsky went with Erkel. In handing Lyamshin over to Tolkachenko, Erkel had managed to bring him to Pyotr Stepanovich and announce that he had come to his senses, repented, and begged forgiveness, and did not even remember what had happened to him. Pyotr Stepanovich went off alone, choosing a way around the other side of the ponds, skirting the park. This was the longest route. To his surprise, Liputin overtook him almost midway.

"Pyotr Stepanovich, you know, Lyamshin's sure to denounce us!"

"No, he'll come to his senses and realize that if he denounces us, he'll be the first to go to Siberia. Nobody will denounce us now. You won't either."

"And you?"

"No question, I'll have you all tucked away the minute you make a move to betray, and you know it. But you won't betray anything. Is that why you ran more than a mile after me?"

"Pyotr Stepanovich, Pyotr Stepanovich, you know, we may never see each other again!"

"What gives you that idea?"

"Tell me just one thing."

"Well, what? I wish you'd clear off, though."

"One answer, but the right one: are we the only fivesome in the world, or is it true that there are several hundred fivesomes? I'm asking in a lofty sense, Pyotr Stepanovich."

"I can see that by your frenzy. And do you know that you are more dangerous than Lyamshin, Liputin?"

"I know, I know, but—the answer, your answer!"

"What a foolish man you are! One would think it should make no difference now—one fivesome, or a thousand."

"So it's one! I just knew it!" Liputin cried out. "I knew all along it was one, right up to this very moment..."

And without waiting for any other reply, he turned and quickly vanished into the darkness.

Pyotr Stepanovich pondered a little.

"No, no one will denounce us," he said resolutely, "but—the crew must remain a crew and obey, otherwise I'll... What trash these

people are, though!"

II

He first stopped at his place and neatly, unhurriedly, packed his suitcase. The express train was leaving at six o'clock in the morning. This early express train came only once a week and had been scheduled very recently, just as a trial for the time being. Though Pyotr Stepanovich had warned *our* people that he was supposedly going to the district capital, his intentions, as it turned out later, were quite different. After finishing with the suitcase, he settled accounts with the landlady, whom he had notified ahead of time, and moved in a hired carriage to Erkel's place, which was near the station. And only after that, at approximately one o'clock in the morning, did he go to Kirillov's, where he again penetrated through Fedka's secret passage. The state of Pyotr Stepanovich's mind was terrible. Apart from other discontents quite important for him (he was still unable to find out anything about Stavrogin), he had, it seems—for I cannot confirm it with certainty—received during the course of the day, from somewhere (most likely Petersburg), secret notification of a certain danger awaiting him in the near future. Of course, there are now a great many legends going around town about that time; but even if something is known with certainty, it is known only to those who ought to know of it. And I simply suppose, in my own opinion, that Pyotr Stepanovich might have had doings elsewhere than in our town, so that he might indeed have received notifications. I am even convinced, contrary to Liputin's cynical and desperate doubt, that he could indeed have had two or three fivesomes besides ours, in the capitals, for instance; or, if not fivesomes, then connections and relations—perhaps even very curious ones. No more than three days after his departure, an order from the capital was received in our town for his immediate arrest—for what actual doings, ours or some others, I do not know. The order arrived just in time to increase the staggering, almost mystical sense of fear that took possession of our authorities and our hitherto stubbornly frivolous society on the discovery of the mysterious and highly portentous murder of the student Shatov—a murder that filled the measure of our absurdities—and of the extremely enigmatic circumstances that accompanied this event. But the order came too late: Pyotr Stepanovich was already in Petersburg by then, under an assumed name, and from there, having sniffed out what was going on, he instantly slipped abroad... But I am getting terribly far ahead of myself.

He entered Kirillov's room with a spiteful and provocative look. As if he wished, along with the main business, also to work off something personal on Kirillov, to vent something on him. Kirillov seemed glad he had come; it was obvious that he had been waiting for him terribly long, and with morbid impatience. His face was paler than usual, the expression of his black eyes heavy and fixed.

"I thought you wouldn't come," he said heavily from the corner of the sofa, though not stirring to greet him. Pyotr Stepanovich stood in front of him and, before saying a word, peered closely into his face.

"So everything's in order, and we're not going back on our intention. Good boy!" he smiled an offensively patronizing smile. "Well, so what," he added with vile jocularity, "if I'm late, it's not for you to complain: you got a gift of three hours."

"I don't want any extra hours from you, and you can't give me gifts—fool!"

"What?" Pyotr Stepanovich jumped, but instantly controlled himself. "How touchy! We're in a rage, eh?" he rapped out with the same air of offensive superciliousness. "At such a moment one rather needs to be calm. Best of all is to regard yourself as Columbus and look at me as a mouse and not be offended at me. I recommended that yesterday."

"I don't want to look at you as a mouse."

"What's that, a compliment? Anyhow, the tea is cold, too—so everything's upside down. No, something untrustworthy is going on here. Hah! What's this I see on the windowsill, on a plate" (he went over to the window). "Oho, a boiled chicken with rice! ... But why hasn't it been touched yet? So we were in such a state of mind that even a chicken ..."

"I ate, and it's none of your business; keep still!"

"Oh, certainly, and besides it makes no difference. But it does make a difference to me: imagine, I had hardly any dinner at all, so if this chicken is now, as I suppose, no longer needed... eh?"

"Eat, if you can."

"Much obliged, and tea to follow."

He instantly settled down to the table at the other end of the sofa and with extraordinary greediness fell upon the food; but at the same time he observed his victim every moment. Kirillov, with spiteful loathing, looked fixedly at him, as if unable to tear himself away.

"However," Pyotr Stepanovich suddenly heaved himself up, continuing to eat, "however, about this business? We're not going to back out, eh? And the little note?"

"I determined tonight that it makes no difference to me. I'll write it. About the tracts?"

"Yes, also about the tracts. Anyhow, I'll dictate it. It really makes no difference to you. Can you possibly worry about the contents at such a moment?"

"None of your business."

"Of course not. Anyhow, just a few lines: that you and Shatov distributed the tracts—with the help of Fedka, incidentally, who was hiding out in your apartment. This last point about Fedka and the apartment is quite important, even the most important. You see, I'm being completely frank with you."

"And Shatov? Why Shatov? Not Shatov, not for anything."

"Come on, what is it to you? You can't harm him now."

"His wife came to him. She woke up and sent to ask me where he is."

"She sent to find out where he is from you? Hm, that's not good. She might send again; no one must know I'm here..."

Pyotr Stepanovich became worried.

"She won't find out, she's asleep again; the midwife is with her, Arina Virginsky."

"That's just... and she won't hear, I suppose? You know, why don't we lock the front door?"

"She won't hear anything. And if Shatov comes, I'll hide you in that room."

"Shatov won't come; and you are going to write that you quarreled over his betrayal and denunciation... this night. . . and the cause of his death."

"He died!" Kirillov cried out, jumping up from the sofa.

"Today, between seven and eight in the evening, or, rather, yesterday between seven and eight in the evening, since it's now past midnight."

"You killed him! ... And I foresaw it yesterday!"

"How could you not foresee it! With this revolver" (he pulled out the revolver, ostensibly to show it, after which he did not put it away again, but went on holding it in his right hand, as if in readiness). "You, however, are a strange man, Kirillov, you yourself knew it would have to end this way with that foolish man. What else was there to foresee? I chewed it all over for you several times. Shatov was preparing a denunciation: I was watching him; there was no way to let it go at that. And you, too, had instructions to watch him; you told me so yourself three weeks ago..."

"Keep still! You did it because he spat in your face in Geneva!"

"For that, and for other things. For many other things; though without any malice. Why jump up like that? What's this posturing? Oho! So that's how we are! ..."

He jumped up and raised the revolver in front of him. The thing was that Kirillov had suddenly snatched his revolver from the windowsill, loaded and ready since morning. Pyotr Stepanovich positioned himself and aimed his weapon at Kirillov. The latter laughed spitefully.

"Confess, scoundrel, that you took out the revolver because I'm going to shoot you... But I'm not going to shoot you ... although... although ..."

And again he aimed his revolver at Pyotr Stepanovich as if trying it out, as if unable to deny himself the pleasure of imagining how it would be to shoot him. Pyotr Stepanovich, still positioned, was biding, biding his time until the last moment without pulling the trigger, running the risk of getting a bullet in his own head first: one might well expect it from a "maniac." But the "maniac" finally lowered his arm, gasping and trembling, unable to speak.

"We've had our play and that's enough," Pyotr Stepanovich also lowered his weapon. "I just knew you were playing; only, you know, you were taking a risk: I might have pulled the trigger."

And he sat down rather calmly on the sofa and poured himself some tea, though with a slightly trembling hand. Kirillov put his revolver on the table and started pacing back and forth.

"I won't write that I killed Shatov and ... I won't write anything now. There won't be any document!"

"There won't?"

"There won't."

"What meanness and what foolishness!" Pyotr Stepanovich turned green with anger. "I anticipated it, though. Let me tell you that you haven't caught me unawares. However, as you wish. If I could force you, I would. You are a scoundrel, though," Pyotr Stepanovich became more and more unable to stand it. "You asked us for money that time and made a whole cartload of promises ... Only I still won't leave without the result, I'll still see at least how you blow your head off."

"I want you to leave here now," Kirillov stopped firmly in front of him.

"No, sir, that I won't," Pyotr Stepanovich grabbed his revolver again. "You might decide now, from spite and cowardice, to put it all off and go and denounce us tomorrow, to procure a bit of cash again— they do pay for such things. Devil take you, paltry people like you are ripe for anything! Only don't worry, I foresaw it all: I won't leave before I've blown your brains out with this revolver, like that scoundrel Shatov's, if you turn coward and put off your intention, devil take you!"

"You absolutely want to see my blood, too?"

"It's not out of malice, you understand; it makes no difference to me. It's so as not to worry about our cause. One can't rely on people, you see that yourself. I don't understand a thing about your fantasy of killing yourself. I didn't think it up for you, you did yourself even before me, and you originally announced it not to me but to the members abroad. And, notice, none of them tried to elicit anything, none of them even knew you at all, but you yourself came with your confidences, out of sentimentality. So what's to be done if, right then, on that basis, with your own consent and offer (make note of that: your offer!), a certain plan for local actions was made, which it is now quite impossible to change. You put yourself in such a position that you now know too much. If you turn tail and go tomorrow with a denunciation, that might prove rather unprofitable for us, don't you think? No, sir, you committed yourself, you gave your word, you took the money. There's no way you can deny that..."

Pyotr Stepanovich was greatly excited, but Kirillov had long since stopped listening. He was again thoughtfully pacing the room.

"I'm sorry for Shatov," he said, stopping in front of Pyotr Stepanovich again.

"Yes, well, maybe I'm sorry, too, but can it be..."

"Quiet, scoundrel!" Kirillov bellowed, making a terrible and unambiguous movement, "I'll kill you!"

"Well, well, well, so I lied, I agree, I'm not sorry at all; well, enough, enough now!" Pyotr Stepanovich jumped up apprehensively, holding out his hand.

Kirillov suddenly subsided and began pacing again.

"I won't put it off; I want to kill myself precisely now: men are all scoundrels!"

"Well, that's the idea; of course, men are all scoundrels, and since it's loathsome for a decent man to be in the world..."

"Fool, I am a scoundrel the same as you, as all of them, not a decent man. There has not been a decent man anywhere."

"He's finally figured it out. Can it be, Kirillov, that you, with your intelligence, have only now understood that everyone's the same, that no one's better or worse, but just smarter or stupider, and that if men are all scoundrels (which is nonsense, however), then it follows that there even oughtn't to be any non-scoundrels?"

"Ah! So you're really not laughing?" Kirillov looked at him with some surprise. "You're excited and simply ... Can it be that your kind have convictions?"

"Kirillov, I never could understand why you want to kill yourself. I know only that it's from conviction... firm conviction. But if you feel a need, so to speak, to pour yourself out, I'm at your service... Only we must consider the time..."

"What time is it?"

"Oho, the stroke of two," Pyotr Stepanovich looked at his watch and lit a cigarette.

"It seems we can still come to terms," he thought to himself.

"I have nothing to tell you," Kirillov muttered.

"I remember there was something about God... you did explain it to me once—twice, even. If you shoot yourself, you'll become God, is that right?"

"Yes, I will become God."

Pyotr Stepanovich did not even smile; he was waiting; Kirillov gave him a subtle look.

"You are a political crook and intriguer, you want to bring me down to philosophy and ecstasy and produce a reconciliation, to disperse wrath, and, once I'm reconciled, to extort a note that I killed Shatov."

Pyotr Stepanovich answered with an almost natural simpleheartedness:

"Well, suppose I am such a scoundrel, only in these last minutes what difference does it make, Kirillov? Why are we quarreling, tell me, please: you're this sort of man, I'm that sort of man—what of it? And besides, we're both..."

"Scoundrels."

"Yes, scoundrels, maybe. You know these are only words."

"All my life I did not want it to be only words. This is why I lived, because I kept not wanting it. And now, too, every day I want it not to be words."

"Well, each of us seeks a better place. A bug in a rug ... I mean, each of us seeks comfort of some sort; that's all. It's been known for an extremely long time."

"Comfort, you say?"

"Well, we're not going to quarrel over words."

"No, you said it well; let it be comfort. God is necessary, and therefore must exist."

"Well, that's wonderful."

"But I know that he does not and cannot exist."

"That's more like it."

"Don't you understand that a man with these two thoughts cannot go on living?"

"Must shoot himself, you mean?"

"Don't you understand that a man can shoot himself for that alone? You don't understand that there may be such a man, one man out of the thousands of your millions, one, who will not want it and will not endure it."

"I understand only that you seem to be hesitating... That's very bad."

"Stavrogin was also eaten by an idea." Kirillov, sullenly pacing the room, did not mark his remark.

"What?" Pyotr Stepanovich pricked up his ears. "What idea? Did he tell you something himself?"

"No, I myself guessed it: if Stavrogin believes, he does not believe that he believes. And if he does not believe, he does not believe that he does not believe."

"Well, Stavrogin also has other things more intelligent than that. . ." Pyotr Stepanovich muttered peevishly, watching with alarm the turn of the conversation and the pale Kirillov.

"Devil take it, he won't shoot himself," he thought. "I always suspected it; it's a kink in his brain and nothing more. What trash!"

"You're the last to be with me; I wouldn't like to part badly with you," Kirillov suddenly bestowed.

Pyotr Stepanovich did not answer at once. "Devil take it, what's this now?" he thought again.

"Believe me, Kirillov, I have nothing against you personally as a man, and I've always..."

"You are a scoundrel and a false mind. But I am the same as you are, and I will shoot myself, while you remain alive."

"That is, you mean to say I'm so base as to want to remain alive."

He still could not tell whether it was profitable or unprofitable for him to continue such a conversation at such a moment, and decided to "give himself up to circumstances." But Kirillov's tone of superiority and ever undisguised contempt for him had always annoyed him before, and now for some reason even more than before. Perhaps because Kirillov, who was going to die in an hour or so (Pyotr Stepanovich still kept that in mind), appeared to him as something like a half-man, something of such kind as could no longer be allowed any haughtiness.

"You seem to be boasting to me about shooting yourself?"

"I've always been surprised that everyone remains alive." Kirillov did not hear his remark.

"Hm, that's an idea, I suppose, but..."

"Ape! You yes me to win me over. Keep still, you won't understand anything. If there is no God, then I am God."

"Now, there's the one point of yours that I could never understand: why are you God then?"

"If there is God, then the will is all his, and I cannot get out of his will. If not, the will is all mine, and it is my duty to proclaim self-will."

"Self-will? And why is it your duty?"

"Because the will has all become mine. Can it be that no one on the whole planet, having ended God and believed in self-will, dares to proclaim self-will to the fullest point? It's as if a poor man received an inheritance, got scared, and doesn't dare go near the bag, thinking he's too weak to own it. I want to proclaim self-will. I may be the only one, but I'll do it."

"Do it, then."

"It is my duty to shoot myself because the fullest point of my self-will is—for me to kill myself."

"But you're not the only one to kill yourself; there are lots of suicides."

"For reasons. But without any reason, simply for self-will—only I."

"He won't shoot himself," flashed again in Pyotr Stepanovich.

"You know what," he observed irritably, "in your place, if I wanted to show self-will, I'd kill somebody else and not myself. You could become useful. I'll point out whom, if you're not afraid. Then maybe there's no need to shoot yourself today. We could come to terms."

"To kill someone else would be the lowest point of my self-will, and there's the whole of you in that. I am not you: I want the highest point, and will kill myself."

"Reasoned it all out for himself," Pyotr Stepanovich growled spitefully.

"It is my duty to proclaim unbelief," Kirillov was pacing the room. "For me no idea is higher than that there is no God. The history of mankind is on my side. Man has done nothing but invent God, so as to live without killing himself; in that lies the whole of world history up to now. I alone for the first time in world history did not want to invent God. Let them know once and for all."

"He won't shoot himself," Pyotr Stepanovich worried.

"Who is there to know?" he kept prodding. "There is you and me, and who—Liputin?"

"Everyone is to know; everyone will know. There is nothing hid that shall not be revealed." ^[195] He said that.

And he pointed with feverish rapture to the icon of the Savior, before which an icon lamp was burning. Pyotr Stepanovich got thoroughly angry.

"So you still believe in *Him*, and keep the little lamp lit; what is it, 'just in case' or something?"

The other was silent.

"You know what, I think you believe maybe even more than any priest."

"In whom? In *Him* ? Listen," Kirillov stopped, gazing before him with fixed, ecstatic eyes. "Listen to a big idea: There was one day on earth, and in the middle of the earth stood three crosses. One on a cross believed so much that he said to another: 'This day you

^[196] will be with me in paradise.' The day ended, they both died, went, and did not find either paradise or resurrection. What had been said would not prove true. Listen: this man was the highest on all the earth, he constituted what it was to live for. Without this man the whole planet with everything on it is—madness only. There has not been one like *Him* before or since, not ever, even to the point of miracle. This is the miracle, that there has not been and never will be such a one. And if so, if the laws of nature did not pity even *This One*, did not pity even their own miracle, but made *Him*, too, live amidst a lie and die for a lie, then the whole planet is a lie, and stands upon a lie and a stupid mockery. Then the very laws of the planet are a lie and a devil's vaudeville. Why live then, answer me, if you're a man."

"That's another turn of affairs. It seems to me you have two different causes mixed up here; and that is highly untrustworthy. But, excuse me, what if you are God? If the lie ended and you realized that the whole lie was because there had been this former God?"

"You've finally understood!" Kirillov cried out rapturously. "So it can be understood, if even someone like you understands! You understand now that the whole salvation for everyone is to prove this thought to them all. Who will prove it? I! I don't understand how, up to now, an atheist could know there is no God and not kill himself at once. To recognize that there is no God, and not to recognize at the same time that you have become God, is an absurdity, otherwise you must necessarily kill yourself. Once you recognize it, you are king, and you will not kill yourself but will live in the chiefest glory. But one, the one who is first, must necessarily kill himself, otherwise who will begin and prove it? It is I who will necessarily kill myself in order to begin and prove it. I am still God against my will, and I am unhappy, because it is my *duty* to proclaim self-will. Everyone is unhappy, because everyone is afraid to proclaim self-will. That is why man has been so unhappy and poor up to now, because he was afraid to proclaim the chief point of self-will and was self-willed only on the margins, like a schoolboy. I am terribly unhappy, because I am terribly afraid. Fear is man's curse... But I will proclaim self-will, it is my duty to believe that I do not believe. I will begin, and end, and open the door. And save. Only this one thing will save all men and in the next generation transform them physically; for in the present physical aspect, so far as I have thought, it is in no way possible for man to be without the former God. For three years I have been searching for the attribute of my divinity, and I have found it: the attribute of my divinity is—Self-will! That is all, by which I can show in the main point my insubordination and my new fearsome freedom. For it is very fearsome. I kill myself to show my insubordination and my new fearsome freedom."

His face was unnaturally pale, his look unbearably heavy. He was as if delirious. Pyotr Stepanovich thought he was going to collapse right there.

"Give me the pen!" Kirillov suddenly cried quite unexpectedly, in decided inspiration. "Dictate, I'll sign everything. I'll sign that I killed Shatov, too. Dictate while I'm laughing. I'm not afraid of the thoughts of arrogant slaves! You'll see yourself that all that is hid shall be revealed! And you will be crushed ... I believe! I believe!"

Pyotr Stepanovich snatched himself from his place and instantly gave him an inkstand, paper, and began to dictate, seizing the moment and trembling for his success.

"‘I, Alexei Kirillov, declare...’"

"Wait! I don't want to! Declare to whom?"

Kirillov was shaking as if in a fever. This declaration and some sudden, special thought about it seemed to have absorbed him entirely all at once, as if it were some outlet where, if only for a moment, his tormented spirit rushed precipitously:

"Declare to whom? I want to know whom!"

"To nobody, to everybody, to the first one who reads it. Why specify? To the whole world!"

"To the whole world? Bravo! And so there's no need for repentance. I don't want repentance; and not to any authorities!"

"No, no need, devil take the authorities! but write, if you're serious! ..." Pyotr Stepanovich yelled hysterically.

"Wait! I want a face at the top with its tongue sticking out."

"Ehh, nonsense!" Pyotr Stepanovich got furious. "All that can be expressed without any drawing, just by the tone."

"The tone? That's good. Yes, by the tone, the tone! Dictate with the tone."

"I, Alexei Kirillov," Pyotr Stepanovich dictated firmly and imperiously, leaning over Kirillov's shoulder and following every letter as he traced it with a hand trembling from excitement, "I, Kirillov, declare that today, the -th of October, in the evening, between seven and eight, I killed the student Shatov, for betrayal, in the park, and for his denunciation about the tracts and about Fedka, who secretly lodged with the two of us in Filippov's house, and spent ten days' nights there. And I kill myself today with my revolver not because I repent and am afraid of you, but because abroad I had the intention of ending my life."

"Only that?" Kirillov exclaimed with astonishment and indignation.

"Not a word more!" Pyotr Stepanovich waved his hand, trying to snatch the document from him.

"Wait!" Kirillov placed his hand firmly on the paper. "Wait, that's nonsense! I want who I killed him with. Why Fedka? And the fire? I want everything, and also more abuse, in the tone, in the tone!"

"Enough, Kirillov, I assure you it's enough!" Pyotr Stepanovich almost implored, trembling lest he tear the paper up. "So that they'll believe you, you must be as obscure as possible, precisely like that, with just hints. You must show only a little corner of the truth, exactly enough to get them excited. They'll always heap up more lies for themselves, and will certainly believe themselves better than us, and that's the best thing, the best of all! Give it to me; it's splendid as it is; give it to me, give it to me!"

And he kept trying to snatch the paper away. Kirillov, his eyes popping out, listened as if trying to make sense of it, but it seemed he was ceasing to understand.

"Eh, the devil!" Pyotr Stepanovich suddenly got furious, "but he hasn't even signed it yet! Why are you popping your eyes out—sign it!"

"I want more abuse..." Kirillov muttered, though he did take the pen and sign. "I want more abuse..."

"Sign: *Vive la république*, and enough."

"Bravo!" Kirillov almost bellowed with rapture. "*Vive la république démocratique, sociale et universelle ou la mort!* ... No, no, not that! *Liberté, égalité, fraternité ou la mort!*" ^[clix] There, that's better, that's better," he wrote it delightedly under his signature.

"Enough, enough," Pyotr Stepanovich kept repeating.

"Wait, a little bit more... You know, I'll sign it again in French: '*de Kirilloff, gentilhomme russe et citoyen du monde.*'" ^[clx] Ha, ha, ha!" ^[197] he dissolved in laughter. "No, no, no, wait, I've got the best one, eureka: *gentilhomme-séminariste russe et citoyen du monde civilisé!*" ^[clxi] —that's better than any..." he jumped up from the sofa and suddenly, with a quick gesture, snatched the revolver from the windowsill, ran into the other room with it, and closed the door tightly behind him. Pyotr Stepanovich stood for a moment pondering, looking at the door.

"If it's right now, maybe he'll really shoot, but if he starts thinking—nothing will happen."

Meanwhile, he took the paper, sat down, and looked it over once more. He was pleased, again, with the wording of the declaration.

"What's needed meanwhile? What's needed is to throw them off completely for a time, and so distract them. The park? There's no park in town, so they'll figure out for themselves that it's Skvoreshniki. While they're figuring it out, time will pass; while they search—more time; and once they find the corpse—it means what's written here is true, and so it's also true about Fedka. And what is Fedka? Fedka is the fire, he's the Lebyadkins; so everything was coming from here, from Filippov's house, and they didn't see a thing, they overlooked it all—now, that will put them into a real whirl! It won't even enter their minds about *our* people; it's Shatov, and Kirillov, and Fedka, and Lebyadkin; as for why they killed each other—there's another little question for them. Eh, the devil, no sound of a shot yet! ..."

Though he was reading and admiring the wording, he still kept listening every moment with tormenting alarm and—suddenly got furious. He glanced worriedly at his watch; it was a bit late; and it was a good ten minutes since the man had gone out... Grabbing the candle, he made for the door of the room where Kirillov had shut himself up. Just at the door it occurred to him that the candle was also burning down and in another twenty minutes would go out entirely, and there was no other. He put his hand on the latch and listened cautiously; not the slightest sound could be heard; he suddenly opened the door and raised the candle: something bellowed and rushed at him. He slammed the door with all his might and leaned on it again, but everything was already quiet—again dead silence.

For a long time he stood indecisively, candle in hand. In that second as he had opened the door, he had been able to make out very little, and yet there had been a flash of the face of Kirillov standing at the back of the room by the window, and of the beastly rage with which the man had suddenly flown at him. Pyotr Stepanovich gave a start, quickly placed the candle on the table, readied his revolver, and sprang on tiptoe to the opposite corner, so that if Kirillov were to open the door and rush at the table with his revolver, he would still have time to aim and pull the trigger ahead of him.

Pyotr Stepanovich had now lost all belief in the suicide! "He was standing in the middle of the room and thinking," went like a whirlwind through Pyotr Stepanovich's mind. "A dark, horrible room, besides... He bellowed and rushed—two possibilities here: either I hindered him the very second he was pulling the trigger, or ... or he was standing and thinking about how to kill me. Yes, right, he was thinking about it. . . He knows I won't leave without killing him, if he turns coward himself—so he must kill me first, to keep me from killing him ... And again, again the silence in there! It's even frightening: he may suddenly open the door... The swinishness is that he believes in God worse than any priest. . . He won't shoot himself for anything! ... These ones that 'reason it out for themselves' have been multiplying lately! Scum! Pah, devil take it, the candle, the candle! It'll certainly burn out in a quarter of an hour... This has got to be finished; finished at all costs ... Well, so I could kill him now ... With this paper, they'll never think I killed him. I could arrange him and adjust him on the floor with the discharged revolver in his hand so they'd certainly think he himself... Ahh, the devil, how am I going to kill him? I'll open the door, and he'll rush again and shoot first. Eh, the devil, he's bound to miss!"

So he agonized, trembling at the necessity of the plan and at his own indecision. Finally, he took the candle and again went up to the door, his revolver raised and ready; with his left hand, in which he was holding the candle, he pressed down on the handle of the

latch. But the result was clumsy: the handle clicked, there was a noise and a creak. "He'll just go ahead and shoot!" flashed in Pyotr Stepanovich. He shoved the door as hard as he could with his foot, raised the candle, and thrust out the revolver; but there was no shot, no cry... No one was in the room.

He gave a start. It was an end room, there was no other door, no way of escape. He raised the candle higher and peered more attentively: exactly no one. He called Kirillov in a low voice, then once more, louder; no one answered.

"Can he have escaped through the window?"

Indeed, the vent pane was open in one window. "Absurd, he couldn't have escaped through the vent." Pyotr Stepanovich walked all the way across the room right to the window: "He simply couldn't have." All at once he turned quickly, and something extraordinary jolted him.

Against the wall opposite the windows, to the right of the door, stood a wardrobe. To the right of this wardrobe, in the corner formed by the wardrobe and the wall, Kirillov was standing, and standing very strangely—motionless, drawn up, his arms flat at his sides, his head raised, the back of his head pressed hard to the wall, in the very corner, as if he wished to conceal and efface all of himself. By all tokens, he was hiding, yet it was somehow not possible to believe it. Pyotr Stepanovich was standing slightly at an angle to the corner and could observe only the protruding parts of the figure. He did not yet dare move to the left so as to make out the whole of Kirillov and understand the riddle. His heart began to pound... And suddenly he was possessed by utter fury: he tore from his place, shouted, and, stamping his feet, rushed fiercely at the dreadful place.

But, coming close, he stopped again as if rooted, still more struck with horror. What struck him, above all, was that the figure, despite his shout and furious lunge, did not even move, did not even stir one of its members—as if it were made of stone or wax. The pallor of its face was unnatural, the black eyes were completely immobile, staring at some point in space. Pyotr Stepanovich moved the candle from up to down and up again, lighting it from all points and studying this face. He suddenly noticed that, although Kirillov was staring somewhere ahead, he could see him out of the corner of his eye, and was perhaps even watching him. Then it occurred to him to bring the flame right up to the face of "this blackguard," to burn it, and see what he would do. Suddenly he fancied that Kirillov's chin moved and a mocking smile seemed to flit over his lips—as though he had guessed his thought. He trembled and, beside himself, seized Kirillov hard by the shoulder.

Then there occurred something so hideous and quick that afterwards Pyotr Stepanovich could never bring his recollections into any kind of order. The moment he touched Kirillov, the man quickly bent his head down, and with his head knocked the candle from his hands; the candlestick fell to the floor with a clang, and the candle went out. At the same instant, he felt a terrible pain in the little finger of his left hand. He cried out, and all he could remember was that, beside himself, he had struck as hard as he could three times with the revolver on the head of Kirillov, who had leaned to him and bitten his finger. He finally tore the finger free and rushed headlong to get out of the house, feeling his way in the darkness. Terrible shouts came flying after him from the room:

"Now, now, now, now..."

Ten times or so. But he kept running and had already reached the front hall when there suddenly came a loud shot. At that he stopped, in the front hall, in the dark, and for about five minutes stood reflecting; finally, he went back to the rooms again. But he had to get himself a candle. It would be no trouble finding the candlestick that had been knocked out of his hands on the floor to the right of the wardrobe; but what would he light the candle end with? Suddenly a dim recollection flashed through his mind: he recalled that the day before, when he ran down to the kitchen to fall upon Fedka, he seemed to have glimpsed in passing, in the corner, on a shelf, a big red box of matches. He groped his way left towards the kitchen door, found it, crossed the landing, and went down the stairs. On the shelf, right in the very spot he had just recalled, his hand came in the darkness upon a full, as yet unopened box of matches. Without striking a light, he hastily went back upstairs, and only near the wardrobe, on the very spot where he had hit Kirillov with the revolver as he was biting him, did he suddenly remember his bitten finger and in that same instant felt an almost unbearable pain in it. Clenching his teeth, he managed somehow to light the candle end, put it back in the candlestick, and looked around: near the window with the open vent, feet towards the right-hand corner of the room, lay the corpse of Kirillov. The shot had gone into the right temple, and the bullet had come out higher up on the left side, piercing the skull. Spatters of blood and brains could be seen. The revolver had remained in the suicide's hand, which lay on the floor. Death must have occurred instantly. After examining everything carefully, Pyotr Stepanovich stood up and tiptoed out, closed the door, set the candle on the table in the front room, thought a minute, and decided not to put it out, judging that it would not cause a fire. Glancing once more at the document lying on the table, he grinned mechanically, and only then, still tiptoeing for some reason, left the house. He again got through Fedka's passage, and again carefully closed it up behind him.

III

Exactly at ten minutes to six, at the railway station, along the rather long, strung-out line of cars, Pyotr Stepanovich and Erkel were strolling. Pyotr Stepanovich was leaving, and Erkel was saying good-bye to him. His luggage had been checked, his bag taken to a second-class car, to the seat he had chosen. The first bell had already rung, they were waiting for the second. Pyotr Stepanovich looked openly all around him, observing the passengers entering the cars. But he did not meet any close acquaintances; only twice did he have to nod his head—to a merchant he knew distantly, and then to a young village priest, who was leaving for his parish two stations away. Erkel evidently would have liked to talk about something more serious during these last moments—though perhaps he himself did not know precisely what—but he did not dare begin. He kept fancying that Pyotr Stepanovich was as if burdened by him and was waiting impatiently for the remaining bells.

"You look so openly at everybody," he commented with a certain timidity, as though wishing to warn him.

"And why not? I shouldn't be hiding yet. It's too soon. Don't worry. I'm only afraid the devil may send Liputin; he'll get wind of

things and come running."

"Pyotr Stepanovich, they're unreliable," Erkel spoke out resolutely.

"Liputin?"

"All of them, Pyotr Stepanovich."

"Nonsense, they're all bound by yesterday now. None of them will betray us. Who would face obvious ruin, unless he's lost his mind?"

"But, Pyotr Stepanovich, they will lose their minds."

This thought apparently had already entered Pyotr Stepanovich's head, and therefore Erkel's comment made him still more angry:

"You haven't turned coward, too, Erkel? I'm trusting in you more than all the rest of them. I see now what each of them is worth. Tell them everything today orally, I put them directly in your charge. Run around and see them in the morning. Read them my written instructions tomorrow or the day after, collectively, when they've become capable of listening again... but, believe me, they'll be capable by tomorrow, because they'll be terribly afraid and become obedient, like wax... Above all, don't you lose heart."

"Ah, Pyotr Stepanovich, it would be better if you weren't leaving!"

"But it's only for a few days; I'll be back in no time."

"Pyotr Stepanovich," Erkel uttered cautiously but firmly, "even if it's to Petersburg. Since I know you only do what's necessary for the common cause."

"I expected no less of you, Erkel. If you've guessed that I'm going to Petersburg, then you can understand that it was impossible for me to tell them yesterday, at that moment, that I was going so far, lest I frighten them. You saw for yourself how they were. But you understand that it's for the cause, for the main and important cause, for the common cause, and not to slip away, as some Liputin might think."

"But, Pyotr Stepanovich, even if it's abroad, I'd understand, sir; I'd understand that you must preserve your person, because you're — everything, and we're—nothing. I'd understand, Pyotr Stepanovich."

The poor boy's voice even trembled.

"Thank you, Erkel... Ow, you touched my bad finger" (Erkel had pressed his hand clumsily; the bad finger was attractively bandaged in black taffeta). "But I tell you once again positively that I'll just sniff things out in Petersburg, maybe even just overnight, and be back at once. On my return I'll stay at Gaganov's estate, for the sake of appearances. If they think there's danger anywhere, I'll be the first at their head to share it. And if I'm delayed in Petersburg, I'll let you know that same moment... in our usual way, and you can tell them."

The second bell rang.

"Ah, so it's five minutes to departure. You know, I wouldn't like the crew here to fall apart. I'm not afraid, don't worry about me; I have enough of these knots in the general net, and there's nothing to value especially; but an extra knot won't hurt anything. However, I'm at ease about you, though I'm leaving you almost alone with these freaks: don't worry, they won't inform, they won't dare ... Ahh, you're going today, too?" he cried suddenly in quite a different, cheerful voice to a very young man who cheerfully came up to greet him. "I didn't know you were also taking the express. Where to, your mama's?"

The young man's mama was a very wealthy landowner of the neighboring province, and the young man was a distant relation of Yulia Mikhailovna's and had spent about two weeks visiting our town.

"No, a bit farther, to R—. I'll be living on the train for a good eight hours. Off to Petersburg?" the young man laughed.

"What makes you think right away that I'm going to Petersburg?" Pyotr Stepanovich also laughed still more openly.

The young man shook a begloved finger at him.

"Well, so you've guessed it," Pyotr Stepanovich began whispering to him mysteriously. "I have Yulia Mikhailovna's letters, and must run around and see three or four persons, you know what sort—devil take them, frankly speaking. The devil of a job!"

"But, tell me, why has she turned such a coward?" the young man also began whispering. "She didn't even let me in yesterday; in my view, she needn't fear for her husband; on the contrary, he made quite an attractive fall there at the fire, even sacrificed his life, so to speak."

"Well, so it goes," Pyotr Stepanovich laughed. "You see, she's afraid they've already written from here ... I mean, certain gentlemen ... In short, there's mainly Stavrogin; Prince K., I mean... Eh, there's a whole story here; maybe I'll tell you a thing or two on the way—no more than chivalry allows, however... This is my relative, Ensign Erkel, from the district capital."

The young man, who had been glancing sideways at Erkel, touched his hat; Erkel made him a bow.

"You know, Verkhovensky, eight hours on a train—it's a terrible fate. There's this Berestov going with us in first class, a very funny man, a colonel, from the estate next to mine; he's married to a Garin (née de Garine), and, you know, he's a decent sort. Even has ideas. Only spent two days here. A desperate lover of bezique. How about it, eh? I've already got my eye on a fourth—Pripukhlov, our bearded T— merchant, a millionaire, a real one, that is, take my word for it. . . I'll introduce you, a very interesting bag of goods, we'll have a real laugh."

"Bezique, with the greatest pleasure, and I'm terribly fond of it on the train, but I'm going second-class."

"Eh, come, not a word of it! Get in with us. I'll tell them right now to shift you to first class. The head conductor does as I say. What have you got—a bag? a rug?"

"Wonderful! Let's go!"

Pyotr Stepanovich took his bag, rug, and book, and with the greatest readiness moved at once to first class. Erkel helped. The third bell sounded.

"Well, Erkel," Pyotr Stepanovich hastily, and with a busy look, held out his hand to him for the last time through the car window, "here I am sitting down to play cards with them."

"But why explain to me, Pyotr Stepanovich, I understand, I understand everything, Pyotr Stepanovich!"

"Well, so, it's been a pleasure," the latter suddenly turned away at the call of the young man, who invited him to meet his partners. And that was the last Erkel ever saw of his Pyotr Stepanovich!

He returned home quite sad. It was not that he was afraid at Pyotr Stepanovich's abandoning them so suddenly, but... but he had turned away from him so quickly when that young fop called him, and ... he might have found something else to say to him besides "it's been a pleasure," or ... or might at least have pressed his hand more firmly.

This last was the main thing. Something else was beginning to scratch at his poor little heart, something he himself did not yet understand, something connected with the previous evening.

22: The Last Peregrination of Stepan Trofimovich

I

I am convinced that Stepan Trofimovich was very much afraid as he felt the time of his insane undertaking draw near. I am convinced that he suffered very much from fear, especially the night before—that terrible night. Nastasya mentioned later that he had gone to bed late and slept. But that proves nothing; they say men sentenced to death sleep very soundly even the night before their execution. Though he started out with the light of day, when a nervous man always takes heart somewhat (the major, Virginsky's relative, even ceased believing in God as soon as the night was over), I am convinced that he could never before have imagined himself, without horror, alone on the high road and in such a situation. Of course, something desperate in his thoughts probably softened for him, in the beginning, the full force of that terrible feeling of sudden solitude in which he found himself all at once, the moment he left *Stasie* and the place he had been warming up for twenty years. But, anyhow: even with the clearest awareness of all the horrors awaiting him, he still would have gone out to the high road and gone down it! There was something proud here that he admired despite all. Oh, he could have accepted Varvara Petrovna's luxurious conditions and remained with her bounties "*comme un* mere sponger"! But he had not accepted her bounties and had not remained. And now he himself was leaving her and raising "the banner of a great idea" and going to die for it on the high road! That is precisely how he must have felt about it; that is precisely how his action must have presented itself to him.

The question also presented itself to me more than once: why did he precisely run away, that is, run with his feet, in the literal sense, and not simply drive off in a carriage? At first I explained it by fifty years of impracticality and a fantastical deviation of ideas under the effect of strong emotion. It seemed to me that the thought of traveling by post in a carriage (even with bells) must have appeared too simple and prosaic to him; pilgrimage, on the other hand, even with an umbrella, was much more beautiful and vengefully amorous. But now, when everything is over, I rather suppose that at the time it all happened in a much simpler way: first, he was afraid to hire a carriage because Varvara Petrovna might get wind of it and hold him back by force, which she would certainly have done, and he would certainly have submitted, and then—good-bye forever to the great idea. Second, in order to travel by post one must at least know where one is going. But to know this precisely constituted his chief suffering at the moment: he could not name or determine upon a place for the life of him. For if he were to decide upon some town, his undertaking would instantly become both absurd and impossible in his own eyes; he sensed that very well. What was he going to do precisely in this town and not in some other?

To look for *ce marchand*? ^[clxii] But what *marchand*? Here again that second and now most dreadful question popped up. In fact, there was nothing more dreadful for him than *ce marchand* whom he had so suddenly set off headlong in search of, and whom he was quite certainly afraid most of all to find in reality. No, better simply the high road, just simply to go out to it and go down it and not think of anything for as long as it was possible not to think. A high road is something very, very long, which one sees no end to—like human life, like the human dream. There is an idea in the high road; and what sort of idea is there in traveling by post? Traveling by post is the end of any idea. *Vive la grande route*, ^[clxiii] and then it's whatever God sends.

After the sudden and unexpected meeting with Liza, which I have already described, he went on in even greater self-abandon. The high road passed within a quarter mile of Skvoreshniki, and—strangely—he did not even notice at first how he had come upon it. Sound reasoning, or clear awareness at the least, was unbearable to him at that moment. A drizzling rain kept stopping and starting again; but he did not notice the rain, either. He also did not notice how he had shouldered his bag, and how this made it easier for him to walk. He must have gone a half or three quarters of a mile when he suddenly stopped and looked around. Ahead of him the old, black, and deeply rutted road stretched in an endless thread, planted out with its willows; to the right—a bare place, fields harvested long, long ago; to the left—bushes, and beyond them—woods. And far away—far away the faintly noticeable line of the railroad running obliquely, with the smoke of some train on it; but the sound could no longer be heard. Stepan Trofimovich grew a bit timid, but only for a moment. He sighed aimlessly, placed his bag against a willow, and sat down to rest. As he went to sit down, he felt a chill and wrapped himself in a plaid; then, noticing the rain, he opened the umbrella over him. For quite a long time he went on sitting like that, occasionally munching his lips, the handle of the umbrella grasped tightly in his hand. Various images swept before him in feverish succession, rapidly supplanting one another in his mind. "*Lise, Lise*," he thought, "and *ce Maurice* with her... Strange people... But what was this strange fire there, and what were they talking about, and who was murdered? ... I suppose *Stasie* hasn't had time to find anything out yet and is still waiting for me with coffee... Cards? Did I ever lose people at cards? Hm ... in our Russia, during the time of so-called serfdom... Ah, my God, and Fedka?"

He started up in fright and looked around: "And what if this Fedka is sitting here somewhere behind a bush? They say he has a whole band of highway robbers someplace around here. Oh, God, then I... then I'll tell him the whole truth, that I am to blame... and that I suffered for ten years over him, longer than he was there as a soldier, and... and I'll give him my purse. Hm, *j'ai en tout quarante roubles; il prendra les roubles et il me tuera tout de même*." ^[clxiv]

In fear he closed his umbrella, who knows why, and laid it down beside him. Far away, on the road from town, some cart appeared; he began peering anxiously:

"*Grace à Dieu* it's a cart, and it's moving slowly; that can't be dangerous. These broken-down local nags ... I always talked about breeding ... It was Pyotr Ilych, however, who talked about breeding in the club, and then I finessed him, *et puis*, but what's that behind, and ... it seems there's a woman in the cart. A woman and a peasant— *cela commence à être rassurant*. The woman behind and the peasant in front—*c'est très rassurant*. They have a cow tied behind by the horns, *c'est rassurant au plus haut degré*." [clxv]

The cart came abreast of him, a rather sturdy and roomy peasant cart. The woman was sitting on a tightly stuffed sack, the peasant on the driver's seat, his legs hanging over on Stepan Trofimovich's side. Behind there indeed plodded a red cow tied by the horns. The peasant and the woman stared wide-eyed at Stepan Trofimovich, and Stepan Trofimovich stared in the same way at them, but after letting them go on about twenty paces, he suddenly got up in haste and went after them. Naturally, it felt more trustworthy in the vicinity of the cart, but when he caught up with it he at once forgot about everything again and again became immersed in his scraps of thoughts and imaginings. He was striding along and certainly did not suspect that for the peasant and the woman he constituted at that moment the most mysterious and curious object one could meet on the high road.

"You, I mean, what sorts are you from, if it's not impolite my asking?" the wench finally could not help herself, when Stepan Trofimovich suddenly glanced at her distractedly. She was a wench of about twenty-seven, sturdy, black-browed, and ruddy, with kindly smiling red lips, behind which her even, white teeth flashed.

"You... you are addressing me?" Stepan Trofimovich muttered in doleful surprise.

"Must be from merchants," the peasant said self-confidently. He was a strapping man of about forty, with a broad, sensible face and a full, reddish beard.

"No, I'm not actually a merchant, I . . . I . . . *moi c'est autre chose*," [clxvi] Stepan Trofimovich parried anyhow, and, just in case, dropped behind a little to the rear of the cart, so that he was now walking next to the cow.

"Must be from gentlefolk," the peasant decided, hearing non-Russian words, and pulled up on the nag.

"So here, to look at you, it's as if you're out for a walk?" the wench began to pry again.

"Is it ... is it me you're asking?"

"There's visiting foreigners come by rail sometimes, you're not from these parts with boots like that..."

"Military-type," the peasant put in, complacently and significantly.

"No, I'm not actually from the military, I..."

"What a curious wench," Stepan Trofimovich thought vexedly, "and how they're studying me... *mais, enfin*... Strange, in a word, just as if I were guilty before them, yet I'm not guilty of anything before them."

The wench whispered with the peasant.

"No offense, but we could maybe give you a lift, if only it's agreeable."

Stepan Trofimovich suddenly recollected himself.

"Yes, yes, my friends, with great pleasure, because I'm very tired, only how am I to get in?"

"How amazing," he thought to himself, "I've been walking next to this cow for such a long time, and it never occurred to me to ask if I could ride with them ... This 'real life' has something rather characteristic about it..."

The peasant, however, still did not stop his horse.

"And where are you headed for?" he inquired, with some mistrust.

Stepan Trofimovich did not understand at once.

"Khatovo, must be?"

"Khatov? No, not actually to Khatov... And I'm not quite acquainted; I've heard of him, though."

"It's a village, Khatovo, a village, five miles from here."

"A village? *C'est charmant*, I do believe I've heard..."

Stepan Trofimovich was still walking, and they still did not let him get in. A brilliant surmise flashed in his head.

"You think, perhaps, that I ... I have a passport, and I am a professor, that is, a teacher, if you wish... but a head one. I am a head

teacher. *Oui, c'est comme ça qu'on peut traduire*." [clxvii] I would very much like to get in, and I'll buy you... I'll buy you a pint for it."

"It'll be fifty kopecks, sir, it's a rough road."

"Or else we'd be getting the bad end," the wench put in.

"Fifty kopecks? Very well, then, fifty kopecks. *C'est encore mieux, j'ai en tout quarante roubles, mais . . .*" [clxviii]

The peasant stopped, and by general effort Stepan Trofimovich was pulled into the cart and seated next to the woman on the sack. The whirl of thoughts would not leave him. At times he sensed in himself that he was somehow terribly distracted and not thinking at all of what he ought to be thinking of, and he marveled at that. This awareness of a morbid weakness of mind at times became very burdensome and even offensive to him.

"How ... how is it there's a cow behind?" he himself suddenly asked the wench.

"What's with you, mister, never seen one before?" the woman laughed.

"Bought her in town," the peasant intervened. "See, our cattle all dropped dead last spring—the plague. They all died, all, not even half was left, cry as you might."

And again he whipped up his nag, who had gotten stuck in a rut.

"Yes, that happens here in Russia... and generally we Russians... well, yes, it happens," Stepan Trofimovich trailed off.

"If you're a teacher, what do you want in Khatovo? Or maybe you're going farther?"

"I... that is, not actually farther... *C'est-à-dire*," [clxix] to a merchant."

"To Spasov, must be?"

"Yes, yes, precisely, to Spasov. It makes no difference, however."

"If you're going to Spasov, and on foot, it'll take you a good week in those pretty boots," the wench laughed.

"Right, right, and it makes no difference, *mes amis*, no difference at all," Stepan Trofimovich impatiently cut her short.

"Terribly curious folk; the wench speaks better than he does, however, and I notice that since the nineteenth of February their style has changed somewhat, and ... and what do they care if it's Spasov or not Spasov? Anyhow, I'm paying them, so why are they pestering me?"

"If it's Spasov, then it's by steamer-boat," the peasant would not leave off.

"That's right enough," the wench put in animatedly, "because with horses along the shore you make a twenty-mile detour."

"Thirty."

"You'll just catch the steamer-boat in Ustyevo tomorrow at two o'clock," the woman clinched. But Stepan Trofimovich remained stubbornly silent. The questioners also fell silent. The peasant kept pulling up on the nag; the woman exchanged brief remarks with him from time to time. Stepan Trofimovich dozed off. He was terribly surprised when the woman, laughing, shook him awake and he saw himself in a rather large village at the front door of a cottage with three windows.

"You dozed off, mister?"

"What's that? Where am I? Ah, well! Well ... it makes no difference," Stepan Trofimovich sighed and got out of the cart.

He looked around sadly; the village scene seemed strange to him and in some way terribly alien.

"Ah, the fifty kopecks, I forgot!" he turned to the peasant with a somehow exceedingly hasty gesture; by now he was evidently afraid to part with them.

"Come in, you can pay inside," the peasant invited.

"It's a nice place," the wench encouraged.

Stepan Trofimovich climbed the rickety porch.

"But how is this possible?" he whispered in deep and timorous perplexity, and yet he entered the cottage. "*Elle l'a voulu*," something stabbed at his heart, and again he suddenly forgot about everything, even that he had entered the cottage.

It was a bright, rather clean peasant cottage with three windows and two rooms; not really an inn, but a sort of guesthouse, where passing acquaintances stopped out of old habit. Stepan Trofimovich, without embarrassment, walked to the front corner, forgot to give any greetings, sat down, and lapsed into thought. Meanwhile, an extremely pleasant sensation of warmth, after three hours of dampness on the road, suddenly spread through his body. Even the chill that kept running briefly and abruptly down his spine, as always happens with especially nervous people when they are feverish and pass suddenly from cold to warmth, all at once became somehow strangely pleasant to him. He raised his head and the sweet smell of hot pancakes, over which the mistress was busying herself at the stove, tickled his nostrils. Smiling a childlike smile, he leaned towards the mistress and suddenly started prattling:

"What's this now? Is it pancakes? *Mais... c'est charmant.*"

"Do you wish some, mister?" the mistress offered at once and politely.

"I do, I precisely wish some, and ... I'd also like to ask you for tea," Stepan Trofimovich perked up.

"Start the samovar? With the greatest pleasure."

On a big plate with a bold blue pattern, pancakes appeared—those well-known peasant pancakes, thin, half wheat, with hot fresh butter poured over them—most delicious pancakes. Stepan Trofimovich sampled them with delight.

"How rich and how delicious they are! If only one could have *un doigt d'eau de vie*." [clxxi]

"You wish a little vodka, mister?"

"Precisely, precisely, just a bit, *un tout petit rien*," [clxxii]

"Five kopecks' worth, you mean?"

"Five kopecks' worth—five—five—five, *un tout petit rien*," Stepan Trofimovich yessed her with a blissful little smile.

Ask a peasant to do something for you, and, if he can and wants to, he will serve you diligently and cordially; but ask him to fetch a little vodka—and his usual calm cordiality suddenly transforms into a sort of hasty, joyful obligingness, almost a family solicitude for you. Someone going to get vodka—though only you are going to drink it, not he, and he knows it beforehand—feels all the same, as it were, some part of your future gratification ... In no more than three or four minutes (the pot-house was two steps away), there stood on the table before Stepan Trofimovich a half-pint bottle and a large greenish glass.

"And all that for me!" he was greatly surprised. "I've always had vodka, but I never knew five kopecks' worth was so much."

He poured a glass, rose, and with a certain solemnity crossed the room to the other corner, where his companion on the sack had settled herself—the black-browed wench who had so pestered him with her questions on the way. The wench was abashed and started making excuses, but, having uttered all that decency prescribed, in the end she rose, drank politely, in three sips, as women do, and with a show of great suffering on her face handed the glass back and bowed to Stepan Trofimovich. He pompously returned her bow and went back to his table even with a look of pride.

All this happened in him by some sort of inspiration: he himself had not known even a second before that he would go and treat the wench.

"My knowledge of how to handle the people is perfect, perfect, I always told them so," he thought smugly, pouring himself the remaining drink from the bottle; though it turned out to be less than a glass, the drink produced a vivifying warmth and even went to his head a little.

"*Je suis malade tout à fait, mais ce n'est pas trop mauvais d'être malade.*" [clxxiii]

"Would you like to buy?" a woman's soft voice came from beside him.

He looked up and, to his surprise, saw before him a lady—*une dame et elle en avait l'air* [clxxiv]—now past thirty, with a very modest look, dressed town-fashion in a dark dress, and with a big gray kerchief on her shoulders. There was something very affable in

her face, which Stepan Trofimovich immediately liked. She had just come back to the cottage, where she had left her things on a bench next to the place Stepan Trofimovich had taken—among them a briefcase at which, he remembered, he had glanced curiously as he entered, and a not very large oilcloth bag. From this same bag she took two handsomely bound books with crosses stamped on the covers and brought them to Stepan Trofimovich.

"Eh... *mais je crois que c'est l'Évangile*; [clxxv] with the greatest pleasure... Ah, I understand now... *Vous êtes ce qu'on appelle a* book-hawker; [clxxvi] I've read of it more than once... Fifty kopecks?"

"Thirty-five kopecks each," the book-hawker answered.

"With the greatest pleasure. *Je n'ai rien contre l'Évangile, et* [clxxvii] I've long wanted to reread ..."

It flitted through him at that moment that he had not read the Gospel for at least thirty years, and had merely recalled a bit of it perhaps seven years ago only from reading Renan's book, *La Vie de Jésus*. [199] As he had no change, he pulled out his four ten-rouble bills—all he had. The mistress undertook to break one, and only now did he take a better look and notice that a good many people had gathered in the cottage and had all been watching him for some time and seemed to be talking about him. They also discussed the fire in town, the owner of the cart with the cow most of all, since he had just come from there. They were talking about arson, about the Shpigulin men.

"He never said a word to me about the fire while he was driving me, and yet he talked about everything," it somehow occurred to Stepan Trofimovich.

"Good sir, Stepan Trofimovich, is it you I see? I really never dreamed! ... Don't you recognize me?" exclaimed an elderly fellow, an old-time household serf by the looks, with a shaven beard and wearing a greatcoat with long, turned-back lapels.

Stepan Trofimovich was frightened at hearing his own name.

"Excuse me," he muttered, "I don't quite remember you..."

"No recollection! But I'm Anisim, Anisim Ivanov. I served the late Mr. Gaganov, and saw you, sir, many a time with Varvara Petrovna at the late Avdotya Sergevna's. I used to come to you from her with books, and twice brought Petersburg candy she sent to you..."

"Ah, yes, I remember you, Anisim," Stepan Trofimovich smiled. "So you live here?"

"Near Spasov, sir, by the V—— monastery, on Marfa Sergevna's estate, that's Avdotya Sergevna's sister, you may be pleased to remember her, she broke her leg jumping out of a carriage on her way to a ball. She now lives near the monastery, and me with her, sir; and now, if you please, I'm on my way to the provincial capital, to visit my family..."

"Ah, yes, yes."

"I saw you and it made me glad, you were ever kind to me, sir," Anisim was smiling rapturously. "And where is it you're going like this, sir, it seems you're all alone... Seems you never used to go out alone, sir?"

Stepan Trofimovich looked at him timorously.

"It mightn't be to our Spasov, sir?" "Yes, to Spasov. *Il me semble que tout le monde va à Spassof* . . ." [clxxviii]

"It mightn't be to Fyodor Matveevich's? Won't he be glad of you. He had such respect for you in the old days; even now he often remembers you..."

"Yes, yes, to Fyodor Matveevich's."

"Must be so, sir, must be so. You've got the peasants here marveling; they let on, sir, that they supposedly met you on foot on the high road. Foolish folk, sir."

"I... It's... You know, Anisim, I made a wager, as Englishmen do, that I could get there on foot, and I..."

Sweat stood out on his forehead and temples.

"Must be so, sir, must be so..." Anisim listened with merciless curiosity. But Stepan Trofimovich could not bear it any longer. He was so abashed that he wanted to get up and leave the cottage. But the samovar was brought in, and at the same moment the book-hawker, who had stepped out somewhere, came back. He turned to her with the gesture of a man saving his own life, and offered her tea. Anisim yielded and walked away.

Indeed, perplexity had been emerging among the peasants.

"Who is this man? Found walking down the road, says he's a teacher, dressed like a foreigner, reasons like a little child, answers nonsensically, as if he'd run away from somebody, and he's got money!" There was beginning to be some thought of reporting to the authorities—"since anyway things are not so quiet in town." But Anisim settled it all that same minute. Stepping out to the front hall, he told everyone who cared to listen that Stepan Trofimovich was not really a teacher, but was "himself a great scholar and occupied with great studies, and was a local landowner himself and had lived for the past twenty-two years with the full general's widow Stavrogin, in place of the chiefest man in the house, and had great respect from everyone in town. He used to leave fifty or a hundred roubles of an evening in the gentlemen's club, and in rank he was a councillor, which is the same as a lieutenant colonel in the army, just one step lower than full colonel. And that he's got money is because through the full general's widow Stavrogin he has more money than you could count," and so on and so forth.

"*Mais c'est une dame, et très comme il faut*," [clxxix] Stepan Trofimovich was resting from Anisim's attack, observing with pleasant curiosity his neighbor, the book-hawker, who, however, was drinking her tea from the saucer with sugar on the side. [200] "Ce

petit morceau de sucre ce n'est rien [clxxx] ... There is in her something noble and independent and at the same time—quiet. *Le comme il faut tout pur*, [clxxxi] only of a somewhat different sort."

He soon learned from her that she was Sofya Matveevna Ulitin, and actually lived in —, where she had a widowed sister, a tradeswoman; she herself was also a widow, and her husband, a sublieutenant who had risen to that rank from sergeant major, had been killed at Sebastopol. ^[201]

"But you're so young, *vous n'avez pas trente ans*." ^[clxxxii]

"Thirty-four, sir," Sofya Matveevna smiled.

"So, you also understand French?"

"A little, sir; I lived in a noble house for four years after that and picked it up from the children there."

She told him that being left after her husband at the age of eighteen, she had stayed for a while in Sebastopol "as a sister of mercy," and had then lived in various places, sir, and now here she was going around selling the Gospel.

"*Mais mon Dieu*, it wasn't you who were involved in that strange, even very strange, story in our town?"

She blushed; it turned out to have been she.

"*Ces vauriens, ces malheureux!*" ^[clxxxiii] . . ." he tried to begin, in a voice trembling with indignation; a painful and hateful recollection echoed tormenting in his heart. For a moment he became as if oblivious.

"Hah, she's gone again," he suddenly came to himself, noticing that she was no longer beside him. "She steps out frequently and is preoccupied with something, I notice she's even worried... *Bah, je deviens égoïste* . . ." ^[clxxxiv]

He looked up and again saw Anisim, this time in the most threatening circumstances. The whole cottage was filled with peasants, all apparently dragged there by Anisim. The proprietor was there, and the peasant with the cow, and another two peasants (they turned out to be coachmen), and some other half-drunk little man, dressed like a peasant but clean-shaven, who resembled a besotted tradesman and was talking more than anyone else. And they were all discussing him, Stepan Trofimovich. The peasant with the cow stood his ground, insisting that along the shore would be about a thirty-mile detour, and that it had to be by steamer-boat. The half-drunk tradesman and the proprietor hotly objected:

"Because, dear brother, if it's by steamer-boat, of course, His Excellency will have a closer way across the lake; that's right enough; except the way things are now, the steamer-boat may not even go."

"It will, it will, it'll go for another week," Anisim was the most excited of all.

"Maybe so! but it doesn't come on schedule, because it's late in the year, and sometimes they wait three days in Ustyevo."

"It'll come tomorrow, tomorrow at two o'clock it'll come on schedule. You'll get to Spasov still before evening, sir, right on schedule," Anisim was turning himself inside out.

"*Mais qu'est-ce qu'il a, cet homme*," ^[clxxxv] Stepan Trofimovich trembled, fearfully awaiting his fate.

The coachmen, too, stepped up and began bargaining; they were asking three roubles to Ustyevo. Others shouted that he wouldn't be doing badly, that it was the right price, just the same price they charged all summer for going from here to Ustyevo.

"But... it's also nice here... And I don't want to," Stepan Trofimovich started mumbling.

"Right, sir, it's just as you say, right now it's really nice in Spasov, and you'll make Fyodor Matveevich so glad."

"*Mon Dieu, mes amis*, all this is so unexpected for me."

At last Sofya Matveevna came back. But she sat on the bench quite crushed and sad.

"I'm not to be in Spasov!" she said to the mistress.

"What, you're going to Spasov, too?" Stepan Trofimovich roused himself.

It turned out that a certain landowner, Nadezhda Yegorovna Svetlitsyn, had told her the day before to wait for her in Khatovo and promised to take her to Spasov, and here she had not come.

"What am I to do now?" Sofya Matveevna kept repeating.

"*Mais, ma chère et nouvelle amie*," ^[clxxxvi] I, too, can take you, as well as any landowner, to this, what is it called, this village I've hired a coach to, and tomorrow—well, tomorrow we'll go to Spasov together."

"But, are you also going to Spasov?"

"*Mais que faire, et je suis enchanté!*" ^[clxxxvii] I shall be extremely glad to take you there; they want to, I've already hired... Which of you did I hire?" Stepan Trofimovich suddenly wanted terribly much to go to Spasov.

A quarter of an hour later they were already getting into the covered britzka: he very animated and thoroughly pleased; she with her bag and a grateful smile beside him. Anisim helped them in.

"Have a good trip, sir," he was bustling with all his might around the britzka, "it was such gladness you caused us!" "Good-bye, good-bye, my friend, good-bye." "When you see Fyodor Matveevich, sir..." "Yes, my friend, yes ... Fyodor Petrovich ... and now good-bye."

II

You see, my friend—you will allow me to call you my friend, *n'est-ce pas?*" ^[clxxxviii] Stepan Trofimovich began hastily, as soon as the britzka started. "You see, I... *J'aime le peuple, c'est indispensable, mais il me semble que je ne l'avais jamais vu de près. Stasie...*

cela va sans dire qu'elle est aussi du peuple... mais le vrai peuple," ^[clxxxix] that is, the real ones, the ones on the high road, it seems to

me, care only about where I'm actually going... But let's drop our grudges. It's as if I were straying a little, but that, it seems, is from haste."

"It seems you're unwell, sir," Sofya Matveevna was studying him keenly but respectfully.

"No, no, I just need to wrap myself up, and generally the wind is somehow fresh, even very fresh, but we'll forget that. I mainly wished to say something else. *Chère et incomparable amie*, [\[cxc\]](#) it seems to me that I am almost happy, and the one to blame for it is—you. Happiness is unprofitable for me, because I immediately set about forgiving all my enemies ..."

"But that is very good, sir."

"Not always, *chère innocente. L'Evangile... Voyez-vous, désormais nous le prêcherons ensemble*, [\[cxc\]](#) and I'll willingly sell your handsome books. Yes, I feel there's perhaps an idea there, *quelque chose de très nouveau dans ce genre*. [\[cxcii\]](#) The people are religious, *c'est admis*, [\[cxciii\]](#) but they still don't know the Gospel. I will expound it to them ... In expounding it orally, it is possible to correct the mistakes of this remarkable book, which I, of course, am prepared to treat with great respect. I'll also be useful on the high road. I've always been useful, I've always said so to *them* and to *cette chère ingrate* [\[cxciv\]](#) ... Oh, let's forgive, forgive, let's first of all forgive all and always... Let's hope that we, too, will be forgiven. Yes, because we are guilty one and all before each other. All are guilty! ..."

"That, I think, you said very well, if you please, sir."

"Yes, yes ... I feel that I am speaking very well. I will speak very well to them, but, but what was the main thing I wished to say? I keep getting confused and don't remember... Will you allow me not to part from you? I feel that your eyes and... I'm even surprised at your manners: you're simplehearted, and you say 'sir,' and you put the cup upside down on the saucer... with that ugly little sugar lump; but there's something lovely in you, and I can see by your features... Oh, don't blush, and don't be afraid of me as a man. *Chère et incomparable, pour moi une femme c'est tout*. [\[cxcv\]](#) I cannot live without a woman near, but simply near... I'm terribly, terribly confused ... I simply cannot remember what I wished to say. Oh, blessed is he to whom God always sends a woman, and... and I even think I'm in some sort of ecstasy. And on the high road, too, there is a lofty thought! there—that is what I wished to say—about the thought, now I've remembered it, and I kept missing it before. But why did they take us farther on? It was nice there, too, and here —*cela devient trop froid. A propos, j'ai en tout quarante roubles et voilà cet argent*, [\[cxcvi\]](#) take it, take it, I don't know how, I'll lose it, they'll take it from me, and ... It seems to me I want to sleep; something is spinning in my head. Just spinning, spinning, spinning. Oh, how kind you are, what's that you're covering me with?"

"You must be in a real fever, sir, and I've covered you with my blanket, only about the money, sir, I'd..."

"Oh, for God's sake, *n'en parlons plus, parce que cela me fait mal*, [\[cxcvii\]](#) oh, how kind you are!"

He somehow quickly interrupted his speaking and fell asleep extremely soon, in a feverish, shivering sleep. The country road they drove on for those ten miles was not a smooth one, and the carriage jolted cruelly. Stepan Trofimovich woke up frequently, raised himself quickly from the small pillow Sofya Matveevna had slipped under his head, seized her hand, and asked: "Are you here?"—as if he feared she might leave him. He also insisted that he had seen some gaping jaws with teeth in a dream and had found it very repulsive. Sofya Matveevna was greatly worried for him.

The coachman drove them straight up to a big cottage with four windows and wings of rooms in the yard. The awakened Stepan Trofimovich hurriedly walked in and went straight to the second room, the best and most spacious in the house. His sleepy face acquired a most bustling expression. He explained at once to the mistress, a tall and sturdy woman of about forty with very black hair and all but a moustache, that he required the whole room for himself "and that the door be shut and no one be let in, *parce que nous avons à parler*." [\[cxcviii\]](#)

"*Oui, j'ai beaucoup à vous dire, chère amie*, [\[cxcix\]](#) I'll pay you, I'll pay you!" he waved the mistress away.

Though he was hurrying, he moved his tongue somehow stiffly. The mistress listened with displeasure, but in token of agreement kept her silence, in which, however, one could sense a certain menace. He noticed none of this and hurriedly (he was in a terrible hurry) requested that she go and serve dinner at once as soon as possible, "without the least delay."

Here the woman with the moustache could bear it no longer.

"This isn't an inn, mister, we don't serve dinners for travelers. Some boiled crayfish or a samovar, we have nothing else. There won't be fresh fish till tomorrow."

But Stepan Trofimovich began waving his arms, repeating with wrathful impatience: "I'll pay, only be quick, be quick." They settled on fish soup and roast chicken; the landlady declared that there was not a chicken to be found in the whole village; however, she agreed to go and look, but with an air as though she were doing an extraordinary favor.

As soon as she left, Stepan Trofimovich instantly sat down on the sofa and sat Sofya Matveevna down next to him. There were both armchairs and a sofa in the room, but of dreadful appearance. Generally, the whole room, rather spacious (with a partition behind which stood a bed), with its yellow, old, torn wallpaper, with dreadful mythological lithographs on the walls, with a long row of icons and bronze triptychs [\[202\]](#) in the front corner, with its strange assortment of furniture, presented an unsightly mixture of the urban and the aboriginally peasant. But he did not even glance at it all, did not even look out the window at the vast lake which began about seventy feet from the cottage.

"At last we're by ourselves, and we won't let anyone in! I want to tell you everything, everything, from the very beginning."

Sofya Matveevna stopped him, even with strong uneasiness:

"Is it known to you, Stepan Trofimovich..."

"*Comment, vous savez déjà mon nom?*" ^[cc] he smiled joyfully.

"I heard it today from Anisim Ivanovich, when you were talking with him. But this, for my part, I will be so bold as to tell you..."

And in a quick whisper, glancing back at the closed door to be sure no one was eavesdropping, she told him that here, in this village, there is trouble, sir. That all the local peasants, though fishermen, in fact make a business of charging summer visitors whatever price they like. The village is not on a main route, but is out of the way, and the only reason to come here is that the steamer stops here, but when the steamer does not come, as always happens the moment the weather turns bad, there will be a crowd of people waiting for several days, and then all the houses in the village will be occupied, and that is just what the owners wait for; because they triple the price for everything, and the proprietor here is proud and haughty, because he is very rich for these parts—his net alone is worth a thousand roubles.

Stepan Trofimovich looked into Sofya Matveevna's extremely animated face all but with reproach, and several times made a gesture to stop her. But she held her own and finished: according to what she said, she had already come there in the summer with one "very noble lady, sir," from town, and had also stayed overnight waiting for the steamer to come, even two whole days, sir, and had suffered such grief that it was terrible to remember. "Now you, Stepan Trofimovich, were pleased to ask for this room for yourself alone, sir... It's just to warn you, sir... There, in the other room, there are already guests, an elderly man, a young man, and also some lady with children, and by tomorrow before two o'clock there'll be a houseful, because if there hasn't been a steamer for two days, it will surely come tomorrow. So for a separate room, and for having just asked for dinner, sir, and for making it bad for the other guests, they'll demand so much from you that it's even unheard-of in the capitals, sir..."

But he was suffering, truly suffering:

"*Assez, mon enfant*, I pray you; *nous avons notre argent, et après—et après le bon Dieu*. And I'm even surprised that you, with the loftiness of your notions... *Assez, assez, vous me tourmentez*," ^[cc] he said hysterically, "our whole future is ahead of us, and you... you make me fear for the future ..."

He immediately began telling the whole story, hurrying so much that at first it was even hard to understand. It took a long time. The fish soup was served, the chicken was served, the samovar, finally, was served, and he went on talking... What came out was somewhat strange and morbid, but he was indeed ill. This was a sudden straining of his mental powers, which, of course—and Sofya Matveevna foresaw it with anguish throughout his story—could not but lead immediately afterwards to a great loss of strength in his already unsettled organism. He started almost from childhood, when "with fresh breast he ran over the fields"; only an hour later did he reach his two marriages and Berlin life. I would not dream of laughing, however. There was something truly lofty for him here and, to use the newest language, almost a struggle for existence. He saw before him her whom he had already pre-elected for his future path, and he was hastening to initiate her, so to speak. His genius must no longer remain a secret to her... Perhaps he was greatly exaggerating with regard to Sofya Matveevna, but he had already elected her. He could not be without a woman. He himself saw clearly from her face that she hardly understood him at all, even in the most capital things.

^[ccii] "Ce n'est rien, nous attendrons," and meanwhile she can understand by intuition..."

"My friend, all I need is your heart alone!" he kept exclaiming, interrupting his narrative, "and this dear, charming look with which you are gazing at me now. Oh, do not blush! I've already told you..."

The fogginess increased greatly for poor, trapped Sofya Matveevna when the story turned almost into a whole dissertation on the subject of how no one had ever been able to understand Stepan Trofimovich and of how "talents perish in our Russia." It was "all so very intelligent," she later reported dejectedly. She listened with obvious suffering, her eyes slightly popping out. And when Stepan Trofimovich threw himself into humor and the wittiest barbs concerning our "progressive and dominating ones," she made an attempt, from grief, to smile a couple of times in response to his laughter, but it came out worse than tears, so that in the end Stepan Trofimovich himself became abashed and struck out with even greater passion and spite at the nihilists and "new people." Here he simply frightened her, and she only got a bit of respite, though a most deceptive one, when the romance proper began. A woman is always a woman, be she even a nun. She smiled, shook her head, blushed deeply all at once and lowered her eyes, thereby sending Stepan Trofimovich into utter admiration and inspiration, so that he even added quite a lot. His Varvara Petrovna came out as a most lovely brunette ("the admiration of Petersburg and a great many European capitals"), and her husband had died, "cut down by a bullet at Sebastopol," solely because he felt unworthy of her love, giving way to his rival—that is, to the same Stepan Trofimovich... "Do not be embarrassed, my quiet one, my Christian!" he exclaimed to Sofya Matveevna, himself almost believing everything he was telling her. "This was something lofty, something so fine that not even once in our lives did we declare it." The reason for such a state of affairs turned out in the ensuing narrative to be a blonde (if not Darya Pavlovna, I really don't know whom Stepan Trofimovich meant). This blonde owed everything to the brunette and, being a distant relation, had grown up in her house. The brunette, having finally noticed the blonde's love for Stepan Trofimovich, withdrew into herself. The blonde, for her part, noticing the brunette's love for Stepan Trofimovich, also withdrew into herself. And so all three of them, languishing in mutual magnanimity, were silent like this for twenty years, withdrawn into themselves. "Oh, what a passion it was, oh, what a passion!" he kept exclaiming, gasping in the most genuine rapture. "I saw the full blossom of her (the brunette's) beauty; daily 'with a sprain in my heart' I saw her passing by me, as if ashamed of her loveliness." (Once he said: "ashamed of her portliness.") At last, he had run away, abandoning all this feverish twenty-year dream. "*Vingt ans!*" And now, on the high road... Then, in some sort of inflammation of the brain, he began explaining to Sofya Matveevna what must be the significance of their meeting that day, "so accidentally and so fatefully, unto ages of ages." Sofya Matveevna, in terrible embarrassment, finally got up from the sofa; he even made an attempt to go on his knees before her, at which she burst into tears. Twilight was gathering; the two had already spent several hours in the closed room...

"No, you'd better let me go to the other room, sir," she murmured, "or else people might think something."

She finally tore herself away; he let her go, giving his word that he would go to bed at once. As he was saying good night, he complained of a bad headache. Sofya Matveevna had left her bag and things in the first room when she came in, intending to spend the

night with the proprietors; but she did not manage to get any rest.

During the night, Stepan Trofimovich had an attack of that cholera so well known to me and to all his friends—the usual outcome with him of any nervous strain or moral shock. Poor Sofya Matveevna did not sleep all night. Since, in tending to the sick man, she had to go in and out of the cottage fairly often through the proprietors' room, the guests and the mistress who were sleeping there kept grumbling and finally even began to curse when she decided towards morning to start the samovar. Stepan Trofimovich was half oblivious throughout the attack; at times he as if fancied that the samovar was being prepared, that he was being given something to drink (raspberry tea), that something warm was being put on his stomach, his chest. But he felt almost every moment that *she* was there by him; that it was she coming and going getting him out of bed and putting him back in. By three o'clock in the morning he felt better; he sat up, lowered his legs from the bed, and, not thinking of anything, collapsed on the floor in front of her. This was no longer the former kneeling; he simply fell at her feet and kissed the hem of her dress...

"You mustn't, sir, I'm not worthy at all," she murmured, trying to lift him back into bed.

"My savior," he clasped his hands reverently before her. "*Vous êtes noble comme une marquise!*" [\[cciii\]](#) I—I am a blackguard! Oh, I have been dishonest all my life ..."

"Calm yourself," Sofya Matveevna pleaded.

"What I told you earlier was all lies—for glory, for magnificence, out of idleness—all, all, to the last word, oh, blackguard, blackguard!"

The cholera thus turned into another attack, one of hysterical self-condemnation. I have already mentioned these attacks in speaking of his letters to Varvara Petrovna. He suddenly remembered *Lise*, their meeting the previous morning: "It was so terrible and—there must have been some misfortune, and I didn't ask, I didn't find out! I thought only of myself! Oh, what happened to her, do you know what happened to her?" he besought Sofya Matveevna.

Then he swore that he "would not betray," that he would return to *her* (that is, to Varvara Petrovna). "We shall go up to her porch" (all this, that is, with Sofya Matveevna) "every day, as she's getting into her carriage to go for a morning promenade, and secretly watch... Oh, I wish her to strike me on the other cheek; it delights me to wish it! I'll turn my other cheek to her *comme dans votre livre!*" [\[cciv\]](#)

Now, only now do I understand what it means to... offer the other cheek. [\[203\]](#) I never understood before!"

For Sofya Matveevna there followed two of the most frightful days of her life; even now she shudders to recall them. Stepan Trofimovich became so seriously ill that he could not go on the steamer, which this time came on schedule at two o'clock in the afternoon; to leave him alone was more than she could do, so she did not go to Spasov either. By her account, he was even very glad when the steamer left.

"Well, that's fine, that's wonderful," he muttered from the bed, "and I kept being afraid we would have to go. It's so nice here, it's better than anywhere... You won't leave me? Oh, you haven't left me!"

"Here," however, was not so nice at all. He did not want to know anything about her difficulties; his head was filled with nothing but fantasies. His illness he considered a fleeting thing, a trifle, and he gave no thought to it, but thought only of how they would go and sell "these books." He asked her to read him the Gospel.

"It's a long time since I've read it ... in the original. Otherwise someone may ask and I'll make a mistake; one must also be prepared, after all."

She sat down beside him and opened the book.

"You read beautifully," he interrupted her at the very first line. "I see, I see, I was not mistaken!" he added obscurely but rapturously. And generally he was in a constant state of rapture. She read the Sermon on the Mount. [\[204\]](#)

"*Assez, assez, mon enfant,*" [\[ccv\]](#) enough... You can't think that *that* is not enough!"

And he closed his eyes strengthlessly. He was very weak, but did not yet lose consciousness. Sofya Matveevna moved to get up, thinking he wanted to sleep. But he stopped her:

"My friend, I've been lying all my life. Even when I was telling the truth. I never spoke for the truth, but only for myself, I knew that before, but only now do I see... Oh, where are those friends whom I have insulted with my friendship all my life? And everyone,

everyone! *Savez-vous,*" [\[ccvii\]](#) perhaps I'm lying now; certainly I'm also lying now. The worst of it is that I believe myself when I lie. The most difficult thing in life is to live and not lie... and ... and not believe one's own lie, yes, yes, that's precisely it! But wait, that's all for later... You and I together, together!" he added with enthusiasm.

"Stepan Trofimovich," Sofya Matveevna asked timidly, "shouldn't we send to the 'big town' for a doctor?"

He was terribly struck.

"What for? *Est-ce que je suis si malade? Mais rien de sérieux.*" [\[ccviii\]](#) And what do we need strangers for? People will find out and—what will happen then? No, no, no strangers, you and I together, together!"

"You know," he said after a silence, "read me something more, just so, don't choose, something, wherever your eye falls."

Sofya Matveevna opened and started to read.

"Wherever it opens, wherever it happens to open," he repeated.

"And to the angel of the church in Laodicea write..." [\[205\]](#)

"What? What is that? From where?"

"It's from the Apocalypse."

"O, *je m'en souviens, oui, l'Apocalypse. Lisez, lisez,*" [\[ccviii\]](#) I want to divine our future by the book, I want to know what comes out; read from the angel, from the angel..."

“And to the angel of the church in Laodicea write: The words of the Amen, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of God's creation. I know your works: you are neither cold nor hot! Would that you were cold or hot! So, because you are lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew you out of my mouth. For you say, I am rich, I have prospered, and I need nothing; not knowing that you are wretched, pitiable, poor, blind, and naked.”

"That. . . and that is in your book!" he exclaimed, flashing his eyes and raising himself from his pillow. "I never knew that great place! Do you hear: sooner cold, sooner cold than lukewarm, than *only* lukewarm. Oh, I'll prove to them. Only don't leave me, don't leave me alone! We'll prove to them, we'll prove to them!"

"No, I won't leave you, Stepan Trofimovich, I'll never leave you, sir!" she seized his hands and pressed them in hers, bringing them to her heart, looking at him with tears in her eyes. ("I pitied him so very much at that moment," she recounted later.) His lips quivered as if convulsively.

"However, Stepan Trofimovich, what are we going to do, sir?

Shouldn't we let some one of your acquaintances know, or maybe your relations?"

But at this he became so frightened that she regretted mentioning it. He implored her, trembling and shaking, not to send for anyone, not to do anything; he made her promise, he insisted: "No one, no one! We alone, only alone, *nous partirons ensemble*." [\[ccix\]](#)

Another very bad thing was that the proprietors also began to worry, grumbling and pestering Sofya Matveevna. She paid them and made sure they saw she had money; this softened them for a time; but the proprietor demanded Stepan Trofimovich's "identity." With a haughty smile the sick man pointed to his little bag; in it Sofya Matveevna found the certificate of his resignation or something of the sort, with which he had lived all his life. The proprietor would not leave off and said that "he ought to be put someplace or other, because we're not a hospital, and if he dies there might be consequences; we'd all be in for it." Sofya Matveevna tried to speak with him about a doctor, but it turned out that sending to the "big town" would be so expensive that any thought of a doctor had, of course, to be abandoned. In anguish she went back to her patient. Stepan Trofimovich was growing weaker and weaker.

"Now read me one more passage... about the swine," he said suddenly.

"What, sir?" Sofya Matveevna was terribly frightened.

"About the swine... it's there... *ces cochons* [\[ccx\]](#) ... I remember, demons entered into the swine and they all drowned. You must read it to me; I'll tell you why afterwards. I want to recall it literally. I need it literally."

Sofya Matveevna knew the Gospel well and immediately found in Luke the same passage I have placed as an epigraph to my chronicle. I quote it here again:

"Now a large herd of swine was feeding there on the hillside; and they begged him to let them enter these. So he gave them leave. Then the demons came out of the man and entered the swine, and the herd rushed down the steep bank into the lake and were drowned. When the herdsmen saw what had happened, they fled, and told it in the city and in the country. Then people went out to see what had happened, and they came to Jesus, and found the man from whom the demons had gone, sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind; and they were afraid. And those who had seen it told them how he who had been possessed with demons was healed."

"My friend," Stepan Trofimovich said in great excitement, "*savez-vous*, this wonderful and... extraordinary passage has been a stumbling block for me all my life... *dans ce livre* ... so that I have remembered this passage ever since childhood. And now a thought has occurred to me; *une comparaison*. Terribly many thoughts occur to me now: you see, it's exactly like our Russia. These demons who come out of a sick man and enter into swine—it's all the sores, all the miasmas, all the uncleanness, all the big and little demons

accumulated in our great and dear sick man, in our Russia, for centuries, for centuries! *Oui, cette Russie que j'aimais toujours*. [\[ccxi\]](#)

But a great will and a great thought will descend to her from on high, as upon that insane demoniac, and out will come all these demons, all the uncleanness, all the abomination that is festering on the surface... and they will beg of themselves to enter into swine.

And perhaps they already have! It is us, us and them, and Petrusha. . . *et les autres avec lui*, [\[ccxii\]](#) and I, perhaps, first, at the head, and we will rush, insane and raging, from the cliff down into the sea, and all be drowned, and good riddance to us, because that's the most we're fit for. But the sick man will be healed and 'sit at the feet of Jesus'... and everyone will look in amazement... Dear, *vous*

comprendrez après, but it excites me very much now... *Vous comprendrez après... Nous comprendrons ensemble*, [\[ccxiii\]](#)

He became delirious and finally lost consciousness. It continued thus all the next day. Sofya Matveevna sat beside him and wept, this being the third night she went almost without sleep, and avoided being seen by the proprietors, who, as she sensed, were already up to something. Deliverance followed only on the third day. That morning Stepan Trofimovich came to, recognized her, and gave her

his hand. She crossed herself in hope. He wished to look out the window: "*Tiens, un lac*," [\[ccxiv\]](#) he said, "ah, my God, I haven't even seen it yet..." At that moment someone's carriage clattered at the front door and a great hubbub arose in the house.

III

It was Varvara Petrovna herself, arriving in a four-place coach-and-four, with two footmen and Darya Pavlovna. The miracle had come about simply: Anisim, dying of curiosity, on his arrival in town, did after all go the next day to Varvara Petrovna's house, and blabbed to the servants that he had met Stepan Trofimovich alone in a village, that peasants had seen him on the high road, alone, on foot, and that he had set out for Spasov, by way of Ustyev, together with Sofya Matveevna. Since Varvara Petrovna, for her part, was already terribly worried, and was searching as well as she could for her runaway friend, she was informed at once about Anisim. Having listened to him and, chiefly, to the details of the departure for Ustyev together with some Sofya Matveevna in the same

britzka, she instantly got ready and, following the still warm tracks, came rolling into Ustyevo herself. She knew nothing as yet of his illness.

Her stern and commanding voice rang out; even the proprietors quailed. She had stopped just to make inquiries and find things out, being certain that Stepan Trofimovich had long been in Spasov; learning that he was there and ill, she worriedly entered the cottage.

"Well, where is he? Ah, it's you!" she cried, seeing Sofya Matveevna, who just at that moment appeared in the doorway of the second room. "I could tell by your shameless face that it was you. Out, vile creature! Don't let a trace of her remain in the house! Drive her out, or else, my girl, I'll tuck you away in jail for good. Guard her meanwhile in another house. She already once spent time in jail in our town, and she can spend some more. And I ask you, landlord, not to dare let anyone in while I'm here. I am General Stavrogin's widow and I am taking the whole house. And you, my dearest, will account to me for everything."

The familiar sounds shocked Stepan Trofimovich. He trembled. But she had already come behind the partition. Flashing her eyes, she drew up a chair with her foot and, sitting back in it, shouted to Dasha:

"Go out for a while, stay with the proprietors. What is this curiosity? And do close the door tightly behind you."

For some time she peered silently and with a sort of predatory look into his frightened face.

"Well, how are you doing, Stepan Trofimovich? Had a nice little spree?" suddenly burst from her with furious irony.

"*Chère*," Stepan Trofimovich babbled, hardly aware of himself, "I've come to know Russian real life ... *Et je prêcherai l'Évangile*

... "[\[ccxv\]](#)

"Oh, shameless, ignoble man!" she suddenly cried out, clasping her hands. "It wasn't enough for you to disgrace me, you had to get mixed up with... Oh, you old, shameless profligate!"

"*Chère* ..."

His voice broke off, and he was unable to utter a sound, but only stared, his eyes popping with terror.

"What is she?"

"*C'est un ange... C'était plus qu'un ange pour moi*," [\[ccxvi\]](#) all night she... Oh, don't shout, don't frighten her, *chère, chère* ..."

Varvara Petrovna suddenly jumped up from her chair with a clatter; her frightened cry rang out: "Water, water!" Though he came to, she was still trembling from fear and, pale, was looking at his distorted face: only here for the first time did she get some idea of the extent of his illness.

"Darya," she suddenly started whispering to Darya Pavlovna, "send immediately for the doctor, for Salzfish; let Yegorych go at once; let him hire horses here, and take another coach from town. They must be here by nighttime."

Dasha rushed to carry out the order. Stepan Trofimovich went on staring with the same popping, frightened eyes; his white lips were trembling.

"Wait, Stepan Trofimovich, wait, my dearest," she was coaxing him like a child, "just wait, wait, Darya will come back and... Ah, my God, mistress, mistress, you come at least, my dear!"

In her impatience she ran to the mistress herself.

"Right now, this minute, *that woman* must come back. Bring her back, bring her back!"

Fortunately, Sofya Matveevna had not yet had time to get far from the house and was just going out the gate with her bag and bundle. They brought her back. She was so frightened that her legs and hands even shook. Varvara Petrovna seized her by the hand, like a hawk seizing a chicken, and dragged her impetuously to Stepan Trofimovich.

"Well, here she is for you. I didn't eat her. You must have thought I'd simply eaten her."

Stepan Trofimovich seized Varvara Petrovna by the hand, brought it to his eyes, and dissolved in tears, sobbing morbidly, fitfully.

"Well, calm yourself, calm yourself, my dear, my dearest. Ah, my God, but do ca-a-alm yourself!" she cried furiously. "Oh, tormentor, tormentor, my eternal tormentor!"

"Dear," Stepan Trofimovich finally murmured, addressing Sofya Matveevna, "stay out there, dear, I want to say something here..."

Sofya Matveevna hastened out at once.

"*Chérie, chérie* ..." he was suffocating.

"Wait before you talk, Stepan Trofimovich, wait a little and rest meanwhile. Here's water. Wa-a-ait, I said!"

She sat down on the chair again. Stepan Trofimovich held her firmly by the hand. For a long time she would not let him talk. He brought her hand to his lips and began to kiss it. She clenched her teeth, looking off into a corner.

"*Je vous aimais!*" [\[ccxvii\]](#) escaped him finally. She had never heard such a word from him, spoken in such a way.

"Hm," she grunted in reply.

"*je vous aimais toute ma vie... vingt ans!*" [\[ccxviii\]](#)

She remained silent—two minutes, three. "And sprayed yourself with perfume, getting ready for Dasha..." she suddenly said in a terrible whisper. Stepan Trofimovich simply froze.

"Put on a new tie..." Again about two minutes of silence.

"Remember the little cigar?"

"My friend," he began mumbling in terror.

"The little cigar, in the evening, by the window ... in the moonlight... after the gazebo ... in Skvoreshniki? Do you remember? Do you remember?" she jumped up from her place, seizing his pillow by two corners and shaking his head together with it. "Do you remember, you empty, empty, inglorious, fainthearted, eternally, eternally empty man!" she spat out in her furious whisper, keeping herself from shouting. Finally she dropped him and fell onto the chair, covering her face with her hands. "Enough!" she snapped, straightening up. "Twenty years are gone, there's no bringing them back; I'm a fool, too."

"*Je vous aimais*," he again clasped his hands.

"Why keep at me with your *aimais, aimais!* Enough!" she jumped up again. "And if you don't go to sleep right now, I'll... You need rest; go to sleep, go to sleep right now, close your eyes. Ah, my God, maybe he wants to have lunch! What do you eat? What does he eat? Ah, my God, where's that woman? Where is she?"

A hubbub began. But Stepan Trofimovich murmured in a weak voice that he would indeed like to sleep for *une heure*, and then —*un bouillon, un thé... enfin, il est si heureux.* [\[ccxix\]](#) He lay back and indeed seemed to fall asleep (he was probably pretending). Varvara Petrovna waited a little and then tiptoed out from behind the partition.

She sat down in the proprietors' room, chased the proprietors out, and ordered Dasha to bring her *that woman*. A serious interrogation began.

"Now, my girl, tell me all the details; sit beside me, so. Well?"

"I met Stepan Trofimovich..."

"Wait, stop. I warn you that if you lie or hold anything back, I'll dig you up out of the ground. Well?"

"Stepan Trofimovich and I ... as soon as I came to Khatovo, ma'am..." Sofya Matveevna was almost suffocating...

"Wait, stop, be quiet; what's all this stammering? First of all, what sort of bird are you?"

The woman told her haphazardly, though in the briefest terms, about herself, beginning with Sebastopol. Varvara Petrovna listened silently, sitting straight-backed on her chair, looking sternly and steadily straight into the narrator's eyes.

"Why are you so cowed? Why do you look at the ground? I like people who look straight and argue with me. Go on."

She finished telling about their meeting, about the books, about how Stepan Trofimovich treated the peasant woman to vodka...

"Right, right, don't leave out the smallest detail," Varvara Petrovna encouraged her. Finally, she told of how they had set off and how Stepan Trofimovich had kept talking, "already completely sick, ma'am," and even spent several hours here telling her his whole life from the very first beginning.

"Tell me about the life."

Sofya Matveevna suddenly faltered and was completely nonplussed.

"I couldn't say anything about that, ma'am," she spoke all but in tears, "and, besides, I hardly understood anything."

"Lies—it's impossible that you understood nothing at all."

"He was telling for a long time about some black-haired noble lady, ma'am," Sofya Matveevna blushed terribly, incidentally noticing Varvara Petrovna's fair hair and her total lack of resemblance to the "brunette."

"Black-haired? What, precisely? Speak!"

"How this noble lady was very much in love with him, ma'am, all her life, a whole twenty years; but she didn't dare open her heart and was ashamed before him, because she was very portly, ma'am..."

"Fool!" Varvara Petrovna snapped out, pensively but resolutely.

Sofya Matveevna was now completely in tears.

"I can't tell anything right about it, because I myself was in great fear for him and couldn't understand him, since he's such an intelligent man..."

"It's not for a crow like you to judge his intelligence. Did he offer you his hand?"

The narrator trembled.

"Did he fall in love with you? Speak! He offered you his hand?" Varvara Petrovna yelled.

"That's nearly how it was, ma'am," she sobbed. "Only I took it all for nothing, on account of his illness," she added firmly, raising her eyes.

"What is your name, name and patronymic?"

"Sofya Matveevna, ma'am."

"Let it be known to you, then, Sofya Matveevna, that he is the paltriest, the emptiest little man... Lord, Lord! Do you take me for some vile creature?"

The woman goggled her eyes.

"A vile creature, a tyrant? Who ruined his life?"

"How could that be, ma'am, seeing you yourself are weeping?"

Varvara Petrovna did indeed have tears in her eyes.

"Well, sit down, sit down, don't be frightened. Look me in the eyes again, straight; why are you blushing? Dasha, come here, look at her: what do you think, is her heart pure?..."

And to Sofya Matveevna's surprise, and perhaps still greater fright, she suddenly patted her on the cheek.

"Only it's a pity you're a fool. Too great a fool for your years. Very well, my dear, I shall concern myself with you. I see that this is all nonsense. Stay nearby for the time being, lodgings will be rented, and I'll provide board and everything... till I ask for you."

The frightened Sofya Matveevna tried to peep that she must hurry.

"You don't have to hurry anywhere. I'm buying all your books, and you can stay here. Quiet, no excuses. After all, if I hadn't come, you wouldn't have left him, would you?"

"I wouldn't have left him for anything, ma'am," Sofya Matveevna said softly and firmly, wiping her eyes.

It was late at night when Dr. Salzfisch was brought. He was a rather venerable old man, and quite an experienced practitioner, who had recently lost his official position in our town as the result of some ambitious quarrel with his superiors. Varvara Petrovna had instantly begun "patronizing" him with all her might. He examined the patient attentively, asked questions, and cautiously announced to Varvara Petrovna that the "sufferer's" condition was quite doubtful, owing to the occurrence of a complication in the illness, and that one must expect "even all the worst." Varvara Petrovna, who in twenty years had grown unaccustomed even to thinking that anything serious and decisive could proceed from Stepan Trofimovich personally, was deeply shaken, and even turned pale:

"Is there really no hope?"

"How could it be that there is by no means not any hope at all, but..."

She did not go to bed that night and could barely wait until morning. As soon as the sick man opened his eyes and regained consciousness (he had been conscious all the while, though he was growing weaker by the hour), she accosted him with the most resolute air:

"Stepan Trofimovich, one must foresee everything. I have sent for a priest. You have to fulfill your duty..."

Knowing his convictions, she greatly feared a refusal. He looked at her in surprise.

"Nonsense, nonsense!" she cried out, thinking he was already refusing. "This is no time for mischief. Enough foolery."

"But... am I really so ill?"

He pensively agreed. And, generally, I was greatly surprised to learn afterwards from Varvara Petrovna that he was not in the least afraid of death. Perhaps he simply did not believe it and continued to regard his illness as a trifle.

He confessed and took communion quite willingly. Everyone, including Sofya Matveevna, and even the servants, came to congratulate him on receiving the Holy Sacrament. Everyone to a man wept restrainedly, looking at his pinched and worn-out face and his pale, quivering lips.

"*Oui, mes amis*, and I am only surprised that you are... fussing so. Tomorrow I'll probably get up and we'll ... set off ... *Toute cette cérémonie* [\[ccxx\]](#) ... which, to be sure, I give all its due... has been..."

"I beg you, father, to be sure to stay with the sick man," Varvara Petrovna quickly stopped the priest, who was already taking off his vestments. "As soon as tea has been served, I beg you to start talking immediately about things divine, to bolster his faith."

The priest started to speak; everyone was sitting or standing near the sick man's bed.

"In our sinful times," the priest began smoothly, a cup of tea in his hands, "faith in the Most High is the only refuge for mankind in all the trials and tribulations of life, as well as in the hope of eternal bliss promised to the righteous..."

Stepan Trofimovich grew all animated, as it were; a subtle smile flitted across his lips.

"*Mon pire, je vous remercie, et vous êtes bien bon, mais ...*" [\[ccxxi\]](#)

"No, no, no *mais*, no *mais* at all!" Varvara Petrovna exclaimed, leaping from her chair. "Father," she turned to the priest, "this, this is the sort of man, the sort of man ... he'll have to be reconfessed again in an hour. That's the sort of man he is!"

Stepan Trofimovich smiled restrainedly.

"My friends," he said, "God is necessary for me if only because he is the one being who can be loved eternally..."

Either he had really come to believe, or the majestic ceremony of the performed sacrament had shaken him and aroused the artistic receptivity of his nature, but he uttered firmly and, they say, with great feeling, a few words which went directly against many of his former convictions.

"My immortality is necessary if only because God will not want to do an injustice and utterly extinguish the fire of love for him once kindled in my heart. And what is more precious than love? Love is higher than being, love is the crown of being, and is it possible for being not to bow before it? If I have come to love him and rejoice in my love—is it possible that he should extinguish both me and my joy and turn us to naught? If there is God, then I am immortal! *Voilà ma profession de foi.*" [\[ccxxii\]](#)

"There is God, Stepan Trofimovich, I assure you there is," Varvara Petrovna implored, "give up, drop all your silliness at least once in your life!" (It seems she had not quite understood his *profession de foi*.)

"My friend," he was growing more and more animated, though his voice broke frequently, "my friend, when I understood ... that [\[ccxxiii\]](#) all, all my life! and I'd like... tomorrow, turned cheek, I... right then I also understood something else... *J'ai menti toute ma vie*, though... Tomorrow we shall all set off."

Varvara Petrovna began to weep. He was searching for someone with his eyes.

"She's here, here she is!" she seized Sofya Matveevna by the hand and brought her to him. He smiled tenderly.

"Oh, I wish so much to live again!" he exclaimed, with an extraordinary rush of energy. "Each minute, each instant of life should be blessedness for man... they should, surely they should! It is man's own duty to arrange it so; it is his law—a hidden but a surely existing one ... Oh, I wish to see Petrusha ... and all of them ... and Shatov!"

I will note that neither Darya Pavlovna, nor Varvara Petrovna, nor even Salzfish, the latest to come from town, knew anything yet about Shatov.

Stepan Trofimovich was growing more and more excited, morbidly so, beyond his strength.

"The one constant thought that there exists something immeasurably more just and happy than I, fills the whole of me with immeasurable tenderness and—glory—oh, whoever I am, whatever I do! Far more than his own happiness, it is necessary for a man to know and believe every moment that there is somewhere a perfect and peaceful happiness, for everyone and for everything... The whole law of human existence consists in nothing other than a man's always being able to bow before the immeasurably great. If people are deprived of the immeasurably great, they will not live and will die in despair. The immeasurable and infinite is as necessary for man as the small planet he inhabits ... My friends, all, all of you: long live the Great Thought! The eternal, immeasurable Thought! For every man, whoever he is, it is necessary to bow before that which is the Great Thought. Even the stupidest man needs at least something great. Petrusha... Oh, how I want to see them all again! They don't know, they don't know that they, too, have in them the same eternal Great Thought!"

Dr. Salzfish had not been present at the ceremony. Coming in suddenly, he was horrified and dispersed the gathering, insisting that the sick man should not be disturbed.

Stepan Trofimovich died three days later, by then completely unconscious. He somehow quietly went out, like a burnt-down candle. Varvara Petrovna, after having the funeral service performed there, transferred the body of her poor friend to Skvoreshniki. His grave is within the churchyard and is already covered with a marble slab. The inscription and railing have been left till spring.

In all, Varvara Petrovna's absence from town had lasted some eight days. Along with her, sitting beside her in the carriage, there

also arrived Sofya Matveevna, who seemed to have settled with her for good. I will note that as soon as Stepan Trofimovich lost consciousness (that same morning), Varvara Petrovna immediately had Sofya Matveevna removed again, out of the cottage entirely, and tended the sick man herself, alone to the end; but the moment he gave up the ghost, she immediately summoned her. She refused to listen to any objections, terribly frightened though the woman was by her offer (her order, rather) to settle in Skvoreshniki for good.

"That's all nonsense! I myself will go around selling Gospels with you. I have no one in the world now!"

"You do have a son, however," Salzfish attempted to observe. "I have no son!" Varvara Petrovna snapped out—as if prophetically.

23: Conclusion

All the perpetrated outrages and crimes were discovered extraordinarily quickly, far more quickly than Pyotr Stepanovich had supposed. It began with the unfortunate Marya Ignatievna, who woke up before dawn on the night of her husband's murder, found him missing, and became indescribably worried at not seeing him beside her. The servingwoman Arina Prokhorovna had hired then was spending the night with her. She simply could not calm her down and, as soon as day broke, went running for Arina Prokhorovna herself, assuring the sick woman that she would know where her husband was and when he would be back. Meanwhile, Arina Prokhorovna had troubles of her own: she had already learned from her husband about the night's exploit at Skvoreshniki. He had returned home past ten o'clock looking and feeling terrible; clasping his hands, he threw himself facedown on the bed and kept repeating, shaking with convulsive sobs: "This is not it, this is not it; this is not it at all!" Arina Prokhorovna accosted him and, of course, he ended by confessing everything to her—though to her alone in the whole house. She left him in bed, sternly impressing upon him that "if he wanted to blubber, he should do his howling into the pillow so that no one would hear, and that he'd be a fool if he showed any such appearance tomorrow." She did become a bit pensive and immediately began tiding things up just in case: she managed to hide or destroy completely any unnecessary papers, books, perhaps even tracts. Yet, for all that, she in fact considered that she, her sister, her aunt, the girl student, and perhaps even her lop-eared brother, had nothing much to fear. When the nurse came running for her in the morning, she went to Marya Ignatievna without hesitation. However, she wanted terribly to find out all the sooner whether it was true what her husband had told her yesterday, in a frightened and insane whisper resembling delirium, about Pyotr Stepanovich's counting, with a view to common usefulness, on Kirillov.

But she was too late in coming to Marya Ignatievna, who, once she had sent the servant off and was left alone, was unable to stand it, got out of bed, and, throwing on herself whatever clothing came to hand, evidently something very light and inappropriate to the season, went to the wing herself to see Kirillov, figuring that he perhaps could tell her most surely about her husband. One can imagine how this woman who had just given birth was affected by what she saw there. Remarkably, she did not read Kirillov's death note, which lay in full view on the table, being so frightened, of course, as to overlook it completely. She ran to her room, seized the infant, and went with him out of the house and down the street. The morning was damp, there was mist. No passers-by were to be met on such an out-of-the-way street. She kept running, breathless, through the cold and oozy mud, and finally began knocking on house doors; at one house they did not open, at another they refused to open for a long time; she left in impatience and began knocking at a third house. This was the house of our merchant Titov. Here she raised a great clamor, shouted, insisted incoherently that "her husband had been killed." Shatov and something of his story were partly known to the Titovs; they were horror-struck that she, having, in her own words, given birth just the day before, was running around the streets in such clothes and in such cold, with a barely covered infant in her arms. At first they thought she was simply raving, the more so as they were unable to make out who had been killed—Kirillov or her husband? Realizing that they did not believe her, she rushed to run farther, but was stopped by force, and they say she cried and struggled terribly. They went to Filippov's house, and in two hours Kirillov's suicide and his death note became known to the whole town. The police accosted the new mother, who was still conscious; and here it came to light that she had not read Kirillov's note, but precisely why she had concluded that her husband had been killed as well—this they could not get out of her. She only cried that "if the other one was killed, then my husband has been killed, too; they were together!" By noon she had fallen into unconsciousness, from which she never emerged, and some three days later she died. The baby caught cold and died even before her. Arina Prokhorovna, not finding Marya Ignatievna and the infant there, and realizing that things were bad, was about to rush home, but stopped at the gate and sent the nurse "to ask the gentleman in the wing if Marya Ignatievna was there or if, perchance, he knew anything about her?" The messenger came back wildly shouting for the whole street to hear. Having convinced her not to shout or tell anyone, employing the well-known argument that "they'll have the law on you," she slipped away from the premises.

It goes without saying that she was inconvenienced that same morning, as having been the new mother's midwife; but they found out little: she recounted very sensibly and coolly everything she herself had seen and heard at Shatov's, but concerning the story that had gone on she made plain that she knew and understood nothing of it.

One can imagine what a hubbub arose all over town. A new "story," another killing! But there was something else here now: it was becoming clear that there indeed existed a secret society of killers, of arsonist-revolutionaries, of rebels. The terrible death of Liza, the murder of Stavrogin's wife, Stavrogin himself, the arson, the ball for the governesses, the licentiousness surrounding Yulia Mikhailovna... People even insisted on seeing some mystery in Stepan Trofimovich's disappearance. There was a great, great deal of whispering about Nikolai Vsevolodovich. Towards the end of the day they also learned of Pyotr Stepanovich's absence, and, strangely,

he was talked about least of all. What was talked about most of all that day was "the senator."^[206] A crowd stood almost all morning by Filippov's house. The authorities were indeed led astray by Kirillov's note. They believed both in Kirillov's killing of Shatov and in the "murderer's" suicide. However, if the authorities were at a loss, they were not entirely so. The word "park," for instance, so vaguely put into Kirillov's note, did not throw anyone off, as Pyotr Stepanovich had reckoned. The police rushed at once to Skvoreshniki, and not only because there is a park there, as there is not anywhere else in our town, but also even following some sort of instinct, since all the horrors of the recent days were either directly or partially connected with Skvoreshniki. So at least I surmise. (I will note that Varvara Petrovna had driven off to catch Stepan Trofimovich early in the morning and with no knowledge of anything.) The body was found in the pond towards evening of the same day, by certain clues; on the very spot of the murder, Shatov's peaked cap was found,

forgotten with great light-mindedness by the murderers.^[207] The ocular and medical inspection of the corpse, along with certain surmises, awakened from the very first a suspicion that Kirillov must have had comrades. There came to light the existence of a

Shatovo-Kirillovian secret society, connected with the tracts. But who were these comrades? On that day there was as yet no thought of *our* people. It was learned that Kirillov had lived as a recluse, and so solitarily that, as the note stated, Fedka had been able to lodge with him for many days, though he was being sought everywhere... Chiefly, everyone was tormented by the impossibility of drawing anything general and unifying from the whole tangle that presented itself. One can hardly imagine what conclusions and what mental anarchy our society, frightened to the point of panic, might have reached, if everything had not suddenly been explained all at once, the very next day, thanks to Lyamshin.

He could not stand it. What happened to him was something that even Pyotr Stepanovich had begun to anticipate towards the end. Entrusted to Tolkachenko, and then to Erkel, he spent the whole of the next day lying in bed, apparently placid, his face turned to the wall, and without saying a word, barely answering when spoken to. He thus learned nothing throughout the day of what was happening in town. But Tolkachenko, who learned everything that was happening, took it into his head towards evening to drop his role with Lyamshin and absent himself from our town to the district capital—that is, simply to run away: truly, they lost their minds, as Erkel had prophesied about them all. I will note incidentally that Liputin also disappeared from town that same day, before noon. But with this one it somehow happened that his disappearance became known to the authorities only the next day, towards evening, when his family, all frightened by his absence but silent out of fear, were directly accosted with questions. But to continue about Lyamshin. As soon as he was left alone (Erkel, relying on Tolkachenko, had gone home even earlier), he at once ran out of the house and, of course, very soon learned how matters stood. Without even stopping at home, he took to his heels and ran wherever his legs would carry him. But the night was so dark, and the undertaking so terrible and toilsome, that having gone down two or three streets, he returned home and locked himself in for the whole night. It seems he made an attempt at suicide towards morning; but nothing came of it. He sat locked in until almost noon, however, and then— suddenly ran to the authorities. It is said that he crawled on his knees, sobbed and shrieked, kissed the floor, shouting that he was unworthy even to kiss the boots of the dignitaries who stood before him. He was calmed down and even treated benignly. The interrogation lasted, they say, about three hours. He declared everything, everything, told the innermost secrets, everything he knew, all the details; he rushed ahead of himself, hastened with his confessions, even told what was unnecessary and without being asked. It turned out that he knew quite enough and had enough sense to present it well: the tragedy of Shatov and Kirillov, the fire, the death of the Lebyadkins, etc., were all put in the background. To the forefront came Pyotr Stepanovich, the secret society, the organization, the network. To the question of why so many murders, scandals, and abominations had been perpetrated, he replied with burning haste that it was all "for the systematic shaking of the foundations, for the systematic corrupting of society and all principles; in order to dishearten everyone and make a hash of everything, and society being thus loosened, ailing and limp, cynical and unbelieving, but with an infinite yearning for some guiding idea and for self-preservation—to take it suddenly into their hands, raising the banner of rebellion, and supported by the whole network of fivesomes, which would have been active all the while, recruiting and searching for practically all the means and all the weak spots that could be seized upon." He said in conclusion that here, in our town, Pyotr Stepanovich had arranged only the first trial of such systematic disorder, the program, so to speak, for further actions, even for all the fivesomes— and that this was, in fact, his own (Lyamshin's) thought, his own surmise, and "that they must be sure to remember it, and that all this must be duly pointed out, how he had explained the matter so frankly and well-behavedly, and could therefore be very useful even in the future for services to the authorities." To the outright question: are there many fivesomes?—he answered that there was an endless multitude, that the whole of Russia was covered with a network, and, though he did not present any proofs, I think his answer was completely sincere. He presented only the printed program of the society, printed abroad, and a plan for developing a system of further actions, which, though only a rough draft, was written by Pyotr Stepanovich's own hand. It turned out that with regard to "shaking the foundations," Lyamshin had quoted the paper verbatim, not omitting even periods and commas, though he had insisted it was merely his own understanding. Of Yulia Mikhailovna he said in a surprisingly funny way, and without even being asked, but rushing ahead of himself, that "she was innocent and had simply been fooled." But, remarkably, he cleared Nikolai Stavrogin completely of any participation in the secret society, of any collusion with Pyotr Stepanovich. (Of the fond and quite ridiculous hopes Pyotr Stepanovich had in Stavrogin, Lyamshin was totally unaware.) The death of the Lebyadkins, according to him, was set up by Pyotr Stepanovich alone, with no participation from Nikolai Vsevolodovich, for the cunning purpose of drawing the latter into the crime and thus into dependence on Pyotr Stepanovich; but instead of the gratitude which Pyotr Stepanovich had undoubtedly and light-mindedly counted on, he had aroused only complete indignation and even despair in the "noble" Nikolai Vsevolodovich. He finished about Stavrogin, also hurrying and without being asked, with an obviously deliberate hint that the man was all but an extremely big wig, that there was some secret in it; that he lived among us, so to speak, incognito, that he had a commission, and that he would very possibly visit us again from Petersburg (Lyamshin was sure that Stavrogin was in Petersburg), only this time in a totally different way and in different circumstances and in the retinue of such persons as we might soon hear about, and that he had heard all this from Pyotr Stepanovich, "a secret enemy of Nikolai Vsevolodovich."

I will make a *nota bene*. Two months later, Lyamshin confessed that he had cleared Stavrogin on purpose then, hoping for his protection and that he would solicit for him a two-degree alleviation from Petersburg and supply him with money and letters of

[208] recommendation in exile. From this confession one can see that he indeed had a greatly exaggerated notion of Nikolai Stavrogin.

That same day, of course, Virginsky was also arrested, and, in the heat of the moment, his whole household as well. (Arina Prokhorovna, her sister, aunt, and even the girl student, have long been free; they even say that Shigalyov, too, is supposedly sure to be released in the nearest future, since he does not fit into any category of the accused; however, this is still just talk.) Virginsky admitted his guilt at once and in everything; he was sick in bed with a fever when he was arrested. They say he was almost glad: "A weight fell from my heart," he is supposed to have said. One hears of him that he is now giving evidence frankly, yet even with a certain dignity, and has not surrendered any of his "bright hopes," though at the same time he curses the political path (as opposed to the social one)

[209] onto which he had been so accidentally and light-mindedly drawn "by a whirlwind of concurrent circumstances." His behavior during the committing of the murder is explained in a mitigating way for him, and it seems that he, too, may count on a certain mitigation of his lot. So at least it is asserted among us.

But an alleviation of Erkel's fate will hardly be possible. This one, since his arrest, has either kept silent or distorted the truth as far as possible. Not one word of repentance has been obtained from him so far. And yet he has aroused a certain sympathy for himself even in the sternest judges—by his youth, by his defenselessness, by obvious indications that he was simply the fanatical victim of a political seducer; and most of all by what has been discovered about his behavior towards his mother, to whom he used to send almost half of his insignificant pay. His mother is now with us; she is a weak and ailing woman, grown old before her time; she weeps and literally grovels at their feet, pleading for her son. Come what may, there are many among us who feel sorry for Erkel.

Liputin was arrested in Petersburg, where he had already been living for two whole weeks. An almost incredible thing occurred with him, which is even difficult to explain. They say he had a passport in another name and every opportunity for successfully slipping abroad, and quite a considerable amount of money with him, and yet he stayed in Petersburg and did not go anywhere. He spent some time looking for Stavrogin and Pyotr Stepanovich, and then suddenly went on a binge and got into debauchery beyond all measure, like a man who has utterly lost all common sense and understanding of his position. And so he was arrested in Petersburg, in a house of ill fame somewhere, and none too sober. Rumor has it that he has by no means lost heart now, is lying in his testimony, and is preparing himself for the forthcoming trial with a certain solemnity and hope (?). He even intends to have some say at his trial. Tolkachenko, arrested somewhere in the district capital ten days after his flight, behaves with incomparably more politeness, does not lie, does not dodge, tells all he knows, does not justify himself, acknowledges his guilt in all modesty, but is also inclined to loquacity; he speaks much and willingly, and when it comes to a knowledge of the people and its revolutionary (?) elements, he even postures and desires to produce an effect. One hears that he, too, intends to have his say at the trial. Generally, he and Liputin are not very frightened, which is even strange.

I repeat, the affair is not yet over. Now, three months later, our society has rested, relaxed, recovered, acquired its own opinion, so much so that some even regard Pyotr Stepanovich himself almost as a genius, at least as having "abilities of genius." "Organization, sir!" they say in the club, raising a finger aloft. However, all this is quite innocent, and, besides, those who say it are not many. Others, on the contrary, do not deny him acuteness of abilities, but couple it with a total ignorance of reality, a terrible abstractedness, a dull and deformed one-sidedness of development, and, proceeding from all that, an extraordinary light-mindedness. Concerning his moral aspects everyone agrees; here there is no argument.

I really do not know who else to mention, so as not to forget anyone. Mavriky Nikolaevich has gone away somewhere altogether. The old Drozdov woman has lapsed into second childhood ... However, there remains one more very grim story to tell. I will confine myself to facts alone.

On her arrival, Varvara Petrovna stayed at her town house. All the accumulated news poured in on her at once and shook her terribly. She shut herself up alone. It was evening; everyone was tired and went to bed early.

In the morning the maid, with a mysterious air, handed Darya Pavlovna a letter. This letter, by her account, had come the day before, but late, when everyone had already retired, so that she dared not wake her up. It had come not in the mail, but through an unknown person, to Alexei Yegorych in Skvoreshniki. And Alexei Yegorych had at once delivered it himself, yesterday evening, into her hands, and had at once gone back to Skvoreshniki.

Darya Pavlovna, her heart pounding, looked at the letter for a long time without daring to open it. She knew who it was from: it had been written by Nikolai Stavrogin. She read the inscription on the envelope: "To Alexei Yegorych, to be given to Darya Pavlovna, in secret."

Here is this letter, word for word, without correcting the least mistake in style of a young Russian squire who never fully learned Russian grammar, in spite of all his European education:

My good Darya Pavlovna, You once wanted to be my "nurse" and made me promise to send for you when needed. I am going away in two days and will not come back. Want to go with me?

Last year, like Herzen, I registered as a citizen of canton Uri, ^[210] and no one knows it. I have already bought a small house there. I have twelve thousand roubles left; we'll go and live there eternally. I don't want to move anywhere ever.

The place is very dull, a ravine; the mountains cramp sight and thought. Very grim. It was because there was a small house for sale. If you don't like it, I'll sell it and buy another in another place.

I'm not well, but I hope with the local air I'll get rid of my hallucinations. Physically, that is; and morally you know all; only is it all?

I've told you a lot of my life. But not all. Even to you—not all! Incidentally, I confirm that in my conscience I am guilty of my wife's death. I have not seen you since then and so I'm confirming it. I am also guilty before Lizaveta Nikolaevna; but here you do know; here you predicted almost everything.

Better don't come. The fact that I'm calling you to me is a terrible baseness. And why should you bury your life with me? You are dear to me, and when I was in anguish I felt good near you: only in your presence could I speak of myself aloud. Nothing follows from that. You yourself defined it as "nursing"—it's your expression; why sacrifice so much? Realize, also, that I do not pity you, since I'm calling you, and do not respect you, since I'm waiting for you to come. And yet I call and wait. In any case, I need your answer, because I must leave very soon. In such case, I'll go alone.

I have no hope from Uri; I'm simply going. I did not choose a gloomy place on purpose. Nothing binds me to Russia—everything in it is as foreign to me as everywhere else. True, I disliked living in it more than elsewhere; but even in it I was unable to come to hate anything!

I've tested my strength everywhere. You advised me to do that, "in order to know myself." This testing for myself, and for show, proved it to be boundless, as before all my life. In front of your very eyes I endured a slap from your brother; I acknowledged my marriage publicly. But what to apply my strength to—that I have never seen, nor do I see it now, despite your encouragements in Switzerland, which I believed. I am as capable now as ever before of wishing to do a good deed, and I take pleasure in that; along with it, I wish for evil and also feel pleasure. But both the one and the other, as always, are too shallow, and are never very much. My desires are far too weak; they cannot guide. One can cross a river on a log, but not on a chip. All this so that you don't think I'm going

to Uri with any hopes.

As always, I do not blame anyone. I've tried great debauchery and exhausted my strength in it; but I don't like debauchery and I did not want it. You've been observing me lately. Do you know that I even looked at these negators of ours with spite, envying them their hopes? But your fears were empty: I could not be their comrade, because I shared nothing. Nor could I do it out of ridicule, for spite, and not because I was afraid of the ridiculous—I cannot be afraid of the ridiculous—but because, after all, I have the habits of a decent man and felt disgusted. Still, if I had more spite and envy for them, I might even have gone over to them. You can judge how easy it has been for me and how I've tossed about!

Dear friend, tender and magnanimous being whom I divined! Perhaps you dream of giving me so much love and of pouring upon me so much of the beautiful from your beautiful soul, that you hope in that way finally to set up some goal for me? No, you had better be more careful: my love will be as shallow as I myself am, and you will be unhappy. Your brother told me that he who loses his ties with his earth also loses his gods, that is, all his goals. One can argue endlessly about everything, but what poured out of me was only negation, with no magnanimity and no force. Or not even negation. Everything is always shallow and listless. Magnanimous Kirillov could not endure his idea and—shot himself; but I do see that he was magnanimous because he was not in his right mind. I can never lose my mind, nor can I ever believe an idea to the same degree as he did. I cannot even entertain an idea to the same degree. I could never, never shoot myself!

I know I ought to kill myself, to sweep myself off the earth like a vile insect; but I'm afraid of suicide, because I'm afraid of showing magnanimity. I know it will be one more deceit—the last deceit in an endless series of deceptions. What's the use of deceiving oneself just so as to play at magnanimity? There never can be indignation or shame in me; and so no despair either.

Forgive me for writing so much. I've come to my senses, and this is accidental. This way a hundred pages are too little and ten lines are enough. To call for a "nurse," ten lines are enough.

Since I left, I've been living six stations away, in the stationmaster's house. I got to know him while I was on a spree in Petersburg five years ago. No one knows I'm living here. Write care of him. I enclose the address.

Nikolai Stavrogin.

Darya Pavlovna went at once and showed the letter to Varvara Petrovna. She read it and asked Dasha to step out so that she could read it again by herself; but she somehow very quickly called her again. "Will you go?" she asked, almost timidly.

"I will," Dasha replied.

"Get ready! We're going together."

Dasha looked at her questioningly.

"And what is there for me to do here now? Does it make any difference? I, too, will register in Uri and live in the ravine... Don't worry, I won't bother you."

They quickly began getting ready, in order to catch the noon train. But before half an hour had gone by, Alexei Yegorych came from Skvoreshniki. He reported that Nikolai Vsevolodovich had "suddenly" arrived that morning, on the early train, and was in Skvoreshniki, but "in such a state that he wouldn't answer any questions, walked through all the rooms, and locked himself in his half..."

"I concluded on coming to report without his orders," Alexei Yegorych added, with a very imposing air.

Varvara Petrovna gave him a piercing look and asked no questions. The carriage was readied instantly. She went with Dasha. On the way, it is said, she crossed herself frequently.

All the doors in "his half" were open, and Nikolai Vsevolodovich was nowhere to be found.

"Maybe in the attic, ma'am?" Fomushka said cautiously.

Remarkably, several servants followed Varvara Petrovna into "his half; the rest of the servants all waited in the reception room. Never before would they have allowed themselves such a breach of etiquette. Varvara Petrovna noticed it but said nothing.

They went upstairs to the attic. There were three rooms there; no one was found in any of them.

"Could he maybe have gone up there?" someone pointed at the door to the garret. Indeed, the permanently closed door to the garret was now unlocked and standing wide open. It led to a long, very narrow, and terribly steep wooden stairway that went up almost under the roof. There was a sort of little room there, too.

"I won't go up there. Why on earth would he climb up there?" Varvara Petrovna turned terribly pale, looking around at the servants. They stared at her and said nothing. Dasha was trembling.

Varvara Petrovna rushed up the stairs; Dasha followed her; but as soon as she entered the garret, she cried out and fell unconscious.

The citizen of canton Uri was hanging just inside the door. On the table lay a scrap of paper with the penciled words: "Blame no one; it was I." With it on the table there also lay a hammer, a piece of soap, and a big nail, evidently prepared in reserve. The strong silk cord upon which Nikolai Vsevolodovich had hanged himself, evidently prepared and chosen beforehand, was heavily soaped. Everything indicated premeditation and consciousness to the last minute.

Our medical men, after the autopsy, completely and emphatically ruled out insanity.

- [i] "They treated me like an old cotton bonnet!"
- [ii] "can break my existence in two"
- [iii] "in every land, [even] in the land of Makar and his calves"
- [iv] "I am a [mere sponger] and nothing more! Yes, nothing more!"
- [v] "among these seminarians"
- [vi] "for our holy Russia."
- [vii] "but let us distinguish"
- [viii] "Just between us"
- [ix] "These interminable Russian words!"
- [x] "You know, with us ... In a word"
- [xi] "in order to show you his power."
- [xii] "no, it's very curious"
- [xiii] "you know that singing and the book of Job"
- [xiv] "and he showed his power"
- [xv] "what an idea, red!" or "what a red idea!"
- [xvi] "you know"
- [xvii] "with such pomposity"
- [xviii] "Really?"
- [xix] "Charming child!"
- [xx] "And then, since one always finds more monks than reason"
- [xxi] "My word, dear"
- [xxii] "Oh, it's a very stupid story! I was waiting for you, my good friend, in order to tell you..."
- [xxiii] "All men of genius and progress in Russia were, are and always will be [card players] and [drunkards] who drink in *zapoï* [bouts]"
- [xxiv] "But, just between us"
- [xxv] "But she's a child!"
- [xxvi] "Yes, I mistook one word for another. But... it's all the same"
- [xxvii] "Yes, yes, I'm incapable."
- [xxviii] "this dear son"
- [xxix] "he's such a poor mind!"
- [xxx] "he's a poor specimen all the same"

[xxxix] "And finally, the ridicule"

[xxxix] "I am a galley slave, a Badinguet, a"

[xxxix] "I don't give a damn!"

[xxxix] "I don't give a damn and I proclaim my freedom. To the devil with Karmazinov! To the devil with the Lembke woman!"

[xxxix] "You will second me, won't you, as friend and witness."

[xxxix] "that's the word"

[xxxix] "something of that sort."

[xxxix] "I remember it. Finally"

[xxxix] "he was like a little idiot."

[xl] "How's that!"

[xli] "of this poor friend"

[xlii] "our irascible friend"

[xliii] "our holy Russia"

[xliv] "But that will pass."

[xlv] "to the accident. You will accompany me, won't you?"

[xlvi] "O God who is so great and so good!"

[xlvi] "and I am beginning to believe."

[xlvi] "In God? In God who is on high and who is so great and so good?"

[xlix] "He does everything I want."

[l] "God! God! ... at last a minute of happiness."

[li] "You and happiness, you arrive at the same time!"

[lii] "I was so nervous and sick and then ..."

[liii] "He's a local dreamer. He's the best and most irascible man in the world..."

[liv] "and you will do a good deed..."

[lv] "Anyhow, it's ridiculous."

[lvi] "a worthy man all the same"

[lvii] "this Liputin, which I do not understand"

[lviii] "I am an ungrateful man!"

[lix] "all has been said... it's terrible."

[lx] "She's an angel"

[lxi] "Twenty years!"

[lxii] "He's a monster; and anyhow"

[lxiii] "These people imagine that nature and human society are otherwise than God made them and than they actually are."

[lxiv] "but let's speak of other things"

[lxv] "it was stupid, but what can be done, all has been said."

[lxvi] "if miracles exist?"

[lxvii] "and let all be said!"

[lxviii] "what is known as the"

[lix] "leave me, my friend"

[lxx] "you see"

[lxxi] "But what is the matter with you, Liza!"

[lxxii] "But, my dear and excellent friend, in what agitation..."

[lxxiii] "anyhow, he is a depraved man and something like an escaped convict..."

[lxxiv] "He is a dishonest man and I believe he is even an escaped convict or something of the kind"

[lxxv] "And you are right"

[lxxvi] "He laughs."

[lxxvii] "that's it exactly."

[lxxviii] "to cause a sensation around his name"

[lxxix] "He laughs. He laughs a lot, he laughs too much ... He laughs all the time."

[lxxx] "So much the better."

[lxxxi] "I wanted to convert."

[lxxxii] "This poor [auntie,] she's going to hear some pretty things!"

[lxxxiii] "There's something blind and shifty [or cross-eyed] in him."

[lxxxiv] "They are quite simply lazybones"

[lxxxv] "You're lazy. Your banner is a rag, an impotence."

[lxxxvi] "some stupidity of the sort."

[lxxxvii] "You don't understand."

[lxxxviii] "insatiable activity"

[lxxxix] "benevolent curmudgeon"

[xc] "That impure blood should flood our furrows!"

[xci] "Not an inch of our ground, not a stone of our fortresses!"

[xcii] "Yes, the comparison is permissible. It was like a little Don Cossack, jumping upon his own grave."

[xciii] "I've forgotten."

[xciv] "informality"

[xcv] "without letting it show!"

[xcvi] "Reader take notice."

[xcvii] "At last a friend!"

[xcviii] "You understand?"

[xcix] "Excuse me, I've forgotten his name. He's not from around here... something stupid and German in his physiognomy. His name is Rosenthal."

[c] You know him? Something dull and very self-satisfied in his face, but at the same time very severe, stiff, and serious."

[ci] "I know the type."

[cii] "yes, I remember it, he used that word."

[ciii] "He kept his distance"

[civ] "anyhow, he seemed to believe I was going to fall on him at once and start beating him to a pulp. All these low-class people are like that"

[cv] "It's twenty years that I've been preparing for it."

[cvi] "I was dignified and calm."

[cvii] "and, anyhow, all that."

[cviii] "and some of my historical, critical, and political sketches."

[cix] "yes, that's right"

[cx] "He was alone, quite alone"

[cxi] "in the entryway, yes, I remember that, and then"

[cxii] "I was overexcited, you see. He talked, he talked ... a pile of things"

[cxiii] "I was overexcited, but dignified, I assure you of it."

[cxiv] "You know, he uttered the name of Telyatnikov"

[cxv] "'who still owes me fifteen roubles from [pinochle], be it said in passing. Anyhow, I didn't understand very well."

[cxvi] "what do you think? Anyhow, he consented."

[cxvii] "and nothing more"

[cxviii] "my enemies ... and then what good is this prosecutor, our pig of a prosecutor, who has been impolite to me twice and who got such a fine thrashing the other year at that charming and beautiful [Natalia Pavlovna's,] when he hid in her boudoir. And then, my friend"

[cxix] "in a friendly way, I am thoroughly pleased."

[cxx] "When one has such things in one's room and they come to arrest you"

[cxxi] "Send her away"

[cxxii] "and besides it annoys me."

[cxxiii] "One must be ready, you see... every moment"

[cxxiv] "This dates from Petersburg"

[cxxv] "You're putting me in with those people!"

[cxxvi] "with those freethinkers of cowardice!"

[cxxvii] "You know... that I'll make some sort of scandal there."

[cxxviii] "My career is finished as of today, I feel it."

[cxxix] "I swear to you"

[cxxx] "What do you know about it"

[cxxxi] "what will she say"

[cxxxii] "She will suspect me all her life"

[cxxxiii] "it's improbable... and then, women"

[cxxxiv] "One must be dignified and calm with Lembke."

[cxxxv] "Oh, believe me, I will be calm!"

[cxxxvi] "at the height of all that is most sacred"

[cxxxvii] "Everything is for the best in the best of all possible worlds."

[cxxxviii] "my hour has struck."

[cxxxix] "You make nothing but blunders"

[cxl] "and as one finds more monks than reason everywhere"

[cxli] "That's charming, the monks"

[cxlii] "and let's break off there, my dear"

[cxliii] "in full"

[cxliv] "it is stupidity in its purest essence, something like a chemical simple."

[cxlv] "God forgive you, my friend, and God keep you."

[cxlvi] "afterwards"

[cxlvii] "as for me"

[cxlviii] "the sayings of these poor folk are often charming and full of philosophy"

[cxlix] "Oh, they are poor little good-for-nothings and nothing more, little [little fools]— that's the word!"

[cl] "Oh, yesterday he was so witty"

[cli] "what shame!"

[clii] "You will forgive me, charming lady, won't you?"

[cliii] "You are unhappy, aren't you?"

[cliv] "We are all unhappy, but we must forgive them all. Let us forgive, Liza"

[clv] "twenty-two years!"

[clvi] "in this merchant's house, if only this merchant exists"

[clvii] "but do you know what time it is!"

[clviii] "does Russia exist? Hah, it's you, dear captain!"

[clix] "Long live the democratic, social, and universal republic, or death! ... Liberty, equality, fraternity, or death!"

[clx] "de Kirillov, Russian gentleman and citizen of the world."

[clxi] "Russian gentleman-seminarian and citizen of the civilized world!"

[clxii] "that merchant"

[clxiii] "Long live the high road"

[clxiv] "I have forty roubles in all; he will take the roubles and kill me all the same."

[clxv] "this begins to be reassuring... this is very reassuring... this is reassuring to the highest degree."

[clxvi] "I am something else"

[clxvii] "Yes, one could translate it that way."

[clxviii] "That's even better, I have forty roubles in all, but..."

[clxix] "That is to say"

[clxx] "She wanted it"

[clxxi] "a finger of vodka."

[clxxii] "a tiny drop."

[clxxiii] "I am quite sick, but it's not so bad to be sick."

[clxxiv] "a lady and she looked it"

[clxxv] "But I believe this is the Gospel"

[\[clxxvi\]](#) "You are what they call [a book-hawker]"

[\[clxxvii\]](#) "I have nothing against the Gospel, and"

[\[clxxviii\]](#) "It seems to me that everyone is going to Spasov..."

[\[clxxix\]](#) "But she is a lady, and a very respectable one"

[\[clxxx\]](#) "This little lump of sugar is nothing"

[\[clxxxi\]](#) "Pure respectability"

[\[clxxxii\]](#) "you're not thirty years old."

[\[clxxxiii\]](#) "Those worthless fellows, those wretches!"

[\[clxxxiv\]](#) "Bah, I'm turning into an egoist..."

[\[clxxxv\]](#) "But what's gotten into the man"

[\[clxxxvi\]](#) "But, my dear and new friend"

[\[clxxxvii\]](#) "But there's no help for it, and I am delighted!"

[\[clxxxviii\]](#) "won't you?"

[\[clxxxix\]](#) "I love the people, that is indispensable, but it seems to me that I have never seen them up close. Nastasya ... it goes without saying that she is also of the people... but the true people"

[\[cxc\]](#) "Dear and incomparable friend"

[\[cxci\]](#) "dear innocent one. The Gospel... You see, from now on we will preach it together"

[\[cxcii\]](#) "something very new of the sort."

[\[cxciii\]](#) "granted"

[\[cxciv\]](#) "that dear ingrate"

[\[cxcv\]](#) "Dear and incomparable one, for me a woman is all."

[\[cxcvii\]](#) "it's turning too cold. By the way, I have forty roubles in all and here is the money"

[\[cxcviii\]](#) "let's not speak of it any more, because it upsets me"

[\[cxcviii\]](#) "because we have to talk."

[\[cxci\]](#) "Yes, I have much to say to you, dear friend."

[\[cc\]](#) "What, you already know my name?"

[\[cci\]](#) "Enough, my child ... we have our money, and after that—after that the good Lord... Enough, enough, you're tormenting me"

[\[ccii\]](#) "It's nothing, we shall wait"

[\[cciii\]](#) "You are as noble as a marquise!"

[\[cciv\]](#) "as in your book!"

[\[ccv\]](#) "Enough, enough, my child"

[\[ccvi\]](#) "You know"

[\[ccvii\]](#) "Am I so sick? But it's nothing serious."

[\[ccviii\]](#) "Oh, I remember, yes, the Apocalypse. Read, read"

[\[ccix\]](#) "we will leave together."

[\[ccx\]](#) "those swine"

[\[ccxi\]](#) "Yes, this Russia which I always loved."

[\[ccxii\]](#) "and the others with him"
[\[ccxiii\]](#) "you will understand afterwards... We will understand together."
[\[ccxiv\]](#) "Hah, a lake"
[\[ccxv\]](#) "And I shall preach the Gospel ..."
[\[ccxvi\]](#) "She is an angel... She was more than an angel for me"
[\[ccxvii\]](#) "I loved you."
[\[ccxviii\]](#) "I loved you all my life... twenty years!"
[\[ccxix\]](#) "an hour... some bouillon, tea... anyhow, he is so happy."
[\[ccxx\]](#) Yes, my friends... This whole ceremony"
[\[ccxxi\]](#) "My father, I thank you, and you are very kind, but..."
[\[ccxxii\]](#) "There is my profession of faith."
[\[ccxxiii\]](#) "I have lied all my life"
[\[ccxxiv\]](#) "very little"

"Exile" here means internal exile to the provinces, a measure taken in Russia against politically suspect persons.

The "komarinsky" is a Russian dance-song with comical words.

"Hanseatic," pertaining to the Hansa, a medieval German merchant guild, later a trading league of free German cities. These details of Stepan Trofimovich's career are all ironic allusions to the activities of T. N. Granovsky (see note 2 above).

That is, "lovers of the Slavs"

Idea of a novel, February 16/28, 1870.

A novelist (a writer), in his old age, and mainly on account of his fits of illness, has seen his faculties grow dull, and himself sink into poverty. Realizing his failings, he prefers to cease writing and accept the lot of poverty. A wife and daughter. All his life he has been writing to order. Now, he no longer considers himself equal to his former peers, but rather feels that he is in their debt. To the critics, whom he still calls *scoundrels* under his breath (below all, it would seem; yet consequently, above all), he tells episodes from his earlier life, as if for the edification of children, etc. Public lectures. How he had many ideas, literary and other. A tone of apparent self-irony, yet to himself: "Why, it really is so." How his children, and his wife, and the M<iliuk>ovs think little of him. How Turgenev, Goncharov, Pleshcheev,¹ Aksakov² let him have it, how he quarrels with Saltykov. How he suddenly, without telling anybody, proceeds to write an excellent work. Fame and money.—etc. etc. N.B. A PROMISING THEME—well, granted, I won't compare it to Count L. Tolstoi or Mr. Turgenev (N.B. never simply Turgenev, without a "Mr."); or even the other Count Tolstoi;³ but the realist Pisemsky⁴—that's a different matter! For that is French vaudeville posing as Russian realism.

N.B. About the transience of life, and tales—a poetic representation, somewhat like *Oblomov's Dream*,⁵ of Christ—(and later, to himself: "This is worth a good 200 roubles per sixteen pages, and I'm letting them have it for nothing, while they think that they are doing me a favor.")

About trends and ideas in literature.

Her husband is a man of principles, self-improvement, children left at doorsteps. He isn't deceived by her charms, yet he is constant in his love for her. Having developed the desire to seduce her husband she becomes a victim of her own deception. The Prince is a finished man. Finally she wants to flee this temptation, for she has begun to yield to it. She drives the Prince out of his wits, and he is jealous of her husband, slaps his face, tries to kill him (but does not succeed). (N.B. She has been egging him on, even though she hasn't said it in so many words, but rather has been provoking his jealousy). But when he shoots her husband, she deserts the Prince—and once and for all embraces her husband, while the Prince kills himself. ? (N.B. Her husband takes her back, but no sooner has he accepted her than she again grows tired of him. With a schoolboy, with the Governor.)

The hermit—Mary of Egypt.

She induces the Prince to insult his mother. (She is making experiments with the Prince all the time.)

N.B. She seduces her husband to the point of actually giving herself to him.

N.B. She has just returned from abroad and would like to see a nihilist. A schoolteacher, who is a nihilist, shows up in town. (The murder of her husband; the Prince makes friends with the nihilists, and talks them into killing.)

She has witnessed Tropman's execution. Description of the execution. About how delightfully handsome he was.

N.B. Either the Teacher rejects her, i.e., he doesn't reject her, but fails to be seduced by her charms (even though he may have taken possession of her). Then she takes vengeance on him, and when she does (she kills him)—she is shedding tears.

The Prince is a tragic figure (in him, there lies *the seed* of the plot and of the events of the novel).

The wife, formerly the mistress of a field marshal, has been returned to her husband, a schoolteacher, by the latter, along with a handsome remuneration. She turns his head, makes him insult ~~her~~ his mother, kills the Field Marshal, forces her husband to fight a duel with a man who has insulted her (a young prince who had been her lover briefly), turns the whole province upside down, finally dies with her husband sobbing at her side.

money has not arrived, and I don't know if I'll get any at all. I've completed the fifth chapter of the novel.

~~In the evenings~~ at night (two ~~evenings~~ nights in a row) I can hardly work: the blood rushes to my head, I feel torpid, sleepy, I'm afraid of the bad consequences of working at night (a stroke, or something of that kind?).

Last night I saw my brother* in a dream. He had, it seemed, returned to life, but was living apart from his family. It seemed as if I was with him, having the feeling that there was something wrong with me: loss of ~~memory~~ consciousness, as after a fainting fit. ~~I don't think (---)~~ I went to a large nearby hospital to consult a doctor. My brother seemed to be kinder to me.

I woke up, went back to sleep, and saw what seemed to be a continuation of that dream: I see my father† (I haven't seen him in a dream for a long time). He pointed at my chest, under my right nipple, and said: "Everything is all right with you, *but here it is very bad.*" I took a look and there actually appeared to be some growth under my nipple. My father said: "*Don't unsettle your nerves.*" Then there was some kind of family celebration at my father's, and in came his old mother, and all our ancestors. He was very glad. From his words I concluded that I was in a very bad way. I showed my chest to another doctor, who said: "Yes, it is right there. You haven't long to live; *you have only a few days to live.*"

N.B. Having woken up in the morning, at 12 o'clock, I noticed, almost at the spot pointed out by my father, a mark the size of a hazelnut, which was extremely painful to the touch—as when you touch a painfully bruised spot. I had never had this before.

N.B. My lungs again are full of phlegm; I keep wheezing and find breathing difficult.

Altogether, this illness has continued for a year and a half, apparently getting worse. I'm becoming short-winded.

N.B. Apparently I am also having, right now, an attack of hemorrhoids. Pain in my stomach, as before a hemorrhage. My digestion is good.

- 42 June 18/30-17/29 <1870>, Wednesday.
Ania* has developed <a case of> ———. She is weak, her nerves are shattered, she sleeps little? Is she really pregnant?
- 60 1)
FITS (1869)
- Note. In Florence,⁹ during the summer, infrequent and not very strong fits (rather, comparatively rare). At the same time, active open hemorrhoids.
- August 3, a fit, in Florence, while leaving town.
August 10, a fit, in Prague,¹⁰ while en route.
August 19, a fit, in Dresden.¹¹
- September 4, a fit, in Dresden. Very soon after the fit, while still in bed, a painful, literally unbearable pressure in my chest. A feeling that I might die of it. It passed after fomentation (dry, heated plates, and towels with hot ashes), in a half hour.
- September 14. A fit at night, while in bed.
- N.B.₁ Almost all of my fits come while in bed, in my sleep (during the first few hours of sleep, some time between three and four o'clock A.M.)
- N.B.₂ Compared with my fits in the past (over the years), the series of fits which have occurred recently, since August 3, show an unprecedented increase in the frequency of these fits, as compared to anything I have experienced since I have had the disease; it seems that the disease is entering a new, malignant phase. Over the years, I think I wouldn't be wrong saying that the *median* interval between fits was constant at *three weeks* (that is just the median, or proportional median figure; i.e., there were
- 61 2)
intervals of six weeks, and of 10 days, but on the average it would come to three weeks).

The present increase can be ascribed to the drastic change in climate between Florence and Dresden, to the strain of the trip, to my distraught nerves while en route and in Germany, etc.

September 30, at night, a fairly strong fit (after having worked at night).

1870. January 1/13, a fit, strong, after an indiscretion, at six o'clock in the morning, during the first hours of sleep. The interval between fits was of unprecedented length—three months and ten days. As a result of not being used to it so much, my ailing condition persists very long: it is already the fifth day after the fit, and my head still hasn't cleared up. The weather ~~is changing~~ has changed from fine (plus 2 or plus 3 degrees Réaumur) to a slush. The fit occurred during an almost full moon.

<January>7/19. A fit at 6 o'clock in the morning (the day and almost the hour of Tropman's execution). I did not feel it, awoke after 8 o'clock, with a feeling that I had had a fit. I had a headache and my body was aching all over. N.B. (Altogether, the aftereffects of my fits, i.e., nervousness, shortness of memory, an intensified and foggy, quasi-contemplative state, persist longer now than in previous years. They used to pass after three days, while now it may take six. Especially at night, by candlelight, an indefinite hypochondriac melancholy, and as if a red, bloody shade (not color) upon everything. Almost impossible to work during those days. (I am writing this note on the sixth day after the fit.) N.B. The weather is fine, snow flurries. The winter in Dresden is unusually mild this year.

February 10/January 29. At three o'clock A.M., a most violent fit, in the hall, in a waking state. I fell down and hurt my forehead. Not being conscious of anything and remembering nothing, I did, however, carry to my room a burning candle without damaging it a bit, shut the window, and only then did I become aware of the fact that I had had a fit. I awakened Ania and told her. She cried very much seeing my face.

I began to calm her and suddenly I had another fit, while still awake, in Ania's room (Liuba¹² was carried to another room)—a quarter of

an hour after the first fit. When I awakened from it, I had a terrible headache, and for a long time I couldn't speak correctly; Ania stayed with me that night. (Mystic terror in the highest degree.) It is now already 4 days after the fit, and my head is still far from fresh; apparently my nerves are in a bad way; the rush of blood to my head must have been very strong. I can't even think of working; at night I experience a strong hypochondriac feeling. I fall asleep late, around 6 A.M. I go to bed after three o'clock, I can't earlier. All of last week we had a strong frost, around 10 degrees. It is a full moon now. At the time of the fit the moon was better than half full. (Light symptoms of open hemorrhoids at the time of the fit and before it.)

February 23/11. A fit, in my sleep, immediately after I had gone to bed, at 5:10 A.M., before dawn. I felt nothing, and only after awakening, at 11 o'clock A.M., I realized that I had had a fit. I am told that it was a light one; I think so myself, although now the aftereffects of my fits (i.e., a feeling of heaviness in my head or an outright headache, distraught nerves, a nervous laughter, and mystic melancholy) persist much longer than previously; for about five, six days, or even a week, I couldn't say that it was all over, or that my head was completely clear. ~~The phases of the moon~~, no moon, it has grown much warmer, foggy, but in the daytime a bright sun. I am writing this on February 27, a Sunday. One can positively say that today is the first day of spring, such a fine day it is. Mentally, I have great worries, I'm getting no news, Liuba has fallen ill (God save her!).

Congestion of blood in my lower abdomen, constipated feeling, sleep with interruptions, not always pleasant dreams.

May, 1870. A fit while awake, after a day and a night en route, in H<ombur>g. I arrived, had dinner, went to the station, and having returned to my hotel at 4 o'clock P.M., at my room, I felt that I was having a fit and fell to the ground. Fortunately I only hurt the back of my head slightly; I had a lump there for about a week. After regaining consciousness I wasn't in possession of my full faculties for a while. I remember that I was wandering around in the hotel, telling people about my fit; among others, I told the owner of the hotel. I didn't lie down, but went back to the station. The fit was in general of the heavy variety, accompanied by mystic melancholy and nervous laughter. My nervousness contributed a lot to things going badly. During the entire time of my absence, all week long, I was hardly in my right mind, it seems. It was cold, damp, and rainy all the time. Incidentally, I caught a cold, and even now,

two weeks later, I am still coughing. In general, it must be noted that I positively can't stand traveling distances of any length by railway: I have a fit every time. N.B. The fit occurred at the very beginning of a new moon. Now my health is in decent shape. Ania's nerves are quite distraught from breast-feeding; Liuba, thank God, is in good health (may the Lord have mercy and save both!). I have great worries. The hot months lie ahead, terribly strenuous work—the novel for *The Russian Messenger* (I put no trust in it). I have thought up a letter to N. Let it rest until September 1. Something's got to give! We shall be very short of money right until fall!

1870, July 13/1. A fit while asleep, toward morning, right after I had fallen asleep. I fell asleep and learned about it from Ania as late as half past twelve. It seemed to her that it was not a very strong fit. Today, July 17 (Sunday) my body hasn't been really aching *too much*, but my head still isn't clear, especially in the evening. Melancholy. In general, I notice that even fits of medium strength are now (i.e., the older I get) affecting my head, my brain, more noticeably than even the strongest fits used to in the past. My head won't clear up even in a whole week. The weather is hot; there was a full moon on the 13th; rare light, warm rainshowers. I am struggling with the 1st part of my novel, and I'm desperate. War has been declared. Ania is quite exhausted. Liuba is nervous and restless. N.B. Kashpírev sent the money two months later than promised. Our situation has hardly improved, even though the money has been sent. All my hope rests with the novel and my trip to K<issinge>n. I wonder about the war. It could give us a lot of trouble. God forbid!

July 25/13. A fit, in the morning, after I had fallen asleep; preceding it, terrible convulsions. The night before, an indiscretion. It is hot, and a cutting, most annoying breeze from the north. Liuba has been feverish all the time, a cough and sniffles; teething; now she is better, but her teeth are giving her trouble. Ania as before. Apparently no hope at all to go to Kissingen. The army has taken over all means of transportation. Even the mail doesn't come anymore. Yesterday, no newspapers from Berlin. The battle will probably be in a week. No money. Very anxious. Something's got to give.

I'm told that the fit was a light one, yet I'm aching all over, and I've got a headache.

1) *The Search*, a short novel, November 21/9, 1869, 11 o'clock. P.M.

2) An existence in the process of radically breaking up. The gradual process of impoverishment. A man who incessantly swears to take revenge on those who are persecuting him, when luck finally smiles upon him, gives away the last thing he owns: "What's the use of taking revenge, anyway?"

July 16/28, 1870. A fit while asleep, toward morning, a few minutes after 8 o'clock. (The exact hour and minute of the beginning of a new moon.) Three days after the fit of July 25/13. I am told that I had a very strong rush of blood to my head; that my face turned blue. Now it is already August 3d; almost until today, my head failed to clear up. My mental condition was an agonizing one. On August 1, I acted stupidly at the reading room. I ascribe it directly to my mood after the fit. Terrible heat. Until today there has been a thunderstorm every day, but not today. The grasshoppers are chirping. No money. Liuba is in good health, Ania could be better. Two armies of three hundred thousand each are about to clash on the Rhine. Only yesterday they were facing each other, ready to attack any hour. Stocks are going down. Prices are up on everything. Neither side will be able to stand a long war. Yet they are prepared to keep fighting for a long time. Something's got to give! Probably tomorrow or the day after tomorrow a decisive encounter will take place.

August 7. Another fit. At night (6 o'clock in the morning). I was very much upset all day. (Today is the 11th, and I still can't get my head to clear up.) My novel is most definitely turning into a reject (terrible!). On the 6th of this month the French were routed; they are now gathering their forces in front of Metz and apparently they have lost their presence of mind and don't know how to maneuver; they are losing time.

September 2, 10 o'clock in the morning, in my sleep, of the strong variety. I went to bed toward morning, very late. Ania and Anna Nikolaevna¹³ became ill. I had some rum with coffee. Ania is weakened by breast-feeding the child.

September 9

September 9, 1870. In the morning, just after 9 o'clock, a rather

weak one. Liubochka is being weaned. Ania is quite worn out. Maybe one of these days I'll make a trip to Prague. The novel is progressing slowly, according to God's will. The money situation is bad. No reply from *Dawn*. Today is the 14th of September and possibly the <German> forces have reached Paris.¹⁴

October 10/September 28, 1870. A fit, toward morning, immediately after I had gone to bed, ~~almost~~ in a waking state. I fell down by the small wardrobe and was lying on the floor. Ania had a good deal of trouble reviving me. A strong fit. I felt a chill. Things are bad. I haven't mailed any part of the novel as yet. We shall have to move. Taking care of Liuba is enough to exhaust Ania. Liuba is in good health, but she has acquired the habit of sleeping badly at night. The weather, for the first time this summer, is very cold. Paris is under siege.¹⁵ In France, inertness as a consequence of their administrative system. No stable government. What will *The Russian Messenger* reply? My letter to Sonia¹⁶ apparently got lost. I haven't answered Strakhov¹⁷ yet. After 6 months of silence, I received today a letter from Maikov.¹⁸

October 16. A fit, toward morning, at our new flat, 6 days after the preceding fit. In my sleep, I didn't feel it. Of the weak variety. It took a long time for my head to clear up. Now (October 22) I have a stomach-ache for the third day. Yesterday I sent a letter to Katkov.¹⁹ Today to Maikov and Strakhov. Ania is very thin and very melancholy. A hard life! What shall I hear from *The Russian Messenger*?

October 22. In the morning, while asleep (after 6 o'clock), a fit, and after I had fallen asleep, an hour later, another. Now it is the 26th, and I'm still utterly distraught and expect another fit any minute.

Now it is the night of Oct. 26/27. A storm outside. The last three ~~days~~ nights, aurora borealis. Ania is having a toothache. Liuba, thank God <is in good health>. No money. They had a fair here. I must do some writing, I've really fallen behind schedule.

53 October 1/September 19 <1870>

Dear Sir, Mikhail Nikiforovich:²⁰

Since my last letter to you, I have been working with all my strength, and incessantly, yet it seems that I have again deceived you, i.e., I haven't sent you anything as yet. But I kept being frustrated in the execution of my plan, and having twice completed as much as 240 pages, I had to change my plan ~~twice~~ (not the idea of the novel, only the plan). Twice I had to re-do it from the very beginning. But now everything is well organized and has taken shape. I don't know if I shall succeed, yet the idea is a good one. This novel does mean a great deal to me.

Its length will be about 480 pages, ~~in two weeks~~ and it will consist of *three* major parts. Within two weeks after receipt of this letter, the editor of *The Russian Messenger* will receive the first two episodes of the 1st part, that is, one half of it, and by November 15 the entire 1st part. From then on, delivery will be made without further delays. Out of ~~almost~~ 240 pages written so far, 192 will probably be incorporated into the new version ~~of the novel~~. The success ~~of this novel~~ means a lot to me, and I do not want to let it suffer any harm, consciously at least.

Thus, it won't be possible ~~to make arrangements for~~ to print it before January first of next year. ~~If, by my earlier promise to send it in to be printed still this year~~ I beg you very much to forgive me that ~~again?~~ I haven't kept my word ~~to the fullest~~ and haven't dispatched it earlier. I assure you that it did not depend on me. Yet I felt it to be necessary to advise you, in this letter, of the current state of affairs, ~~to wit~~ i.e., that I shall certainly deliver my work and that I won't fail you under any circumstances.

- 1 <The first page of this notebook has the following entry in the hand of Anna Grigorievna Dostoevsky: "This notebook of F. M. Dostoevsky is presented by me to my grandsons Fyodor and Andrey Dostoevsky, January 28, 1909. *Anna Dostoevsky*.">

Make a change in the novel about the boy¹ (a natural son in the family).

The Usurer² knows the Prince from their university days (change, and think about this novel).

Do over Kartuzov, the Count³ <was> chased out—(a scandalous duel).⁴

The Usurer and the Prince each know about a certain dark affair of the other's, ~~and both~~ (what kind of affair, precisely?).

Both the Prince and *she* are dependent on him. He is a natural son, the Prince treats him arrogantly.

<The rest of the page is taken up by some arithmetic calculations.>

¹ The novel about the boy is from the projected "Life of a Great Sinner."

² Hero of the projected novel, "Atheism." This is a common character type in Dostoevsky's novels: Ptitsyn in *The Idiot*, Ipolit in his fantasies in *The Idiot*, and Arkady in *A Raw Youth* are examples.

³ In early notes for the sketch Kartuzov, the Count is Kartuzov's rival for the hand of "the Beauty." Kartuzov is suspicious of his motives.

- 2 1) Lizaveta⁵ <a crossed-out illegible word> Shchurov

- 2) Kartuzov

An Attempt of an Idea

- 3) Three people.

~~His father was a usurer, not he.~~

It wasn't his father who was killed, but his wife—(a fat woman whom he had married for her money).

Her husband had been living in slum tenements—I don't believe it.

With a pawnbroker—he refuses to take advantage of the other man's wife.

He has been making hints about his sister to the Prince (from venom).

After a heart-to-heart talk with his fiancée, having conceived a sincere and profound idea, he spends the night at Maksim Ivanov's⁶—orgy and murder.

He wants to shoot himself.

The poet's adieu to life, and the unbeliever (a brilliant chapter).

The Usurer on God, nature, and life.

The *Fiancée*—she has come to see her friend, the wife of the dying poet-toiler.

~~The Fiancée.~~

The Usurer says to his fiancée: "I would like to get rid of my property, and to seek trial and suffering, for I am not an atheist but a believer."

She replies: "If you will go, I shall be with you."

Then he, the unbeliever, as a reward for his doing that (for he is an atheist) decides to relinquish his property in a different way, i.e., to shoot himself. The trial for <the murder of> his wife saves him, and he goes to Siberia to suffer, with joy. (N.B. Even though he knows that someone else is guilty, not he.)

The 2d person, the Prince—envious, aspiring to high human dignity

without paying a price, proud without having a right to be it, a pathetic figure; in love with the Fiancée, who is stolen from him by the Usurer. (N.B. He has made a girl pregnant, and turned her over to the Schoolteacher.)

The Fiancée, a long-suffering victim of fatigue, melancholy, and boredom, she thirsts for real life and believes in it.

The 3d person, the Schoolteacher. Leaving babes on people's doorsteps; a simple, live, and grandiose feat.

- 3 "I admit that matter may exist, but how can I possibly know if matter is material?"

An underground idea for The Russian Messenger—December–November 14/2. <1869>

I—, my family, since childhood, Moscow. Everybody is in his debt. Growing up, Chermak,⁷ the first and the last, accused of everything. Silent and morose, he supports the whole family. Everybody is dependent on him. He remains silent. Everybody feels oppressed. The girl whom he had loved (she opened her heart to him once) has married his brother. His brother loses his health. Everybody looks at him with trepidation. He keeps up his silence and his good works. For example, somebody slaps his face. He does not call him out. In the family, they won't dare to laugh. Give it a tragic finish.

<The rest of this page is taken up by arithmetic calculations.>

- 5 Badergasse 19.

The last attempt at realizing the idea of February 2/January 21.

The Usurer is the son of his father's first wife, from a poor family, brought up *aparte*. (Not a relative.)

The Prince met him abroad. (A very young sister, his mother, and her ward.)

The Usurer has a house in Moscow.

The Prince appears (1st, because the two had met abroad, both having attended the same university and also being, apparently, distantly related; 2d, because he is fascinated by the Usurer's intellectual leanings; and 3d, by the Usurer's inexplicable liaison, abroad, with the Beauty. They are sharing some secret, he thinks, as he finds it impossible to admit that any serious ties might exist between them).

The Prince makes the Ward pregnant, leaving her with the Usurer, who places her in a slum tenement.

(The Usurer's idea and *secret*: "Self-education requires persistent work. Then you will get to love Nature and find God." But the Usurer does not love and continues being a Usurer [yet he would do an occasional good deed on the spur of the moment]. The fast—and, suddenly, at Maksim Ivanov's.)

It requires a tremendous effort, for I am ~~a-usurer~~ addicted to usury and love of money.

? ? ?

The Beauty investigates and learns that he secretly does good deeds. I shall shoot myself in 2½ hours.

A babe is left on the doorsteps.

Meanwhile, the Prince and the pregnant bride are for him.

He jumped from a railway carriage.

He pushed his father out.

The Prince saw it (or perhaps the Beauty did).

The Usurer himself.

Since that time ~~the bride~~ the Beauty keeps him under surveillance, and he knows that she does.

But she thinks that she only fancied to have seen it.

AN IDEA

N.B. The preliminary period of his life is described so that nobody could even have imagined that he would ever marry. And there, suddenly, he arrives with a wife, and keeps her locked up. Impossible to meet her.

The Atheist is married. Nobody knows why he got married, but he is terribly jealous and torments his wife.

His family at first hated his wife, but then the Cripple fell in love with her (they want to get her over on their side).

His wife is innocent and young, like a child. She is terribly afraid of him, fearing he may kill her. They have been telling her that he would kill her. Finally, she makes up her mind, and runs off to them from upstairs.

They actually refuse to turn her over to him (which shows that they are not really in bondage to him).

The rape of the ~~hunchback~~ ~~Lame~~ Girl who lives across the courtyard and is in love with him. She is well educated, the daughter of a drunken beggar of a lieutenant. She used to be jealous of his wife and

hated her, when he was living with her and when he arrived with his wife. The anonymous letters were arranged by the Lame Girl to be sent. She takes up with Kulishov. She asserts, before witnesses, that she has seen him beating his father. But actually she only saw Kulishov and the Prince, but not *him*. It was Kulishov who raped and killed her. Back to the gate. (Before she was murdered, he had quarreled with her.) Kulishov uses this as an alibi. (There is a witness to the murder of the old man.) His wife also testifies that he was a frequent visitor there and that he had been despondent on these occasions. Kulishov does not actually live on a forged passport, but he knows various jailbirds and the old Raskolnik. He acts as an informer.

N.B. (Kulishov knows the ways of the entire family, including that they all owe him money, so that they will surely say "yes" to everything, and that his wife will also be inclined to inform.)

Kulishov wants to get some money from him. A scene showing them bargaining?

Seeing that he cannot prove his innocence, he goes? (and confesses?). He is actually glad to get rid of everything. His wife. (There is some Tartar princeling who owed some money to the murdered captain; it is he who incited Kulishov to commit the murder. But the Prince disappears. It is *he* who has got the promissory notes; the Prince hasn't got all of them.)

?N.B. (Kulishov's death, through the Prince?)

The Lieutenant, who makes a living begging for alms in a genteel manner and who is the father of the Lame Girl, used to be a friend of the murdered Captain. They were in the same company and used to drink together. He swears that he will find the murderers. A phrasemonger. He is received by the family. He distributes petitions.

8 2)

He thought that he might escape despair by marrying.

But he had only jealousy and no passion.

Would gladly commit crimes.

One cannot live in this fashion, but where is one to go?

He has developed an *idée fixe* about self-control, after having experienced the torments of jealousy, and therefore he does not keep his wife from leaving him.

The Prince went to see *him* and has long since confessed his crime, which Kulishov does not know.

Yet when Kulishov proceeds to prove it, the Prince suddenly loses heart and fails to show up.

At this point the Prince receives an inheritance and wants to get married.

The idea of gradual self-perfection in the feats of the Saints fascinates him (yet he has no faith). He wants to perfect himself. (He seeks to perform a feat and stumbles immediately.) Self-perfection little by little.

91

KARTUZOV CONTINUED

N.B. Kartuzov is a poor conversationalist; he never finishes his sentences. He is never embarrassed, apparently he doesn't suspect that he is funny. He can be quite businesslike when necessary. He conducts himself well, strictly according to etiquette. But only to a certain point, so long as he can remain silent and is not obliged to do anything. But the moment it becomes necessary for him to make a movement or say a word, he often compromises himself by his very first gesture, and sometimes comes up with such antics as no one would have expected of him, leaving people nonplussed and eventually making them laugh.

N.B. Begin by drawing a picture of how Kartuzov becomes interested <in the Amazon>, and intrigue the reader by a description of his early moves: he is critical of the Amazon, he dresses himself up; he is with his friends, the jeweler, the governess; he gets to the point of hating; he raises his finger to the peak of his cap. *And suddenly he is in love—everything becomes clear.*

N.B. During the time when he still hates the Amazon something ~~happens~~ *must happen* that is more romantic than the <episode with the> jeweler. An encounter with the Amazon, he does *something* for her. She thanks him. Kartuzov leaves, jaded and in the grip of powerful emotions.

N.B. *A trait*: Kartuzov's habitual arrogance (though he can, on occasion, display enough simplicity: for instance, with his social inferiors his behavior is rather, or even most, acceptable). That is why his comrades find him amusing, but hateful as well. He tends to provoke taunts.

N.B. Present the figure of Kartuzov to the reader in a more comic, more mysterious, and more interesting light, right from the beginning. All of the savage and romantic moments, their truthfulness and realism notwithstanding, should be *drawn from nature* with a comical tinge.

92 N.B. But when Kartuzov is down with a fever, everybody is stunned, as if they had not expected anything that serious. Everybody is hushed, and people now speak of him without derision, though still without

any particular sympathy. Incidentally, on the outside everybody continues to judge him with condescension, just as before.

N.B. Kartuzov is always abrupt (though softspoken and polite)—as on the occasion when he reads his poem about the cockroach. Sometimes when startled he would suddenly blush.

N.B. Kartuzov has been in Revel *before*. He pays visits to everybody. He is dry, softspoken, but polite.

N.B. It must be that he has rarely, or *perhaps never*, seen an Amazon <i.e., a lady on horseback>.

N.B. I had a terribly hard time trying to find out what he knew and what he didn't know. Verses about Pushkin, he blushed and kept silent, yet gave polite answers when asked. Little by little I noticed that he trusted me more than other people. I actually observed some attempts on his part to gain my friendship.

And immediately thereafter:

Revel is a seaside town, situated on a bay; people come here to bathe in the sea, etc. Everything briefly, à la Pushkin, from the very beginning, without psychological subtleties, in short phrases. *Learn how to write*.

N.B. Kartuzov brought me one (?) piece of official correspondence—<showing that he was> quite illiterate. He was terribly uneducated.

93 *Revel.*

A German town with a pretense to being knightly, which for some reason is very funny (even though it actually did, at one time, belong to some knights).

I accidentally belonged to, or to be exact, was connected without belonging to, a small group of officers in charge of coastal structures. There were among them several lively young men; yet Captain Kartuzov drew more attention than anyone else. He had been recently transferred in from some other fortress.

To the club.

There was no common tie between the visitors. There was no station used by all.

N.B. N.B. Kartuzov run over by the lady on horseback.

Prior to that he keeps reiterating that the Count is an *inveterate scoundrel*.

They play a practical joke on Kartuzov calling him to rescue a lady bather from drowning. Kartuzov rescues the beauty, carrying her out

naked. (Kartuzov tells me: "How good it feels. Conversations about poetry.")

Kartuzov retorts that she is not going to bathe like everyone else, not out of a bath-house, but in some special fashion.

"Well, in some special fashion."

"Probably they've got their own bath-house, all lined with velvet."

"Why, the velvet will get wet."

"In a three-cornered hat, with a feather, and wearing a sword."

The Count: "Well, Captain, how come you turn up here?" Kartuzov is offended.

He used to visit <me?>, the jeweler; he breaks a teapot.

He suddenly comes to see me: "I want to write him a letter to tell him that he, the Count, is an inveterate scoundrel."

"Why that?"

"It just happens to be my opinion."

"You haven't the right to express it."

"Really?" he replies, quite surprised.

<"He is marrying her" for <her> money."

Then suddenly and for no obvious reason at all, he goes to see the Count, seeking a reconciliation. He sits at the Count's <for some time>. He leaves lost in thought.

He returns: "Is it true that you are marrying her for her money?"

Kartuzov leaves, red as a lobster.

Kartuzov suddenly sends <her> a letter. A scandal. I go to see Kartuzov to inquire about the matter. It is true. He shows me his verses. He swears that he won't leave her alone. Here then, Merder shows up. He swears once more.

~~To the Commandant~~

Respect.

The Count shouts: "Out of my way!" And <lashes him> with his horsewhip. The duel. Negotiations.

Here, <the matter goes> to the Commandant. Verses, arrest. She breaks her leg. (Naïve daydreams about his career in the service and the dowry.)

94 N.B. { A capital thing
Naïveté

In a private interview with her, he blurts out quite unabashedly: "I am doing a heroic deed."

She is quite amazed:

"What heroic deed?"

"Of selflessness; for you have lost a leg. Therefore, you are bound to appreciate it."

N.B. Whenever one would try to talk some sense into Kartuzov, he would listen in astonishment and then, suddenly, get sunk in reverie and remain lost in it.

N.B. *In Revel*. Kartuzov's letters used to be passed from hand to hand: he went to everybody for advice and showed them to everybody, under the seal of secrecy. In these letters he would write, most naïvely, about his successes in the service and about his salary.

Some officers offer to abduct her for him. A commission. A conference. Kartuzov is willing to listen, but does not approve of it.

(With his superior, a colonel. "What do you find in it?" <Somebody suggests> that he buy himself a bear. He walks his bear <through the streets>. He fires a shot from his pistol.

Somebody suggests that he go up with a balloon.

He is naïve like a child.

? N.B. N.B. Perhaps there really was a duel.

N.B. I call him away from the meeting of the "commission."

"Why, they are making fun of you."

"Really?"

"Come on! Why must you absolutely tell everybody everything?"

N.B. Allow me to pour forth my love,
Please deign to accept my proposal,
And, with your remaining limb, partake
Of legitimate pleasures.*

N.B. *A Question*: I ask him, in utter amazement: "Where have you been up to now, Captain? (i.e., where have you been serving, with whom have you been living, and how have you managed to survive to your present age without a catastrophe? For, let me tell you, you do need a nurse to take care of you. You just can't be left alone.)"

Kartuzov does not understand the question. He does, however, communicate, indifferently and incoherently, two or three features of his past life, which, incidentally, provide some *most significant* (i.e., awfully

strange) glimpses <of his character>. The conversation is interrupted by someone else and is never taken up again.

95. N.B. I ask him if he really has any hope.

"No, no, I know that it is impossible for me. Impossible!"

"Why then are you writing her all these letters about your salary, your career in the service, your hopes, and even describing a flat in a little house?"

"Just so. ~~This is only a dream~~ Just for sport, and from the simplicity of my heart. I know myself that it is all in my imagination. Sure. ~~Yet my imagination gives me pleasure. I daydream all the time—but what if it is possible?~~"

"But why should you be sending her these letters?"

"Why not?" (astonishment)

"But all this is true; I am daydreaming myself all the time, and she ought to assume that this is all a product of my imagination."

"But she may not like it at all."

"I don't think so."

"But this is scandalous. You are defaming her."

"Why so? I let everybody know that I am in love, yet I raise no pretenses."

"It isn't decent. You are putting yourself into an improper position."

"How is that?"

"Why, they are taking you for a buffoon (AS A BUFFOON)."

"They are themselves buffoons. ~~But~~ Katerina Nikolaevna can't be making fun of me. And even if she might laugh, then with a kind of divine laughter. However, I wouldn't mind if she did make fun of me. Really, I am writing this sincerely. But what do I care: I don't give a damn for all of them.* Except of course Katerina Nikolaevna. And ~~if there has been some laughter~~ incidentally, I am convinced that this scoundrel (he is getting angry) has played a dirty trick on me; that's why they are laughing at me."

"No, listen, Platon Egorovich, anything can be turned into a joke."

Verses:

"I can't have any pretenses."**

* *naplevat' na vsekh*, literally, "I spit on all of them"; however, the Russian expression is merely an emphatic colloquialism meaning "I don't care."

N.B. He has written her, too, that the Count <wants to marry her> for her money.

N.B. He is a terrible daydreamer. For some time he comes to see me two days in a row to tell me about his daydreams: a flat, vases, rugs, several expensive pictures, a statue (bare posterior, a bacchante picking strawberries), and *besides I am doing good deeds. Etc.*

N.B. ~~Why~~ Suddenly, this question: "Why should statues be nude?" N.B. (He comes, sits down, sits in silence for a while, asks the question, gets up, and leaves. He is smoking all the time while he is there.)—

N.B. Kartuzov is unchangingly satisfied with himself. After the beat-up, as well as during the duel, he is amazingly calm.—

N.B. What has struck him most is: *the Amazon*.

N.B. Nasty stories about the Count, told by some rogue. They leave Kartuzov stunned.

Kartuzov speaks French: "I understand, I understand everything."

N.B. A French mademoiselle shows up in Revel. Having learned about Kartuzov's love and his hatred for the Count, she invites Kartuzov over. Her story, riotously funny, serious, and impudently naïve: *Figurez-vous que ce monstre barbare soixante mille francs*,⁸ and so on.

96 Kartuzov politely takes his leave of her, saying nothing. And later, in the course of a conversation, dryly and curtly: "*slut*."

Or: "Right. Too much of a slut."

N.B. He loathes spying, yet is caught spying himself. He goes to see the Count on the grounds that, "I am in love, so why shouldn't I find out if you really love her, or if you're just after her money?"

"Why then did you see the Frenchwoman?"

"How could I miss a chance to learn the truth, if I am ready to surrender my whole body for her slightest advantage. To get myself some peace of mind, I went to see the Frenchwoman."

He beats up the Frenchwoman.

"Il a surpris ma religion."⁹

⁸ French: "Imagine this barbarous monster sixty thousand francs."

⁹ French: "He has discovered my religion."

"Soixante mille roubles."¹⁰

N.B. Kartuzov is in an exalted mood after having been run over; he appears there in the morning, asking to be announced, breaks a cup, fails to give an answer to the Count, but blushes. Then, suddenly, he leaves.

He comes in an elated mood, a note to the Count.

All the remaining days he is in an elated mood and, when visiting me, inquires about vases (he has seen some vases at the Karmazins', and exaggerates, about the strawberry-picking bacchante. "Imagine I bought this at an auction!" (Good deeds.) (About his successes in the service.)

The Count, having run into him, shows him the note. Kartuzov is embarrassed, blushes, doesn't answer the other man's question, and walks by, saying: "Scoundrel!"

"Tell me, gentlemen, is he mad?"

The commanding officer of the detachment then has a word with Kartuzov; he very nearly uses abusive language.

The rogue, later that night, among the officers: "But gentlemen, he really is a scoundrel."—About a scandal with the newly arrived governess.

He also offers to introduce Kartuzov to the governess.

Meanwhile, there, he is told: "<The mistress> is not at home." But he barely notices it.

"Too much of a slut." ~~A casual conversation with me.~~ The bear. He goes to see the Count, seeking a reconciliation. "You are a chosen one."

A casual conversation with me about "the slut," and then, suddenly, he hands me some verses and a letter—

I could hardly collect myself. Meder <*sic*> arrives on the scene (or wait a bit more with Meder).

Personally, to see the Commandant <...>. After the Commandant, the commanding officer of the detachment.

~~A letter to the Count telling him that he is a scoundrel—the horse-whip.~~

Then, the bear ~~and a second letter about his being a scoundrel.~~ Verses.

Evening.

Conversation about an abduction. (Kartuzov is calm and keeps smiling.) The balloon. The officers get to talk among themselves (his visit to the Commandant has become known).

¹⁰ French: "Sixty thousand roubles."

Next morning, to the Frenchwoman. And here then, the letter in which he calls him a scoundrel.

Prior to that, he had only seen him in order to apologize.

N.B. The Count had invited me over, before Kartuzov had called him a scoundrel (though not very politely, and not wanting to pay me a visit), and showed me Kartuzov's letter.

"He'll be stopped."

He keeps sitting at home, daydreaming.

He rarely tells about his daydreams:

"I'm making a voyage on a steamboat, as a Field Marshal."

"A <little?> boy."*

101 THE COCKROACH

N.B. "Nikifor represents nature, ~~but~~ let me observe one more thing: the cockroach is not complaining." ~~This fact~~

"Does he remain true to his character?"

Merzavtsev gave me a stern look.

"One does not remain true to one's character in a ~~rinsing~~ tub. However,—"

"Perhaps you would like to have some more tea?"

"No, thank you."

"And thanks to you, too."

"Verses are useless."

Kartuzov is stunned by <her loss of> a leg and by the question, "why fate?"

Kartuzov is being told: "You are like Don Quixote; you don't care though your damsel be married, you still love her faithfully."

Kartuzov: "Was their love really so strong?"

A question of nobility

2d question: "Can anyone die of a noble heart?"

* M. *mal'chik*, in which M. may stand for *Malen'ky*, "little."

The Count has cleaned out a local Baron Osten at cards—and a duel on account of that.

A slap in the face (Kartuzov got involved).

THE RESULT THE MAIN, FIRMLY MARKED ESSENCE OF KARTUZOV:

1) Kartuzov falls in love *immediately and abruptly*, by a process which makes it appear as if inevitable, oriental fashion, as if it just had to happen. This actually is neither infatuation nor love, but merely *inescapable and unavoidable adoration*. It began with the side saddle, quite literally so, for it was on account of the saddle (i.e., the beauty <of it>) that Kartuzov came to ascribe to her every kind of perfection, moral as well as physical, up to and including the highest ideal; moreover, once he has ascribed these *to her*, Kartuzov not only does not doubt the reality of such ideal perfection, but actually cannot doubt it; in fact he couldn't admit that there might be even the slightest shadow of a doubt! With him, this is not some kind of an opinion, or conclusion, or conviction, but rather a sort of faith, or even something higher than faith—something like a positive fact, which is so tangible and positive that it not only becomes quite impossible to question it, but even as much as, for instance, living in a house with four trees in the front yard, and not knowing whether there are three or four trees there after having lived there for a year; or living in Vevey and admiring the mountains on the other side of the lake without knowing or even without ever having asked oneself what the contours of these mountains were like, etc. A perfectly Quixotic conviction, with the difference that Don Quixote at least created a *question* for himself from ~~that~~ his conviction, for otherwise he wouldn't have found it necessary to ride out and defend his conviction with his lance, whereas Kartuzov does not assume or has even once thought of the possibility that somebody might not agree with the idea of *her* perfection.

102 (Explain all this in the course of the narrative, *from the narrator's point of view*.)*

* *ot sebja*, literally "from oneself," but untranslatable. The antonym is *ot geroia*, "from the hero's point of view."

2) Kartuzov, having reached the highest stage of adoration, fails to see even the slightest indecency either about his adoration of her, or about his own actions, i.e., his verses, and specifically, (mainly) for the reason that he actually does not believe it to be possible that she might marry him, or admit even the slightest notion of equality with her. (Yet his verses she could accept, because he is a captain.) So that, whenever this matter would come up *accidentally*, he would actually admit, without any air of excitement or suffering, that he was unworthy of her. (He is so far out of her way and so much lower than *she*, that all of his antics, all kinds of verses appear to him as admissible, for who could ever place him on an equal footing with her?)

N.B. (So that Merzavtsev's first love was a time of the highest happiness for him.) But it goes without saying that from here on everything that had anything to do with the Kramzins <sic> represented for Kartuzov a question of life and death; and so the idea emerges: SAVE MISS KARMAZIN!

N.B. Merzavtsev, who cares little about the other man's millions, is enthusiastic about the vases and pictures *at her house* (these, by the way, are nonexistent; he has made up everything himself).

Furthermore:

3) Actually, there isn't even any feeling of jealousy in him, nor does he suffer in the least from jealousy. He isn't in the least jealous of the Count; however, a *higher human calling*, concern, role, emerge in his mind in connection with the question: is the Count entirely worthy of her? That's why he goes to see the Frenchwoman, that's why he hates the Count, that's why he makes up with him again and is seen bustling about around him.

So that:

4) His main worry is not that the Count loves her (and is therefore his rival?), but rather, that the Count may *not be truly worthy of her*, and almost, that he does not love her enough. It is precisely because of this that Kartuzov is worried about the Count loving her *too little*, rather than *too much*. Having become reconciled to the Count it is he who blows the horn for him, singing the praises of the Count's merits, virtues, and future successes; his wealth, good looks; he addresses his verses to both of them. Finally, he befriends the Count, *hardly leaves him alone, enters into his interests*,* his favorite topic of conversation

with the Count being ~~his~~ the Count's future; with a dreamer's rapturous ecstasy he envisages the details of that future. However, although the Count finds Kartuzov and his sudden friendship ridiculous, he still cannot change him into a *clown* (which he would like to do very much), because Kartuzov behaves with great simplicity and dignity. (He is too clever not to understand Kartuzov, even though he is a wicked man at heart.) When the Count finally rejects him, rudely and in a fit of bad temper, Kartuzov leaves quietly, forgiving him.

However:

5) He will not forgive the Count the Frenchwoman who has suddenly appeared on the scene; he stirs up an affair; then, all the consequences and

6) *most important*, Kartuzov is going out of his mind at the very thought that he dared to yield to the Count's influence and propose to her when she was stricken by misfortune. He considers himself a scoundrel.

* An untranslatable pun: *ne vykhodit ot nego, vkhodit v ego interesy*, literally, "he doesn't go out of his house, and goes into his interests."

Accumulation of wealth.

Emerging powerful passions.

Strengthening one's will power and inner strength.

Boundless pride, and his struggle against vanity.

The prose of life and a passionate faith which keeps overcoming it.

So that everybody will bow before me, while I shall forgive.

So as to fear nothing. Sacrifice one's life.

The effect of debauchery, a cold horror. A desire to smear everybody with dirt.

The poetry of childhood.

Education and first ideals.

Secretly learns everything.

All alone, get ready for everything.

(All the time he is tirelessly preparing himself for something, even though he does not know for what—but strangely enough, it worries him very little *for what*, as if he were perfectly confident that it will come by itself.)

Either slavery or despotic power.

He believes. And that is all. His disbelief appears for the first time in a strange episode, and takes shape only when he has come to the monastery.

The Lame Girl. Katia. Brother Misha. The stolen money. He suffers the punishment. Fearlessness. The cornfield. "Don't cut my throat, uncle dear!" Love for Kulikov.¹ Johann. Brutilov. The Frenchman Pougaut. Upbraids Brutilov. Studies. *Albert* the diver. Chibaut. Holy Communion. *Albert* does not believe in God. Old folk. He secretly loves many things and keeps it a secret. He is called a monster, and he acts like one. N.B. A passionate desire to shock everybody by his out-

rageous actions? But not out of vanity. Alone. Old folk. Songs. *Thérèse-Philosophe*.² Johann. Brien, Brutilov, his brother, *Albert*. Friends; he torments his friend, rejects him. His friend is a quiet, kindly, and honest boy who makes him blush. Self-education through self-torture, and accumulation of money.—Humboldt.³

He is told immediately that he is not their brother. He meets Kulikov. The Doctor's wife. She appears to him in a kind of halo. A passionate desire to soil himself, to dirty himself in her eyes, rather than to make a favorable impression. It happens. Thievery. He is being accused, he fails to assert his innocence, but the matter is cleared up anyway. His stepbrother is the thief.

A lack of respect for the people around him, but not as yet rationally, but *solely because they elicit in him a feeling of revulsion*. A strong and permanent trait. Plenty of revulsion. "I am eating grapes." He is beaten and whipped for showing his revulsion. He merely becomes more secretive and hates even more strongly. Haughty contempt for his tormentors, and the quickness with which he condemns people. The extraordinary quickness with which he condemns people suggests a strong and passionate exclusiveness. He begins to feel that ~~it is necessary~~ these quick condemnations are no good, and that he must strengthen his will power with regard to this circumstance.

The beginnings of breadth.

"That's a lie, mon Mouchoir."

Arkashka and French conversation.

Arkashka, Brutilov, and he are apart from the crowd.

Mother's children at Souchar'd's⁴ and at Chermak's (their feeling of revulsion, caused by stupidity).

N.B. Only Brutilov and his story at Souchar'd's; only two chapters—ending with his striking Souchar'd. The beginning of *Albert's* story.

~~In the country~~ The boarding school. At home—unjust punishment. The examination.

In the country. Selflessness: Katia.

In the city and at the boarding school, he astounds people with his

² Reference to an erotic book entitled *Thérèse-philosophe ou mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de D. Dirray et de Mlle Eradice la Haye*. Written about 1748, reputedly by Montigny.

¹ The prototype of Fedka in the final version; a variant of Kulishov.

brutality. Kulikov. Lambert.⁵ Feats—to flee with Katia. Kulikov, with him. The murder.

He forgives nothing false or insincere, and senselessly, attacks immediately with his fists.

For a long time he didn't believe Katia, he then put her to a test, and finally frightened her with the shame of it.

Willpower is his principal goal.

After Kulikov, he immediately proceeds to make inquiries about the Lame Girl. That's where he is caught.

In the country, the Doctor's wife falls in love with him.

Catches her with her lover.

The Doctor's wife, Alfonsky—characters.

- 9 At the old folks. Reading Karamzin⁶ with the old man. Arabian tales. About Suvorov, etc. About interest. He insults the young "old woman." "Apologize!" "I won't." Used to lock them up. Death. Anna and Vasilisa flee. They've told Vasilisa. The last Holy Communion. The first Confession. A feeling of revulsion: "Is there a God?" The Bible and reading.—

January 2 <1870>

Breaks a mirror on purpose.

Decides to remain silent and doesn't say a word.

Reverend Mother: "Why are you presenting yourself as a sacrificial victim?" (An ideal and a strange creature.)

Alfonsky the father—(words addressed to his son, and inquiries).

A feeling of destructiveness.

Voluptuousness (as for this, he wants to wait until he has got money).

And the titanic idea of despotic power—(the spontaneity of his emotions) reveals itself so powerfully that he feels incapable of adjusting to these people.

"How many sciences must one master?" (in a talk with Vanka).

He is surprised at himself, conducts experiments with himself, and likes to probe the abysses of his mind.

N.B. Flight with the little girl and encounter with the bandit Kulikov immediately after changing from Souhard to Chermak. (A fact

which has a shattering impact and, to a certain extent, bewilders him, so that he feels a natural urge to retire into his shell and think things over, so as to settle his thoughts upon something definite. (He then settles on money after all.) N.B.

So far he has not given any thought to God.

After the experience with Kulikov he *seems* to have turned more quiet both at home and at school (to think things over and FIND HIMSELF, to get settled).

Yet he is unsociable and uncommunicative. His silence is broken a year and a half later, when he makes a confession about Kulikov. And, of course, it couldn't have been any other way, for he remembers, and has guilty knowledge of so horrible a thing that he must, for instance, look at all the other children as though they were completely alien to him, as though they were something from which he has been carried away as if on wings to entirely different parts, for better or for worse. Sometimes he is tormented by the blood. But also,

what is most important:

It isn't this alone which isolates him from everybody else, but even more so his dreams of power and of reaching exorbitant heights so as to be above everything.

THE MOST IMPORTANT—The idea of the first part—The fluctuations, the insatiability of his idea. He is merely preparing himself for his career, yet is strangely *confident* that all will come by itself, that money solves *all* problems.—An instinctive feeling of superiority, power, and strength. The search for a firm foothold. At any rate, he is a most unusual individual.

(He is terribly fascinated by something—*Hamlet* for instance.)

The inhabitants of the moon.⁷

- 11 N.B. He is displaced from his lofty heights by becoming aware of the sciences, poetry, etc., that is, in the sense that these things are higher and better, so that in these fields, too, he must be higher and better than everybody else.

Or better: not one thought about what he ought to be, or what his

calling might be, diverts him from the accumulation of great wealth.

The ultimate goal of money and the accumulation of wealth invariably dispels his doubts.

Pictures (cows, tigers, horses, etc.)

About a horse gone wild, or a fire.

(He sells to servants—)

His father gives him a flogging. A complete break. "I don't consider you to be my father."

He sells to servants, and is held in general contempt for that, but <...>

He finds a billfold—the respect which he secures once and for all through the examination—he almost gives in.

But then, the incident involving Katia's disgrace, and thereafter a hellish orgy with *Albert*, crime and blasphemy, and confession of the murder committed together with Kulikov—*straight into the abyss*. The monastery.

Although money does give him a terribly *steady* focus and provides him with an answer to *all* his questions, this very *focus* vacillates on occasion ~~and he~~ (poetry and a good many other things), and he sees no way out. It is precisely this *vacillating* condition that gives substance to this novel.

Strengthening his will power, enduring wounds and burns as well as pride, that is what sustains him. He wants to be ready for anything.

He decides to make his money honestly. He wavers over the billfold. N.B. Since there are many things which on occasion *move* his heart, he flings himself into a spree of debauchery in a terrible fit of rage and pride. THAT IS THE MAIN THING.

His alienation is also due to the fact that everybody looks upon him as an eccentric, with derision, or with fear.

A bashed-in head (*pantalons en haut*),⁸ sick. Later, Chermak leaves him alone. (Mango.)

N.B. He has, for instance, come to the rational conclusion that one need not be *dishonest*, that it will be *even easier* to make money *honestly*, because the rich, anyway, have every possible privilege to commit all kinds of wrongs.

He and *Albert* tear off a star from the crown <of an icon> and escape undetected (it was *his* idea), but when *Albert* starts blaspheming, he goes at him with his fists. Yet later, in court, he freely declares himself to be an atheist.

Idea: one might get even higher in one's pursuit of power if one were to use flattery, as does von Brien.

"But no," he thinks, "I want to reach the same goal without flattery ~~I myself~~."

- 12 "I myself am God," and he forces Katia to bow before him in worship.

He does God knows what with her. "I'll start loving you when you've done everything I've told you."

In his fantastic vagaries, boundless dreams, to the point of dethroning God and putting himself in His stead (Kulikov has had a strong influence).

A PROBLEM, *memento*. 1st act. Early childhood.

2d) The family, Souchar, running away, and Kulikov.

3) Chermak—the examination.

4) In the country and Katia, the orgy with *Albert*.

Find the common proportional.

20 childhood

20 the monastery

40 before the exile

20 the Female and Satan

40 feats

A feeling of revulsion toward people ever since he first became conscious of himself as a child (due to the passionate temperament of his proud and despotic nature; also, from contempt).

"I'll take it by assault, I won't stoop to Brien's flattery and craftiness."

And this, too, out of a feeling of revulsion for people and out of contempt for them, since his earliest childhood.

"Ah, if only I'd be willing to play the part of a sycophant such as Brien—there's no telling what I might accomplish!"

And sometimes he begins to reason in this way: "Shouldn't I become a sycophant after all?" (He discusses this point with the lame girl.) "This, too, requires fortitude of spirit—to be able to stand it being a *sycophant*. But no, I don't want to, it is repulsive—and besides, I'll have money going for me, so that willy-nilly, whether they want it or not, they'll all have to come to me and bow before me."

He displays great fortitude of spirit in his encounter with Kulikov, who does not cut his throat but lets him go, but <an illegible crossed-out word> the deserter they kill together.

⁸ French: "raised trousers."

35 years ago, he was born in 1835.

If anybody had overheard his thoughts, he probably would have died; yet he reveals everything to the Lame Girl.

Whatever he has read, he passes on, after his own fashion, to the Lame Girl.

"A slap in the face is the greatest insult." With blood—

The first articulate thought, and the importance of money.

The Lame Girl keeps everything *he* tells her a secret, and strangely enough, she does so of her own accord, without his having told her, ~~having understood~~ having tactfully understood it herself, so that most of the time he won't even tell her that she ought to keep it a secret.

The Lame Girl won't agree to become an atheist. He does not beat her for that.

- 13 Only one, but detailed, psychological analysis regarding how works of fiction affect a child, etc. *A Hero of Our Time*.

A child's indignation at the guests who visit with them, at the indiscretions and impertinences which they allow themselves (Uvarov?). "How can they dare?" the child thinks.

The old folks' downfall.

Theater. "Sit on my lap."

He is flogged for showing his revulsion.

When he and the Lame Girl move in with the Alfonskys, he tells her that <she may talk> about Gogol and, from among our <...>, nothing about their travels.

He has read an awful lot (Walter Scott, etc.)

At the Alfonskys', they are not treated as brothers. They let him know that.

He pretends to be brutish, backward, and stupid.

With the servants.

The Alfonsky woman provokes the idea that <...> not together with the children.

At Souhard's. Alfonsky flogs him. It turns out to be in vain. The Alfonsky woman had made it up; he runs away. With Kulikov. He is caught.

The visitor: "Call him in." Interrogates him. Sincere ideas.

The visitor is surprised.

The house is on fire, or something—illness.

Alfonsky makes speeches.

At Chermak's. Development, reading, the examination.

After the examination, Alfonsky causes to fall in love. Alfonsky questions him. For the Lame Girl. With Katia. The cornfield. Domestic scenes.

Alfonsky, his friend, a slap in the face.

In Moscow, *Lambert*—

On classical education at Chermak's Herr Thayder).

January 27

He is struck by the fact that all these people (adults) absolutely believe in their own nonsense, and that they are much more stupid and worthless than might appear from the outside.

(One of the *learned* visitors takes a tumble, as he takes to drinking and carousing with the gypsy girls at Maryina Roshcha.)⁹

A period of disbelief in God. N.B. Absolutely bring in how he was affected by the Gospel. He is in agreement with the Gospel.

The main thing is at this point his own *I* and his own interests. As to philosophical questions, they interest him insofar as they concern him personally.

- 14 FEBRUARY 22. START SENDING. January 27.

February 10

15

February 22

I

- 16 Squeeze all this into 64 pages (*maximum*).

One ought to sense in every line: "I know what I am writing, and I am writing it for a good reason."

FIRST PAGES. 1) *Tone*, 2) insert the ideas artistically and concisely.

N.B. *Tone* (the narrative is a *vita*—i.e., even though it comes from an author's pen, it is concise, not sparing of explications, yet presenting some things in scenic form. (Here, harmony is of the essence.) Matter-of-factness of the narrative, sometimes to the point of *Gil Blas*.¹⁰ At spectacular and scenically impressive junctures, *it may appear* that there is little reason to attach much value to this trait.

Yet it is also important that the dominant idea of the *vita* be apparent, i.e., even though the whole dominant idea may never be ex-

plained in so many words, and though it may remain something of a mystery, the reader still ought to know at all times that this idea is a pious one, also that the vita is deemed to be a work of importance, so much so that it was worth starting it with the childhood. Also, the selection of the subject matter of the narrative, and the facts which appear in it should, as if continually, convey a certain *something*; and, also continually, the man of the future is to be exhibited for everyone to see, and to be placed on a pedestal.

"When I grow up."

1) They caught a mouse.

The Lamé Girl.

Old folk.

(The nurse, washing, an order on his neck—and retire.)

Anna and Vasilisa ran away.

The last Holy Communion (the Italian takes the money from his pocket)—the first idea.

The teacher (drunk).

The first Confession: "What has he got in those little boxes and in the cup? Is there a God?"

Convert the Devil.

Beating the Lamé Girl.

The dead man by the fence.

They've sold Vasilisa.—

Interest payments and conversations with the visitor.

Readings. About Suworov. Arabian tales. Daydreams. Umnov¹¹ and Gogol (the Lamé Girl laughs).

The old man and woman grow more decrepit every day. He has been locking them up. Got drunk. He and another boy go stealing. Gave him a bad beating. *Fighting with older boys*. Full debauchery. ~~Teased the lady. They~~

He beats the Lamé Girl, trying to force her to fight with the boys. She tries to leave, but is given a sound thrashing and begins to cry.

Dreaming of great will power. Umnov (peeping at nudes, having designs upon the Lamé Girl).

N.B. When the old man and woman die he is 11 years old, and the Lamé Girl ten.

Alfonsky—the old man and woman. Death. He harangues the Lamé Girl on how she ought to conduct herself.

Prior to that: They were teasing a lady—attacked her, they were dragged into the house to be given a flogging.—

He is afraid to complain. (He is afraid himself, yet he beats up the boy.)

The first clash; he attacks the gentleman with the decoration and beats him with his fists: "I'll never be afraid of anything."

"I'll learn not to be afraid."

He cuts himself for a test.

Instruction in fuck<ing> from another boy (*Thérèse-Philosophe*—beats him up for that, but keeps the book).

Begins to save money.

He is saving money (tells the Lamé Girl about it).

The Lamé Girl had come to live with the Alfonsky's before he did. No sooner he gets there than he begins to question her about things. (Directives to her: "Don't tell anybody about Gogol, or anything that is *our business*.")

1st part. The boy is wild, but he does an awful lot of thinking about himself.

The main thing, Nota-bene: He started to save money with only a vague idea why, but this idea has been growing stronger all the time and is proven to have been correct as the action continues. But the principal impetus was provided by his moving in with Alfonsky.

15

II

The Lamé Girl: "What if I tell them that you said you'd be king?" (or something ridiculous). He cuts her up for that.

What do he and the Lamé Girl talk about? About all of his daydreams. "When I grow up I SHALL NOT MARRY YOU, BUT SOMEONE ELSE." So that it won't be necessary to say that he was daydreaming about such-and-such, but only that he went to see the Lamé Girl and told her such-and-such.

About what he's going to be and about money. *He used to beat her because his money wasn't increasing as fast as he'd have liked it to.*

He used to tell her about reading Karamzin, fairy tales, etc. The young woman, also the old woman and others, taught him French and German. They used to go to other children to learn from them (there, they were being laughed at).

He beats the Lamé Girl for not being enthusiastic enough about Karamzin.

He knows the whole Bible, and tells her about.

World history, geography poorly.

¹¹ Childhood friend of Dostoevsky's.

(Daydreams about travels, <reading Captain> Cook¹² with the
Lame Girl.)

They read some novels.

(N.B. He is very well developed mentally and knows a good deal.
He knows Gogol and Pushkin.)

He meets Umnov who proves to him that he knows more than he
does. Upon his return home, he tells the Lame Girl that Umnov is a
fool who knows nothing; he gives the Lame Girl a beating, and from
here on seeks Umnov's company.

He never shows any tenderness for the Lame Girl, not until that one
time when he carries her in his arms.

"Why won't you do this—cut it out; I don't wish that you learn to-
gether with my children."

Whenever the oldsters would get very drunk and could not stand
on their feet, the Lame Girl would cry over them. In the beginning,
he would beat her for that, but later he no longer did.

They've killed a goose.

The Bible. Jacob bows three times. Gets it mixed up with the Bible.
The Lame Girl laughs.

He has acquired a habit of beating her; he won't kiss her.

(N.B. The Lame Girl did not freeze to death. Somebody found her.
But she disappears from the Alfonskys' place.)

One incessant thought, ever since he can remember himself: "What
will become of me, and how shall I get all these things done?"

Later, doubts: Is power alone worth everything else, and could it
be that one may be a slave and still stronger than everybody?

He begins to train his will power.

Passions take hold of him.

He and *Lambert*—a perfect picture of depravity. Yet *Lambert* is in-
toxicated with it and finds that there is nothing higher. The frivolity
typical of his nationality.

If he embarks upon debauchery with irresistible desire, he does it
also with fear. He is struck by the emptiness, sordidness, and absurdity
of debauchery. He quits everything, and after some terrible crimes, re-
morserfully turns himself in.

Osip the lackey—at first, he is taken into the house; he amuses them
with his tales and with his jolly disposition. *Alfonsky* had flogged Osip's
brother to death, and later, takes Osip to the recruiting station. That's
where Osip makes his escape (he is the same person as Kulishov). They
kill Orlov. They part, Kulishov (Osip) lets him go.

A year and a half later his stepmother complains about *Alfonsky's*
faithlessness. He openly keeps a mistress. It is Osip's sister. (That's
why he had Osip's brother flogged to death.) *Alfonsky* is killed by his
peasants. (?)

OUTLINE OF THE NOVEL. *Alfonsky's* highborn wife (the hero's step-
mother), at the time when she was still languishing away as a spinster,
used to have a suitor (an officer or somebody, a teacher).

But she got married to *Alfonsky*. Dissatisfied with and insulted by
Alfonsky, ~~she~~ (she used to slap her paramour's face) she developed a
liaison with her former lover who somehow appeared on the scene.
The boy saw them kissing. "You can tell it to your father," but later
asked him not to. The boy kept quiet; but *Alfonsky* knows that
his son knows that he has been cuckolded and that his stepmother
has a lover. Back in the country, he raises a fuss about the Lame
Girl. He cruelly makes fun of *Katia*. The mother is quite beside
herself as she takes *Katia's* side. In the city, he is with *Lambert*,
etc.

Here N.B. N.B. (~~It could be~~ *It could be* that *Alfonsky* was killed by
his peasants when he started fooling around, and the boy may have
been a witness,—and—

(Might also invent something about his stepmother's affair with her
lover, and to what extent and degree the boy was *involved* in their
romance.)

Alfonsky does have a benefactor, who is precisely his greatest enemy
because he is his benefactor. All the favors which he receives from him
wound his pride, while the other man can't live without playing the
role of benefactor, yet demands three yards of gratitude for an inch
of his favors. Each is humiliating himself; they are humiliating each
other; and they hate each other almost pathologically.

The boy's extraordinary pride is the cause of his not being able to
feel either pity or contempt for these people. He can't even feel very
indignant about them. Neither can he sympathize with his father or
with his mother. Quite inadvertently, he does brilliantly at the exami-

¹² James Cook (1728–79), English navigator.

nation—he had actually meant to show himself to be an idiot. He is deeply contemptuous of himself for not having restrained himself, but having made a show of his brilliance.

The dangerous and extreme thought that he would become an exceptional man took possession of him even while he was still a child. He thinks about it all the time. Wisdom, cunning, education—all this he wants to acquire as future means of becoming an exceptional man. Again, it appears to him that money certainly ought to be useful to have, as its power can be applied in any possible situation, and so he decides to concentrate on it:

The sciences appear terribly difficult to him.

Then again, it appears to him that, even if he won't turn out to be something extraordinary, but on the contrary, most ordinary, in that case, money would still give him everything, i.e., power and the right to despise people.

And finally, he reproaches himself and is tormented by his conscience for having wanted to be extraordinary in such a *base* way. However, he doesn't know himself what he is going to be.

The pure ideal of a free man occasionally flashes across his mind; all of this at the boarding school.

He makes friends with Osip; about the Khlysts; they all but sleep together.

Umnov; knows Gogol by heart.
May 15/3 <1870>

THE MAIN IDEA

After the monastery and Tikhon, the Great Sinner, together with Tikhon, returns into the world to become *the greatest of men*. He is convinced that he will be the greatest of men. And he behaves quite accordingly: he is the proudest of the proud and treats people with extreme arrogance. Yet the form of his future greatness remains quite undefined, a circumstance which perfectly befits his youth. But he has (and that is the main thing) acquired *through Tikhon* the idea (the conviction) that in order to conquer the whole world one must only conquer oneself. He has not chosen a career as yet, but there isn't any time for that either: he is beginning to observe himself in a profound manner. But there are also contradictions: 1) gold (hoarding it) (a family to take care of); the idea of hoarding wealth is insinuated to him by the Usurer, a terrible man, an antithesis to Tikhon; 2) educa-

tion (Comte,¹³ atheism, friends); education—ideas and philosophy torment him; however, he masters what is essential about them. Suddenly, youth and debauchery. A great moral feat and terrible crimes. Selflessness. Mad pride. Out of pride he becomes an anchorite and a wanderer. Travels all over Russia. (A romance, love. Thirst of humility and so forth, etc., etc.

N.B. (A rich canvas.)

Fall and resurrection.

An extraordinary man—but what has he done and what has he accomplished?

Traits. Out of pride and boundless arrogance toward people, he becomes kindly and gracious toward everybody—precisely because he is already immeasurably higher than everyone else.

N.B. He wants to shoot himself (somebody has left a babe at the doorstep).

He ends up running an orphanage at his place and becomes a man like Gas.¹⁴ He becomes more and more transfigured.

He dies confessing his crime.

22

January 1, 1870

N.B. A type entirely contrary to the ~~rotten through and through~~ scion of that noble family of Counts, degenerate to the point of swinishness, which Tolstoi has depicted in *Childhood* and *Adolescence*. This is simply a primitive type, subconsciously agitated by his own primitive strength, a strength which is completely spontaneous and ignorant of any basis of support. Such primitive types are frequently either Stenka Razin's¹⁵ or Danilo Filippovich's,¹⁶ or they become full-

¹³ Auguste Comte (1798–1857), French mathematician and philosopher; the founder of "Positivism."

¹⁴ Probably Fyodor Petrovich Gaaz (1780–1853), an old prison doctor, famed for his unselfishness and self-sacrifice in behalf of prisoners.

¹⁵ Stepan Timofeevich Razin (Stenka Razin), birth unknown, died in 1671. He was a Don Cossack who led a peasant uprising against the Russian autocracy in 1667–71.

¹⁶ A peasant, the half-legendary founder of the "Khlysty"—a religious sect that arose in the middle of the seventeenth century. By the middle of the nineteenth century they had disintegrated and no longer functioned as a unified group. They were distinguished by the belief in eternal rebirth and the materialization of the holy spirit. They whipped themselves (Russian word Khlyst means "whip") to drive demons from their bodies.

fledged Khlysts or Skoptsy.¹⁷ This is an extraordinary, innate power, hard to bear for those who possess it, a power which asks for and seeks a foundation to stand on and a cause to lead, a power which greatly suffers if it is exposed to the storms of life, yet cannot help stirring up storms before it finds its peace. He finally comes to rest in Christ, but his whole life is all storm and disorder. (The masses of our people live instinctively and harmoniously, *peacefully* in their native way; however the moment ~~a ferment~~ a movement appears in it, i.e., a simple function of life does take place within them, these types will invariably emerge from among them.) This immense, instinctive force, seeking nothing but peace, yet agitated to the point of suffering, does in the course of its searchings and wanderings veer into monstrous deviations and experiments, until it will finally come to rest upon so powerful an idea as to be fully proportional to their ~~their~~ instinctive animal strength, an idea which is strong enough to ~~pacify~~ organize finally this force and to calm it down to a balmy quiet.

¹⁷ The "Skoptsy" were a religious sect that arose in the 1770's. A separation from the "Khlysty," their main belief consisted in the doctrine that the only way to salvation was by battle with the flesh and by emasculation.

Ward to the Teacher for a sum of money. But there is no political plot (although there is one mention of Nechaev), and the Prince's character, as well as the romantic complication, are vastly different in the final version. The Prince is characterized in the following way: "A.B. is brilliant, envious, proud, ~~generous~~ base, and everything. *Without* any self-control, and actually without suspecting that this may be necessary." The Prince envies moral magnanimity; Stavrogin fears it; the Prince lacks self-control, and Stavrogin is corrupted by too much. Stavrogin has passed beyond envy, passion, turmoil, and into a fearful passionless world that Dostoevsky does not discern at this time.

21

1)

ENVY

N.B. *Characters are the only thing that matters.*

This is the story:

Prince A.B. He has a mother, an important lady, and a sister. (They have returned from abroad.) *The Ward*. A little brother and a little sister.

Large landowners (~~V-v~~) after the fashion of V-v (N.B. The desire to play the role of large landowners)—they've got money. They are well to do.

Their neighbors have also returned from abroad. A beautiful daughter who is a rich heiress. A.B.'s mother (a despot herself, she obeys her despotic son) has her eye on the beautiful daughter for A.B.

The Ward is an orphan, poor, with very wicked aunts and uncle (*mauvais genre*).

A.B. becomes involved with her, stupidly, inadvertently. He is passionate, proud, and leads an irregular life.

The Ward's character—she is still a child, but lively, given to mockery, truthful, with a big heart, yet (strangely)—a timid child.

She is pregnant. The important lady is appalled. Hide it from her sisters. The girl submitted absolutely without offering resistance, and without any display of coquetry. Somehow, strangely, she submitted. A.B. says that he is sorry. But how could he marry her? Naturally a marriage is out of the question. *She* doesn't even think of marriage herself, doesn't even consider it a possibility.

Our noblemen are lackeys.

20

2)

Meanwhile a large group of people has gathered in this rural countryside. There is a neighbor, a general. A law suit and a settlement with him. Another neighbor, a beautiful woman. And various minor neighbors.

The Teacher has been recommended. A meek and timid character. Terribly absent-minded and strange. Partly a nihilist, he doesn't believe in God. A citizen. Rapid-firing rifles. Tried his luck in the service. A fool.

N.B. Another neighbor, a nihilist, very wealthy, with students. The Teacher observes that all nihilists are terribly fond of making some money for themselves. (The proclamations. Nechaev appears in passing; have the Teacher killed (?).

N.B. ~~The Teacher~~ A.B. prepares to play a role.

At first he makes fun of the Teacher. ("How is he with children?" The water carrier, and so forth.) The Teacher is laughing at himself, yet A.B. is ultimately impressed by the fact that he conducts himself with dignity. 2,000 lost.

The Ward is the *first* to laugh at the Teacher.

She gives no thought to the affair, but there, suddenly, she finds herself pregnant.

The General, who has lost his wife, proposes marriage to the Ward. She rebuffs him (but suddenly, her pregnancy). The Mother scolds her, "Why did you refuse him?" as she is still unaware that the Ward has a liaison with her son.

N.B. The Teacher meanwhile, typically for him, has gotten ready to make up and to think up a few extra details to round out the picture.

The affair has come to light. Scenes between A.B. and his mother. Though there really is no cause for making scenes. A.B. says to her: "Why those fainting fits? You aren't concerned about the moral part of it, are you? And, of course, there is no chance of a marriage."

N.B. A.B. respects the Teacher, but in his own way.

She must be removed, of course. Pretend that she must join a sick aunt. The whole affair has greatly affected *her*. She seems astonished, and at the same time her milieu has changed for her from one of luxury to one of abomination—which makes her sad. And also, she experiences for the first time a feeling of humiliation, although, once again, she has no claim at all on marriage.

The idea to offer her to the Teacher. They do. (For covering up the

disgrace and for expeditious action, 15,000.*) He blushes, but says nothing about the 15,000 in the beginning. *She* accepts him, laughing.

The Teacher goes to see her, a friendship develops, he is courting her. *She* even begins to reveal her innermost thoughts to him, about Christ, about God, and about science. She listens. "You are a good man." But suddenly she begins to cry. He timidly comes forward with this proposition: "What if without those 15,000?" "Why didn't you speak up?" "I love you." (Humility, etc.)

Finally it reaches the stage where she says: "I love you too." But he can see that she doesn't.

3)

Think up many more details

In the meantime, the Teacher, whom everybody held to be a coward, repeatedly displays extraordinary strength of character, daring, and courage. The fire. An argument with some neighbor about something. A slap in the face (in the presence of the Beauty). The Teacher can see that *she*, too, already despises him that night for having had his face slapped. He calls out that gentleman. The latter offers him 300 roubles. Prince A.B. offers to act as his second. *This* makes the duel possible. He firmly faces the shot, but refuses to fire himself. The Beauty is fascinated and develops a passion for him.

N.B. *The most important.* Kartuzov, a neighbor, who is writing verses to the Beauty.

The Teacher, seeing how mortified she is (and, to make things worse, A.B. who has quarreled with the Beauty and, in his pride, wants to do a generous act), decides to marry *her*.

(Build up the character of A.B. and the struggle of a peculiar kind of pride. Partly beautiful, but also cowardly.)

N.B. He has visited the Ward even before, when she was all by herself.

To his mother's horror he marries the Ward. The latter rejects the Teacher.

Her *parting* from the Teacher. (She is unhappy.)

* Literally, "to save her belly, expeditiously."

He leaves, penniless and with only one little suitcase.
? (He is murdered en route?)

More briefly. Everything depends *on form*, however. Create forms. Sharply define the characters. Work some more on this plot.

The most important. The *Prince's* character—A.B.? Proud, in a special way; hates the Teacher (ever more and more).

N.B. Define the character of the Beauty and the nature of her relations with the Teacher. (The Beauty has a nihilist girl friend.)

4)

Question: Is it necessary to write this novel? N.B.

Idea. The Teacher, more and more so through the entire novel, keeps growing in beauty. He starts out by being funny and ends up by presenting a perfect *ideal* of beauty. A.B. is brilliant, envious, proud ~~generous~~, base, and everything. *Without any* self-control, and actually without suspecting that this may be necessary. For instance, he is capable of understanding generosity, aesthetically so-to-speak, and of developing a feeling for it; but this feeling he takes for generosity itself—and is desperate about how generosity won't come to him gratis and without any effort on his part.

2) The Teacher explains this to him.

"What then, should I do?" And, having posed this question, decides to perform a moral feat—to marry the girl, thus giving everybody a scare.

The Teacher goes to see him and asks him outright to retract his promise (A.B., on the other hand, even before that visit, is indignant that the Teacher not only fails to show any admiration for his moral feat, but actually receives the news about it with a rather equivocal expression). They quarrel. A punch in the face. She remains unhappy.

(A hermit and God's fool.)

(*An idea.* A.B. is constantly (more and more so as the novel goes along) envious of the Teacher. He actually felt offended *for himself* when he refused those 15,000. The Beauty starts a flirt with the Teacher. A rendez-vous. ~~A.B. hits him~~. Here, a duel with another man. A.B. is envious of the Teacher's superiority. A heart-to-heart talk between A.B. and the Teacher, during which the latter plainly shows him, who is so proud of himself, that he actually despises him, however, without anger, but rather with pity. Here then, A.B. makes up his

mind to perform his moral feat. As they part, he strikes the Teacher. The latter leaves without saying a word.

A.B. may shoot himself (?)

N.B. (IN GENERAL, THERE IS A LOT OF WORK TO BE DONE ON THE CHARACTER OF A.B.)

(A.B. receives instruction from the Teacher. Cries on his shoulder. Nobody knows that, it is a secret. He tells him (lets him know) that he shouldn't dare to make their relationship public. He is terribly haughty with the Teacher. The disappearance of 2,000. ~~When~~ He sees clearly that the Teacher has stolen the Beauty from him (that's where the 2,000 enter the picture). Confesses to him.)

And suddenly, in a fit of hurt pride, he makes this decision: "I, too, shall perform a moral feat." He marries the girl. But when the Teacher leaves—*he strikes him*.

He does not say a word.

N.B. The provincial capital is only 7 versts away. Many acquaintances in town.

24 N.B. The Beauty lives in town, only 43 versts away.

The Teacher arrives: he enters, sits down, and talks about education. "Do tell *the truth*." A holiday. Visitors. Among them, Kartuzov. Kartuzov's verses. Kartuzov meets the Teacher; they remain standing at the door together for quite some time; their acquaintanceship. Glad to meet an educated man. (N.B. Compose all these little episodes, and get the reader interested in the Teacher.)

The Prince's steward is a nihilist; 10 loads $\frac{7}{8}$. A meeting at the nihilists'. The Teacher gets into an argument.

One or two weeks at their place. During this time, show them all, as well as all of their society, *through little stories*. (The Governor, intrigues, petty slights. The Teacher manages to show himself in a mysterious and most interesting light. Think up some anecdotes.)

Kartuzov.

The Ward is laughing at him. A storm is brewing at the house.

NAUSEA.

Some incident involving the Teacher where he behaves in a striking manner. The Beauty notices him.

The General proposes to the Ward. Refusal.

The General or something. The incident involving the Teacher. He insults him—A.B., in the presence of the Beauty; also insults the Teacher.

The Ward leaves. The offer to the Teacher. (Kartuzov starts med-

dling in the Prince's affair with the Ward, as he is looking after the interests of the K-zin woman). The Teacher tries to talk some sense into Kartuzov.

Her trysts with the Teacher continue, and finally—no need of those 15,000, because I love <her>.

Meanwhile the Teacher gets a slap in the face—on account of the Beauty (because of Kartuzov, somehow through the Polish Count).

(The Prince is jealous of that Count. The Beauty makes fun of the Prince. She infuriates both the Count and the Prince by flirting with the Teacher. That's where the horsewhip enters the picture.—The challenge. (Kartuzov) 300 rubles. The duel, he won't fire.

The Beauty almost surrenders herself to the Teacher ~~a moment~~. One such moment.

25 In his offer to the Teacher, the Prince demands full secrecy, and that he take the blame.

The Prince, smarting with envy and jealousy against both the Count and the Teacher, and thinking that the Beauty is taunting him to get even for his having failed to propose to her, suddenly suffers a full affront as he sees that she is completely surrendering herself to the Teacher. The Teacher won't take her. Joseph makes his escape.

The Prince leaves her for the reason of her having wanted to surrender herself to the Teacher. ~~He goes to see the Teacher~~. He meets the Ward. Goes to see the Teacher. Repents and sheds tears. And the next day, he performs his moral feat, in order to take *the other woman* away from the Teacher.

The Teacher is relieved of his position.

As he is taking his leave, the Prince suddenly strikes him, unintentionally, from a morbid impulse. The Ward rushes to the Teacher's side. (She saw the blow he struck him with his fist.) "Let us leave—I do not love him." They leave. They are happy.

The Prince marries the Ward—to show off.

Kartuzov is the guardian of the Beauty's honor. He won't propose himself because he is no match. But he can always write verses, for he is too insignificant—He hates both the Count and the Prince.

The Beauty is related to the Governor.

The Count's steward is a nihilist, and there is a whole den of nihilists there. The nihilists make certain proposals to the Teacher.

The Prince is angry at not having been properly appreciated in some quarters.

The Prince is insulted by the Governor. Yet the Governor, being a relative of the Beauty's, makes overtures to the Prince and cultivates his friendship with him, expecting a proposal on his part (the Count, concerning counterfeit money).

The Prince *earlier* (in the beginning) insults the Teacher and asks his forgiveness. Since then, hatred.

27

1)

Variation. The Teacher, somewhere and somehow, falls in love with the Ward and proposes to her. She refuses.

The Prince disgraces <her>, and the General is refused also. The proposal had been made, and *accepted*, long before. The Teacher returns, having completed his studies. In the interval, a mistake, and the Teacher arrives after it has happened.

The Beauty. Nausea. The Beauty becomes interested in the Teacher (yet, at the same time, she is expecting the Prince's proposal). The Beauty brings along the Count as her hanger-on.

Suddenly, the Teacher is being attacked in society; he behaves quietly, yet marvelously well. The Beauty is fascinated.

The Teacher pays a visit to some friends in town. He gets all the inside information. (He has his mother living.)

The Prince makes him an offer.

She and the Teacher get together. She laughs.

Conversations. He recovers his spiritual happiness—the role of a Christian. The Teacher himself moves around, keeping his eyes and ears open all along.

Events in town. People begin to notice the Teacher. (A hero.) The Beauty is interested.

The quarrel with the Count. The Teacher behaves with dignity. The Beauty surrenders herself. Joseph.

The Prince envies the Teacher. Some dealings between the Prince and the Teacher even in the very beginning. The confession. The Beauty jilts him. The Prince performs his feat—he strikes the Teacher.

N.B. The Prince and his family (the Prince's mother) consider themselves to be the Teacher's benefactors. The thing is that the Prince had met the Teacher long before, abroad; on one occasion he had blushed in his presence on account of an important matter (make up something here), and he has been hating him ever since, trying to double his own good deeds <to him>.

He doesn't *fully* realize that he hates the Teacher, although sometimes he does. He has committed several blunders: on occasion, he would express his remorse before the Teacher, even though preserving his *superiority* and being convinced that this *superiority* has not been broken; suddenly, with that keen mind of his, he would see that it had been broken. And that's where he began to hate him. In a word:

An altercation has been going on between them for a long time (even though the Teacher hasn't noticed it), and their relationship has been clouded by *envy* and *hatred*. In the Prince's case, this envy is naturally the result of a feeling of inferiority (which is to say that his is a noble spirit); but he can't stand it.

N.B. The Prince has developed a theory of "the eroded generation and the immaturity of the high nobility." He is an enemy of the Count's. He is very intelligent.

N.B. Early in the novel, let the Prince appear to be the hero of the novel and an ideal figure, and carry on in this fashion up to the very point where he strikes the other man with his fist.

26

2)

The Teacher arrives in town, not as a teacher but as a free man: to see his mother, who is ill, some business in connection with his tiny estate, and to get together with his fiancée (he has made the acquaintance of the Prince's family abroad; his mother and sister have told him every little detail). Strange and absent-minded: no sooner had he arrived than anecdotes about his strange behavior were heard all over town. (Make up some anecdotes, something about his clash with the General.) In a word, a big event about town, with the Teacher mixed up in it. The Ward rejects him and makes fun of him when he comes to see her. The Prince treats him condescendingly as his protégé. The Teacher is run over by a woman on horseback¹ through his own fault (let's say he was crushed—anyway, it is a *big* event through *which* he is established romantically). And when the horsewoman takes notice of him—the Prince makes him <that> offer and personally takes him to the Ward's in his carriage.

A Christian. The word of a Christian.

(A story with an explanation of all the inside details. For instance, why the Prince both fears and despises the Teacher, etc.)

¹ The same as the Beauty or the Fiancée; Liza in the final version.

The 2d part at the Ward's in ~~the country~~ town—Trysts in the evening (a resurrected and strange love between him and the Ward). Meanwhile, the Horsewoman's passion.

Thereupon, a clash with the Horsewoman and some really big event (such as a duel).

3) The Prince abandons the Horsewoman, quits the whole affair, and proposes marriage.

The characters of the Prince and the Teacher are what matters most.

Still another variation (perhaps):

The Teacher has been living in town with his mother a full year before the arrival of the Prince's family. A year earlier, abroad, the Ward had given him her word; he is expecting her arrival, and the Prince's. (He has met the Prince before.) Meanwhile, during this one year he has done, one by one, many a strange thing about town (children). All in all, three abandoned children and two grown-up orphans. The Ward, immediately upon her arrival, jilts him. Along with the rest of the party, the Horsewoman also returns from abroad.

N.B. She arrives a little later. Everybody considers that the Horsewoman is tied by her word to the Prince (only the Prince and herself; they both still act very independently, considering themselves at liberty; for *the final word* has never been uttered between them), and here now, on top of everything else, she brings along with her a certain Polish count. Also, Captain Kartuzov appears on the scene (he has obtained a position in town).

6 The Prince says: "I want to be above all movements and vacillations; I'm all alone and I live for myself; and doesn't your own morality amount to much the same thing?"

Or, the Prince plays an indifferent *role*.

Or, the Prince is himself a member of the nihilist organization.

<Part of this page is taken up by arithmetic calculations.>

Nothing authoritative.

The germs of the most powerful physical passions.

A tendency toward boundless despotism and an unshakable faith in his own authority. Move mountains. Glad to put his power to a test.

Struggle is his second nature. But a quiet, not a turbulent one.

His strength makes him loathe any lie.

~~"This is no whim."~~

~~"I consider it unnecessary to discuss my financial condition. But in order to accomplish anything at all, I shall need a certain amount of money."~~

~~"I have an idea."~~

~~"By December 1."~~

~~"For this, I am requesting an advance of one thousand rubles."~~

~~"I don't feel too strongly obliged not to be bothering you with a further suggestion."~~

~~"You can rely on me."~~

~~"If you will find."~~

~~"All this is made even clearer by the fact that it is I who have taken the initiative, offering to become a collaborator."~~

~~"If you will find my suggestion feasible, please contact Vasily V. so
as to find out what his decision might be."~~

~~"Let me know beforehand—"~~

~~"By spring—move to different quarters."~~

23 *Shouldn't the story be told in the first person? Jan. 24/12 <1870.>*¹

The Slavophiles are a gentleman's fancy. Their opinion of Pushkin
(the poverty of Russian literature).² Kireevsky's words about the icon.³

*La propriété c'est le vol.*⁴

Blazing love's grenade

Burst in Ignat's chest

And again the One-armed, in terrible pain,

Set out on his rounds of Sevastopol.⁵

1) The Prince.

24 T. N. GRANOVSKY

A portrait of a pure and idealistic Westernizer in his full splendor.
Perhaps he is living (in Moscow) in a provincial capital.

Characteristic traits. That aimlessness and lack of firmness in his
views and in his emotions, which have dominated his whole life, used
to cause him suffering before, but *have now become his second nature*
(his son makes fun of this tendency)—

Married for the third time. (A most characteristic trait.)

He thirsts to be persecuted and likes to talk about the persecutions
he has suffered in the past.

A man of the forties, he remembers those years well and is in touch
with survivors ("I and Timofei Granovsky").

¹ This line refers to "The Life of a Great Sinner."

² This undoubtedly refers to three articles on Pushkin by I. V. Kireevsky, "Something of the Character of Pushkin's Poetry," "A Survey of Russian Letters for 1829," and "A Survey of Russian Letters for 1831."

⁴ French: "Property is theft."

A spot on the wall.

His name has once been famous (two-three articles, one monograph,
a Spanish travelogue⁶—a note on the Crimean War, in manuscript,⁷
passed on from hand to hand and responsible for the persecutions he
has suffered). Without being conscious of it, he places himself on a
pedestal, as a sort of holy relic to be worshiped by pilgrims. Loves it.
Often speaks without⁸ pronouns.

He is actually honest, pure, and considers himself an oracle of pro-
found wisdom. Instability of opinions.

A great poet, something of a rhetorician.

Has gained a thorough, penetrating understanding of Russian life.

Shuns nihilism and fails to understand it.

55 years of age. Literary memoirs. Belinsky, Granovsky, Hertsen⁹—
(A and B, "What made you talk to such a fool?")⁹ Turgenev, etc.

Likes champagne.

The role of ~~Polinka~~ Saks.¹⁰

Likes to write lachrymose letters. Used to shed tears at such-and-such,
and at such-and-such place.

"Leave me God, and art. You can have Christ."

The stupidity of frankness: He has grasped the essence of the Madonna.

"No, I am now a natural enemy of nihilism."

"Did he ever receive people kinder than these?"

"Probably not, for these are precisely the most cruel."

Christ failed to understand women.¹¹

George Sand¹² and idols are apparent constantly despite his serious airs.

He is truly a poet. *Dies irae*, the Golden Age, Greek gods.

Devote an inspired chapter to him. He has arranged his financial affairs quite well.

Little portraits. Little memoirs,

(etc., in the same vein.)

His son is being educated abroad.

Portrait of his young wife (four months pregnant).

N.B. (He sheds tears about all his wives, yet keeps getting married all the time.)

"I can't resign myself to it, I have that melancholy feeling all the time."

He is clever and witty.

The Princess had been working on both Shatov and Granovsky, but she succeeded in getting her hands on Granovsky only. But she established connections with a number of writers, Goncharov among others. In Petersburg, she wanted to gather some nihilists around herself, but nothing came of it. The Great Writer, one great critic who, however, was drunk much too often.

25 Shaposhnikov.

2) Shaposhnikov is in town. Acquainted with his wife. Granovsky has heard something before.

Conversations with Shaposhnikov. (Shaposhnikov is a student who

has been involved in student disorders.) Now he is no longer a student, he has a mother, children (foundling children).

Shaposhnikov—a truly native type. His convictions—that Slavophilism is a gentleman's fancy. The nihilists are the sons of country squires. Nobody in Russia knows who he is. We have lost sight of Russia. We can't recognize our own peculiar nature, nor do we know how to deal independently with the West.

This is not a matter of convictions: this is a matter of the ultimate results of Peter the Great's reforms. He decided that his Russians must become Europeans by decree, and 150 years later he's finally got them, his Europeans. To be sure, they've become alienated from their own people and yet haven't become attached to any other nation—because the others are all national, whereas we deny nationality on principle, wanting to be just Europeans, although there just isn't such a thing as a European.

"Get things done!" He rails against the Westernizers. Granovsky argues hotly, and with pleasure. A poetic soirée.

The Student¹³ appears (with the intention of spreading counterfeit money, proclamations, and <conspiratorial> threesomes). His arrival makes Shaposhnikov happy. He embarrasses his father with his nihilism, his gibes, and his paradoxes. Plain and outspoken. "Rebuild the world."

He invites Shaposhnikov to participate. The latter was foolish enough to attend some of their meetings. Talked back to them. Inadvertently mentions it to Granovsky.

Granovsky discusses this with the Student.

The Student rebukes him for having revealed the matter to Granovsky.

Shaposhnikov hotly replies that he does not consider himself tied by anything (inform the police in ¼ hour, Colonel Mezhev, Granovsky says that he would not have informed the police).

(For six months to Solovki <monastery>.)

The Student is in town and moves around in society. (Bazarov.)¹⁴ Shaposhnikov (has come to take a close look at the Prince who has dishonored his sister).

A poetic portrait of Shaposhnikov's sister; she drowns herself.

¹³ An early name for Nechaev and Peter Verkhovensky.

The Student incites the threesome to kill Shaposhnikov. They kill him.

This is preceded by:

A most important conversation with ~~his father~~ Granovsky about their definitive opinions. *The Student*, who has been defeating his father on every score, defeats him this time as well, and moreover, tells him that his wife is pregnant with Shaposhnikov's child (Laughs at *Polinka Saks*.)

(Or, for instance: "If you wouldn't have these persecutions to your credit, you'd be most unhappy." Or, vague statements. Laughs in a grotesque fashion.)

His theory: At present, the structure is shaking, von Sohn,¹⁵ 8000 versts of railway tracks.

Credit is shaken, so is morality. Keep shaking it by means of counterfeit money and false news—anything. (A passionate and brilliant picture.)

A son has killed his mother.

"Is it true?"

The Student "Why, they wanted to kill you also. A piece of jewelry."

Shaposhnikov asserts that the reforms are acting strongly and are having a revolutionizing effect. When the waves will subside, the ruble will become steady also.

"But when is it going to become steady?"

"As soon as we shall take a national course in every respect, and most of all in our reforms, as soon as we shall become aware of this."

"Which means never," says *the Student*.

Granovsky and his wife. She finally snaps out that she had no intention whatever to betray him, but that she is in fact bored with him. (This is toward the beginning; this is also when he has his verbal duels with Shaposhnikov.)

"You are demanding the impossible from Russia."

26 Hint of a plot. The Prince—the Ward—a sister or fiancée of Shaposhnikov's. The Beauty.—The Prince refuses and gets *Granovsky* in-

¹⁵ Von Sohn was the victim of a sensational and vicious murder that took place in St. Petersburg. Von Sohn was lured into a dive on the pretext of being provided with a fifteen-year-old girl. He was murdered by a gang headed by Maxim Ivanov, and robbed. His body was stuffed into a trunk and sent to Moscow. The baggage ticket was burned. Further murders were planned, but one of the gang confessed and the first murder was discovered.

volved in the affair (who participates with his bits of advice). A quarrel between Shaposhnikov and the Prince. The Prince fears that they might tell the Beauty. The murder is put down to him.

The Student, as he departs from the scene, actually makes fun of Granovsky, telling him that he will be implicated.

Simply and powerfully.

The Ward is ~~the fiancée~~ *Shaposhnikov's* sister. The Prince, Granovsky's elegant friend, fearing a scandal draws in Granovsky as a mediator. Shaposhnikov declares that neither he nor she want to create a scandal—and that, if *the Prince* would ask for her hand now, he would be rejected. One night, (she and the Student are discussing children, marriage, and nihilism), and later ~~she says~~ she goes to the garden, where she meets the Prince to exchange reminiscences with him. She starts telling *Shaposhnikov* about their love, how they met—details, etc. She can't bear it and throws herself into the water. But she begins to scream and is pulled out. She dies, however. Shaposhnikov stays alive. To kill the Prince, Granovsky is afraid of that. This is water on *the Student's* mill. Having killed Shaposhnikov, they accuse the Prince.

Granovsky is himself caught with counterfeit money.

The Student is in hiding. Granovsky is shown the proclamations. They are looking for him. One night ~~he~~ the Student turns up, before making his final escape.

The Student's theories. "You have made something private out of nihilism, in order to turn your backs on a general, universal, and natural phenomenon. You have become frightened and have retreated, clinging to God, art, and science. As soon as God is abolished, a new era will begin for mankind."

(N.B. He has come for a short time only, en route to a different province. *Granovsky* does not know where he is heading.)

~~Education~~

One of the murderers, Uspensky, was in love with Shaposhnikov's sister. After having killed Shaposhnikov, he feels the pangs of conscience and confesses, at first only to Granovsky (can this be true?).

(N.B. The murderers have spread a story about a meeting between Shaposhnikov and the Prince, and that somebody even heard how the latter killed him, in self-defence. Everybody has heard about it, yet nobody knows for sure.)

But what has Granovsky to do with this story?

He is there for the purpose of letting *two generations of what really are the same Westernizers*, those of pure vintage and the nihilists, meet each other. Shaposhnikov, however, is a new man. (Morose, simple, strong, and as of late, impetuous.)

N.B. *The Prince slaps Shaposhnikov's face.* (The Prince is a large landowner.) Shaposhnikov endures the insult. Granovsky is surprised that he does, almost nonplussed, but later he is very nearly convinced that Shaposhnikov has vowed to kill the Prince, and tells his son about it. That's where the latter has a bright idea. (The little Priest.)

The Student's theory as outlined to Granovsky: "You would have done exactly the same thing if you hadn't stopped on your way."

"But your feelings, where have you left your feelings?"

N.B. The Student fascinates even Granovsky in a serious way. ~~The Student~~ (Perhaps the little Priest comes to see the Student. The old Raskolnik.)

Granovsky is afraid that his son may have brought subversive characters to his house.

27 Not his fiancée, but his sister.

The Student's idea: "All this just won't work, and so its better to destroy it all, down to the root, and try the other way."

WORK OUT AS CONCISE AS POSSIBLE A PLAN OF THE NARRATIVE.

Granovsky is to a certain extent dependent upon the Princess, as well as receiving a pension (from the Smirnov¹⁶ woman).

(The Student says to him: "Why certainly, since you are receiving a pension from them!")

Granovsky traveled abroad with the Prince as his tutor-governor.

Dinner at the Princess's. Granovsky and the Princess are ancient and perennial friends, yet theirs is a peculiar friendship: each has come to know the other through years of experience, and each knows the other's

shortcomings. Each also esteems the other's virtues. A strong friendship, even a very warm one. If either of them were to die, the other might not survive the blow (at least that's what people close to them say about their friendship, and they believe it themselves.) The Princess is somewhat more finical, ~~capricious~~ and colder; Granovsky more sensitive and capricious. Such great friendship notwithstanding, they both practically ~~observe~~ observe the etiquette of alternate visits. Granovsky feels (rightly) that, on occasion, the Princess simply gets tired of him while, on other occasions, she needs him so badly she's almost hysterical about it ("to fling all kinds of slops at him," as *the Student* puts it, "for one needs a friend to empty one's slop-buckets.")

"She is supporting you."

For Granovsky is more inclined to observe etiquette. He forgives the Princess her aristocratism and has resigned himself to the notion that she considers him much her inferior. The Princess, in turn, considers herself obliged to recognize his authority as a great man. Granovsky won't pay a visit to the Princess when she hasn't been around for a long time. He even preens his presence before her, and strikes a pose which is not without a tinge of enamoration. Occasionally, the Princess allows herself pointed, peevish, and slighting gibes at Granovsky, although she knows only too well that he is very touchy and would not stand for it; yet she can't refuse herself this pleasure—so disgusted is she with her friend at times ("That's precisely what you need a friend for, to pour out your slops at him," says the Student, "and besides, she is supporting you, isn't she?"). "How do you think friendship will be arranged in the society of the future?" "Why, there won't be any friendship, rather ~~everybody will understand~~ relationships between people will be clarified without any trouble at all, according to strictly scientific natural definitions." "So people will be mere pawns?" "Quite the contrary, but ~~knowing~~ having found out exactly what precisely is natural and necessary according to human nature, they will quit reproaching a man for these things as if they were shortcomings and vices, or quarrel with him, or slight him because of them. You won't need any kind of love then, least of all Christian love, but only knowledge, science."

He is jealous of *the Student* and delivers a tirade to regain his authority with the Princess, who has started to scoff at him. Recalling this at home, he tells himself: "Could I really have felt satisfied with this kind of friendship?" He looks at his wife and says: "Here is my refuge and my hope from now on!" Right there, though, suspicions and rumors that Shaposhnikov is his wife's lover.

At dinner, the Student is reserved, taciturn, and addresses the Prin-

¹⁶ Aleksandra Osipovna Smirnov-Rossett (1810-82), possibly a prototype for Barbara Stavrogin. Many of Gogol's letters in *Selected Passages from Correspondence with Friends* are addressed to her.

cess with only the slightest trace of mockery, but without a shade of arrogance. He avoids any discussion of important topics, yet gladly talks about minor things, not in the least disconcerted by the fact that he may appear something short of refined. It gets to the point where the Princess takes offense at his considering her intellectually incapable of discussing serious subjects and therefore avoiding them in her presence. He eats with good appetite.—“Mark you well,” he later tells his father, when the latter takes him to task for not discussing any serious topics (such as nihilism) with her, “let’s say you have started to talk about something intellectual, and she has responded enthusiastically, still, the moment your son comes around and begins to talk about Prince Pyotr Ivanovich, and that his second daughter niece may be about to get married, she’ll quit everything and let you know all too clearly that the last bit of news about Prince P. M. is much dearer to her than all your intellectual talk. All of them are like that, but you had to insist on being so smart and approaching things from a different angle.”

28 “Besides, it seems that you’ve taken care of your affairs very nicely now, what with taking a wife at 60 and getting some money on top of it.”

“I haven’t even touched the money which Maria Alekseevna¹⁷ brought me, the money is hers, and I’m very glad that she will be left with a substantial sum after my death.” “Sure, sure! Why, they couldn’t help giving you the money,” says the Student.

“But anyway, she is supporting you, and you are her dependent. You’re exchanging letters, you are flirting with each other; I really haven’t read your letters.”

“You are not writing these letters for friendship, but for posterity, for you do consider yourself a great man, don’t you?”

At dinner, Granovsky: “Little Pisarev.” “Why little?” From— (“He resembles Pisarev.”) Pisarev used to be at the Princess’s. (Pisarev who got beaten.)

The Student. He is very polite all the time, yet he is absent-minded and pays absolutely no attention to the Princess’s coquetry. Suddenly he calls his father: “a whining civic-minded old woman.”

At dinner, *the Student*, though in passing only, expresses a very momentous and important idea, but fails to go on with it or try to develop it, as if he hadn’t noticed (~~perhaps he actually had not noticed~~) what he

had said, even though he arouses everybody’s curiosity. Instead, he turns to the pies. He looks down on everybody, as if this were quite natural, and later, when summoned by his father, declares to the latter: “These are all lies, all your friendship, and emotions, and coquetry, and letters, and her toilette, and her princely rank. And, inasmuch as I don’t take any of this seriously, I reacted to the whole business by being bored. Granted, all these things are needed now, but they surely will go out one day, won’t they?”

N.B. The Princess has heard of nihilists and has seen some (Pisarev), but she would like to have a Bazarov with her, not to argue with him or to convert him, but just to hear, from his own mouth, some of his opinions (on art, on friendship), and to have a look at him as he’d strike his pose *à la Bazarov*.

The Student, on the contrary, pulls off this trick of presenting himself as a most indifferent, very calm and pedestrian mediocrity. He quickly starts to bore people, but suddenly, toward the end of the dinner party, as the conversation gets around to the subject of manners, he says that a Russian nobleman is a lackey when abroad (the way he dresses, his obsequiousness, being obliged to talk of interests that are alien to him, and not having either a face or an interest of his own); also, <he calls his father> “a whining civic-minded old woman.”

(It is the Princess who is the most important person in the house, yet *the Student* addresses mostly the Prince during the dinner party, and acts as if he were taking scant notice of the Princess.)

The Student laughs at phalansteries where people will be dancing and singing while mowing hay.

“Why, you have no love even for your own cause?” says Granovsky.

“All this love is nothing but vanity,” replies the other.

“As far as distribution of labor is concerned,” he says, “I am going to abolish it, while they would like to develop it further.”

“Don’t tell me that you aren’t vain yourself,” says Granovsky, “haven’t you been telling people about having escaped from the case-mates <of the secret police>, and what not.”¹⁸

“Why, you are getting caustic with me—don’t be angry,” he then added in a somewhat milder tone, “I do see, it offends you that I’m not paying due tribute to the fame which you enjoy in these parts and you

¹⁷ Apparently an early name for Granovsky’s wife. As such an early name for Dasha.

¹⁸ A reference to rumors the real Nechaev spread—to inflate his reputation—that he had been imprisoned by the St. Petersburg police and had escaped from their clutches.

felt the sting from the very beginning. Yet I also realize that it couldn't be any other way; you are a mummy which can't possibly be awakened to a new life. All your life you've acted in this manner, and so you must remain what you are. (They would have you killed, but I vetoed it, because, I said, there was no need to kill you, you'd become scared anyway, and there might even be an uproar about you; but now everything has turned out all right; you just keep still, and stick to your role, and keep repeating the same words.)"

The Beauty has brought the proclamations with her.

During dinner, at the Princess's, about the proclamations.

- 29 In the beginning, *the Student* appears to be so small, ~~modest~~ unimportant, silent that Granovsky says to his wife, with chagrin, that his son, alas, would hardly set the world on fire. There is a dinner party at the Princess's. Then suddenly, a report that they are still looking <...> (even prior to that, discussions about socialism with his father, which he enters reluctantly). The Student gives his replies reluctantly, as if merely out of politeness; not condescendingly, or disdainfully, but indifferently, which ever so much more ~~offends~~ inflames Granovsky's vanity. ~~Having shown inadvertently~~ But when he sees that his son is making judgments ~~and has opinions of his own~~ he remarks to him, during a conversation: "I can see that you are qualified after all to make your own judgments." But when Granovsky realizes that his son actually has definite views of things, even he is astonished by this fact, and he tries to embroil him in a debate. ~~The latter sharply~~ (Here then, Granovsky's monologue.) The Student, abruptly and fragmentarily outlines some sardonic opinions, the one about the whining old woman being among them. But when this is followed by a barrage of facts, Granovsky is frightened and finally learns, in the course of a definitive exchange of opinions, what kind of a man his son is.

(Bazarov was created by a man of the forties, and without any affectation, which means that a man of the forties could not create Bazarov without distorting the truth.)

"In what sense then, is he unnatural?"

"He has been placed on a pedestal, that's what is unnatural about him."

"Little Pisarev."

"Why do you say, 'little Pisarev'?"

"Pisarev wasn't very tall, but he wasn't very short either, was he?"

"Did I say 'little'?" (As if himself surprised, and after a second thought:) "I don't know why this word escaped me—yet it seems that it fits Pisarev well. I'm not speaking of his stature, or anything in particular, he merely appeared small to me in a general way, my entire impression of him was one of something small..."

"Come on now, and you are really a big giant yourself, aren't you?" (the Student suddenly said).

"I used to like Pisarev very much," said the Princess.—

~~Vissarion~~ The late Belinsky¹⁹ would abuse Christ in the vilest terms, yet he couldn't have hurt a fly.

- "Oh yes, when it came to reality and understanding real things Belinsky was very weak indeed. Turgenev has rightly said of him that he knew very little even in the field of scholarly learning, yet that, at the same time, he had a better understanding of things than anybody else. You are laughing, as if you wanted to say: 'Come on now, how much understanding did everybody else have?' My friend, I do not pretend that I know the details of real life. I was just talking about Belinsky. I remember the writer D.,²⁰ then still almost a boy, whom Belinsky was trying to convert to atheism. When D. would raise any objections in Christ's defense, he would abuse Christ in the vilest terms. ~~To me~~ 'Why, every time I curse a little he will make such a mournful, crushed
30 face,' Belinsky would say pointing at D. and laughing in a most good-natured, innocent manner. Once this D. met Belinsky at the railway station which was just then under construction. 'I can't wait calmly, I have decided to take a walk to this place every day to have a look at the railway.' Oh, if the poor dear had only known with what eyes many people, including those who were building it, looked at this railway in those days! Belinsky used to say: 'I am not like everybody else, why, I am so painfully concerned with this thing. They'll bury me all right, but some day they'll find out whom they buried.' D. walked along with him and they began to talk about the railway of the future, about heated railway carriages, finally about the fuel problem in Moscow, where the price of firewood was going higher and higher. ~~And with increased~~ 'And in the future, when all the various railway lines will meet in Moscow, prices will be so much higher yet. Probably they'll be hauling fire-

¹⁹ This reminiscence about Belinsky (under the name of Granovsky) appears in Dostoevsky's *The Diary of a Writer* (1873) in an article entitled "Old People."

²⁰ Dostoevsky himself.

wood to Moscow by railway, from the wooded parts of the country.' Upon which Belinsky laughed uproariously at such poor knowledge of reality: 'Why, he is going to haul firewood by train!' The very thought appeared absurd to him. Imagine, he actually believed that railways would be for passengers only and that, as far as freight was concerned, only the most refined and precious *articles de Paris* would be transported by railway. So much for his knowledge of reality. Yet he had more understanding than anyone else."

"Must be then, that everybody else really understood a fat lot—"

"My friend, I have been out of touch with affairs...Presently, I don't want any part in them, nor can I..."

"What do you think you'd be good for, anyway?"

The Beauty shows her favor to the Student and invites him to her house. The Prince introduces him to——There is a scene between her and the Student, who tells her bluntly that he hasn't got time to waste on love.

"You've been brought up badly, you've got vile manners..."

"Oh, I wasn't even listening to you, what is it you were saying?"

Granovsky is angry and starts some kind of a tirade.

"Never mind, it's all nonsense anyway," the Student cuts in, "better tell me (and he asks him about a most vital matter regarding the relationship between Shaposhnikov and his wife, dropping a strange hint as he does)..." Then he begins to laugh, and leaves.

On the following day, when challenged by Granovsky, he says: "Oh, *this* is none of my business; I asked this question with something else in mind."

Inform the police: "Taking the case of Karakozov,²¹ and knowing about his intentions two hours ahead of time, would you have informed the police?" (a question addressed to Shaposhnikov).

Granovsky says "no," but keeps hedging on his answer, trying to qualify it.

"Even if you weren't yourself involved in the conspiracy, but having, somehow, learned about the intentions of the conspirators?"

"No, I would not have informed the police."

Shaposhnikov: "For my part, I'm going to inform the police. Why, this is unnatural. You are not using your own reason, or feeling your own emotions, or following your own rules—"

The Student: "Shaposhnikov at least has the courage of his convictions, while you are a windbag even in this respect."

After Granovsky has repeated many times that his son will not set the world on fire, he hears that his son is a favorite of the Beauty's and that the Princess is planning a special dinner party to invite Granovsky and *the Student* with the intention of bringing him together with the Beauty. Granovsky feels not only surprised but a bit jealous too, it seems. The Student says: "Admit that you're already jealous of the favors this magpie is showing me (because you are a hanger-on of hers) and envious of my success." Granovsky feels outraged, and that very night shines at the party by delivering his improvisation. He is in a state of rapture.

Upon returning home he says to his son: "Such are my convictions; I don't know how I discovered in myself that source of inspiration which has been dry for so long. But my grief, and the outrage I have suffered from you have called it forth. You have heard me. That is the whole of me."

"If that's really the whole of you," the Student replies, "you are simply a whining civic-minded old woman, like the rest of you people. But it appears to me that you are not only an old woman, but you also envy me, and that this is why you were blabbing so much today. Well, enough. Maybe I won't be around for some time, don't ask anybody about me."

"How can you talk to me in this way?"

"Why, isn't it the truth?" ~~Isn't it the truth~~

The Princess summons Granovsky and tells him about certain rumors concerning counterfeit money and proclamations. She also shows him a proclamation.

Granovsky goes to see his son. They have a talk, and here for the first time they get to speak seriously of their respective ideologies. The son defeats him on every score, and tells him about his wife (an informer). "Go away and don't meddle in my affairs."

That same night, the girl drowns herself.

On the third day, the murder.

Granovsky thinks that it is the Prince.

But the Princess calls him over and tells him ~~every little bit~~ about

²¹ Dmitry V. Karakozov (1840–66), who attempted the murder of Alexander II on April 21, 1866. The attempt failed and he was arrested and then condemned to death. He was hanged on September 3, 1866.

her son? Where is he? That same night his son shows up. "Is it true?" The son laughs and says that it has been decided to have him, Granovsky killed also. He also makes it definitely clear to him that Shaposhnikov has made his wife pregnant. "Play the role of Saks."

Uspensky informs the police, and meanwhile Granovsky makes a scene to his wife.

Uspensky tells him that all that talk about her being pregnant is nonsense, that he used to know Shaposhnikov well and that ~~him with~~ he loved the girl who drowned herself. But most important, that the murder was committed by Nechaev and the officer who had embezzled some official funds and was already wanted by the authorities.

The Princess talks about Granovsky. Strangely enough, they don't seem to resemble each other at all. Granovsky even now, at 57, is a handsome man, with the mane of a lion, aquiline eyes, of tall stature, with that thoughtful expression on his face, those majestic gestures—while the other looks exactly like that cherub painted on the ceiling ~~and has a perfectly stupid face to boot~~. Nevertheless, there is a resemblance also: the cherub would suddenly take on an exceedingly clever and serious expression—just as his father, while Granovsky's face would suddenly burst into some sort of laughter, turn terribly banal and change very suddenly from a lion into that ~~ceiling~~ cherub on the ceiling, the very image of his son.

- 32 Granovsky was truly pure, and ardently wished to do good, yet toward the end he couldn't help playing a role and inevitably became a phraseur. And as if this wasn't enough, he became—a fop—

*La vertu à nous ce n'est pas l'innocence...*²² (in his inspired after dinner speech at the Princess's).

The Student says: "The sciences, too, are superfluous. I'm not too erudite myself, nor am I a Westernizer, and I certainly have nothing against Russia. Why, it's even better here. It's simply that I am <in favor of tearing everything> up by the roots."

Shaposhnikov speaks about landowners and divinity students, and about how Belinsky and Granovsky simply *hated* Russia. (N.B. In more detail and more to the point about hatred for Russia.)

Granovsky (answers him:) "Oh, if you only knew how they loved Russia."

Shaposhnikov: "They loved themselves and used to whimper about themselves only."

Shaposhnikov says: "The sons of country squires, and all sorts of mediocrity, idleness, aversion to hard work, a disposition to loafing, easy work, and first and foremost—the fact that the sons of country squires are an uprooted class—"

"You sure are . . . embittered," remarks *the Student*.

"What is it they are? Their boldness in tackling problems, etc."

Shaposhnikov: "Nothing in particular, just a bunch of gophers, or something."

The Student says: "Victor Hugo speaks about the last terrible war, and then—songs, art, and so forth. An old windbag, and nothing else. ~~And Chernyshevsky, too, is a windbag.~~"

Granovsky: "You even haven't got the excuse of a Utopia,²³ like Chernyshevsky, Dobroliubov."

"They are windbags, too—we are the last and the best of the lot."

After the last parting words, about his wife and her being pregnant:

Granovsky: "I don't believe it, I don't believe it!"

"Sure, sure. No husband ever believes it. Why, even your vanity and ~~vaingloriousness~~ won't let you, and your vaingloriousness—(are you taking pictures?)."

"Leave me, ~~cursed~~ you are no longer my son, your hands are blood-stained! I ~~am going to die~~ am having a stroke, and I'm going to die."

"Well, you may go on living for a while yet, but suit yourself. . . Still, what a phrase-mongering, lachrymose old woman you really are, let me tell you this much."

"Monster! If it is true, as that unfortunate man (Shaposhnikov) has claimed, that yours is the product of my own uprooted generation, that it is we who in due course engendered the Utopists of about 8 years ago, and after them ~~you and that~~ in due progression you, in that case, tell

²² French: "Innocence for us is not virtue."

me, what will they be like who will replace you, and whom I may yet have the misfortune of seeing in my lifetime?"

"Why, they will not be like me, who did after all speak up in favor of leaving you alive when the question of having you strangled or not came up; they will certainly start with you, and perhaps rightly so."

After dinner, at the Princess's, the latter asks Granovsky to deliver a defense of poetry. He speaks marvelously well (a whole small chapter).

"No, you are still useful, Andrei Nikolaevich,"²⁴ says the Princess—"I—I..."—and here comes that improvisation in which Granovsky pours forth everything that has been dormant in him.

"Yes, you are right, he is a coward," says his wife to Shaposhnikov.

"It isn't that he is a coward, but he has no ground under his feet."

- 33 "Well, you will find solace in tears. I once read a book by Parthenios the Monk about his pilgrimage to Mount Athos,²⁵ and it said in that book that Nicholas the Monk had the gift of tears. Well, that's what you are, Nicholas the Monk who had the gift of tears."

N.B. *The most important thing.* After the Student's initial appearance, when his father, having introduced him to the Princess, has become convinced that his son won't set the world on fire, there follows directly the whole story about the Prince and Shaposhnikov's sister, and about Shaposhnikov himself. (The Beauty has not arrived yet, and so she couldn't have invited the Student to her place so as to destroy Granovsky's illusion that his son won't set the world on fire.) Later he is suddenly developed in full, and the first part of the finale transpires, then a rapid finale. (Shaposhnikov's death, the calumny against the wife, etc.)

Before the Beauty's arrival, the Student occasionally drops a slight hint about the Princess, the Prince—and there is even a debate at Granovsky's who, in Shaposhnikov's presence, refutes socialism. During the debate, the Student keeps laughing things off, but inserts a few serious

remarks also—not many though—and on the main point, until the discussion drifts on to the subject of denunciations. Later, Granovsky when alone with his son inadvertently mentions the enmity that exists between Shaposhnikov and the Prince. The Student listens intently and leaves silently.

Here now, the Beauty who has arrived only three days earlier, sends an invitation to *the Student*. A soirée—after which he makes that statement to his father about his being a whining old woman, and also drops his first hint about <his wife's> pregnancy.

That same night, Shaposhnikov's death.

On the next day, the girl drowns herself.

On the third day, the Princess, quite alarmed, summons the father to tell him that it was all his son's fault.

~~"Could this be true?"~~

The next day, Uspensky.

That night: "Could this be true?" *The Student* leaves, and the curse.

Granovsky falls ill and dies. He makes an effort to comprehend all that has happened and what they (the socialists and all these people) might be striving for, but he can't. Dissension between him and his wife. He is not allowed to leave town.

With the Beauty's arrival in town, the romantic strain in *the Student's* character becomes apparent. He completely disavows her, and so does the insulted Prince, who gives the Student so bad a thrashing he's black and blue all over. He has known for a long time that the Beauty loves him and is jealous of him.

N.B. (DEVELOP THE STORY OF THE BEAUTY AND THE STUDENT.)

The most important

The Student says: Actually, I am not concerned with the people or with getting to know the people. I know that it is now possible to spread sedition among the people, and that is all there is to it.

In discussing the people he suddenly displays, in a certain matter, a glaring and strange (absolutely essential that it be strange, and that it strike the eye with its absurdity) ignorance and unawareness. It is pointed out to him, with ridicule; but most remarkably, he isn't in the least embarrassed, nor does he waver, and even his vanity isn't touched. He takes it terribly coolly and casually. "Perhaps it is so," he says, "but

²⁴ An early name for Granovsky.

²⁵ A reference to an important book Dostoevsky had read: *The Legend of the Wanderings across Russia, Moldavia, Turkey, and the Holy Hills of the Monk Parfeny*. The scene about Semyon Iakovlevich in *The Possessed* is taken from this book.

it doesn't matter at all, for this is not the point; the point is that it is now possible to spread sedition, and that's what I'm going to do."

He is told that he won't be able to spread sedition, not knowing the people. Also, that the proclamations are simply preposterous.

"That's nonsense," he answers, "give me a quarter of an hour and let me just talk to the people, without censorship, and they will follow me right away."

When assured that the people are a lot more solid than that, he says:
34 "Why, this is nonsense!" And he points out facts—robberies, incendi-
ism, von Sohn, "and in any case, you can see for yourselves that this
thing is still undecided, and <I see that> you've stopped making com-
ments." ("The people were taken in by the Golden Charter, so why
shouldn't they be taken in by a proclamation?")

Sometimes he displays a frightful ignorance. He doesn't even pay
attention to his father's serious objections (for instance, regarding the
fact that human nature is not wholly known to us, and that reason rep-
resents no more than $\frac{1}{20}$ of the whole man), nor does he attempt or
even want to argue the point. He actually admits outright that he
doesn't know much about these things, but adds that this is not the
point.

He is perfectly bland in his ignorance.

As to his father's speech at the Princess's, he hasn't even heard
about it.

But nevertheless, he completely crushes his father ("you can't argue
with him," says the father).

He knows nothing at all about the problems involving Slavophiles
and Westernizers, not even in an approximate way; all he has heard is
that there exist some kind of Slavophiles and Westernizers, but that
it is all nonsense anyway, and quite beside the point.

He can't even spell correctly.

N.B. When his father shows concern that he may be arrested, he says
to him: "Don't you worry about me, I'll give them the slip."

"*Maybe I'll give them the slip a lot more easily than you think.*"

"I'm engaged in this business, because it has to be done. Every cause
must naturally take its beginning from this (from destruction); this I
know, and this is why I am doing have started it. I don't care what it
is going to lead to, yet I know that this is how it must be started; and
the rest is all so much idle talk."

"It only corrupts, and takes time."

"All these reforms, adjustments, and improvements—they are all a
lot of nonsense. The more you improve and reform, the worse it is; for
by so doing you artificially prolong the life of something which must in
any case die and be destroyed. The sooner, the better; the earlier you
start, the better (first of all, God, kinship, family, etc.) One must de-
stroy everything in order to erect a new structure; it is quite absurd to
keep propping up the old building with props."

"Very well, assuming now you know that sooner or later you must
die, why won't you then shoot yourself right now, the sooner, the
better?"

"Solely because I don't want to, yet, and because there is this business
to be taken care of."

"I am no genius, nor do I want to be one. But I know what is to be
done right now, and I'm doing it. You used to know it, too, but you ~~cry~~
do nothing but cry. Whereas we aren't crying, but simply doing."

They took the key to understanding, but haven't entered themselves,
nor will they allow others to enter—"26

"How true. That's a good one. But where does it say so?"

"That is in the Gospel. Can it be that you really didn't know that
either?" (He didn't.)

"An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, as in the Gospel."

"You wretch, this is not from the Gospel."

Nota bene. Mention that proclamations have appeared in this town
even before, that such material had also been in evidence. Also, there
were those fires three years earlier, counterfeit money had been circu-
lated, etc.

The Student is asked by his father: "Is it true that you have some-
thing to do with the Beauty?"

Previous unpleasantness with his son—"You were married three
times, weren't you?" Some instance in which he absolutely misunder-
stands a contemporary phenomenon of popular life, and his perplexity
regarding recent reforms. (April issue of "Dawn.") His contempt for

26 A free quotation from Luke 11:52.

Vanka—Belinsky. Iskander, "A" and "B." Poorly managed roads, 80,000 children, von Sohn, confusion created by lawyers—freed 4 o'clock because of mitigating circumstances, commits a new theft at 7. Society, attuned to everything new, is credulous, while the peasants already tend to believe the uncommon, rather than the common. He takes offense at the fact that Russia is happy. Proclamation: destroy the churches, the family—we'll convince them that it comes from the Tsar (Granovsky's note).

35 Previous unpleasantness with the son, but he had not seen him in the last three years. He is at his flat, waiting for his son (the thing is that he arrived in town a week ago). The Student has previously been in the civil service, while Uspensky, his accomplice, is a secondary school teacher.

Shaposhnikov asserts that we have not, so far, developed an independent view of Europe. ("Not that there is such a great need of it," says Granovsky.)

During the dinner party at the Princess's, Granovsky makes fun of his son (he envies him) for the levity of the latter's views on human happiness and love: "You do not know life, nor its great goals, nor the manifestations of human nature. A man will never reconcile himself so easily to the loss of his love and happiness, and he will consider it base and even degrading to forget so soon the woman whom he has lost and to replace her with another; much rather, he will dream of full happiness only in conjunction with irretrievable love."

"Why, there you are, telling me that you have such a hard time forgetting," says the son, "yet you are married to your third wife."

Granovsky blushes: "Does this mean that I have forgotten them? And, while it is true that I have remarried, it was after an exceedingly long interval in each case, when the heart had gotten tired and weary of suffering, even though the old wound would remain open forever."

"Etc., etc. Yet in the end you did remarry and your only justification is that it was after a long interval. Well, as far as I am concerned, the shorter So then, this But no matter if the interval is long large or small, you still arrive at the same result, just as any other person with only a light memory—well, as far as I'm concerned it is obvious that the shorter the interval the better."

"Nor is a long interval any kind of virtue to be shown off for people to see. You are just made that way. If this weren't so, a person who digests more slowly would deserve more respect than one who sh—s in due time."

Or: "if this isn't so, the slower the digestive process, the more respect one owes a person."

Granovsky, who is at first only superficially arguing with his son, says laughingly, laughing at the Russian people: "Let the authors of these proclamations spend some money and print them on silver paper, in golden letters and with vermilion ornaments, and let them say in the heading that this is a Golden Charter from the Tsar—why, the people will destroy their churches as well as their families, having learned that this comes from the Tsar."

"Tiens! ~~why~~ c'est une idée!"²⁷

²⁷ French: "Say, that's an idea."

36 Granovsky used to tell stories about Belinsky and about Iskander. He was at a loss to decide what was going on—8,000 children, etc., and seemed to be glad.

An instance of a profound lack of understanding for some fact of popular life.

~~The Beauty~~ The Ward—only has a miscarriage—The Prince slaps Shaposhnikov's face. The latter bears it.

He proposed to the Ward. She refuses.

T. N. Granovsky

He and Shaposhnikov

His wife enters: "I have been to your place."

Notabene: Make the beginning entertaining, as brief and rich in events as ever possible, so that all the *personae* are juxtaposed as naturally as possible, and romantically as possible; also, so that all express themselves as fully as possible.

??? Do not introduce Shaposhnikov's sister, for the sake of brevity, and replace her by a different personage.

Granovsky's wife comes from the Princess's household (it is she who is the Ward.).

The Prince fell in love with her. The Princess, during the Prince's absence, married her off to Granovsky. The Student Shaposhnikov consoles her. The Prince does not like that. Meanwhile the Beauty arrives. The Prince continues to love Granovsky's wife and is struggling with his passion. The Beauty is somehow assigned to him by family agreement. She is the daughter of the General and his wife.¹ The Prince is getting ready to meet her in a haughty manner, with a tinge of ridicule, and with an air of gracefully borne inevitability. Now, the Beauty has previously met *the Student* abroad, and suddenly—upon meeting him at the Princess's—says: "Oh, it is you." Everybody is sur-

prised, and the Prince no less than everybody else. In the meantime, the Prince suddenly slaps Shaposhnikov's face, who bears it. The Prince asks his forgiveness in Granovsky's presence. ~~He~~ But Shaposhnikov says that he doesn't need it.

Meanwhile the Beauty offers to elope with the Student.

~~During the second soirée~~ But at dinner Granovsky realizes that his son is stupid.

But the Prince informs Granovsky ~~that~~ in a condescending manner and facetiously that his son is trying to steal his bride. "They've had a rendezvous, I know—" Granovsky has a serious talk with his son, whereas up to this point he has only been arguing with him in a condescending way.

A soirée at the General's and the Beauty's.

Granovsky's wife attends it. Granovsky feels piqued—His son and Granovsky's improvisation.

[N.B.] The Prince always ~~was~~ hated Shaposhnikov, but after that sudden slap in the face Granovsky is perplexed. However, his son has this explanation for him: "Why, it is Shaposhnikov who is giving solace to your wife, and the Prince is jealous of Shaposhnikov."

Almost better?

February 5 <1870>

N.B. Some kind of a scandal at the Beauty's soirée—where *the Student* is clearly the favorite. The Princess is alarmed.

Even earlier, the Student drops a hint about Shaposhnikov to his father.

37 Granovsky

Shaposhnikov and Granovsky and wife

Enter the Prince. He discusses Granovsky's son—surprised. Granovsky's wife asks about the arrival of the Beauty. The Prince invites them to dinner for the next day. And he brings along his son. "I only saw him the day before yesterday."

The son shows up—"for just a minute." He disappears—everybody is invited to dinner.

~~Granovsky and son~~ At dinner, "so this is you!"

The Prince had thought that he was going to meet the Beauty with condescension, but now it turns out that it is she who treats him with condescension (she is a nihilist).

Gossip about Granovsky's wife, supported by his son.

The murder of Shaposhnikov (she flees with *the Student*).

¹ In the final version Liza is not the daughter of General Drozdov; he is her stepfather.

The Beauty quarrels with her father about being forced to marry the Prince, and also tells the Princess openly that ~~the Prince~~ the Prince has a liaison with Mme. Granovsky and that he is jealous of Shaposhnikov who apparently has stolen Granovsky's wife from the Prince and is now her fortunate lover.

An affair is brewing. ~~Granovsky~~ The Princess has a showdown with Granovsky, but there, suddenly, the murder of Shaposhnikov.

N.B. *The Student* leaves town before the murder of Shaposhnikov, but after the murder he shows up in Granovsky's garden demanding that the latter remain silent. "You have ruined the reputation of my wife!"

The Prince is passionately and hopelessly in love with Granovsky's wife. She is keeping him at a distance. He is jealous of Shaposhnikov. The arrival of his bride makes the Prince even more anxious to have a heart-to-heart talk (about something) with Granovsky's wife. (N.B. Granovsky's wife still loves the Prince, and has confided this fact to Shaposhnikov). In the meantime, *the Student* puts together his version of the story (*fully convinced of its truthfulness*) and informs the Prince that Mme. Granovsky really has a liaison with Shaposhnikov. The Prince slaps his face when he meets him, etc.

At first, the Student is very mild and not talkative, so that his father actually makes fun of him (he certainly won't set the world on fire, *thou* and *you*). Here then, some characteristic little stories.) (A conspiracy of the y<oung> people ?.) But suddenly, an argument with his father, (Meanwhile, proclamations, etc.) and rumors (from the Princess and the Prince) that ~~the Student is stealing the other man's bride (who has begun to talk openly and boldly to her father, the General)~~ and that Shaposhnikov is making good progress in a certain undertaking of his, etc.; also, that the Beauty is sharing his opinions. Here then, the debate about poetry and Granovsky's tirade. In the evening, Granovsky's argument with the Student, and the latter's revelation about Granovsky's wife. (Disdainful attitude toward his father: "Why, I wasn't even listening.") (At this stage the Beauty *begins to talk* to her parents.) The Princess and Granovsky, and concerning his wife's relations with Shaposhnikov. On the same day, the slap in the face. Although Granovsky has turned his son out of his house only the day before, he goes to see him for an explanation. For the first time, <the son puts up> an insolent argument: "that slut," etc. The son departs (i.e., he pretends that he is leaving town). Granovsky and his wife, the

tragedy at his house. On the third day, Shaposhnikov's death. Rumors. The Student shows up in the garden. Leaves the nihilist girl with him and departs. Granovsky has diarrhea, etc.

The Princess invites him together with his son.—"My son? But he isn't here yet." "How is that possible? I met him only a moment ago and even told him that I'm coming here." "Strange." At this point the Student rings the doorbell.

The Prince has been absent himself, and has just arrived. (N.B. Granovsky does not relish his visits, but never shows it.)

The Beauty also arrives at the same time (as both the Student and the Prince).

The Prince speaks condescendingly of his bride. He is actually irritated by the prospect of having to meet her.

38 N.B. Granovsky tells Shaposhnikov about his son, not knowing that they are acquainted and in touch with each other.

Granovsky.

Granovsky and Shaposhnikov (partly about his son and the proclamations). The proclamation.

Enter the Prince—he hasn't seen his bride as yet, since she, too, has arrived only in the morning. He tells him that he has met his son. Surprise.

Enter the son. A few strange words. The son leaves. (Shaposhnikov and the Prince exchange biting remarks on the street corner. Shaposhnikov is walking along by himself when suddenly the Student appears from behind a corner, laughing, and joins Shaposhnikov as they walk on together. But one can see that something has been going on between them. (There is an air of mystery about whatever they are discussing.)

The Princess. Her attitude toward Granovsky. Toward the bride (toward Granovsky's wife) ~~She went to see the General~~ She sends the Prince over to the General. The Prince meets his bride (N.B. she goes on horseback, or something of that kind). She has pushed the Prince to the wall (the Prince is a major landowner, yet he also needs some money).

There is a proclamation at the Princess's.

Dinner. The Princess, the Student, and Granovsky have come earlier—and suddenly the bride walks up to the Student. *The Student* is accidentally pushed into the foreground (some kind of provocative act—"A whimpering civic-minded old woman," or something of that sort; about recent political affairs, about nihilists).

After dinner, a committee meeting, and Shaposhnikov.

(N.B. The Prince has written a letter to Mme. Granovsky. He is asking her for a rendezvous. Shaposhnikov knows about the letter. He demands an explanation from the Prince, etc.)

The sojourn of the nihilist. A visit to the General's house, and to the Beauty; gossiping about Shaposhnikov and the Prince. Rumors: the Father feels piqued, has a showdown with his son. Meanwhile, money, the proclamations, etc. Soirée at the General's. (The General is acquainted with Granovsky.) At the General's party, Granovsky's speech about art and about himself.

The son: "I wasn't even listening." Quarrel. About Granovsky's wife. He walks up to the house—and the Prince and Shaposhnikov are there. The Prince slaps Shaposhnikov's face in the presence of both Granovsky and *the Student*.

Granovsky is embarrassed—his son embarrasses him even more. ("I won't be around for some time.")

In the morning, the affair at the General's house. The Beauty refuses—and the Prince refuses too. The Princess summons Granovsky. Various bits of information received by the Princess about the rumors. ~~Granovsky~~

Granovsky goes to see his son. A showdown and a quarrel. (Shaposhnikov and Mme. Granovsky—Mme. Granovsky tells Shaposhnikov that she loves the Prince). Here now, the rendezvous between the Student and the Beauty. Shaposhnikov is an informer. She has come to Shaposhnikov's flat almost in a fit of despair (the slap in the face, and her sisterly love for Shaposhnikov, and her love for the Prince).

Immediately after she is gone, Shaposhnikov goes to the park (the printing press).

In the park, they are waiting for Shaposhnikov. He comes, and they kill him.

Granovsky and his wife. The Princess sends for Granovsky. This is he—three days. The Student shows up at night—A final showdown—The bride flees, but shows up again. ~~The Prince~~ The Student rejects her, is cursed by his father, and leaves. The Prince meets his bride and takes her home.

Granovsky dies of diarrhea. Holy Communion—The Prince and Granovsky's wife in perspective.

N.B. More details about the Student's actions regarding Shaposhnikov and the conspiracy, also about the fact that Shaposhnikov is about

to turn informer (he himself tells Granovsky's wife about his intentions as he takes leave of her).

(A curious tête-à-tête between the Student and the Bride.)

In more detail: the conspirators (about the Student and the Bride: do it over again, with some new additions).

- 39 N.B. *The most important*. (When Granovsky's wife was about to get married to him, she rejected Shaposhnikov's proposal, or he rejected her, for some romantic reason, something in that vein. Couldn't Shaposhnikov's wife be presented as an alcoholic?)

The Prince says: "I never possessed firmness of character."

The Beauty says: "I've decided to put an end to all this nonsense."

Her father the General is desperate and, after an unsuccessful attempt at being severe, begins to ply her with entreaties. "You are not an animal"—a lecture on the differences between animals. She says: "You are making a fool out of yourself." (Perhaps she is by nature gay and disposed to laughter.) *Perhaps* she participates wholeheartedly in the murder of Shaposhnikov. Get a bishop for the entreaties. Yet *the Student* meets her with composure. The General writes a letter to Granovsky about liberalism (illiterate). Granovsky replies—Eloquence and tears—

Shaposhnikov tells Granovsky's wife that he is greatly concerned about a certain affair, and that he wants to report it to the authorities.—

Granovsky has a brother, a retired lieutenant colonel. A freethinker and liberal, dissipated but extremely honest. When liberalism raises its ultimate demands—he is utterly scared and appalled by his nephew. He is in love with ~~the Beauty~~ the Governor's wife or the Beauty and writes poetry. He is at odds with his brother (Granovsky) and looks down on him. He indignantly rebuffs his nephew when the latter slanders Mme. Granovsky. He does not like Shaposhnikov, but helps the latter's (drunken) wife. He has started to help the family and quits being angry with Shaposhnikov. ("It would be indecent and tactless for me to be angry with him, while I'm helping him.") At first he engages in some freethinking with his nephew, and enjoys it; but later he is horrified. Behaves oddly about town. Harpagon, *The Bear*. Mud-dle-headed letters.

40 The Student's associates. The honest and fiery Uspensky,
—the fool Zaitsev and his sister,
—a schoolteacher, bitter at everything and everybody,
—a little scoundrel,
—a man who is completely and honestly convinced of everything, including that two million heads <must fall>, and that one ought better to start hanging and burning right away, and forget about the law.
Blasphemy and sacrilege in church.)

About the rebellion of December 14 as a senseless undertaking, which wouldn't have stood up for as much as two hours. N.B. "They are complaining—but didn't they go for it themselves?" (the Colonel's opinion).

The Colonel asserts that the Russian soldier possessed a high and a firm spirit even before, without gymnastics.

Let even the slave be like a free man (St. Paul)²—an opinion stated to Granovsky by Shaposhnikov. Granovsky fails to understand.

—When the nephew³ is invited to the Princess's, he teases the Colonel that the latter is envious of him. (Whereas the Colonel, on the contrary, is as happy as a puppy and takes offense at his nephew's supposition that he is (1) envious, and (2) desirous of a visit with the Princess. "She'd be all too glad to invite me, but she won't, because she knows that I'll turn her down rudely.")

—The Colonel is supporting his sister, mother of the Student. When the Student arrives in town, the old lady immediately changes her loyalty, deserting the Colonel and becoming utterly devoted to her son. She tells her son a lot of things about the Colonel, presenting him as a monster of cruelty. Her son eventually abandons her, leaving her with the Colonel. She learns about the murder of Shaposhnikov, sews a sack for the body (though she is cursing her son): "They've gone quite mad." She sews the sack and disposes of the body, while praising the deceased. "I am his godmother. I wonder what his old mother, Natalia Petrovna, will be doing now." She curses him definitively when he is disrespectful and makes fun of her. She hates the Colonel because he is in love with

the Beauty (poetry). He reports it to her son. She is glad to hear that the Prince has broken with the Beauty. She has designs for her son.—
(N.B. Shaposhnikov is the brother of Mme. Granovsky?)

41 —Granovsky had supported his brother (who is his enemy) while the latter was in the service, and also his nephew (*the Student*) whom he brought up at his expense. The Student's mother is particularly hostile to Granovsky.

Shaposhnikov is the brother of Granovsky's wife. He has no mother. He hates the Prince. He keeps watching his sister, who takes offense at that, but still loves her brother. She has a firm relationship with the Prince.

The Lieutenant Colonel, a malicious and low jester, ridicules his brother and the latter's friendship with the Princess behind their backs, and also speaks ill of her, precisely because she is a benefactress. And the Princess absolutely insists on being everybody's benefactress. The brother is a madcap. He covets the Beauty, slanders Mrs. Granovsky. *The Student* has no mercy on him, and eventually exposes him outright as the scoundrel he is, without showing him any compassion.

"When I look at his face," says Granovsky several times, trying to nettle his nephew (which the latter immediately acknowledges).

The book by Flerovsky (*Dawn*, No. 1, section "Criticism").⁴

Granovsky says: "To the pen from the card table, and to the card table from the pen. And there is a set time for high and for low tide."⁵

Shaposhnikov immediately chimes in:

"Chatsky, being the narrowminded fool that he is, doesn't even realize how very stupid he sounds saying this. He yells, 'a carriage for me, a carriage!', indignant because he is ~~was~~ unable to see for himself that even in the Moscow of his time one could do better than 'to the pen from the card table, and to the card table from the pen.' He is a gentleman and a landowner, and nothing exists for him except his own little circle. That's why he becomes so despondent about life in the higher circles of Moscow ~~because~~, as if nothing existed in Russia beside that way of life. Like all Russian progressives, he overlooks the Russian people. Overlooks it the more, the more progressive he is. The more one is a gentleman and a progressive, the more one hates—not

² A free quotation from I Corinthians 7:22.

³ Nechaev or Peter Verkhovensky.

⁴ *The Situation of the Working Class in Russia; Observations and Researches* (1869).

⁵ A quotation from Griboedov's (1795–1828) *Woe from Wit*.

conditions in Russia, but the Russian people. About the Russian people, ~~he thought~~ its religion, its history, its customs, its destiny, and its huge numbers, he thinks only in terms of rent received. The Decembrists, and the poets, and professors, and liberals, and all the reformers until the time of the Emancipator-Tsar thought exactly in the same way. They collected rent, spent it living in Paris, attending Cousin's⁶ lectures, and ended up becoming Catholics, like Chadaev⁷ or Gagarin.⁸ If they happened to be freethinkers, they would end up hating Russia after the fashion of Belinsky *e tutti quanti*. But what is worst of all, a Chatsky couldn't even imagine that there existed in Russia another world beside that of Moscow ~~a real~~ because he was himself a Moscow gentleman and landowner. How infinitely more clever ~~than he~~ than this fool of a Muscovite was the man who simply played cards. Let him be stupid—at least he has a kind heart. Let him be short-witted—at least his thoughts have some originality. Back in those days, all these tirades against Moscow were at least original. But what about you, what about you? who are repeating this stuff today? Oh, if you only knew
42 how badly you've fallen behind even the Muscovites of those days, and I mean both those who spent their time playing cards and those who were in the service! And you consider yourselves progressives! Anyone who becomes a captive of organized liberalism is *eo ipso* behind times. The form of liberalism must always be original ~~As soon as it becomes organized, liberalism immediately becomes stagnated and degenerates,~~ a new one for each generation. I'm not speaking of substance, I'm speaking of form. This is a symptom. A liberalism that has ended up being antinational and nurturing a personal hatred against Russia is all stagnation and confusion, though you don't realize it, having long been taking all this to be the most progressive and the loftiest. And don't forget either that it was the Tsar, and not you, who freed the people. This idea was ~~already~~ in the minds of former Tsars, but it never entered the mind of the Decembrist Chatsky.

My God, they have never realized that the Tsars have been more

liberal and more progressive than they, and not only that, because the Tsars always went along with the people, even under Biron.⁹ Whereas they, on the contrary, used to be placed under public tutelage on account of their cruel treatment of the peasantry—and why? Because they were so wicked? Not at all, but simply because they wouldn't dare to take a more original view of Russia—because they mistook their own Moscow society for all of Russia. I bet you that the Decembrists would have definitely freed the Russian people, and without delay, but also definitely without their land—for which the people would have definitely and without delay wrung their necks,* thus proving to them that Russia consists of more than just their own Moscow society—to their very great surprise. What then? Why, even without their heads they wouldn't have been able to understand a thing, notwithstanding the fact that it was precisely their heads which, more than anything else, impeded their understanding. No Sir, this is a schism. Ever since Peter the Great we've had two schisms—the upper and the lower."

"And certainly the people would have done well, for it was certainly their heads which, more than anything else, impeded their understanding."

"This... isn't so..." observed Granovsky, assuming a dignified air, "I cannot of course give you an answer to this and, for that matter, I don't know who can; not because I actually can't, but because my hands are tied." (Which leaves Shaposhnikov nonplussed;** he smiles venomously.)

Here! N.B.

43 It all starts out by Granovsky being terribly afraid that he won't be invited. In front of Shaposhnikov, he gives himself independent airs. Enter the Prince.

The Prince, having sat there for a while listening to the irritable Shaposhnikov and the pedantic Granovsky, asks him to have dinner at his house the next day, with his wife and nephew. Astonishment about the nephew having already arrived.

* Literally, "twisted off their heads," thus permitting a pun in the next sentence.

** Since the Russian text leaves it open whether Shaposhnikov is the subject or the object of this sentence, the translation might also read: "Shaposhnikov has left him nonplussed."

Enter the nephew. Biting remarks aimed at Granovsky. (He considers himself immeasurably superior to Granovsky, does so naïvely and quite sincerely; can't help finding him ridiculous. Avidly listens to gossip.)

The next day, at the Princess's, he displays his bad manners and makes fun of everybody. The Prince finally stops him. They quarrel. Whereas the Bride shows herself most favorably disposed toward the Nephew. On the following day, she has a showdown with the Prince.

Before the dinner party, Granovsky is terribly afraid of his nephew's raillery at tomorrow's dinner.

44

The last, February 16 <1870>

Granovsky the bridegroom's nameday. He has a slightly swollen cheek and doesn't feel quite well. *He is toying with a piece of jewelry.* All the time he is meaning to get down to work. A letter from his son, and he is afraid. He awaits the Princess's impending visit with trepidation. To keep up appearances, he is carrying on a lively conversation with the bilious Shaposhnikov. Everybody arrives at the same time. The Princess asks Shaposhnikov to keep talking. He has received a proclamation. The Prince mentions his son. Granovsky (and everybody else) is surprised that his son has already arrived. Must be he has stopped at his brother's. Enter the son: about the brother, about poetry, "I'm looking at him, that elegant snivel."

"I'd give him a failing mark."

Granovsky, throughout the novel, is constantly bickering with his son about leadership*; then suddenly realizes that his son hasn't been joking at all, but on the contrary, doing things all along.

The guests are leaving. Granovsky's son and Shaposhnikov are staying. The Prince. A comic situation. "Business—really, why should we discuss it here?" They leave. (Along the way, the Prince with his fiancée.) At his brother's, *Shaposhnikov* and *The Student*. They make fun of his brother, and a confidential talk. *Shaposhnikov* refuses. (The Student speaks ill of the Bride in the brother's presence, and in Shaposhnikov's eyes he begins to take shape as a person suspicious of everyone, and a cad. Shaposhnikov ~~who is employed as a private tutor~~ has a

* The Russian word, *verkhovinstvo*, is significant in that it contains the key to the symbolism of the name *Verkhovensky*. Note that *verkhovinstvo* is a rather rare word.

mother and a drunken wife at home. Shaposhnikov has fallen in love with the Ward.)

The relationship between the Prince and Shaposhnikov ought to be revealed by the narrator.

Shaposhnikov hasn't even declared his love (but the Prince is still jealous). As to the Prince, it is assumed that there isn't anything doing at all. *The Student* tries to calm the Prince down.

The 2d part reveals all the relationships in which the Bride is involved (there is a *soirée* at their place). Dinner at the Princess's. She has a heart-to-heart talk with the Prince. Stormy sessions with the generals of the house. She sees a lot of *the Student*, the main reason for this being ostensibly that she has brought the proclamations with her. But *the Student* does not respond and does not pay any attention to her. She sends the Prince over to *the Student* in that certain matter. It gives him a scare: "She hasn't blabbed out the secret, has she?" She does blab it all out to Shaposhnikov when the Student fails to come and see her. Shaposhnikov tells everything to the Student, who is very angry. Meeting with the teachers. (The first is easy.)

Meanwhile in town, rumors about proclamations. Projects of arson. The Prince penetrates into these affairs, being against them.

2. Meanwhile there is a *soirée* at the Princess's. Granovsky's tirade on poetry. *The Student* teases him about his marrying *the Prince's* sins. (He also teases the Prince saying that he has heard about his sins from Shaposhnikov. The Prince slaps Shaposhnikov's face. Gossip.)

3. Shaposhnikov, after having had his face slapped, openly protests at the final meeting. (He has been arguing against it even before, in conversations with the Bride and with the Prince.)

3d part. Shaposhnikov wants to inform the police. The murder. The Beauty comes running to the Student, who sends her away and leaves all by himself. The Prince suddenly marries Granovsky's fiancée.

Granovsky—diarrhea.

43 *Shaposhnikov* and *the Prince* exchange caustic remarks to the utmost limit.

The proclamation, an act of sacrilege, and *the fire*. (After the fire Shaposhnikov wants to inform the police.)

N.B. Granovsky is ideally in favor of incendiarism. "If you really want to act, then act." Shaposhnikov tells him about himself (confesses)—

Here, *the most important*—father and son quarrel, open clashes at the various parties.

However, the son still manages to instill in Granovsky a feeling of shame about his marriage, which leads to an argument between Granovsky and the Princess. Yet Granovsky *still* strikes a pose and, with ostensible magnanimity says *that he won't believe it*. "If you don't believe it, then why are you raising all this fuss, and whimpering so much?" says the Princess. The princess also complains to Granovsky that the Beauty has become involved with the Student. This causes Granovsky to take a more respectful view of his son, whom he now admires and envies. His son openly tells him all these things.

Yet ~~Colonel~~ Miliukov already knows, and has spread it all around, that today Granovsky has been "polishing up the old horse's teeth."

Not a general, but a colonel, *her* stepfather, who has married her old mother for her money. Rabid liberalism (her mother remains silent for the time being). Makes up to both the Student and the Prince. (~~The Student~~ The Colonel has noticed the Student's attitude toward *her*; he is paying court to *her* because she rules over her mother.)

Captain Kartuzov—a Sevastopolian, a cousin of Granovsky's. A son of Anna's sister.*

Granovsky is talking about his wedding: "This isn't a settled matter, it is a delicate matter."

46 February 18 <1870>

The Princess has just had a heart-to-heart talk with Granovsky. Little is being said openly, yet both Shaposhnikov and the Prince know about it. The Ward is willing. The Prince loves her silently, but has never declared his love. Early in the novel the Prince is undecided as to how he ought to act; but it seems that he is inclined to give in. The notion that his mother is marrying off the Ward to Granovsky greatly astonishes him: up to this point he has been silently, yet most terribly, jealous of Shaposhnikov. Whereas the Ward, wishing to avoid any damage to the Prince's career, has failed to dispel his notions regarding Shaposhnikov. Yet she would avidly have listened to the Prince declaring to her his love, even though she has made up her mind not to do anything that might damage his career. But the Prince is proud, dis-

trustful, terribly shy, sickly, and very much under his mother's thumb. He hates Shaposhnikov all the time. The Student has managed to find out about that hatred of his.

The Prince has been away for a long time, about three months, deceived by the Ward's false confession, ~~made~~ made in a state of vexation, that she loves Shaposhnikov. He hasn't been home (in 6 months) all summer. When he returns in August, he suddenly learns about her betrothal to Granovsky.

Meanwhile the Beauty and her family have returned from abroad after a 1½ year stay. (A year earlier, the Princess was abroad also; she returned half a year before them.) The two mothers (childhood friends) had fixed the wedding. The Prince and the Beauty know about this decision. The Prince and his fiancée had stayed abroad longer. The Beauty still won't say either "yes" or "no." Two weeks before the Prince's return, when the Beauty had just arrived, the two mothers had again been discussing the matter (they were expecting the Prince), and the Beauty had learned about Granovsky. (~~M~~ She goes horseback riding with her stepfather.)

In the meantime the Beauty has met the Student abroad. Actually they had become acquainted while the Prince was still with her. Having returned herself, the Beauty tells the Prince immediately upon his arrival that "he is late" (she says nothing of the Student, but the Prince guesses it himself, finding her very strange).

N.B. The Prince hadn't suggested anything to the Beauty; it is she who (*tactlessly*) writes him that he has come too late. The Prince explains his position to her, but she isn't at all embarrassed and shocks the Prince with her conceit and liberal nonsense.

The Prince announces the Student's arrival, and Granovsky, too, has received a letter and shows that he is worried (there had been an argument before). Granovsky is ashamed of his relatives and is worried about them. His sisters had been sent away and were receiving a pension. But later, he is proud of his son's successes and bickers with him about erudition.

At Granovsky's nameday party the Princess accidentally reveals the betrothal of Granovsky and his bride. (*Actually, she was only planning it.*) Shaposhnikov, the Prince, and the Beauty are all present. The Ward has a fit. Granovsky's son appears on the scene. Impertinences. Everybody is amazed by the way the Beauty treats him.

During that same soirée the Bride turns down the Prince's proposal. Granovsky on poetry.

* Or, "A son of his sister Anna."

- 47 The Student ~~talks~~ has a showdown with Shaposhnikov. Contacts with Uspensky. Shaposhnikov declares to the Prince ~~and assures~~ that the Ward has never loved him, but that she loves him, the Prince.
- The Tragic Mother has a heart-to-heart talk with her daughter and the Colonel—~~Shaposhnikov~~. The Student is getting chummy with the Colonel, who is making up to the Student ~~because~~ in order to ~~his daughter~~ please his daughter.
- A break between mother and daughter.
- A break between the Prince and the Princess—a big argument, they lock themselves in their rooms. Then, to the Captain. A terrible scandal.
- The betrothal has been set to take place at the Princess's. It doesn't come off. The son makes fun of his father. Granovsky plays the magnanimous.
- The Princess breaks with Granovsky for his having given in. Rumors about his son. (In town, proclamations, acts of sacrilege, arson.)
- Granovsky has a showdown with his son.
- The Beauty suddenly reveals to her mother that she is going to marry Granovsky's son.
- Granovsky treats his son with respect.
- The murder of Shaposhnikov, who had wanted to report everything to the police.
- The Student escapes, having frightened both the Colonel and Granovsky.
- Granovsky's death.
- Both *the Student* and the Beauty are inhuman and ruthless to their families, and even to each other. The Governor failed to take any action against *the Student* up to that point because he did not want to antagonize the Princess.
- The Captain gets spat at and laughed at, as she flees with *the Student*. The Captain finds out about everything, including Shaposhnikov's death. He informs the police and goes out of his mind. The Captain is arrested.
- ~~The Prince leaves.~~ The Chronicler visits him in the hospital. The cockroach.*
- The Prince marries the Ward.
- N.B. The Prince makes friends with the Captain from that very

moment when the Captain learns that the Beauty has rejected his proposal.

The Prince befriends Shaposhnikov and the Captain, but not in public.

{The novel has the form of an epic poem about how Granovsky wanted to get married, but didn't.

{Or, an explanatory account of how *all this* happened. Start with the proclamations. All in the form of a *narrative*—as simple and concise as possible.

From a provincial chronicle. Start from how everybody is discussing this whole business, and how so-and-so-many were carried away by it all, and how people were wondering about many things, such as broken-up marriages, and suicides, and how we could possibly have such an *échevelée*¹⁰ literature. Just as they are saying God knows what about the last days of Timofei N. Granovsky (it is known for a positive fact now that the Princess had been paying him a pension). Whereas actually, everything happened quite simply.

At odds with the Governor. The Governor is out of town at first, but then he arrives and introduces doubly severe measures. He starts with the Captain (who happens to be the most innocent of the lot), while completely overlooking the Student. Some people have actually claimed that he really overlooked him on purpose.

- 48 On the day of the nameday party (the first day of the novel) the Captain is frustrated also.

I was the only other person present at Granovsky's during his passionate exchange with Shaposhnikov. And altogether, whenever I am giving an account of conversations which took place between just two persons, don't pay any attention to this: ~~I know~~ Either I have positive facts, or I am, perhaps, *inventing* them myself, but in any case, I can assure you that everything is true.

The system which I have adopted is that of a *chronicle*.

Thus, for instance, Nechaev enters. Here, what his face looks like will be given, and what kind of an impression he made on me. They used to say that he had a wart somewhere—but nothing of the kind; but if, as they say, an agent of the police actually let him slip across the border, this isn't surprising at all—particularly if it is true that he

* Or, conceivably, a person named Tarakanov.

¹⁰ French: "disordered."

was so clever at disguising himself: really, there was nothing special about him.

Even the opinion regarding police agents.

(Whereas the Beauty, poor fugitive who had followed Shaposhnikov, did get stopped. ? She had fled with the Captain. The Captain was brought back (Ushakov¹¹ had reported everything to the police). (The Prince paid him a visit.)

N.B. (A description of the fire, for instance: "Can you imagine that, at the time I... It started at Nikola's place, a wooden shed being the first building on fire—he is a local merchant.")

About Ushakov—quick-tempered and fervent (he lets slip the secret <of the conspiracy> during a conversation—this I shall report in his own words).

I have also talked to the Student.

All in all, the Student's opinions and doctrines were such—(two million heads, etc.) Whereas Ushakov went even further, etc.

N.B. Whenever the meetings of the conspirators are mentioned, the Chronicler adds this note: "It is possible that they had more meetings—of course they did—I don't know, but presumably the actual course of events was this..." (And here then, often in the form of a narrative, the details of how Nechaev talked them into accepting his ideas, how the Beauty smuggled the proclamations across the border, how the Captain is guilty of nothing at all, how Timofei Nikolaevich Granovsky initially agreed with their ideas, but eventually funk'd out disgracefully, about the Princess's thoughtlessness, about the Tragic Mother's suspicions, how the Prince apparently knew everything, how they fabricated a false accusation to implicate the Prince, how the Student aroused the Prince's jealousy, while telling his father (Granovsky) that the Prince was going to kill *Shaposhnikov*—(which is why Timofei Nikolaevich came up with his absurd accusation of the Prince in Shaposhnikov's death), how he later got scared and died of diarrhea.

N.B. Or, the Chronicler reports, in his narrative, the argument between Shaposhnikov and Granovsky. Not the whole conversation, but in the manner of *narrator's comment*, so that the Chronicler says: "Shaposhnikov's opinion was such-and-such (about Chatsky)."

N.B. When he speaks about Granovsky in general, as he describes him in the beginning of his narrative, he has this comment: "Unfortunately, our contemporary public must be reminded even of people of this calibre. Why is it that we tend to skim along our present so lightly, while altogether forgetting our past?"

The Student talks his father into believing that he is covering up for the Prince's sins and causes him to quarrel with the Princess (he has his reasons for doing it).

??? What reasons?? N.B.

- 49 In the middle or in the end of the novel, the Chronicler himself makes this comment: "Altogether then, the Student had this end in mind; however, this is based on Ushakov's testimony. I know nothing about their affairs in Switzerland, yet I believe to have defined correctly the essence of this movement, its philosophy, the meaning behind its actions: I can vouch for that."

"Granovsky has gotten a little out of hand and, I'll have to admit it, he's been having altercations with the Princess."

I know for sure that he was afraid the Princess might not come to see him: "She has brought up the subject of this marriage herself, and now she has quit seeing me."

N.B. "I am writing this for you—since you have expressed your desire to learn about these events."

Shaposhnikov says: "We can have neither family, nor familial virtues, because a family cannot be cosmopolitan and is destroyed the very moment it is severed from its native land. And we have cursed our native land; in fact, we deserve credit if we are merely indifferent toward it."

Granovsky being chewed out by the Governor, a comical figure.

Nechaev is a man who can't be put out of his countenance by aristocratic condescension. The Princess reads his character, and is making up to Nechaev.

The Princess used to play a role in town, especially while a relative of hers was governor. But now, *for no good reason at all*, she has an altercation with the Governor, a mild-mannered man of average social background. (The Governor unwittingly shares Granovsky's fate.) Nevertheless, the Princess had never actually formed a party—there wasn't a good enough reason for it, and moreover, there was nobody available to be recruited into such a party.

¹¹ First reference and sketch of Shigalyov.

The action of the novel takes place in *September*.

The Prince had that heart-to-heart talk with the Ward in March, *abroad*. That's when he learned that she loved Shaposhnikov.

In ~~April~~ June the Princess, the Ward, and Shaposhnikov (who had been abroad for half a year) returned from abroad to this provincial town, while the Prince stayed behind, vexed.

Because of some trouble concerning his estate, and also a lawsuit.

The Beauty, the Tragic Mother, and her stepfather the Colonel returned from abroad a month before the beginning of the novel, in August. They had been abroad for two years.

The Prince arrives in town on the day when the action of the novel begins; he has met Granovsky's son, who has also just arrived.

The Captain has come to town and established residence there a month or so prior to the beginning of the novel. He has brought with him his mother and his "*sister Anna*," and is living in her cottage. Granovsky is greatly troubled by this, so that he moves to a different flat.

The Prince, upon his return, immediately learns that ~~he~~ the Ward does not love Shaposhnikov, but that she has, in the meantime, become engaged to Granovsky. Shaposhnikov had written him about that while he was still abroad.

On the day when the novel begins, the Captain has been virtually knocked over <by some happy news> and is beside himself with delight. A change from hostility to enthusiastic, Quixotic love.

50 Begin to explain this change, say, in the second part, through the Chronicler, *leaving everything as is*, and with psychological thoroughness. Then, put it all together and connect it with the rest of the action. But in the first part, give a mere sketchy outline of the Captain, yet absolutely present him as an oddball.

After the Prince returns, the Princess immediately makes plans for a betrothal. But the Beauty, as early as the first day, politely informs him in a letter: "You have arrived too late." The Prince, even abroad, had never been very close to her, much to the displeasure of his mother, who had imagined that, having stayed abroad, he would be with and around the Beauty all the time. Simultaneously, she has decided to carry out an old project of hers: get the Ward married to Granovsky. She knows and senses that her son loves the Ward. She has a heart-to-

heart talk with him and says: "This simply cannot be!" Psychologically, on this mother-son relationship.

Everything happened by accident.

Shaposhnikov has an alcoholic wife. Shaposhnikov treats her in a Christian manner: forgiving and admonishing her. She is jealous of the Ward. When the latter comes to see Shaposhnikov (on the occasion that she has been, accidentally and falsely, declared to be ~~the wife~~ the fiancée of Granovsky) and cries in his presence, Shaposhnikov's wife tells the Prince (who is jealous of Shaposhnikov) and Granovsky about it. Granovsky makes a scene, meaning that he displays a noble disbelief. "Then why have you raised a scandal in the first place?" says the Princess to him.

The Student, on the other hand, in his cynicism is convinced that the Ward had her good reasons to visit with Shaposhnikov, and that the two have a liaison going.

But the Prince who, while still abroad, received a letter from Shaposhnikov about the actual state of affairs and who, moreover, on the very first day of the novel is given a complete explanation by Shaposhnikov at the latter's flat, is still indignant when he hears that the Ward has visited Shaposhnikov. He strikes Shaposhnikov.

First the Student derives a cynical pleasure from spreading the news (which he believes to be true) about the Ward's liaison with Shaposhnikov, and secondly, finds it expedient, *in the interest of the cause*, to embroil the Prince with Shaposhnikov, so that the murder would be ascribed to him.

N.B. The Student does not go into hiding prior to the murder, because he thinks that the Prince will be suspected. (He hasn't wound up his business with the factory workers as yet.) But ~~about the Prince~~ the murder affair takes a different turn, and then the Student makes his escape.

The Student does not want to marry the Beauty at all. He reveals to his father that the Ward has a liaison with Shaposhnikov, and that she had one with the Prince before. Granovsky inadvertently blabs this out to the Princess, who demands an explanation. She won't believe it, but she still persecutes the Ward. The latter declares that she won't become Granovsky's wife (after their engagement). The Princess is furious; she says that she <the Ward> will yet be ~~betrotted~~ Granovsky's wife. Yet she is glad that she can now at least tell her son, that is the Prince, that his beloved has an affair going with Shaposhnikov. Hence the slap in the face. But the Prince won't believe it; he has a

showdown with the Ward. (It might be that the foolish, cruel, but generous, Beauty helps the Prince in discovering the truth, namely, that the Ward has always loved him, the Prince, but has been concealing it.) Definitive showdown between the Prince and the Ward; they vow that they love each other. The Captain (the Beauty is already at his place), Shaposhnikov, and the Prince are triumphant about ~~the wedding~~ the new wedding. *The Student* is also there, and suddenly Shaposhnikov is murdered. The Beauty has no knowledge of it, she is shocked, but flees, following *the Student*, and is arrested. Whereas *the Student* has made a fool of everybody, including the Beauty.

N.B. The Beauty did not initially know about the murder of Shaposhnikov; it shocks her, but it also instils in her (her anemic little brain is at fault here) even more admiration for *the Student*. As for the fact that *the Student* has abandoned her, it positively fills her with even more awe for him.

1) When the Beauty has run off to the Captain and a scandal is brewing in town, everybody thinks that Nechaev wants to marry her, and this is how this bit of news reaches the Governor: the Tragic Mother complains to the Governor. Yet Nechaev remains aloof, so that the Beauty is bewildered and sad. But not very much so, for she is a frivolous creature. Therefore the Prince, 2) has a serious talk with Nechaev, as does Granovsky, which merely throws both of them off: if he isn't staying to lead his intrigue to a successful end and marry, then to what other end? But later Nechaev, who is at first evasive about the whole thing, realizes (it is the Chronicler himself who reaches this conclusion) that a would-be elopement with the Beauty will divert people's attention from his real aims, and he begins to support this notion himself.

Chronicler's comment: Nechaev was actually so naïve that it was really Uspensky who first gave him this idea. 3) And even after it has been suggested to him, he still continues to make excuses and tries to laugh it off, for he despises everybody so much that he considers it superfluous to put up appearances for their sake. Yet the more he jokes about it, and shows his indifference, the more they believe him.

Obviously, chance has been favoring him.

- 51 *Chronicler's comment:* Earlier, there wasn't a chance to write a novel here in Russia, but now, what with publicity (yet it is my opinion that the new order, too, is conducive to the emergence of the most romantic *échevelées* stories).

Mazurik ?,* Akimov with buckshot, Golubenko <is killed> by the women—poisons, daggers, drowning—

A question about the Student: is he really sharp, or isn't he? He is going to be a really sharp one some day, but he isn't right now, he's still a youngster. Only chance and our milieu helped him to achieve his success.

What does *the Student's* intrigue actually amount to?

Why, there really isn't much of an intrigue either. He has, first of all, his cause: proclamations, the factory workers, fires, threesomes, etc. Golubov—

But, in order to get these things going, he must stay in town for a certain time, and he knows that he is being watched and that he may get caught (for he is organizing and setting up "the cause").

Therefore, with the inherent tact of the organizer, he studies the locality, personalities, makes notes, gets to know people who cross his way, and their interests (this, he really enjoys doing). Finally, he understands perfectly well that, having become involved in these interests, he is diverting people's attention from his other, *truly important* activities. When Nechaev has brought in Miliukov with the fire, he is perfectly at ease. He tells them so himself. He is so successful in this respect that up to the very moment of his departure nobody asks him: "What is it you are doing in town?" (Except perhaps, occasionally, Granovsky.) Nor do people notice his connections with the schoolteachers and with Uspensky. The Governor himself, seeing him at the Princess's and in her company (as well as at the house of that rich heiress, the Beauty), is convinced that he has come to these parts to settle down, to start a career, and to marry the Ward. (The Governor, and so everybody in town, at first thought that *the Student* had entered the Princess's employ, having struck up an acquaintance with her abroad, and that, having enmeshed that oddball and idiot, the Prince, in this friendship with him, he was now, in compliance with the Princess's instructions, trying to talk him into marrying the heiress.)

Everybody in town, including the Governor, believes those rumors about Shaposhnikov and his liaison with the Ward, and blame him for it. As for Granovsky, they just laugh at him. They assume that *the Student* is running the whole show. Later, when the Beauty runs off to the Captain, the whole town immediately "*figures out*" that she hasn't

run away to the Captain at all, that the Captain is only a dupe, that it is actually the Student who has enticed her to get married to him, and everybody says that he is "quite a guy." Even the Governor has words of praise for him and invites him over. The Governor, of course, is very glad that the Princess has been made a fool of (the Tragic Mother and the Bishop have complained to the Governor).

All this the Chronicler explains in his own comments, midway through the novel, supporting it by specific traits:

N.B. Perhaps he will eventually become a man of action, but right now he is still too young. Shame on the milieu. *The Student* is nobody's fool, but he is handicapped, most of all, by his arrogance and nihilistic superciliousness toward people. He does not care to learn about reality. (Anecdotes, based on rumors, about how those very same factory workers made a fool out of him, while he left them, confident that there were going to be barricades after the French fashion. As for Uspensky, he never even suspected that the man had a heart and that he might turn informer.)

Like other nihilists, he never bothers to become concerned with questions of decency, or lack of it. It does not interest him in the least, and neither do other such fine details. The only thing that matters, he thinks, is that *one must* act now, failing to realize that even a man of action ought to at least look around himself once before beginning to act.

And this is an amazing fact: The Student was so incapable of conducting a farsighted intrigue that he never even suspected it might be a good idea to make some diversionary maneuvers, and was so contemptuous of everybody in his way that he actually did not take any special precautions and committed a multitude of blunders (describe these, the blunders, that is).

The Princess and Granovsky both have a hunch regarding *the Student's* criminal intentions (on account of the fires and the proclamations, among other things; the Prince, too, has a pretty good idea, but he is the silent type; the Colonel-stepfather is stupid enough not to notice anything at all).

He has no idea at all.

As regards Shaposhnikov, he is not a man of action either, just another windbag. He knows that himself, yet he also despises Nechaev's efficiency, for it is based on nothing but stupidity, total ignorance, and on his being unfamiliar with reality. Meanwhile Granovsky talks a lot about action, saying: "If it's got to be fires, let it be fires; if it's got to be action, let's act!" N.B. (This puts him into a comical situation, for

* This could be a surname; but dialectally, *mazurik* means "crook, jailbird."

he is saying this in front of his son, not suspecting at all that it is his own son and "those good-for-nothing Uspenskys" who have set these fires. Later, consumed by shame and fear, he dies of diarrhea.)

While Shaposhnikov says to himself: "I'll show you how to get things done. I may be a windbag, but even I can get a thing done: *I'll turn you in!*" (he says this both to himself, and out loud). ~~But~~ Nechaev has enough sense to realize that Shaposhnikov is the one person capable of such action, and immediately decides to kill him.

In the Student's opinion, Uspensky is merely a person quite incapable of action, which is why he turned informer.

Granovsky dies (it is a shame to have to admit it) more from fear than from regret, or even hurt vanity.

The main idea, however (that is, the pathos of the novel), is focused in the Prince and the Ward—*new people* who have stood the test and who decide to start a *new* and regenerated life. The Prince discusses this with Shaposhnikov right before the latter's death. He expresses ideas to this effect before the Ward, the Princess, and Granovsky. The Prince wants to work (that proud Prince!), a notion which breaks his mother's heart.

Granovsky has been the Prince's tutor and has brought him up on *those* principles. But now, upon his mother's request, he is dissuading him himself: "Mais distinguons."

The Prince has a strong character, and a stubborn character, but an impressionable, melancholy, and shy soul. The Princess understands him, Granovsky does not. The Princess and Granovsky talk a lot about the Prince, and disagree about him.

53 At the improvised engagement party, Granovsky strikes the poetic pose of a father before the Ward (on February 20, the first day of the novel).

But the Ward hesitates to refute this from the very first word, because everybody was avoiding saying that one important word.

Later, Granovsky plays the role of the magnanimous man who is returning the Ward her liberty, etc. Here, though, she cuts him short, pointing out that he never did have any rights to her.

The Ward has a very firm character, yet she is also tender and generous. Immoderately proud. Later she explains everything to the Prince: ~~proud~~ she has loved him, yet concealed it, out of pride, for he hadn't told her that he loves her. (Also, from pride, and because of the question: will he have the strength to keep his vow?) Later, he failed to declare his love because he was jealous of Shaposhnikov.

The Prince tells her: "I am a plain man, and not famous, but we shall be worthy and fine people. Besides, now I really know my strength. However, we'll have to approach mother delicately."

N.B. *Problem*: (Adorn and build up this couple—the Prince and the Ward. That's where we run into trouble. The Prince is preparing himself to become a Justice of the Peace.)

More poetry.

? N.B. (For instance, tell how Uspensky gets to talk about how a non-Russian will start to save money, and how the purpose of saving money is to save enough—the Prince is listening, smiles, but remains silent.)

The Prince, for instance, never gets into arguments with the atheists, although he passionately believes in God. He is stubborn and independent in the extreme.

Generally speaking, toward the end of the novel, no one suspects that the Prince will reveal so much strength of character and so much passion.

Tomorrow, make an outline of all the characters, i.e., the Prince and the Ward—a modest ideal and genuinely good people.

Granovsky is not a genuine ideal. He is passé, self-destructive, full of false pride, a caricature.

Shaposhnikov is the restless type, the product of a collision between a bookish world and reality, a man who has embraced his faith with passion, yet does not know what to do. Much beauty.

2) He wanted to kill the Ward. And suffered from it. Later, it is precisely for this reason that it is thought the Prince may have killed Shaposhnikov. Actually, the Prince had been down on his knees before him, begging his forgiveness.—

3) The Prince is an aristocrat who says: "I hate and despise them all." All in all, create the portrait of the Prince.

He has lost his estate: "I'm not shedding any tears over my lost estate, but neither will I relinquish what is mine."

4) Have self-respect and be scrupulously honest; be a true Prince. ? N.B. He has informed the police about "the one who bites."

etc., to everyone his epithet, but first and foremost *about the Prince*, two or three major traits.

(It goes without saying that he is no ideal, being jealous, stubborn, proud and persistent, taciturn and sickly, i.e., melancholy (tragic, many doubts). Even his desire to marry the Ward wasn't, God knows, strong, for he was fully aware of his character and knew that she wouldn't be able to stand it. He had been on friendly terms with her two years

earlier, but later their friendship broke up. Toward the end, in a showdown with her, he demands full submission on her part. He had not acted earlier, nor shown his real worth, because he was still trying to get the right angle on things.)

- 54 On the relationship between the Prince and Nechaev: both have partially understood the Prince. Nechaev tells Uspensky that one must beware of the Prince.

The Prince, in terribly proud and stubborn fashion, expresses his will before his mother. Even she had not expected this much. Everybody had been thinking that he was under her thumb, and now he suddenly reveals his real self, yet with human feeling, and sensibly.

The Princess, in considering the marriage between her son and the Beauty, had counted on her son's prudence and practical sense, his lack of poetic feeling, more than on anything else.

Yet that's just what he is: a poet; he bitterly loathes all atheists, and believes in an embittered way.

He would like to become a muzhik and join the Raskolniki.

He manages his estates. But there is nothing to manage.

N.B. The Princess was actually inclined to disbelieve that the Prince could love the Ward—he is much too unpoetical and prudent for that. But there was one fact that made her think better of it, and put a doubt into her mind. So then, she immediately decides to play it safe and get the Ward married to Granovsky.

The Prince has been in Petersburg during those past two months (there are some claims pending against him in court).

Shaposhnikov had written to him in Petersburg, not abroad.

The Prince has perfectly well-rounded and long-settled ideas about people and events. Granovsky doesn't even suspect what the Prince's opinion of him might be. He keeps silent, then suddenly, on a certain occasion, corrects Granovsky when the latter quotes from a book. The Prince has formed an equally correct conception of the events that are taking place around him.

In a serious discussion with Shaposhnikov, *he makes his views on things and on people completely clear*. "I shall be a plain, honest, and new man" (?). He frightens Shaposhnikov with the fervor and hidden fire of his soul, also with his hidden scars, from prolonged savage and gloomy silence. He is a man who is capable of anything—there are such people among us.

He avoids discussing Nechaev with Shaposhnikov, and only listens to Shaposhnikov.

The Prince is having a close look at Nechaev and begins to worry—(what's needed here is poetry). The burnt-down town troubles him. *He decides to make up even with Shaposhnikov in order to have a sincere talk with him about his suspicions*. "I knew that I was at fault, yet I didn't ask your forgiveness. Shame was holding me back." He is a loyal citizen in the highest degree. (It isn't true at all that he wants to be *only* a simple and good family man.)

N.B. Although Nechaev at one time begins to suspect the Prince he ultimately fails to consider him, both out of contempt for him and from his general thoughtlessness.

When the Prince is publicly charged with the murder of Shaposhnikov, the Prince immediately guesses the whole truth, goes to see Uspensky, induces him to confess, and in a forceful manner submits the whole case to the Governor.

And generally, it is the Prince who discovers the whole plot. It is the Prince also, who speaks of the boyar party.

The Princess has been raving about the boyar party for some time and takes up with Nechaev because nihilists and boyars tend to come to terms. She is convinced that the Prince, too, is a boyar.

And when Granovsky is about to "return her liberty" to the Ward (he is trying to strike a noble pose when things have gotten to where he can't do anything else!) the Princess, then still at the height of her nihilist leanings, is willing to set Granovsky's son on his own father in order to humiliate him (thus avenging herself for their friendship of many years). N.B. Here the Chronicler inserts, on his own part, a tirade on hatred bred by beneficence, and how this happens quite often. To exalt his son. So, when Granovsky starts his tirade about poetry and the Madonna of Raphael, she says bluntly: "Why, this is all nonsense, nonsense! And they've simply made up that Madonna, too!"—

N.B. The Tragic Mother cuts down the Princess in terrible fashion when the Beauty has run off to the Captain.

N.B. Like a madhouse—the doctors are biting each other. The cause of it is the depth of economic and social change, and the disorganized nature of this process.—

- 55 Granovsky

N.B. "Wasn't Granovsky's speech about the Madonna marvelous? Surely he had this *morceau* worked out beforehand."

The Princess tells Granovsky, during her nihilist period: "We've both been smothering each other with praise; our whole friendship has been based on mutual flattery."

Well, that certainly was not true: Granovsky did love the Princess. Perhaps because he had gotten used to her, and because he was such a sniveling weakling.

Granovsky actually stooped so low as to first exchange caustic remarks and eventually quarrel with his son, ~~like~~ when the Princess set one on the other for her own amusement.

What is terrible is that I exist.

Granovsky had understood the happiness and depth of life immeasurably more loftily than many others, but he had grown shallow, and terribly lazy. He was a poet, and profound in his inspiration, yet in him, as in all men of his kind, the seed had fallen upon sand. A good parallel to his character could be found in his physiognomy, which could change so rapidly and so unexpectedly.

Finding himself at the short end of an argument with his son, at the Princess's, Granovsky begins to cry.

Later, when everything has changed and the Beauty has run away, all her nihilism is gone and she again rushes to Granovsky. All her nihilism is gone. He turns up his nose first, but then recovers his composure and plays the magnanimous.

56 *Shaposhnikov, Granovsky, Nechaev.*
 The Arabs.

Shaposhnikov says that we (Russians) no longer feel like being duped, and this is why our liberals call us reactionaries. And who is it our dear little liberals support, thinking up stories about Tashkentians:¹ who but those from whom they can obtain promotions and money, those from whom they may *get* something. Though not all of them think up stories about Tashkentians; there are those who are simply stupid.

¹ This phrase is a reference to M. E. Saltykov-Shchedrin's (1826–89) satire, *Gentlemen of Tashkent* (1869–72).

It is those, those precisely ~~whom they support~~, who are in such a comical situation: they are actually supporting despotism and abuse, though they aren't aware of it at all and sincerely believe that they are liberals!

Shaposhnikov says: "Why, this happened only ten years ago."

Nechaev: "Well ~~anyway~~, that is too far back; ancient history (and seriously so)."

Uspensky initially prides himself with their having killed *Shaposhnikov*, and is full of enthusiasm, but later he suddenly collapses and begins to cry.

Granovsky—he finally agrees to become a nihilist and says: "I am a nihilist." He has a serious talk with *Uspensky*, for he is afraid of his son; he drives over to *Uspensky's* place.

Rumors to the effect that *Turgenev* is a nihilist, and the Princess is now really ~~out of her mind~~ in a whirl.

?Arrival of the Great Writer.

Marko-Vovchok (the Artels).

Granovsky is told this: "Our generation was too literary. In our day an active (progressive) man could be nothing but a *littérateur*, or an observer of literature. The present generation is more inclined toward action. ("Ideas picked up in the streets!" replies *Granovsky*.)

Shaposhnikov, Nechaev, the Princess, Granovsky.

Shaposhnikov faces a situation where he must become a police spy (on spying, *Karakozov*).

Uspensky's wife has died. In our country, a policeman who is making an arrest is probably trembling with politeness as he makes his arrest, so as to appear more liberal. (<If the contrary is true,> this would be somewhere out in the sticks, or else if the policeman happens to be a ruffian.) And indeed, he is all trembling with politeness—because his head is utterly empty.

Nechaev: "In antigovernment proclamations—the more you lie, the more honest you appear. That's a trick used by *Hertsen*."

Shaposhnikov: "And by the Jesuits."

Nechaev: "The Jesuits are an extraordinarily clever Order and, once you've brought it up, there's a lot of truth in what they're doing. That's the only way to survive in this world."

The Princess (with fervor): "I have always thought so!"

"Think, and you'll get nowhere; so better make up your mind without thinking, with a blow of the axe—that's your whole low-down program."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Granovsky:

"You are offering us happiness. Now, granted that you are perfectly right about the ultimate goal of your strivings (which is an absurd notion, but I'll let it pass for the moment), your very own proclamation shows how exceedingly immature and frivolous your minds are, and consequently, how very poorly suited for reaching that goal of yours. Don't you realize that such a regeneration of man as you are suggesting cannot take place, either individually or socially, anywhere nearly as easily or as quickly as you are confident it will? For you say that everything will be taken care of by the axe, and through pillage, whereas actually centuries won't be enough to make man renounce God, his love of Christ, his love and feeling of responsibility for his children, his individuality, and his desire to maintain it. For example, the social and legal provisions for security within the framework of the state have been worked out in the course of millennia, and yet, how very unsatisfactory are they everywhere, even today! In actual practice, even a universal and vital necessity such as this is developed and becomes established so very slowly! And therefore, though what is already there and what has been established may be most unsatisfactory indeed, man will not easily give it up, which is also why he won't follow you: for though it may be bad enough, and little enough, it is still something, while you have nothing at all to offer. For you declare outright that everything is going to be run according to a contract based on nothing but mutual love, so that nobody will have any kind of personal guarantee whatever, unless the matter might concern the collective. To evade further questions you assert that there won't be any injustice either, ~~and therefore~~ in that new society of yours, so that consequently no guarantees will be needed. But only a madman can make such an assertion, without ever having tried it out, and without any other foundation. ~~Individuality~~ What is your guarantee? But now, if man won't renounce ~~even~~ this so easily, how then is he going to renounce his children, his love for them, God, and his freedom? You are not answering a single one of the questions that trouble mankind, you are simply pushing them aside. Yet, if you won't give an answer to these questions, how are you going to solve them? And therefore, how could everybody follow you and be instantaneously transformed into your new society? Those who will follow you are merely a bunch of thoughtless people, and some scoundrels to whom you are opening up a perspective of robbery. And if this can be created in centuries only, how can you take it upon yourself to create it in a few days (as you are literally claiming yourselves)? And aren't you really accepting much too lightly the responsibility for the streams of blood which you are intending to shed? It is difficult to build up a

thing. You are breaking it up, because this is the easiest thing to do."

"No responsibility whatever. We are simply risking our heads. The society of the future will be created by the people, after universal destruction, and the sooner the better."

57 "This is a goal men have been pursuing for centuries; this you can't deny. And you want to reach it in a few days, which only shows your stupidity. And everybody, seeing ~~your~~ this stupidity and ~~vileness~~, will refuse to follow you."

58 "However, first of all, the people will refuse to fight not knowing for what, as a result of which all the fighting, burning, and looting will be done by a bunch of secret scoundrels. For the people couldn't possibly accept your program: abolition of private property, individuality, God, and the family. I repeat—even if your program were a just one, it could be carried out only in the course of centuries, centuries of peaceful practical study and development. The people, even if carried away at first by the rioting and looting, will nevertheless quiet down very quickly and set up something different, after their own taste, and probably a good deal worse."

"Granted. But even this will be good enough, if only the old order will perish. A new one will arise, albeit with flaws of its own, an order established by the people, but certainly a little bit better than the old. When people will become aware of its flaws, we or our successors will again overthrow it, and so on, until finally our program will be accepted in its entirety. Yet even our very first effort will have attained an important goal in that the principle of the axe and of revolution will become accepted as a result of it."

"But why are you so sure that your program is infallible? What if it is all stuff and nonsense, and complete, preposterous ignorance of human nature in general and of the Russian people in particular? For you cannot prove it in any way, save by your own ratiocinations about what seems to be right to you? But perhaps you are simply being foolish, and this is why things look to you as they do? Why should everybody turn himself into a fool just to qualify as your follower? But ~~you~~ if you even refuse to think. ~~Everybody who is against~~ You say that who is not with you is against you, and doom to death everyone whose opinions do not square with yours, forgetting that a discussion does, if nothing else, at least keep things moving. And with how much hatred are you going to deny the right to exist of those who will eventually go into action against you, their convictions being different from yours?"

"This is all nonsense and trivial detail!"

"But if you don't know for sure whether your program is founded on truth, aren't you burdening your conscience with criminal destruction?"

"We believe that our program is founded on truth and that everyone accepting it will be happy. That's why we are willing to shed blood, because this blood will be the price of happiness."

"You can believe in God, but in life you need facts."

"And what if it won't buy happiness?"

"We are sure it will, and that's all we care to know."

"Wretches! I'm only glad that you haven't a chance to succeed, because you do not know the people. Granted you'll succeed in organizing some cases of robbery, arson, murder, and debauchery; granted you may even stir up a rebellion; yet the people as a whole will immediately hang all of you and will refuse to accept your program, because it is against nature and, besides, based on total ignorance of the Russian people. Social man will never relinquish to you his faith, or his family, nor will he willingly enter that prison which you are offering him in your program, nor will he exchange his personal freedom for such servitude as you are preparing for him... Also, the people won't surrender their Tsar-Emancipator to you."

Shaposhnikov says: "Man needs unhappiness as well as happiness, and a lot of it, too."

"You want to cut throats and loot, because that is the simplest thing to do. This doctrine, through no accident, appeared in France after the communists had failed spectacularly everywhere and had turned out to be mere good-for-nothing mischief mongers."

59 "Whence comes this family name?"²

"This, I say, is an indiscreet question."

"Fieldmarshal-General Dyrochkin."*

"One can't help admitting..."

"It would be best of all to join a band of robbers."

"Be virtuous."

"What about virtue?"

"Virtue won't cover up..."

"Right you are, it won't."

"Why won't they call on Dyrochkin if they want to save Russia?"

"Why, naturally! Then everybody would be taking off his hat—
'There's Dyrochkin for you, yes sir!'"

"Eh no, that they won't know..."

Dyrochkin.

Nikchorydov.*

"Your ancestors succeeded through their actions, you do it by the euphonic quality <of your name>."

"Listen, they used to say these things in the olden days, and the most clever people &..."

61 Uspensky's mother has learned about the murder of Shaposhnikov and wants to inform the police (a tragic figure). Uspensky begs her not to do it. He informs the Committee about her, they say that she must be killed. He implores them to spare her, then goes to the police and confesses the crime.

Shaposhnikov.

"It is impossible to talk to you. ~~But yourself~~ It's you who reject any discussion and want to simply exterminate the opposition. But if this is so, you leave them with no other initiative but to exterminate you."

"Fine with us; a war is a war."

"If this is so, don't complain! Why then, are you sniveling in your proclamations about so-and-so having been put in prison, and so-and-so having been hauled off to a stockade?"

"In so doing we are addressing ourselves to the people, asking for their sympathy. The people will make their own decision as to whom they will join, you or us."

"That is, they will decide which of us they should pity more?"

"Precisely."

"Crooks and arsonists will join you, the people won't. ~~And so~~ But mark you well, even the crooks aren't joining you because you have their sympathy, but because they can use you as their fellow-arsonists.

* *dyrochka*, "little hole," with an obvious obscene connotation.

* An anagram of *Dyrochkin*.

Which means that they will betray you after your very first failure."

Granovsky.

All of the above is what Shaposhnikov has to say in refuting <the Student>. But later, Granovsky goes into a more sophisticated analysis of the problem, for instance, concerning the question as to how an individual will feel living in the collective, in dormitories, whether he will feel jealous, or whether he will be able to stand jokes on himself.

Granovsky.

N.B. "You say that the Committee can give freedom and security to the inventor. But how do you know that the Committee will always guess correctly? It may, as long as things don't go beyond boots, footwear. But in cases where the invention in question will amount to discovering America or the rotation of the Earth, it will surely go wrong, and surely go against the member of the collective. In that case, he will have only the following choice in your society: either renounce his idea forever, or starve to death."

Granovsky.

Granovsky says: "Still, one can't help being surprised at the extraordinary amount of stupidity found in Russia."

The Prince says: "Why, these are only school drop-outs who understand nothing at all either about society or about the people."

Granovsky: "Who have, however, received, and are still receiving plenty of support, and whose ranks are being eagerly joined, granted, only by boys and girls, yet certainly not by ten-year-olds, but by young people of twenty and older, at which age it is quite unforgivable to be that stupid."

Shaposhnikov: "For goodness' sake! Why, everybody in our country is that stupid, including educated men of 60! Whole newspapers, journals, serious people, even some professors and executives, favor the idea of breaking up Russia and alienating our frontier lands! Isn't that equally stupid? Did not you yourself consider it to be a disgraceful act of informership when he asked you that categorical question: 'Would you have informed the police on Karakozov if you had known within 1/4 hour of his attempt what his intentions were?'"

Granovsky: "Yes, there is really some kind of *cercle vicieux*^a here."

gentlemen (the A-vs), were, together with Belinsky, discussing such-and-such or such-and-such detail of the society of the future? It all started with you and your age. So you were more clever then, weren't you? Isn't the notion that all the nations of the West ought to be national and that they must be respected for being just that, also that the specific nature of the national development of each of them should be recognized and regarded with reverence, whereas the Russians alone must under no condition be themselves and it would be wrong to assume, even ideally, that they may have their own specific traits, isn't that notion even more stupid than what these punks are writing in their proclamations? Why, in actuality, they are resting upon your very own reasoning. It is you who have started this whole mess. ~~The basis~~ The basis of everything is the failure of these people to recognize and to take cognizance of Russia and her independence—and it is you who have been preaching just that.

Now, as for these punks, it is they and nobody else who, by virtue of their program of action, have created a state of war between themselves and society. Therefore, they must not act surprised, or complain, when society is going to exterminate them (. . .). They say that they won't be stopped by moral scruples, but will kill and burn. Why then, shouldn't they be treated likewise? After they get through butchering the government, they will give people just a few days to turn over everything they own to them, and to renounce it forever, and to sign up with one of their collectives, as shoemakers or something. I'd say that everybody who is against it ought to treat them just as unceremoniously. In my opinion, it ought to be made clear to the people what they want, whereupon the people will promptly start killing them off. The people won't rise with them, but there will be plenty of crooks and fools who will, and there may be a lot of trouble in store. So that's why everybody can and should defend himself."

Shaposhnikov says at *the meeting*: "I'm ashamed to sign such a program (a few days, and everybody a shoemaker), ten-year-old boys ought to be more clever than that. You are fully convinced, judging by the tone of your program, that everybody will be greatly impressed by your élan, give up their wives, children, property, and churches, and follow you, to rob, murder, and set fires. One can see from your words that you are fully convinced that the people hate the Tsar and thirst for the hour when he will be killed, and that they are eagerly waiting for the moment when they can give up everything they possess and join you. So convinced are you of all this, that you have already begun to rob and set fires, and to commit murder in cold blood. You are so childish

^a French: "vicious circle."

as not even to be aware of the simple fact—leaving everything else aside—that the people, too, possess self-esteem, and so you really believe that they'll give up everything and come running to you, punks that you are. You are so brainless and stupid as to seriously believe that you have made a great discovery, quite oblivious of the fact that mankind would have realized this idea long ago, if it had only been the truth, and would have never suffered for a thousand years, waiting for you to come and save them. You are not ashamed ~~to announce~~ to lie the way you are lying in your proclamations, distorting facts, and asserting most naïvely that this is Jesuitical, and that the Jesuits were clever men; and that you'll act exactly the way they used to, not suspecting at all that any such lie or distortion of facts is liable to be exposed much sooner than you'd ever expect, and that society will recognize you for what you are, deliberate liars, refusing to follow you. Punks that you are, you believe that this doesn't matter at all and that, on the contrary, everybody will find the way you're lying most attractive, and will cast away everything he's held ~~sacred~~ holy and loved—God, their wives, children, order, good manners—and will come running after you, solely because you murder and set fires, not knowing yourselves why. You haven't been ashamed to tell a nation of 80 million people, in writing, that you are giving them just a few days to turn over to you their property, to give up their children, to desecrate their churches, and to sign up for your collectives as shoemakers. You are convinced that everybody hates churches, considers marriage* a burden, and is eagerly waiting to move into an aluminum palace, where people will be dancing (by the way, what about working?) and taking their common wives and husbands to separate chambers.

You have no idea that such childish views on serious things do properly identify you as what you are—punks, who ought to be given a good flogging. Also, you have so little respect for society that you haven't even bothered to edit your own proclamation a little more carefully. The public, having realized that Russia, in your schemes, is seen to be acting altogether childishly, giving up everything and becoming totally regenerated in a matter of days, will be amazed by your stupidity, but realizing that you are scoundrels besides, will eliminate you as dangerous lunatics, and severely so. But alas, it seems that practically *nobody* is any wiser than you are, and that all this has happened because

* The text reads *drakami*, "brawls, brawling"; however, it is obvious that the editor has misread (or misprinted) *drakami* for *brakami*, "marriages."

we have become uprooted, and because we haven't been living our own kind of life, but an alien kind, and under foreign tutelage all along."

"That's true, how true! Alas! Maybe you're really more clever than the rest of them—"

63 Shaposhnikov

"There is too little that's dear to the heart about that life of ours spent under tutelage for anybody to stand up for it. There has been a good deal of depravity and frivolity. If people were to work out their own lives, if they were to create life under hardships, yet independently, with all its misfortunes and struggles, with all its burdens, yet also with all the joys that come with a struggle successfully completed, and, most important of all, with a lot of hard work, I repeat, working hard themselves, and not just getting by under administrative tutelage, then they actually would create their own facts of life, then they would accumulate much experience and many dear memories, precious traditions of struggle and of hard work, and the memory of these experiences and events would be dear to all, as would be the memory of their past leaders; and so would be the leaders of the present, who would be esteemed highly and who would have an influence upon everybody; and society would not respond to their call so frivolously as it actually does today to all kinds of trash, and to stupid and depraved, soulless punks. What a lesson! That Holstein [German] tutelage! My God, what a lesson. There is no people, no nation in all of Europe that couldn't save itself by its own innate forces; even at the very height of a revolution, even while still on the barricades, they proclaim order, and death to thieves, rapists, and arsonists. And you, facing a great nation of eighty million, ~~by robbery~~ hope to create a following and to arouse people's sympathy by dangling before them the lure of arson, murder, and regicide. This means, evidently, that this society places no value at all on all that has happened in its history so far, and that it finds life under administrative tutelage very much to its liking! ~~I have been saying a lot~~ That's what you have degenerated into! And you, you actually imagine, to this very moment, that the people haven't turned their backs on you completely, I say completely! Why won't you try to place them under tutelage once more? No, it is in entirely too Holsteinian a manner that you've been looking at the people!"

"Squire's sons or divinity students, i.e., the most uprooted of all classes."

And then, immediately, the Chronicler makes this comment:

These were Shaposhnikov's words, spoken in a state of frenzy, yet with perhaps a grain of solid truth in his words. In truth, this tutelage over, and alienation from, the people has created a situation where society, firstly, holds nothing precious and considers nothing worth standing up for; and secondly, seeing how the people, at the same time, hold on to their own precious way of life, and are willing to stand up for it, and live such a full life—all this gives society an ultimate reason to hate the people, precisely because they live a full life. I can understand now the things Shaposhnikov used to say about the hatred which Belinsky and his like, as well as all of our Westernizers, have always felt for the people. And if they are going to deny it, obviously they simply aren't aware of it. That's precisely how it was: they thought that they hated while loving, and actually said so. They weren't even ashamed of their own extreme squeamishness toward the people, whenever they came into practical contact with them. (Theoretically, they did love the people.)

The Princess.

Granovsky says: "Weren't the people under tutelage too, like everybody else: Yet you say that they have retained their own, that they have remained the Russian people, that they did not degenerate under tutelage, and that they do not hate Russia."

Shaposhnikov: "The people were exempt from the German reform from the very beginning; they were given up for hopeless. They were even allowed to keep wearing their beards. ~~It was deemed necessary to convert~~ The people weren't considered essential at the time, but were looked upon as raw material, and as payers of the poll tax. Sure, they were closely guarded, but as to their internal, proper life, it was left to them in its entirety; and though the people had to suffer a lot, they finally ended up by loving their own suffering. Whereas the entire upper class of Russia ended up being transformed into Germans and, uprooted, got to love everything German and to hate and despise everything of their own. That's how it was everywhere: in Lithuania, in exactly the same way, native Russians got to hate their own people."

The people were *immediately* exempt from the reform, at its very beginning, as it was deemed preferable to look upon them as mere raw material.

cipated woman, like say, M-me Högg,⁴ running errands in the feminist cause."

The Princess or Shaposhnikov: "Let the nihilists score any kind of success, and you'll be the first to apologize to him."

"You are rejecting God and Christ, without giving any thought to how, without Christ, everything in the world will become sordid and sinful. You are condemning Christ and making fun of God, but what about yourselves, for instance? What sort of an example are you presenting yourselves: how petty, corrupt, greedy, and vain you are! ~~And~~ ~~meanwhile~~ By getting rid of Christ you are getting rid of mankind's unattainable ideal of beauty and goodness. What have you got to substitute for it?"

Granovsky: "Granted, though this is still debatable—but what prevents you from revering God as an ideal of perfection and moral beauty, while refusing to believe in a Godlike Christ?"

Shaposhnikov: "All the while disbelieving that the word was at the same time made flesh, i.e., that the ideal was there in the flesh, and so, not unattainable, but attainable to all mankind. Indeed, can mankind get by at all without this comforting thought? Isn't this precisely why Christ came down to Earth, to tell mankind that ~~even it~~ the nature of the human spirit as they knew it might ~~actually~~ appear in such heavenly brilliance, and ~~actually~~ indeed in the flesh, and not only in a mere daydream or ideal, this being both natural as well as possible. The followers of Christ, who deified this epiphany of the flesh, bore witness, under the most cruel tortures, that to carry within oneself this flesh, to emulate the perfection of this image, and to believe in it in the flesh, means great happiness indeed."

And thus, Earth has its justification.

"Others, seeing what happiness this flesh can give the moment man begins to have part in it and, in fact, attain a likeness of its beauty, were full of wonder ~~terror~~, and thunderstruck, and ended up by wanting themselves to partake of such happiness, and became Christians ~~and also accepted~~, and were themselves ready to suffer torture with joy. The whole point is that the word had truly "been made flesh." Therein lies the whole faith and the whole consolation of mankind, which it

⁴ Madame Högg was the founder of a woman's boarding school in Geneva. She was the wife of a well-known German political activist in the sixties. This remark about Belinsky was written by Dostoevsky in almost the same words in a letter to A. N. Maikov, December 11/23, 1868. He also used it for *The Diary of a Writer* (1873), chapter 2.

will never renounce. And you are intent upon depriving it of just this very thing. By the way, you will be able to take it away only if you can succeed in coming up with something better than Christ. Show us!"

Shaposhnikov—Golubov, of a family of house serfs, a ward and god-child of the Princess's, self-taught (secondary school), thickset in every sense (he has not completed his education, and has been expelled from the university). Accompanied the Princess abroad. Married for 4 years already—embittered, etc. Golubov's ideas and teachings in many respects.

Granovsky, in the beginning, has this to say about the proclamations, and even about the fires: "To tell the truth, I cannot take this for a serious matter at all." Later, he loses heart and dies of diarrhea.

The Princess is a freethinker, and in the Student's company—an atheist. Tells the Little Priest to his face that she sees no need for either the Church, or for the sacraments of the Church. (The character of the Little Priest.)

The Great Writer says: "Why certainly I do not believe in God..." (Turgenev).

Granovsky tells about the Great Writer: "~~Oh, my mother~~ He was screaming 'Oh, my mother!' when he was in that train accident."⁵

The Great Writer has been at the Governor's, but has failed to pay a prior visit to the Princess, which throws her into a fit of fever. Granovsky, too, is scared to death that the Great Writer may not come to see him. Finally, he comes to attend a soirée at the Princess's. He apologizes to the Student and declares that he has always been a nihilist.

Nechaev. He has also come to arrange a deal with Golubov concerning a secret printing press belonging to some Free Old Believers.

Shaposhnikov, after the trip abroad, has been refused access to the Princess's house (suspicion of a liaison with the Ward, and he has made up with his drunken wife, and with his mother).

Make it so the Prince has never declared his feelings to the Ward. Never. Even in their childhood he was always exceedingly haughty toward her. (It is the Princess who is from a grand family, not he.) ~~Abroad~~ Yet he had known for a long time that she loved him. And altogether, he would view people with suspicion, and haughtily. He took her love for a young girl's trivial and ridiculous infatuation. On a certain occasion abroad, however, he caused her passion to flare up, though he had said nothing in particular. But suddenly, seeing that he had ignited her passion, he decided to stay abroad. At the time, the Heiress still appealed to him very much (later, after he had decided to stay abroad, he became disappointed in her). He returns to Russia, his will hardened like iron, and with a secret vow to break with the old way of life, even if his mother would disinherit him. (At first he gets to be on close terms with Nechaev, later with Shaposhnikov, and finally, through the latter, with Golubov.)

Having carefully studied the Ward through the entire duration of the novel, and having witnessed how she rejected Granovsky, and also how she was actually ejected from his mother's house, knowing the secret of her heart, he suddenly offers her his hand in marriage. "Leave everything, break with people entirely"—a pact with her, and he amazes her by the firmness of his decisions.

Shaposhnikov is watching him closely. He also believes that the Prince has committed the seduction. He demands satisfaction from the Prince.

66 They meet at Granovsky's, as if by accident. On that very day, the Prince has given a good thrashing to Uspensky, for the article. They've bowled over the Captain's cousin. The Great Writer is in town. He has paid a visit to the Princess, but not to Granovsky. He arrives late. The Prince enters and announces that he has met Granovsky's son. Suddenly, the son. (Shaposhnikov has tried several times to cut in.) Granovsky's engagement. The Captain leaves, rattling his sabre. Poetry. On this occasion, Granovsky on poetry. "No, you aren't dead yet!" His son: "You are a whimpering old woman." The Great Poet: "I am a nihilist." The Beauty also announces her presence. Granovsky

65 N.B. February 26. There is a persistent rumor that the Prince has seduced the Ward, and that Granovsky has agreed to marry her. *The Student* also believes this story.

Shaposhnikov got married in the absence

on fires and other subjects. The guests depart: The Beauty has a heart-to-heart talk with the Prince, and Granovsky's son with Shaposhnikov (the Beauty gives a sign to Granovsky's son). The Colonel has received orders to apprehend Granovsky's son.

A quarrel with mother.

~~Next morning~~

Shaposhnikov with his family (his drunken wife). A serious talk between Shaposhnikov and the Prince. The Ward at Shaposhnikov's, crying. The Student sees it.

The Captain and his actions. The Captain makes friends with the Student.

The Student makes friends with the Princess. The Princess turns nihilist. (Here, the Great Writer, too, has some influence on her.)

The Beauty's blasphemy, her mother calls the Bishop. The Beauty quarrels with the Governor's wife. Her flight to the Captain.

~~Nechaev~~ *The Student* IN THE FORM OF A HERO OF OUR TIME.

The Prince announces that he is going to marry the Ward.

Granovsky, at several soirées, displays indulgence for love.

The Prince used to know *the Student* well even while still abroad etc.

~~N.B.? Nechaev is only the son (son) of sister Anna, and harasses Granovsky.~~

~~The Prince~~ It is revealed that the Prince has returned to Russia having previously accepted a steward's position, which fact greatly infuriates the Princess.

The Captain keeps proposing to everybody. The Princess is thinking of marrying off <the Ward> to the Captain, if Granovsky won't have her.

Granovsky doesn't want to get married and sharply refuses the offer. The Princess is angry with him. Suddenly, during the soirée at his house, the betrothal (...). The Prince, having arrived, refuses to marry the Beauty. On the very day of the Prince's arrival, the Ward hurriedly gives her consent. But she has overestimated her strength. That evening, seeing Granovsky's coquetry, she refuses to go on with their engagement and runs off to Shaposhnikov, to tell him about the Prince.

(She also ran to Granovsky who promptly makes a messy scene to show off his sensitivity.)

But then she ran off.

(Shaposhnikov with his mother, Golubov with his drunken wife.)

Intrigue and idea. The young girl is dying of love for the Prince (he knows, and she knows that he knows, and has written him a letter), but he has never given her an answer. She gladly accepts the Princess's offer regarding Granovsky. But subsequently she doesn't have the strength to go through with it (and she goes to Shaposhnikov, her friend). Shaposhnikov has a serious talk with the Prince. Meanwhile people begin to talk about her having rendezvous with Shaposhnikov. The Prince is furious, and everybody believes it, including Granovsky, who promptly makes a scene. But when told that she actually loves the Prince, Granovsky tries to bring the Prince together with her (unsuccessfully, though).

67 Granovsky: "Bakunin² is an old, rotten bagful of mad nonsense; It would be easy for him to carry children even to the privy."

The Student: "And it would not be easy for you?"

Or:

1) Granovsky, introduction.

2) Granovsky is expecting his son, who is preceded by a certain notoriety.

3) An accidental betrothal (caused by the Prince's arrival on the day of Granovsky's son's).

4) Granovsky has a frank talk with his son: "You have come at a good time. I'm about to get married, etc." Later, connect everything with the son, as well as with Granovsky's relationship with his son (everything originates from him—like from the Hero of Our Time).

Rumors about the arrival of the Great Writer are causing Granovsky some worry. The Great Writer appears in the 3d part.

WHERE IS THE TRAGEDY OF IT?

Or:

The Prince is hopelessly and desperately (to the point where he

could commit a crime) in love (that's where you have the tragedy), and there is tragedy also in the fact that a new type of people appear on the scene.

The Ward is in love with Shaposhnikov, who is married (a tragic figure, he amuses his wife by cracking his fingers—a tragic and loftily Christian figure).

The Prince hates everything and everybody and finally joins *Nechaev*, in order to kill Shaposhnikov.

The Ward curses the murderer, and only later finds out that this was a political murder.

Granovsky's influence, and it is he who has been made a fool of.

The Student says this about Russia: Why, a lot can be done here! Why is it that they say there's nothing to be done in Russia? Only a man who doesn't know Russia can say such a thing. Firstly, there's socialism everywhere, and secondly (secondly—nowhere is destroying things so easy as it is in Russia).

Shaposhnikov speaks against the people (about the French proletariat), *O ma mère que je vénère*.³

The Prince dislikes everything that is sham—sham democracy, Granovsky, sham love. He finally offers ~~the Beauty~~ the Ward these conditions: to renounce his inheritance, and all pleasures, to go and live in poverty, to work hard. She accepts it.

Initially he had been preaching that the stick was the best remedy against democracy.

He had clashes with Shaposhnikov and with Golubov. He gave a thrashing to Shaposhnikov; he also thrashed Uspensky, for a newspaper article.

He is seeking the truth; he has found truth in the ideal of Russia and Christianity.

He is cruel. *Nechaev* arouses his jealousy against Shaposhnikov.

Christian humility and self-condemnation.

He gets reconciled to his mother.

He blames himself for having, like the others, wished Shaposhnikov dead.

68 A conversation between the Princess and her son (the Prince) in the course of which the Princess wants to prove to her son that *Nechaev* is

right. Good for large landowners. The notions of feudal aristocracy and of nihilism keep popping up in her head in a completely haphazard way.

Shaposhnikov must be a tragic figure.

The Prince: sincere, cruel, determined, hating the existent order, progress, and contemporary people (becomes involved with *Nechaev*), with Golubov (to become a monk), in the end offers to marry her. (Self-condemnation.) Firmly announces his decision to his mother. Says to his bride: "We must become new men; we must be honest."

Irony, defense in the form of aggression. Hatred. A pure character. A new form of boyar. Terribly proud. "To be honest, get saved as quickly as possible, and start a new breed of men."—

Nevertheless, Shaposhnikov is weak, yet a phrasemonger. The Prince is not a phrasemonger, and strong.

N.B. A brilliant figure, but lift the edge a little.—

Shaposhnikov asks the Prince, in writing and orally, upon his arrival: "Could it be true, and what is it you want to do?" Shaposhnikov, who earlier had had his face slapped.

The Prince replies that it is the truth, but that he knows himself what he must do.→ She doesn't want to herself, out of hurt pride (having been abandoned in such a condition), and goes to see Granovsky. The Prince bears all this with irony, listens to what *Nechaev* has to say, becomes an adherent of Golubov and Shaposhnikov (Golubov is restraining Shaposhnikov). The Prince, proudly and to their faces, accuses them all, including *her*. He is shocked by their humility and by their question to him: "And you, are you any better than they are?" Yet this very question keeps bothering him, too; he actually returned from abroad with this doubt in his mind, with this process of being changed into a new man already active within him. Sometimes he would suggest to her the most formidable prospects and conditions regarding their future life; then again, he would himself laugh it all off. To become men of a new type, to begin with one's own transformation. "I am not a genius, yet I have discovered something new, something no one before me ever discovered in Russia: self-improvement."

THE PRINCE IS EMBITTERED, sick with pride; he contradicts Shaposhnikov and is hostile toward him; out of a vengeful sense of pride, he laughs at the Ward's escapade with Granovsky; he is greatly impressed

³ French: "O, my mother, whom I venerate."

by Golubov, though he won't admit it; he is dissatisfied with everything and has secretly made up his mind to end it all (he despises himself most of all). Shaposhnikov's death leaves him thunderstruck. He tells his mother about the hard conditions which he has offered the Ward. (Some kind of a sensational story in between.) "Let's leave, let's run away, let's begin to work on a new type of man; we aren't ready yet (those other people are right, too, and so are all the rest of them, because none of them are any good), we must start all over again."

The Prince at Golubov's: "I'm trying to correct the first thing (about those who are uprooted from the soil)—I believe."

Golubov: "And the last thing, too! This is the first and the last. Nothing else is needed, all is contained in this one thing."

- 70 *The Monastery*.—"May God give us a good night, and to all wild animals likewise."*

(N.B. Read carefully some descriptions of wild animals. Humboldt, Buffon,⁴ Russians.)

Science is service to God.

About the bear—

About his first love and how he became a monk—(chastity).

About who Satan might be?

Anikita goes to see Chadaev in order to appeal to his conscience. He calls Tikhon, who comes, argues with him, and later asks his forgiveness.

On bugs and on the cosmic joy of *living nature*: Tikhon's inspired tales.

Friendship with a boy who is bold enough to annoy Tikhon with his pranks. (He is possessed by a demon.)

Tikhon learns about Thérèse-Philosophe.

He gives him his blessings, both for his fall and for his redemption.

Tikhon's illuminating stories about life and earthly joy. About his family, father, mother, and brothers. Tikhon's exceedingly naïve, and therefore touching, stories about his minor sins toward members of his family, regarding pride, vanity, and making fun of them ("how I would do everything so very much differently now," says Tikhon).

N.B. The very fact that he has become involved with that boy is touching.

Tikhon's story about his first love, about children. To live the life of a monk is lower, for one ought to have children, yet also higher, if one has a calling for it.

Thérèse-Philosophe embarrasses Tikhon. "Why, I had thought that my will was already well tempered." He observes obedience toward the boy, and does what he tells him to do.

N.B. (Loftily, vigorously, and touchingly.)

Tikhon tells one lady that she is both a traitress to Russia and a miscreant before her own children. How they lose their childlike souls even in childhood. Their studies, though accurate (Leo Tolstoi, Turgenyev), reveal to them, as it were, a life that is not our own. Only Pushkin is a true Russian.

Occasionally, the boy has base thoughts regarding Tikhon: "He is so funny, he is so ignorant, he is so weak and helpless, he comes begging me for advice." But in the end he realizes that Tikhon is basically strong, pure like a child, that he is incapable of harboring an evil thought, that it is impossible to embarrass him, and that therefore all his actions are bright and beautiful.

- 71 Tikhon. On humility (on the great power of humility). All about humility and free will.

On forgiving a criminal guilty of an unforgivable crime (that this is the torture which torments man more than anything else).

Granovsky says to the Ward: "Why, why didn't you come to see me?" (He is jealous seeing that, in her desperation, the Ward has chosen the Prince or Shaposhnikov to seek refuge with). "And why didn't you confide in me? I would have found a way, surely I would have found a way to reassure you and to make you happy." (I.e., he would have played the role of Saks⁵ beautifully and with éclat.)

Finally, the face of Nikolai Vsevolodovich, whom his guest was apparently trying to irritate by the impertinence of his "naïve" remarks, only too obviously prepared ad hoc beforehand, assumed an air of mild curiosity.

Finally, the features of Nikolai Vsevolodovich's face, which bore a contemptuously calm and even a little bit mocking expression in spite

of his guest's apparent obvious and concerted desire to elicit in to irritate his host, for some unknown reason, by the impertinence of his only too obviously crudely "naïve" remarks prepared beforehand and ad hoc, assumed an air of mild curiosity.

72 The Prince—an attractive figure, most handsome (under a surface of frivolity, he is deeply shocked and thinks a great deal), a sceptic and a Don Juan, but only out of desperation.

After his return to Russia, he offers his hand to the Ward in a most chivalrous manner, but is rejected.

A discussion with Shaposhnikov whom he asks to forgive him the slap in the face.

That night, at Granovsky's engagement party—what with his flirting with the Horsewoman and the unexpectedness of the betrothal, he drives the Ward to desperation—

With the Governor's wife—he creates an overwhelming impression on her, and leaves town with her. A scandal.

He falls in love with and, so it seems, intrigues the Beautiful Horsewoman—(her character, boring), but the Horsewoman rejects him and surrenders herself to the Nihilist.

Meanwhile, Granovsky's wedding. The Ward comes running to him in despair (he accepts her; scandal at Granovsky's). Shaposhnikov insists that he keep his promise.

But inasmuch as the affair with the Governor's wife has, in the meantime, taken its course, the Governor's wife, upon learning that the Prince is carrying on with the Ward, in a fit of mad jealousy decides to flee.

He flees with her. The Ward is left alone, Shaposhnikov is murdered. Nechaev abandons the Beauty, Granovsky dies, and the Prince, after having perpetuated one final disgraceful act, and*...(N.B.? shoots himself). The Ward is left alone.

(Only Golubov is able to move and to fascinate him.)

"But since I have dared to say that I (...)."

if unhappily

Playing with his life

✂ Idea: Playing with his life—waving his arms and closing his eyes,

and spinning around in the slough so as to see nothing of it. Once he'll catch a glimpse of it, he will shoot himself.

Don Juan, but a conscious one, otherwise we are a race <...>.

Live as long as there's life.

Variant.

The Ward secretly loved the Prince, but he never made any advances.

Proud relationships: The Ward and Shaposhnikov know that he knows about her love and that he keeps silent and does not want to say the word "I love" (actually, he did say it once, turning his head just to fight his own boredom)—yet the Ward comes running to him and he surrenders (or rather, he finds the notion of cuckolding Granovsky to be a pleasant one).

He talks Granovsky into acquiescing to it and flees with the Ward ~~but then he grabs the Governor's wife and abandons the Ward.~~

Shaposhnikov intervenes, but is murdered.

The Governor's wife surrenders herself to him, and he leaves town with her, while the Ward is left alone.

N.B. A frivolous man, who does nothing but play the game of life, an elegant Nozdrev, who plays an awful lot of tricks on people, some of them noble and some dirty; and it is he who then suddenly shoots himself; in between, he listens to Golubov (once).

Merely shallow and frivolous, but in the end he turns out to have been more profound than anyone else, and that's all there is to it.

N.B. ??? (What will finally come of this?)

An elegant Nozdrev is an expression coined by Granovsky. His arrogance causes him not to be ashamed of Shaposhnikov; he actually admires his own frivolity. Erudite. "But when do you find the time to study?" says Granovsky, "What talent, what great talent!"

He is a sceptic and makes fun of everybody, yet he does it in a supercilious, careless manner.

Absolute indifference toward all kinds of civic affairs. Nothing but sensuous intoxication. **Cosmopolitan**

A cosmopolitan cannot be an honest man at the same time (Shaposhnikov is convinced that this is so).

* *i po*—could conceivably be extended to *i povesilsia*, "and hangs himself."

2) We have a good deal of self-esteem, yet nobody has any respect for his own opinions.

The Prince, Shaposhnikov, Granovsky, the Princess.

THE LAST DAYS OF T. N. GRANOVSKY

Granovsky. He hates the Princess for the good she has done him and for his own baseness in accepting it. He speaks ill of her behind her back, in epigrams and insinuations, yet also with a good deal of cowardliness. The Chronicler pretends, on his part, that he feels very sorry, as a Christian should, about this blemish upon an otherwise great character. He finds excuses for Granovsky, saying that this is all very natural (virtues, idleness, Durov, and an unshakable sense of honor). Whereas the Princess, due to her innate lack of generosity, used to indulge in too many taunts. Such then, are these atheists, yet they are clever people; it might seem that they ought to be able to see their own weaknesses, their insignificance, and their baseness.

Granovsky has long since quit talking to the Princess as to a friend, or discussing with her his own concealed and lofty ideas (i.e., "incessant words of praise addressed to himself," as the Princess once put it). A new court has developed around him: Uspensky, Shaposhnikov, Golubov. At first he treats them with condescension, like a teacher, but eventually he realizes that they are all quite his equals and that they actually are looking upon him as on a ruin.

N.B. (Later, it turns out that each of them has his own, specific reason to be visiting with him. However, earlier they had all been more respectful toward him.)

Yet there were occasions when Granovsky actually did reach real heights of thought (when in grief, and sincere), so with the Prince and with Shaposhnikov. But this would happen only on occasion.

N.B. *The most important*. Granovsky lacks a sense of humor, appreciation of the irony and of the comic element in art and in life—and so, inevitably, he is a narrow-minded man.

(Of the pathetic school of ~~Racine, Corneille~~ French Classicism.)

Absolutely make *Granovsky* brilliant, attractive, and likable, without concealing, however, his faults.

Eventually, Granovsky renounces the Ward in the Prince's favor, yet he does so only after having drained from her every bit of shyness, embarrassment, etc., and, having thoroughly enjoyed all of it, he then strikes the pose of surprised victim. He joins their hands. At first he fails to understand the Prince (he has not seen him in a long time), but later he gets the idea. He has actually been thinking all the time

that he is being forced to seal the Prince's sins by marrying the Ward. He hears her confession first, then the Prince's. He dreams of Polia Saks and, contrary to the Princess's wish, joins their hands.

Granovsky talks of bowing before the icon—in Kireevsky's words. Shaposhnikov says that this is a typically aristocratic remark. It means as much as that he does not himself believe. Consequently, he is just another dilettante, and not really with the people.

Shaposhnikov says that it is a sign of being separated from the soil and uprooted, as a man becomes inclined to love women of other nationalities, i.e., when foreign women get to be dearer to him than his own kind. Parisian and Italian women for Russian aristocrats. Greek and Turkish women for Russian poets, Englishwomen for Russian critics (N.B. Granovsky repeats Strakhov's opinion about Englishwomen).⁶ The influence of Polish Catholic wives on our government officials and generals. A native woman of his own kind ought to appeal to a man more than any other woman. It is the sign of a strong nation if its citizens love and respect *their own* native women most. That's where you have your bonds of kinship, individuality, and family.

N.B. Granovsky's first wife was German, his second wife Polish.

- 74 On the day when the novel begins, Granovsky is at the Governor's. They've made an elephant out of a trifling incident with a police sergeant. The Governor's young and timid wife, caricatured by the Princess. Yet the Great Writer pays her a visit before he sees anyone else, and ignores the Princess, who is so frustrated she gets a fever. Then, as if it had been planned that way, Granovsky is in this accident with the Governor's wife's carriage and the police sergeant. The Governor, awkwardly, has a summons sent to Granovsky. An angered husband gives him a piece of his mind. Granovsky's dexterous and witty reply, witnessed by the Great Writer. The Governor apologizes and pays a visit to Granovsky, who does not receive him. Hereafter Granovsky is in fashion and it becomes a kind of obligatory demonstration to pay a visit to Granovsky. A soirée is improvised. (The Great Writer proclaims himself a nihilist; the Princess is shocked for the first time, but she stands up for Granovsky.) Something like a semi-engagement.

There haven't been any fires as yet, but the neighboring town has

burned down, and somewhere in the vicinity the peasants are rioting.

1st part. Fires, the performance. Rumors about Granovsky's marriage, etc. Arrival of his son. The Great Writer.

2d part. Nechaev is a success all around, the Heiress's refusal. The Prince proudly and haughtily proposes to the Ward, who rejects him. Shaposhnikov and the Prince have already had a serious talk before. It was Shaposhnikov who had called him home, telling him in a letter that Granovsky had been asked to marry the Ward.

3d part. All the nihilists and the Governor.* The engagement party at Granovsky's. She couldn't make herself go through with it, runs away to Shaposhnikov, while there is a fire burning in town. (Quarrels between the Tragic Mother⁷ and the Nihilist Girl, blasphemy, the Bishop, and the flight of the Nihilist Girl.)⁸

4th part.—The murder of Shaposhnikov, first steps toward solving it. Granovsky, cuckolded and sick with diarrhea. The Prince is charged with the crime, but exposes the whole affair, along with Uspensky and Golubov. He marries the Ward. "Cut oneself off from this society."

The Prince has returned to Russia with his thoughts concealed, yet with firm intentions. He hates lies. Sickly.

The Prince arrives and immediately has a showdown with Shaposhnikov. He has decided to propose. He goes home, makes his proposal, is rejected. The Princess tells him about Granovsky. The Prince goes to see the Beauty. Rejection, on horseback, the Captain is put out.

Simultaneously, Granovsky's affair at the Governor's (the Great Writer has promised to pay a visit).

Soirée at Granovsky's. Shaposhnikov with Granovsky, Uspensky; the Prince has brought news about Granovsky's son. The Princess, the Captain with Granovsky's son, the Great Writer (the Beauty is also among those present). A vehement debate about the fires and about nihilism. Granovsky delivers a tirade on the Madonna and on Christ. A sudden betrothal.

Granovsky remarks that democracy in the West has already enervated science. There are no great synthetic ideas any more, just particular

* Could conceivably also mean: "They are all nihilists, even the Governor."

⁷ The mother of Liza, Praskovia Petrovna Drozdova.

⁸ Liza.

specialties. And, as if this weren't enough, there is already some sermonizing going on on the part of the Socialists, to the effect that great knowledge and the sciences are manifestations of aristocracy, and harmful to equality.

Golubov says: "Paradise on earth. It exists right now, and the world was created perfect. Everything in this world is enjoyment—if it is normal and lawful, but only under that condition. God created the world and the law and, moreover, he has performed a miracle by showing us the law through Christ, as a living example and formula. Which is to mean that unhappiness and abnormality comes solely from abnormality, from noncompliance with the law. For instance, marriage is both a paradise and, at the same time, absolutely real, if husband and wife love only each other and are united by their mutual love in <sic> their children. Upon the slightest deviation from the law, marriage becomes a misfortune. It is on these grounds that the socialists call marriage absurd and stupid, ignoring the fact that the absurdity comes from their their own deviations from, and ignorance of, the law. ~~But that~~ These deviations may be diverse, yet they are all caused by a lack of self-control. A man who has 10 children and no fortune considers himself unhappy because he is unable to cope with his lascivious desires and stoops so low as to be moaning about certain privations. Self-control amounts to discipline, and discipline is in the Church. You are saying that a slave is not free. But Christ says that even a slave can be free in the very highest degree, while being a slave. You are saying that a man who has 10 children and only one course for dinner is unhappy, because he hasn't got two, and you are asking: 'What if he won't have even that one course, which happens often?' Whereas I say, yes, he is unhappy then, but again because of his general lack of self-control, and because of his ignorance of the law. Believe me, if everybody would reach the heights of self-control, there would not be any unhappy marriages, or any hungry children. And so the law has been given, stated, and embodied alive. If you haven't obeyed it, that's your misfortune. The ant heap certainly won't save you."

- 75 —The One-armed of Sevastopol
Is again in the grasp of deep torment,
As the grenade of ardent love
Exploded in Ignat's chest.
- Is this really so much
worse than "I love you like
the gloss on my sabre..."
- She was flying along (CALLING) on her horse,
While I was prostrate in amorous sleep.
She jumped across me,

And I jumped up as if I had been burnt—

—Oh God, what did I see!

But this must be a dream, must be a dream!

I did not tell anybody,

Oh God, what did I see!

Of course it's a dream, of course it's a dream!²⁹

What follows is indecent, and I suggested that he shouldn't.

Part 1

Granovsky and his son are in the forefront. Granovsky fails to recognize himself in his son. Meanwhile nihilism engulfs the city. He argues with Shaposhnikov. "You are the progenitors." The murder of Shaposhnikov.

N.B. *Most important.* Granovsky has written the Prince a letter about the prospective match and has quarreled with the Princess. Shaposhnikov is married.

But *the most important*, Granovsky and his son are in the forefront.

Pathetic elements—the sickly Prince and the Ward. THE NEW, MORE SIMPLY.

Granovsky is preparing to get married, yet he is afraid of his son: "What is my son going to say about it?"

The Princess is Granovsky's benefactress. He proposes to the Ward, fearing the Prince. (The idea to arrange this match belonged to the Princess, who had become afraid of her son.)

The Prince returns home (?summoned by the Ward's brother). He goes directly to Shaposhnikov, of his own accord, without an invitation. The Prince proudly gives Shaposhnikov his word that he will propose, and does so. He is rejected. "Isn't it somewhat early?" He is amazed by that. (Earlier, he had slapped Shaposhnikov's face.) The Princess is triumphant.

The Prince, laughingly, pays a visit to the Heiress, who takes him aback by rejecting his proposal before he has ever proposed. However, they go horseback riding together and run over the Captain (drop in at Granovsky's on horseback).

Meanwhile Granovsky has his own troubles with the Governor, and all the consequences of that affair, i.e., the soirée.

Soirée at Granovsky's (prior to which he is with Shaposhnikov:

"What is my son going to say?" also, about nihilism). Shaposhnikov has met his son abroad. The Great Writer, the Captain and Granovsky's son, Granovsky's tirade. The Prince (*Shaposhnikov*) poses the question about informing the police, they drink champagne. The stage is set.

The Prince loves the Ward for her pride. (He is at fault.)

MORE LINKS.

(N.B. Granovsky shows his sensitivity before his son, the Prince, his fiancée, Shaposhnikov. Meanwhile his son is gaining social prestige all over town. This is also where the Beauty is to be introduced into the circle. Nothing comes of the Prince's courtship of the Beauty. The Prince listens to Shaposhnikov attentively and mockingly. He also meets Golubov.) Nechaev at Shaposhnikov's and at Golubov's.

3) They are all nihilists: the Prince's escapade (which establishes loudly and clearly, his character absolutely in connection with his love affair with the Ward, humbling). ~~The Beauty runs away from <her?> engagement party—(many scandals)~~ At the engagement party, Granovsky joins the hands of the Prince and the fiancée. Prior to ~~this~~ the betrothal, blasphemy, the Bishop, the Great Writer, a quarrel, the betrothal, the Beauty runs away to the Captain, that is, to Nechaev.

4) The final meeting. Shaposhnikov's death verdict. The plot is about to be exposed, everybody is scared.

IDEA: The Prince is guilty before Shaposhnikov's sister and slaps Shaposhnikov's face. Later, Shaposhnikov's sister refuses (which suits the Princess fine, as she arranges things for Granovsky). Shaposhnikov's sister demands that he apologize to Shaposhnikov. (...) ~~The sister~~ The Ward—she does not say anything right away, but postpones it until later that night. That night, at Granovsky's, everything is decided. Shaposhnikov forgives everything (the Prince asks his forgiveness, but only after he has already been forgiven). He gives his word, right there, at Granovsky's. The Prince feels like a fool, and insulted.

Granovsky, in the course of the novel, seeks to persuade the Prince to forgive.

The Prince meets Nechaev and discusses moral regeneration with him.

He tearfully begs Shaposhnikov's forgiveness. (Shaposhnikov and his sister, it seems, do indeed despise him very much. Everybody in town knows that he was the seducer.)

In the course of the novel, the Prince's decision is frustrated, which is what accounts for the pathos of the novel.

The whole town also knows that the Beauty has rejected the Prince.

²⁹ Poetry dedicated to Liza by Captain Lebiadkin.

* Iambic tetrameter, rhyme scheme *abaab*.

N.B. (The Prince will be penniless if he marries and goes against his mother's will.)

Even before, the Princess tells Granovsky that she is afraid of her son. He replies that he knew the Prince as so delicate. She replies by calling him a fool.

76 Shaposhnikov is married. A drunken wife. The Princess, pointing at her: "Your future kin!"

The Prince has returned from abroad with firmly established views on things.

1) Or, another idea! Nechaev gets the Prince involved in the murder, making him the murderer. (Which means he is as stupid as Bezobrazov.¹⁰)

2) Or, the Prince is much the stronger and nails Nechaev, who wants to make a murderer out of him.

3) Or, the Prince is actually tempted to commit the murder; but the murder is then committed rather without his having any part in it, due to the thoughtlessness of Nechaev who fails to heed Uspensky's advice (the latter is the first to repent). The Prince is thunderstruck, repents, and accuses himself. Whereas the Ward goes over to the side of the murdered man's wife.

4) The Prince is passionately in love with the Ward, yet at the same time: "I am being insulted by a serf of mine!"

His hatred of nihilism and liberalism. There is no reconciliation, but he does become intimate with Nechaev.

The Princess in a comical situation—while remaining an aristocrat, she becomes a nihilist: "They are right." But most of all, she does it to spite Granovsky—to tease him.

The Prince is passionately in love with the Ward and is deeply hurt by her refusal.

The Ward is in tears. She is with her brother, who would like to reassure her and yet fears the Prince, a terrible and deranged character.

Or: The Prince is being facetious with the Beauty all the time. He half laughs at Granovsky. Formidable and elegant himself.

And finally he is captivated by Shaposhnikov, and says: "Forgive me."

N.B. He The crisis which leads to a change to enthusiasm continues throughout the novel.

Because of the laughter (he restrains himself). A passionate nature. He finally surrenders, to the Beauty.

But he could nail Nechaev.

Generally, rather a serious character, serious to the point of curiosity. He has returned from abroad with thoughts and with questions that fascinate him ever so much more since they are new to him. Some people consider him a nihilist (his mother, for instance), and he does have, in general, the reputation of a nihilist. Only Granovsky sees that he is not a nihilist (but what is he?) Sometimes he thinks that He thinks that he is a presumptuous young fool (Bezobrazov), which is what many of them are. The Prince is always laughing, which irks Granovsky. Granovsky finally comes to think that the Prince is in Nechaev's hands. On some rare occasions Granovsky is impressed by flare-ups of a serious or tender temperament in the Prince. A most serious discussion. A profound trait: the Prince likes to listen a lot, and with great attention. Nevertheless, his mother fears him all the time. At one time it looks as if Nechaev had him under control (i.e., Nechaev thinks that this is so), but very soon even the carefree Nechaev realizes that it isn't so. However, he still wants to get the Prince involved in the murder (according to the advice and warnings of Uspensky). But Nechaev, though frivolous and happy-go-lucky, can be very clever indeed when the situation demands it: he suddenly realizes that he won't succeed in getting the Prince involved in the murder, that this just isn't in the cards, that the Prince has been merely listening, keeping silent, and watching; also, that he may be very well of one mind with Shaposhnikov. And so he immediately decides to go through with the assassination according to a different plan, that is, avoiding the Prince. Some suspicions do nevertheless fall on the Prince. But here the Prince quickly takes the initiative and exposes himself.

He immediately masters the situation and wins over Uspensky, who makes a confession. He goes directly to the Ward, revealing all his deep love; yet he presents his conditions, which she accepts with enthusiasm. A new type of people, new life regenerated! Break the idols and burn the bridges. If necessary, he is ready to forfeit his inheritance; but his mother, trembling from fear acquiesces. He frightens the Governor and the Great Writer. He generously shows his compassion for the Beauty, whom he had earlier rejected rudely and abruptly, because of a

¹⁰ Probably Vladimir P. Bezobrazov (1828–89), economist and geographer, a moderate champion of peaceful reform.

frivolous act of hers. (At first they would laugh together; she thought that he was a nihilist and took it into her head to *play* with him; he very rudely severed relations with her, but he was actually wrong, for it hadn't been lewdness at all on her part, as it had appeared to him, but her thoughtless and yet deliberately conscientious persuasions.) Altogether, he realizes that it isn't easy at all to be an honest man, and especially a *new* man, that it just isn't enough to have enthusiasm. This he also tells the Ward when he eventually offers her his conditions. "I won't become a *new* man myself," he says, "for I lack originality, but I have finally found a few precious ideas and I'm sticking to them. But before there can be any regeneration and resurrection, there must be self-control; and that's where I need you, for you will save me with your gentle temperament." "I," he says, "used to condemn nihilism and was its bitter enemy, but now I see that I am more guilty than anyone else, and worse than anyone else; we, the gentry, have severed our ties with the soil, which is why we must be regenerated before anyone else; the curse weighs heavier upon us than on anyone else, and it is from us that everything originated."

With He could listen to Shaposhnikov, yet he noticed in him a great deal of hatred, which is why he always looked down on him to a certain extent. But he listens to Golubov with respect. Faith and Orthodoxy.

He accepts a position as steward with the Governor, which shocks his mother. (But he still gives a horsewhipping to Uspensky).

In a word, it finally turns out that he has been in his right mind all along; but not in a calm and collected way, but under the spell of his crisis. At one time he wanted to become a monk (Pavel Prussky).¹²

In any case he is a gentleman.

If somebody had slapped his face, he would have called him out but failed to fire a shot, out of contempt.

He begged Shaposhnikov forgiveness, in secret and with tears.

He used to listen to Nechaev attentively, and toward the end begins to watch him closely. The fire gave him a shock. He worked at the fire.

His reputation in town and everywhere (still from the past, when he was still an adolescent) is that of a depraved, disgraceful, brazenly abusive man. (There is a government clerk whom he had beaten up, a husband married to a girl whom he had seduced. The Governor's wife

thinks he is a Melmoth.¹² He is momentarily attracted by the Governor's wife. She writes him a letter. He acts nobly toward her.)

The Governor hates him because of his wife, and actually has a serious exchange of words with him.

The Governor's brother insults him. A slap in the face, a brawl.

In the novel, he is the judge of nihilism.

He says to Golubov: "I am eagerly watching Nechaev to find out where he gets such strength of conviction and composure from. I am fascinated by Nechaev."

That's why the Ward thinks: "How could such a man marry me?"

The Governor has just only arrived at his office when the Prince comes in too. The Governor thinks that he has come to see his wife rather than him, and is embarrassed.

The Beauty's blasphemy suddenly hurts him so much it makes him sick—and all of a sudden a hidden nook of his inner convictions has shown itself.

He is initially cruel and cold toward her because he is, firstly, proud, and secondly, hates all affectation and insincerity. "Marry a whore—what's the difference!" There is such a woman in town.

Golubov says: "You need more humility; consider yourself as being nothing, only then you will be saved, and gain peace."

Shaposhnikov also used to preach humility and died a fiery enthusiast. Shaposhnikov belonged to the society of the axe, and disturbed (...).

Letters, December 23, to Pasha.¹³

" 9, to Pasha,

No. 763

December 11/23, 1869.

¹² A reference to Charles Robert Mathurin's (1782–1835) *Melmoth the Wanderer* (1820). A Gothic tale in four volumes.

¹³ Pavel A. Isaev (1848–1900), stepson from Dostoevsky's first marriage. Frequent addressee of Dostoevsky's letters.

2 *Continuation from the end.* The nameday of T. N. Granovsky may, it seems, serve directly as the beginning and as the basis of my chronicle: it is pregnant with events. Granovsky had written the Prince a letter after all. Here is where the chapter ends. This is why the Princess got angry with him and didn't want to attend his nameday party that evening. She was still afraid of those rumors about the Prince, and of his resolute character, and so she wanted to make sure that the marriage would come off before his return. There had been negotiations with Granovsky, but nothing in the open as yet. Suddenly the Prince arrives, being actually quite inclined to stir up an affair. He asks that Shatov be summoned (earlier, he had slapped his face, solely for his stupidity). He asks the Ward, in the presence of Shatov and his own mother, to explain once and for all: "Where is the root of this affair, an affair which is now taking a vile turn." He reads Granovsky's letter to them. She blushes. The Princess is furious: "Why, that old woman did write you after all." The other woman declares that nothing has happened between them and that she is raising no claims whatever. The Prince declares that if he considered himself capable of making someone happy, etc. She is indignant. She suggests asking Shatov's forgiveness. But he declines, considering himself guilty. Then, a conversation: "So you are marrying the old man." A compassionate glance, a few words about <what happened> abroad. He leaves together with Shatov; a few words, the latter keeps his eyes fixed to the ground and seems in a hurry to pass him.

The Prince goes to see the Beauty. Taking a ride with her step-

father. A conversation. A refusal before there has been a proposal. About Nechaev. "I'll pay a visit to Nechaev." They then have a go at the Captain¹ (he is the one who writes verse, i.e., he has already started to write). They pay a visit to the Captain. He is out of his mind. She has learned from the Captain that Nechaev is staying with him, though he isn't in at the moment. "Let's go and see Granovsky." Meanwhile, there is another affair going on, involving Granovsky—truly, a day of many affairs. ~~About how~~ The Great Writer.

Shatov at Granovsky's in the evening, Uspensky, conversation, "I haven't cleaned the old horse's teeth." Guests. Shatov is about to leave, but stays on. The Prince announces Nechaev. The Captain and Nechaev. A quick engagement. The Great Writer. "I am a nihilist." On poetry and the Madonna. (*Some kind of occurrence.*) (Nechaev is listening to Shatov, while Shatov isn't even aware that Nechaev is a member of the same organization.)

Nechaev and the Prince are friends, Nechaev has come also because of Golubov.

Course of Events

Granovsky—a personage.

The engagement, a mistake—a letter to the Prince, and one to his son.

The son arrives—description of his first adventures (N.B. however, incognito). Shatov and the Prince have gotten to know each other.

Arrival at the Prince's, account of what the Prince has come to. The Great Writer, the Governor.

Granovsky's nameday. Shatov—(Shatov, too, is incognito.)

Meanwhile in town, proclamations, fires, etc.

AS A NARRATIVE, IT WILL COME OFF IN FINE FASHION, WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST UNEVENNESS.

Most important, it is a CHRONICLE.

N.B. Even that conversation at Granovsky's nameday party ought to be presented in narrative form, like, "here's what he said then."

(What is most important about those people is their faith in the coming of a golden age. It requires an unshakable faith to reach a decision to destroy everything. Actually the decision is to destroy everything only because this is the easiest and the least difficult solution.)

N.B. Kulishov, and Nechaev has his cheeks slapped, which doesn't affect him in the least.

? Nechaev is slapped by <Liza's> stepfather, or by the Prince (rather?). No consequences of any kind, and Nechaev isn't a bit embarrassed.

? The Governor's brother² spits in the Prince's face (unjustly so). A challenge. The Prince won't fire, for reason of his profound contempt.

N.B. Don't explain who Nechaev is, perhaps right until the third part. That's it; he's Granovsky's son! That ought to leave the reader nonplussed!

- 3 Nechaev must absolutely make up a story about how Granovsky "is marrying the sins of the Prince," and in the end he succeeds in embarrassing Granovsky: "I won't believe it!" But the Princess is furious: "If you didn't believe it, you wouldn't be so greatly worried about it!"

The Princess is furious that Granovsky has written a letter to the Prince prior to his engagement. (She wanted to marry him off.) "But why, then, did he write that letter? Could it be that he has some doubts himself?" thinks the Princess and is furious.

N.B. *Among the principals*, Granovsky quickly realizes (from the end of the 2d part, where his son proves to him that he has been envious of him and also makes up the story *about the sins of the Prince*) that he has blundered and that his fiancée loves the Prince. He interrogates his fiancée, brings her together with the Prince—that's what the conversation with the Prince is for—yet he has failed to analyze the Prince correctly. The Prince, only toward the end, dictates his conditions to her.

N.B. Present the Prince as an enemy of nihilism and liberalism, and as a haughty aristocrat.

Nechaev's clique: Uspensky (enthusiastic, the novel *What Is to Be Done?*).³

Zaitsev⁴ (an idiot, as far as I can remember him) and M—v (rebellion

² Not in the final version. Stavrogin fights a duel with the son of Gaganov, whom Stavrogin pulled about by the nose.

¹ Lebiadkin, who in earlier notes is called Kartuzov and Merzavtsev.

for its own sake, scepticism; an urge toward movement; he speaks of our Slavic brothers; scepticism everywhere, he is very clever, but restless and untidy. He and Uspensky are the first to start the conflagration). One might add a *fourth man*⁵ (a pickpocket and windbag).

March 7 <1870>. N.B. The Prince has been <all along> a man given to debauchery, and a haughty aristocrat. He has shown himself earlier as a bitter enemy of the emancipation of serfs, and as their oppressor (manure). N.B. This is a man possessed by an *idea*. This idea grips him and gains mastery over him; however, its action is qualified by the fact that it does not so much rule over his mind as it does *become embodied* in his person, becoming a part of his nature, always with suffering and anxiety. And, once it has become lodged in his nature, it demands to be transformed into action without delay.

Now, first of all, he has returned to town after a long period of absence.

Meanwhile there has been a change in his convictions. To change one's convictions means, in his case, to experience a complete change in one's life, so that he actually returns home with the secret intention at least to renounce his inheritance, and to break all ties. ~~From~~ He has suddenly become a terrible sceptic, distrustful, and inclined to assume the worst—a phenomenon consistent with a strong character. To make a decision for him means to burn all bridges and do what is to be done. This kind of a person may well experience doubt before he makes up his mind, as long as he isn't quite convinced; but once he has begun to doubt, his passionate nature will turn him into a sceptic to the point of cynicism.

He loves the Ward (though not very much, but merely having retained some pleasant memories of her from their stay abroad)—and relinquishes her. He breaks with the Beauty. He seeks support for his convictions from Shatov and Golubov. Also from Nechaev. He is even willing to listen to Granovsky. As a result of all this, Golubov's ideas gain a stronger hold on him, while he rejects everything else.

Golubov's ideas are those of humility and self-possession, also that God and the Kingdom of Heaven are within us, in self-possession, and that's where freedom is, too. He didn't expect to meet Golubov. Hav-

ing met him, he is thunderstruck, awed, and wholeheartedly submits to his influence.

(N.B. He takes a lot from Shatov, yet rejects him as a whole.)

He has arrived in town because, among other things, he has heard of Nechaev and would like to *investigate* him. He has made up his mind to *apprehend and turn him over to the authorities*, but before, he would like to find out what he has got to say.

- 4 And so it turns out that the Prince is a romantic and mysterious figure. He visits with everybody, listens to everybody—in order to grow firmer in his own convictions. But the reader won't know that before the very *dénouement*. Here, suddenly, he becomes enamored of the Ward...

Having rejected her in the morning, he takes a close look at her in the evening, at Granovsky's, then falls in love. (N.B. A romantic episode is of the essence. Their love will be such that the Ward will, at one moment, think that he loves her, and the next moment, that he doesn't. In this fluctuation there lies the sweetness of the love affair.) It ends with conditions for the Ward, and his proposal to burn all bridges and to start as new people.

? He seems to be a little crazy.

? The Princess has actually received letters to the effect that her son has apparently lost his mind to some small degree, and she even confers with Granovsky about this. These two take some measures accordingly.

(In this letter from Petersburg about his madness, some facts ought to be presented.)

He comes out for sacrilege.

He puts up with a slap in the face

He stands up for the Ward when she is insulted by somebody and surprises her by this action.

He decides to turn in Nechaev, but the latter manages to slip away, while Shatov is murdered.

It is he who discovers that Shatov has been murdered.

He also detects the fire and plays a hero's role during the fire.

Until the very end he never expresses any of his ideas. *A new man*.

The Prince, in his effort to investigate *everything*, even pretends to be a nihilist, makes friends with Nechaev and tries to elicit some information from him. He is struck by the fire and by the blasphemy. He decides to turn them in and goes to see Shatov, asking him to join him, but Shatov is hesitant about informing the police. The Prince views his indecision with derision. Right after which Shatov is mur-

⁵ The fourth man became Liamshin. He resembles Aleksei Kuznetsov, one of the murderers of Ivanov. At the trial he admitted that he lost his head at the time of the murder, but Dostoevsky could not have known this fact since the trial proceedings were not published until 1871.

dered. Then the Prince immediately makes the whole affair public, apprehending Uspensky and M—v.

The Prince Definitive:

However, the Prince has no particular ideas. All he has is a loathing of contemporary man, with whom he has decided to break. Nothing but outright loathing, for he has already realized his own rootlessness. But no ideas. Shatov says that Nechaev is entirely a product of ideas. The Prince believes him. A persistent desire to become *a new man*. "I haven't got any particular ideas, but I want to act if act I must." He listens to everybody, including Golubov, agrees with almost everybody, listens to them, but never states his own opinion.

4) He is attracted by the Ward and even tries to convince himself that he is in love with her. (His conditions regarding becoming a new man; all of these conditions are infinitely difficult.) Immediately thereafter he shoots himself.

It is precisely because he sees the power of his conviction that he is attracted by Nechaev.

He is attracted by Golubov, and it is only in desperation that he leaves him.

He is attracted by Granovsky, finds him ludicrous, and rejects him.

5) Our whole generation has turned out to be worthless and useless. "One must not drive things too far."

"I can't reconcile <these ideas> so cheaply."

6) "I opened my eyes and I saw too much—I couldn't stand that rootlessness of ours."

7) The Prince's last confession, before he shoots himself, in the form of a letter.

"I used to know these fools (Nechaev), and I was with them, but I always believed them to be fools."

8) The Little Priest: he defends God and later admits that he doesn't himself believe.

He does not believe in God either, because he does not believe in his soil, or in his nation.

3R "Why, certainly I don't believe in God," he says. Shatov explains to him that no cosmopolitan can possibly believe in God.

To live on the soil, to be with one's people, means to believe precisely that all mankind will be saved through this very people, and the ultimate idea brought to the whole world, and with it the Kingdom of Heaven.

"I can't force myself to believe."

"Understandably so," says Shatov, "for if you were actually a Russian, you would be believing without even knowing it yourself; you wouldn't even reason about it but would simply think that it couldn't be any other way, and this without any presumption but with humility, as is true of any Russian."

"Does every Russian actually believe in this?"

"Absolutely."

"But aren't only muzhiks true Russians according to your definition? And does the muzhik really believe that all mankind will be saved through him?"

"Absolutely. Haven't you really noticed that either? Of course he isn't even thinking of this, nor could this sort of question ever enter his mind; yet if such a question were suddenly to enter his mind, no matter in what form this might happen, 2) he certainly would have to think in this and in no other way. Man is for him only a Russian man, God is for him only a Russian God, and only a Russian custom is for him a custom."

3) "This is separatism, fanaticism!"

"Not at all! The French and the English think in exactly the same fashion, or even more strictly and more exclusively so than the Russians, who are a mild-mannered people, 4) exceedingly mild—a distinctive quality of the Russian race, i.e., a mildness to the point of being conciliatory toward, and tolerant of, anything foreign, etc."

Knowledge of foreign languages.

4R N.B. March 2 <1870>. Our recent fires and other strange developments in our, i.e., S—a province notwithstanding, I shall begin my narrative with T. N. Granovsky.

(Bring in Shatov at this point.)

He had no sense of humor, but <was a master of> the exposé.

Timofei Nikolaevich⁶ did not understand nihilism and used to argue about it with Shatov. Yet these are digressions, of which many are needed; also, introduce as many particular events as required (he is expecting his son like a frightened mouse), then all of a sudden bring in a truly promising plot. Finish it with some major event and a lot of noise.

Enter Nechaev. His physiognomy.

⁶ This is the name and patronymic of Granovsky, who is more frequently referred to by his surname.

2d. What was the reason of Nechaev's success? His first steps were such-and-such (although I do not, of course, know everything). What is he?

Nechaev. He suspects baseness everywhere, and this includes the Beauty. As for the Beauty, he failed to notice even the slightest bit of enthusiasm about her (her action).

The Beauty, as she comes running to the Captain, breathes a peculiar kind of poetry.

Nechaev lets his father know that he thinks the father is definitely jealous of him, of his successes, and that this is why he has been exchanging caustic remarks with his son.

The Princess, acting as a mediator between them, takes the son's side.

THE PRINCE SHOOTS HIMSELF.

5 An argument between the Prince and Granovsky.

The Prince argues that things have reached a point where a nobleman means nothing in Russia, while Granovsky asserts that the nobleman is everything, for the elements of civilization and leadership are concentrated in him. (It is the Prince's idea that he is still rootless, and a cosmopolitan, and consequently *naught*.)

Stavrogin.

During his first exchange of words with the Ward, which takes place immediately after his return, he says to her, in the presence of his mother and her brother (Shatov): "If any frivolous or thoughtless word may have fallen at one time so as to evoke certain thoughts in your mind, please forgive me—and take pity on me" (i.e., the gist of it is that he is incapable of love, and to be pitied for not being able to fall in love with such a wonderful girl as she is). He is mocking her, yet he also says it in a touching way, and looks hungrily at her. During the *soirée* at Granovsky's he had been eyeing her with mockery, and had embarrassed and tortured her. In the course of the novel, he comes to see her several times, sometimes in an almost passionate mood, yet every time he leaves almost laughing. He worries her terribly. During his last visit (when he proposes his conditions) he says, in rapture, that he loves only her, that she is his salvation, and—an hour later he shoots himself. He leaves his confession with her.

"Why won't you just simply live (look, I'm living, am I not?)," people tell the Prince.

"Why, this is the most difficult thing of all," he replies.

The Prince does something really mean in town (to the Governor's wife, or to the Beauty).

March 11 <1870>

The final image of the Prince.

The Prince arrives having made up his mind, and having resolved all his doubts.

He is a *new man*. He breaks with the two girls and intends to break definitively with his mother. He is full of a mad, deeply rooted energy, says very little, displays a derisive and sceptical countenance, like a man who is in possession of a definitive solution of all problems as well as of *the* idea. He is willing to listen to everyone for a time, and has little to say in return. In private, he thinks of Granovsky with condescending derision; is struck by a certain sickly air about Shatov and sees quite clearly the latter's bookishness and hopelessness; he follows Nechaev's moves and listens to his words with astonishment and curiosity, as he would like very much to find an answer to this question: what could it be that gives people so firm a foundation? (N.B. There had been some earlier ties with Nechaev.) Only Golubov gives him a real shock. Yet he admits to him, with enthusiasm (but briefly, in two-three words), that this is entirely like his own idea, his own convictions arrived at after a long search. He ~~wants to~~ has come to town to make amends for his past errors, injustices, etc. Absolutely. He makes peace with those whom he had insulted, endures a slap in the face. He defends blasphemy, locates the murderers, and, finally, solemnly declares to the Ward that he loves him <*sic*>, announcing his conditions. They mean that henceforward he will be a true Russian, and that one must believe even in what he once said at Golubov's (that Russia and the Russian idea will save mankind). He prays before icons, etc. He is in town all the time, displaying his new convictions with the most savage energy, much to the amazement of his mother. He tells the Ward that he has been watching her, that he has become convinced that he loves her and that they will be resurrected together, if only she would share his convictions. And then he suddenly shoots himself. (A mysterious personage, declared insane.)

The Prince loves the Beauty, incessant quarrels with her (bored), various demands.

He feels that he is unfair to his fiancée, decides to break the engagement, endures a slap in the face, steals Granovsky's fiancée. To her:

"We shall go alone," to Golubov: "I don't believe." He informs the police and shoots himself.

The Prince says with mocking condescension: "I do not believe in God, but I hope to be an honest man. I do not like those who say that they are for the people; there is a good deal of insincerity connected with that; we have already placed too many wreaths upon their lousy heads. You are saying that we, the upper class, have become alienated from the people and that we have betrayed them; whereas I consider myself to be, no less than the people, an independent social unit, and I shall retort by saying that it is I who have been betrayed, and not the other way round. Leave me alone, I'm all by myself. I'm an egoist and want to live my own egoistic life."

"Oh, my Prince, why are you saying that? If you weren't talking about it, but would simply live your own egoistic life, you might manage to live it out somehow; but now you are talking about it—and so you won't live it out."

- 1 March 15 <1870>.—The Prince is a person who is easily bored. A product of this Russian age. He looks down on people and knows how to remain independent, i.e., he keeps away from the gentry, as well as from the Westernizers, and from the nihilists, and from Golubov. Yet there remains for him the question: what is he himself? The answer for him is "*Nothing*." He is very intelligent and therefore realizes that he is in fact not a Russian. He avoids the issue by believing that *he does not find it necessary to be a Russian*, but when shown the absurdity of what he has said he shields himself behind an evasive phrase—that he is an independent.

Insofar as he is outside of all parties he can see and hear everything altogether dispassionately (remaining very much aloof himself). He takes a very close look at Nechaev and Golubov, and passes judgment on Granovsky.

But his character is a lofty one, and it causes him dissatisfaction and agony to be nothing in particular. He finds no solid basis whatsoever within himself and is bored.

When the Beauty deceives him, LEAVES HIM, HE ACTS LIKE A DESPOT WITH HER ~~he finds~~ abandons himself sentimentally, HE FINDS A GENEROUS EXPLANATION, he finds within himself the strength to accept the fact that she has left him, and suddenly sees, to his own surprise, that he actually did not need any strength for that, for he feels no pain (but only hurt pride, and he is above that), because he actually never did love her. Shatov proves to him that he actually can't love at all, be-

cause he is an universal man, and only men with a nationality possess the gift of being able to love.

Then he takes notice of the Ward and realizes that he has been wrong. He takes her away from Granovsky and insists that they get married. That's settled.

A slap in the face and a duel without a shot.

At the same time, out of indignation, he becomes involved in the Nechaev affair, informs the police, and exposes it.

But having exposed it, he feels that ~~he became involved~~ he became involved for no good reason, laughs at himself, and regrets having done it.

He feels that he does not love the Ward. Leaves for his country estate. Asks her forgiveness in a letter, for having carried her away (actually it was he who was carried away, his last self-delusion and self-deception). But he is bored and he won't make her happy. Then he shoots himself.

Before he does, he goes to see Golubov for the last time.

He says: "I wonder why I can't live like other people—like my mother, like the Count, like Granovsky, the Governor, the Great Writer?"

(Answer: because he is superior to them.)

But the author's idea is this: to present a man who realizes that he has nothing to stand on.

- 62 April 10/March 29, 1870

1)

No need to introduce Golubov.

WITHOUT GOLUBOV

It turns out that the Prince is the main hero of the novel. He makes friends with Shatov, causes him to become an enthusiastic follower of his doctrine, while not believing in it himself.

He just observes everything, remaining indifferent to everything, even to the murder of Shatov, of which he has knowledge.

N.B. (There remains this problem: Was he actually serious, and himself full of enthusiasm, when he talked to Shatov? Shatov was urging him to start acting.) The Prince listens sceptically and says: "I do not believe. I was only talking." He even writes Shatov a letter about this.

For a moment he thought of the Ward, became intimate with her, revealed to her that he was a citizen of the Canton of Uri—

He gets to ~~ponder~~ regret that he has aroused the Ward's emotions. Offers her his hand.

He shoots himself. A letter to her: "Forgive me. Perhaps I'm really mad. I am leaving everything to you."

Such then, are his relations with Shatov.

The Chronicler, on his part, adds: "It might also be that he was only laughing at Shatov."

"I am bored!"

No need to introduce Golubov.

Should Shatov slap the Prince's face before or after "I believe in nothing"? A question!

I'd say before??? But perhaps not.

Then the Prince suddenly (after "I believe in nothing") begins to treat Shatov with contempt and with derision.

He is interested in everything including Captain Merzavtsev, "and why didn't they report it," and the Ward, and ~~rapes~~ seduces a 13-year-old, which creates an uproar. (It just happened, by chance, a passing fancy.)

The Ward, in an exalted state, is ready to flee with him if must be to Uri (he has her)? He wants to marry her. Death.

But he is gentle, modest, quiet, boundlessly proud, and bestially cruel. (Sickness), shoots himself.

He visited the Ward a few times, but stopped seeing her (every time he'd visit her the Princess would nearly go out of her mind). Granovsky.

AND SO, THE WHOLE PATHOS OF THE NOVEL LIES IN THE PRINCE; HE IS THE HERO. All the rest moves around him, like a kaleidoscope. He also supersedes Golubov. A boundlessly lofty figure.

"I'm afraid that I may be hating someone here."

A meeting with her former husband, with the woman he had seduced. Plays tricks on them.

He emerges from the affair with pride and originality.

"What is worst of all, I don't believe myself."

Shatov says: "How can it be that you don't believe! How can you, if this is so, feel so strongly about Russia?"

"Perhaps it is because I hate her so very strongly," replies the Prince.

Shatov: "Were you really dissimulating?"

The Prince: "Maybe I wasn't. No, I wasn't dissimulating. I am bored! Perhaps I was dissimulating after all! How do I know?"

Occasionally he would complain, all of a sudden: "I am bored!"

S. S. "Alabama": "I'll get there!" (Dream).

- 130 *Granovsky*: "Shakespeare was a man chosen ~~by God~~ by the Creator and anointed a prophet who would (OPEN TO THE WORLD) reveal before the world the mystery of man."

The Prince and Shatov. N.B. Leave this vile race to others to take care of. N.B. Develop, as clearly as possible, the idea that our liberals are really the most backward reactionaries, and that the *national party alone* is our guarantee of strength and of the future.

N.B. NOTE THE IDEA

The Prince and Nechaev.

The Prince: "Our entire administration, taken as a body, in its entirety, ~~in relation to~~ is in relation to Russia nothing but—effrontery."

Nechaev (with a guffaw): "Did you say effrontery?"

The Prince: "Yes, effrontery, contempt and effrontery."

Nechaev: "Ahem, I shall not, of course, defend or praise your administration. But you know, as I've been looking around, learning a thing there during these months (because, you know, I don't really know much about Russia, ~~because~~ nor do I have to, because it's all coming to an end anyway, up by the roots)—well anyway, as I was learning a thing here and a thing there, I began to realize that it isn't really so bad at all, I mean the administration, because it is not pursuing any practical goal, but much rather the triumph of an idea, not any practical end, mind you, but the integrity and triumph of an idea. Of course I don't give a damn what idea exactly; let them have any kind of idea they want ~~because it is all going to be destroyed anyway, up by the roots~~, but they certainly have achieved a pattern of UNIFIED concerted action. **Unification** They've done it! They have found a way to do it. I guess they've got it ever since Peter the Great, ~~and in the main~~ it is really German. What I am talking about is not how the thing has been done, i.e., right or wrong, fruitful or stillborn, useful or harmful, but that it has been done after a certain pattern. And haven't they achieved extraordinary results, judge for yourself: they've got one law contradicting the other all the time, because these laws are passed needlessly and inefficiently, and for no other but ~~their own~~ administrative purposes, yet what is the outcome? Everything goes just fine, and there isn't a word of protest. To be sure, it is somewhat deadening, but...don't you think it is even better, really, if things are a little on the dead side? What do you think? Hasn't a higher goal been accomplished, eh? Any excessive ~~bustling~~ plenitude of life is ~~always~~ harmful. We might actually take this over from them, ~~in the future, I mean, their manner~~ their manner, keep it in mind for the future. Incidentally, I am sure they've gotten it from the Germans. Lately they have been taking over a lot from the French, who are masters in their own right, ~~but~~ though theirs is a different goal, and you know what, actually an almost unconscious one: everything for the sake of Paris, for Paris is a great idea. You know, had there not been a ~~Revolution~~ in Paris—I won't say 'in France'!—that Revolution of 1789, there wouldn't have been any so-called emancipation of peasants in this country, I swear it. ~~We've~~ emancipated them precisely because we got to be 'quite a bit' ashamed before the Germans, and so we didn't do the real thing, but just the form, nothing but the form... And you know what, as far as form is concerned, that German influence has been a good deal stronger than those two hundred years of the Tartar yoke, isn't it so?"

The Prince: "Why, you are a Slavophile!"

Nechaev: "Ha-ha-ha!"

"How do you mean, form? So you don't recognize that the peasants have been really emancipated and say that it is in form only?"

"All right, they have been emancipated ~~though~~; I didn't mean it literally when I said ~~that~~ it was in form only. You know what, even here they have actually blundered in the heat of the moment. Now they are bitterly complaining that, though it was done in form only, it really wasn't done in form only as much as it ought to have been, and so they regret it, they are greatly annoyed by it, and they want to change it. As far as I'm concerned, I really do not care: it doesn't interest me in the least, whether the peasants are free, or not free, whether things are going well, or whether they are all fouled up. You know: the worse, the better. Let the Serno-Solovievich¹ brothers worry about that, and retrogrades such as Chernyshevsky! We have a different idea, and you know what. ~~In my opinion everything ought to be pulled up by the roots.~~

- 131 N.B. The Princess was sitting under the Madonna. You'll ask: "How do you know that?" What if I heard it from Stepan Trofimovich himself? Later, he cried, but that's the kind of man he was.

N.B. NOTA BENE, MOST IMPORTANT:

Don't forget to mention, in the right place, that there had been

PROCLAMATIONS

"I am beginning to see the light, I'm beginning to see the light, only now I am beginning to understand!" the Princess used to say after having fallen under Nechaev's influence.

Nechaev talks a lot about *charity*, and among other things, that charity corrupts people without ever accomplishing its end. The pleasure of giving charity is an arrogant one, it is the satisfaction which a rich man gets from his wealth, from his power, and from comparing his own ~~power~~ importance to that of the recipient of his charity. It corrupts both him who gives and him who receives, and besides—it does not accomplish its end. Charity merely contributes to the growth of

pauperism, as it creates a class of idle loafers who hope to live on charity. Like gamblers around a roulette table, they crowd around the givers of charity, hoping to be among the winners. But, tell me, who ever won at roulette ~~except by accident~~? Meanwhile, the few wretched pennies which are thrown to them aren't enough for even one tenth of these people. In our new society nobody will be poor...

"Oho! Even a new society. But what about politics?"

Granovsky: "Why won't you leave the initiative to me! ~~Give me~~ Leave me a chance to satisfy a need of my heart, let me give freely when I feel compassion... Leave me my personal freedom."

Nechaev: "Come on, tell me how much have you given away in your lifetime? ~~4~~ Eighty copecks or so, no more, try to remember it right! Try to remember, when was the last time you gave alms? About two years ago, or even four, am I not right? ... Definitely, charity should be outlawed even under the present social structure; ~~because~~ you are shouting about charity while actually slowing up things... No, you are much too corrupt."

N.B. Regarding the disorders after the lectures on Othello. (As a result of a proclamation.) It has been observed more than once that some of our officials like ~~to show their power~~ to so-to-speak make a captive out of a private citizen within the confines of their particular jurisdiction. "~~Look here~~ Look here, you, I'll show you how much power I have!"—and he'll show him, especially when bitten by the bug. Any postal official, any ticket agent on the railroad may look at you as if he were Jupiter, i.e., the emperor himself. I'm told that a certain county official seized the sermon of a visiting clergyman for alleged freethinking, while the church service was actually in process, pointing out ~~those passages as freethinking~~ as freethinking certain texts from the Fathers of the Church and from ~~the sermons~~ contemporary bishops prelates of the Church, and summoned the clergyman to his office demanding an explanation. I am also told about that drunken deacon of one of our most important and representative churches abroad, who on his own initiative ejected, i.e., kicked out from his church an English family, causing the ladies to faint in the process, and this right before the start of a ~~great~~ solemn Lenten mass, and under the pretext that "foreigners have no business loitering about Russian churches, and that ~~they have been assigned~~ they should come at the prescribed hours." I am writing "drunken deacon" out of tact, for if he wasn't drunk that would make it ever so much worse for us. The deacon's superior, a pastor of strong missionary zeal, I am told, was highly

¹ Nikolay Aleksandrovich Serno-Solovievich (1834–66) emigrated in 1860 and was in contact with Hertsen and Ogarev. He returned to Russia in 1861, and was arrested for revolutionary activities in 1862, at the same time as Chernyshevsky. He died in Siberia.

N.B. *Important:*

The Beauty decided to pay a visit to Granovsky and told the Prince about it in the morning, during their first meeting. He was slightly astonished when she told him that she found this to be the most important thing to do at the moment, and also about her telling him this after such a long separation...

The Beauty actually did go to see Granovsky, which surprised even the Princess.

As a result of this wilful act, there broke out, on the next day, a serious storm at the General's house.

N.B. Granovsky, in his pursuit of personal initiative in the field of charity, had spent perhaps eighty copecks altogether, but certainly not more.

Yet I am not out to expose any private shortcomings, for that is senseless.

N.B. The conclusion of the first two chapters:

...Such then was the man the tragedy of whose *MELANCHOLY* end we witnessed with our own eyes... However, at the time when our narrative begins, the mutual relationships between him and the Princess were becoming ever more complicated due to various circumstances... namely, the following:

N.B. THE FIRST TWO CHAPTERS—a poignant bareness and rapidity of conclusions. Naïveté and naïve wit.

Should I try it?

A poem: Enter a young man who is eating certain herbs... he explains to a fairy that he is "sucking suffering."

The Governor, in a conversation with Nechaev (about God), agrees with Nechaev and mentions that religion is, however, necessary for the people, i.e., one among a number of *such* truths which everybody knows for what they are and which have been squeezed empty by civilization.

Conspic: The muzhiks are coming.

Thought that it was revenge.

Took a closer look at Russian life.

Enjoyed the flogging.

This is barbarity!!

In general, political convictions. A Republic.

He preferred freedom.

He was inclined toward the United States of America, Tocqueville.²

A Fourierist; but later, when more Fourierists appeared on the scene in Russia. The United States of America. Partition Russia.

In her heart, she was building an image of Stavrogin.

He was a bit of a freethinker and used to make fun of religion. (Think up some examples of such mockery.)

A short epic poem of his was printed abroad—his fame grew, he was full of pride, but kept protesting.

Granovsky with the Governor: "I have set about my lectures on Shakespeare, and I have started with Othello, issuing from a firm conviction that a literary interpretation of Othello cannot be immediately conducive to rebellion."

The Governor: "Rebellion? That is, how do you mean that?"

Granovsky: "My meaning was an absolutely conservative one."

The Great Writer, coming to his rescue:

"Your Excellency has at his command a battery and a battalion of troops, and in little more than three days you could have *gathered* a contingent of almost a full division, plus a regiment of hussars—in case there is a rebellion. And even if, against all expectations, our obstetricians, incidentally half of them ladies, should conduct a demonstration, and if they should, at the conclusion of the lecture, choose to erect barricades, Your Excellency would still have at your disposal a full battery, ready to fire."

133 *Granovsky*. His relationship with his wife; at times, ludicrous, pedantic, and naïve posing, at times a weak and tender man, then again a husband who notices that his wife is clever, lofty spirited, and noble.

² Alexis De Tocqueville (1805–59), French statesman and writer, whose extremely perceptive observations on America are found in his *Democracy in America*.

He tells her anecdotes about himself, about his misfortunes, like Raisky or Grigory Kositsky. The Petersburg side. All of a sudden he begins to pose as Saks, feigning unselfishness, then suddenly says: "Yes, it is actually true that I married you for your money. My whole life is ruined, my whole life has been despicable." She gives him encouragement (her lofty spirit). He tells her about his son, how he used to cherish him—how he knows more and *is worth* more than his son. "You are the only one left to me whose respect I can earn (on my knees)—that is all I want from here on." And immediately thereafter, again desperation. "Oh, my God, how they all know nothing at all," and how he knows more than anybody. About the Prince—but there she cuts him short and once and for all forbids him to talk about it. But for that, he would have dearly liked to play the role of Saks.

"I am ashamed that I married you. I can't support you. Your money has been spent to pay my debt to my son. We depend on her (the Princess). Yet let us flee, let us leave."

He seeks to justify himself regarding Fedka, etc., and so on, and so on.

N.B. In a word, make him a more lively figure (but where?)

Reserve a place for him. Don't bring in any intimate details in the beginning. Everything in its proper place, objectively, by using external facts, and everything in its right turn, never rushing ahead of things.

N.B. ABSOLUTELY.

The Prince, in a conversation with Shatov, mentions among other things that France will be in a war as a result of military despotism, ~~war~~ a civil war. But should Napoleon live on for at least several more years, or if in case of Napoleon's death his successor should stay on but for a few days so that the regents could secure the throne for themselves, it might be deemed advantageous, and in the interest of improving the moral of the army and securing its loyalty, to start an external war; for a successful war would make the army loyal to them for a long time.

N.B. If Granovsky is not married yet, make it so that he is pouting at the Princess, with some grimacing at his own interesting condition, that is, getting the feel of his role of a bridegroom. The Princess senses that and is so furious with him that there are moments when she actually loathes him.

134 The Captain suddenly seems to have some money. (Besides, he has inherited an estate nearby.) So he has resigned his commission and is looking for a place.*

May 23 <1870>

FINAL REMARKS

Use a fast moving narrative.

The Tragic Mother* had been insinuating to the Princess that the Prince may have a *weakness* for the Ward. ~~Gulfaw~~ The Beauty has herself confirmed this to *her* mother.

In connection with this, the Princess immediately took the Ward back to Russia with her, and eventually married her off to Granovsky.

All in all, it was done much too hurriedly.

This hurriedness made people think that Granovsky had married the Ward because she was pregnant. (Most of all, Miliukov, who writes anonymous letters to Granovsky and to the Prince.)

Both of these anonymous letters were actually printed in the letters-to-the-editor section of a Petersburg paper—"well, there is this Prince, about to return from abroad—i.e., in our town there are ~~rumors~~ two anonymous letters making the rounds." This created a lot of hubbub and scandal. There was a good deal of talk even at the Governor's: so that to the Princess, who had been at odds with the Governor's wife anyway, this scandal was terribly upsetting. One tended to agree with Granovsky that it was Shatov who had written the two anonymous letters. But the Ward stood up for Shatov, and things didn't get as far as a complete break, just a frank talk between him and Granovsky. Yet, only the devil knows why, Granovsky then wrote a letter to the Prince.

And so did Shatov.

The Princess found out that Granovsky had sent that letter—she had written one herself—and yet she almost quarrelled with Granovsky for his having written to her son. "So you don't believe me?" (The whole past was coming back, though it had been coming back all the time even before.) She reproached him about the money and even about his relatives.

"And there you are, that relative of yours, that Captain, has also made a scandal—he has been in town only for a month, so I'm told by the Governor's secretary, and already he slapped his face the other day."

"He was walking a bear, and frightened the Governor's wife."

* Ambiguous: could mean "place to live" or "employment."

"He writes poetry, and his poems are all over town. The Tragic Mother has been complaining, which means that people will be laughing." The Princess is annoyed: "Try to quiet down your brother. Because of him, I have quarreled with Granovsky."

135 Yet Granovsky (precisely because of the scandalous rumors in town about his marriage) is pouting, although the Princess is in no way responsible for these rumors. The Princess, also, is angry and comes to make him account for the letter he has written to the Prince. Granovsky's wife is also quite excited by it all.

By what he has written. They almost quarrel, but here Granovsky shows his civic courage as he stands up for the Polish priest, and the Great Writer arrives in town. (The Captain is suddenly shouting something about a spy.) ~~The Princess~~ Granovsky is summoned before the Governor on his nameday. The Princess, who had been angry at him, suddenly returns him to her good graces, gives him her blessings on the occasion of his feat of courage and for <his verbal duel with> the Great Writer. Granovsky leaves, and the Princess discovers that the Prince has returned home.

(N.B. Here, all kinds of strange characters enter the novel.)

A mild showdown between the Prince and his mother; he goes to see the Beauty, then the Governor's wife. The Beauty is with the Colonel; the Captain is howled over by them. Meanwhile Granovsky is at his house, with Shatov being present there—Miliukov and the Prince.

136 The Captain, the Polish priest, Granovsky, the Governor, here, "betraying your country."

Nechaev, knowing the Captain for the fool he is, is staying at his place on purpose.

N.B. The Princess has also received a proclamation (Miliukov secretly spread them about). The Princess is outraged by the proclamations and is the first to discuss them at Granovsky's party.

N.B. The Captain makes a remark on the word *family* <rod> in Polish. * He develops a violent dislike for the Polish priest.

N.B. The Beauty (for the first time, as far as Granovsky and the

Princess are concerned) reveals at Granovsky's party that she is not only acquainted with Nechaev, but that they are actually good friends. Her behavior toward him is unusual—it seems strange to everybody, and respectful.

N.B. Granovsky talks and talks... "I wasn't even listening," says Nechaev. The Great Writer didn't attend the Princess's soirée. (He did send a note.)

N.B. A REMARKABLE VARIANT: Shouldn't I make Shatov *not the brother* of Granovsky's wife, but a former admirer of hers (now married to a nihilist woman)? But only Nechaev talks about her love for Shatov (and even he is just teasing Granovsky, who hears about it for the first time). The Prince also knows about it. He also knows that the Ward used to like Shatov a good deal, but never loved him. Through the entire novel, the relationship between Shatov and the Ward is a remote one. Yet Nechaev manages to make a whole story out of it. Nechaev concocts a story about Shatov and the Ward, just as he does about the Prince and Granovsky's wife.

It is obvious that Shatov's slapping the Prince's face is even more in character in this case.

Shatov has written a letter to the Prince. (He has always been firmly convinced that ~~the Prince~~ the Ward is in love with the Prince, and in his letter he is reproaching him, senselessly and *quite out of proportion*, of course.)

Shatov is accused of having written those anonymous letters, but it was actually Miliukov who wrote them.

He is also accused of spreading proclamations (surely, it is said, he is only pretending to be a Slavophile; the Governor is accusing him; his flat is searched).

THE CAPTAIN—insert a story regarding Shatov and Granovsky's wife. A tirade on the Russian soldier, to the effect that his was a lofty and a firm spirit even before. (That's Shatov talking at Granovsky's.) The Prince remembers that, and in his *discussions* with Shatov he tells him about the freedom which a man can have even while he is being flogged (St. Paul). All this, and such profound understanding altogether arouses Shatov's enthusiasm.

1) "It is that same, flogged Russian soldier who displayed such a lofty spirit defending Sevastopol."

N.B. "When I say this, you fools, I'm not defending flogging; on

* The Russian word *rod* has several different meanings. The allusion here may be to the fact that Polish *rodzina*, "family," is a homonym of Russian *rodina*, "fatherland."

the contrary, I conclude from this very fact how senseless these floggings are, 2) if they are to sustain the discipline of men whose spirit is so strong. I'm all in favor of introducing literacy and different relations between officers and men; but not because corporal punishment would lower the spirit of our soldiers, for their spirit 3) has always been a lofty one, but because a man of such lofty spirit should not be flogged with rods."

135 4) "But as for flogging as such, it never did debase the soldier, or his spirit, though it did debase the spirit of those (and for a long time to come) who were responsible for the flogging. What I'm saying is based on facts." (Shatov is saying this at Granovsky's.)

...~~In part~~ "In part, also, because it is national. In part also because no floggings could ever debase a lofty spirit." (This, the Prince is telling Shatov.) He concludes from this that the spirit of the Russian people is an exceedingly lofty one.

Granovsky, arguing in favor of fires: "If you want to act, act." HERE.

A SPECIAL NOTE: 1) *the Prince: I am bored.*—2) The Prince has arrived and, though the Princess had herself sent him a letter asking him to return (though there had also been letters by other parties, such as Granovsky and Shatov), she nevertheless finds it somewhat strange that he has come. His mother (and several other persons) are anxious to find the principal reason for his return. N.B. There is no principal reason, just *an indistinct attraction*. Yet everybody (and especially his mother) is shocked, for some time, by the fact that the Prince, shortly after his return, completes the sale of his estate and has a deed of purchase made out at the Land Office, even though it appears that he is not in need of money. The purchaser (a merchant) arrives from Petersburg and buys the estate for a little over 1/4 of its actual value. Some people (including his mother) believe that the sale of this estate was the reason for the Prince's return. N.B.

N.B. Granovsky's relatives (sisters) had been moved out of sight, and were receiving a pension from the Princess. And so were his aunts. When the Captain returns, it is learned that they haven't been receiving their pension for a long time (the Princess had forgotten about it). Granovsky is ashamed of these poor relatives, 1) because they are poor and rather too much the plain old-fashioned type, having spent almost their entire lives <in the country>, and 2) because it now turns out

that he hasn't been helping them at all, in spite of the fact that he has been telling people, including his son, quite often that he was supporting them. His son keeps rubbing this under his nose, among other things: "You kept telling me that you were helping them, yet you were lying all the time."

N.B. Those anonymous letters were (from Miliukov) addressed to Granovsky, saying that the Prince was coming back to take possession of ~~his own~~ what was lawfully his own, namely his wife, for Granovsky had accepted money for marrying her.

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???

A REMARKABLE VARIANT

Perhaps it is all right to let Granovsky be married.

? The Ward only once, in the mountains of Switzerland, had a scene with the Prince, a scene which left her with a scar in her heart for the rest of her life. That's why the Princess was in such a hurry to marry her off.

The Princess, having learned about it, immediately married her off to Granovsky.

Inasmuch as nobody in town knows why the Prince has returned, *everybody* thinks that he did because he was greatly angered by Granovsky's marrying the Ward.

However, the principal scandalmonger is Nechaev.

A showdown after the scene at Granovsky's—Nechaev says: "I thought that this was the proper way." Shatov smiles—but later, without uttering a word, slaps his face.

The Prince always keeps aloof from Granovsky's wife; a pure and lofty relationship. He remembers, however, that scene in the mountains.

However, he has come mainly for the Beauty's sake, as well as knowing a thing or two about Nechaev's plans; and, in reality, due to his *excited condition* prior to his departure to Uri (he is mad).

After Granovsky's death—having never before said as much as a word about his love to the Ward (now a widow), he suddenly offers his hand, never thinking that he might be rejected; extremely confident, but respectful to the point of ecstasy.

Incredible warmth and tenderness.

The Ward accepts, directly and without a word, for the Prince has been her ideal all along.

Suddenly, Uri.

The episode with the citizen of the Canton of Uri.

N.B. It is precisely through the Prince's delicacy toward the Ward, and his behavior with regard to the Beauty and Shatov, that his appeal and conquering charm should be explained. Altogether, the Prince must be shown to be an *extraordinary* man.

N.B. Granovsky expects his son with apprehension, because of his recent marriage, and because of the estate.

The Princess, too, seems to be afraid of her son (the Prince), as she is counting on the Beauty.

She reaches an agreement with Granovsky—but there the affair (with the anonymous letter) is launched by Nechaev.

Granovsky: "She doesn't say much, but she is a good wife."

Nechaev: "Why do you keep repeating that? It shows your disrespect for her."

Granovsky keeps holding her hand and looking at her.

Nechaev: "I think that she is bored with you."

Nechaev: "To be lecturing one's wife about the emancipation of women..."

"You *have no shame*, that's all.

N.B. Granovsky's appearance before the Governor is necessary so that he could, at the lecture, shout about the Captain: "You cheap spy!" Also, he struck the Polish priest—there was a scandal.

The Captain could insult the Governor's wife with the bear.

138 N.B. At the lecture arranged for the benefit of the Polish priest, Granovsky gives a talk on Othello:

"Oh, Iago, how sad am I, how sad."

Here then, he recalls Desdemona's face, "The clamor of so lofty and ennobled love" (he just couldn't do without remembering Desdemona's face)...

To be sure, Granovsky understood it very well himself, yet he was, in actual practice, a most abstract kind of egoist.

Shatov's idea about revaluating the ruble: "As soon as we take a national course." (Perhaps at the meeting of the Committee.)

"That is, never," says Miliukov.

Granovsky. This innocent man suddenly becomes a sceptic: "One needs a friend to pour out one's slops on him. (Friendship is a good thing, up to a certain point.)"

You have written

The Princess to Granovsky, reproachfully: "You've written me sentimental letters not for friendship, but for posterity, because you think that you are a great man."

"You wrote me about the poor, yet you've spent no more than eighty kopeks!" (Nechaev's words.)

"All this love is nothing but self-love," says Nechaev at dinner at the Princess's. "The higher your love, the more self-love you obviously have..."

"That's indeed so," says the General's wife.

"Friendship for pouring out your slops."

"I haven't been answering your letters, for you weren't really addressing yourself to me, but to posterity, for you are convinced that you are a great man."

A joyful fire was shining in the Princess's eyes; she was watching Granovsky intently.

"When I was talking about the Madonna, you were eyeing me ironically."

N.B. *The most important:* Abstractness of thought, the abstractness of one's own life and of one's social position may be, in some persons, the cause of extraordinary cruelty toward people, as well as of a prejudiced view of people and of things. This is sometimes the case with men engaged in abstract speculation, even though theirs may be an extremely refined intellect, and their reflections of the most profound. In their judgments of things, events, and people whom they have to face, they are often malicious, cruel, unjust, and onesided—even vengeful. On the other hand, a man with a practical attitude toward people, even if he is actually malicious, cruel, and depraved, an oppressor and a predator, almost invariably has more faith in people, places a higher value on them, is less arrogant toward them, and if he has good and if he

has good qualities of the heart and of the mind, he can view people with more compassion, more justice, in a more many-sided and profound way, and is capable of forgiving them many things.

"Nothing is more stupid than to act from conviction, Mr. Shatov. Act by acting. At your first success, everybody will join you. Nowhere in Europe is the ground as fertile as in Russia. We have here awfully many empty heads, with nothing at all put into them as yet. Just put something before them, and they will follow you immediately."

GENERAL MAIN PLAN OF THE NOVEL

(DEFINITIVE)

The Prince. N.B. (All these philosophical systems and doctrines (Positivism and Comte, etc.) have appeared before (some new fact, and there is a renaissance) and have suddenly disappeared in an awful hurry, without leaving a trace, and unnoticed by almost everybody. And not because they were refuted ~~etc~~, oh, no—simply because they did not satisfy anybody... Whereas other ideas (Christianity, etc.) suddenly spread all over the world, conquered it, and certainly not because they were proven to be true, but simply because they satisfied everyone's needs...)

The Prince. He touched upon Shakespeare, got to talk about him, brought in Russia for comparison, and suddenly said: "Oh, well, how and where could we compare ourselves to anything so colossal?" (Could be that he dropped this as a hint to Granovsky.)

...More and more often the Prince would come to see Shatov at night, and Shatov was catching fire more and more, his eyes were lighting up... And light up with a terrible fire did also the Prince's eyes. And strangely enough, as time went on, and with every new visit, he was becoming more of a mystery to Shatov! "What does he intend to do? What is on his mind? Why did he come here? True, he came here in response to my own letter, but that is such a trivial detail! Surely he has some colossal and definite goal, some ready project, and he will begin... What is it that he will begin? Here or anywhere. There's a Russian with a new idea. But what is his idea?" Etc.

N.B. The citizen of the canton of Uri was hanging on a ~~twine~~ string, hidden between a wardrobe and a chest of drawers.

The Chronicler, on his own part: You know what, I still don't consider this important (the nihilists, that is). No matter what you say, it is unimportant (humorously, briefly, and in apt phrases).

Shatov's speech at the public lecture... (N.B. Shatov was talked into giving a speech, on the grounds that, having slapped the Prince's face, he had become a celebrity.)

In the West, the old social order has fallen into decay. The French Revolution.

The whole 19th century, struggle and ferment. Not a political, but a social upheaval.

If one wants to smash society and civilization, one needs a substitute for them. The socialists have their passionate faith. It has been compared to the Christian faith.

To be sure, a great many swindlers have joined them too, and look how many fools have joined them since they went out into the streets.

Religion has degenerated in the West. Their world is painfully suffering for want of spiritual life. (About religion and the need for it; science cannot fill the vacuum left by faith.)

Socialism has been embraced not only by those who are hungry but also by those who are thirsting for a spiritual life.

Society is built by Morality and by Religion. Moral principles are derived from Religion. Aesthetic strivings must be ~~firm~~ firmly established, the concepts of good and evil.

If there is no Religion, another morality will be substituted for it.

In order to abolish the former morality, one would have to abolish the belief in the soul and the faith in God.

That's where everybody seems to be of one mind, as if there were a purpose behind it, for Catholicism, too, has abolished the faith in God, having perverted Christ.

Our people have rushed headlong into accepting what is ready-made. Western tutelage. If they only knew what cause these people are serving.

Here. N.B. Better if Shatov would develop this thought: "If they knew that they are serving the most inveterate obscurantism, while thinking they are liberals. That's what it means to rush into accepting what is ready-made."

There have never been such retrogrades.

Stupid, petty, ignorant little fools.

But Orthodoxy will save everything

(deafening applause).

Whereupon the crowd also applauds the nihilists and everybody indiscriminately (a scandal), etc.

N.B. Reforms ought to be sincere and irrevocable. Even if modified in time, or subject to further progress, they should never change on principle. (This is said by Granovsky, and such voice was never heard before among us.) Perhaps Granovsky says this at the Governor's, during his first visit.

N.B. The Prince's idea (in his conversations with Shatov) concerning the enormous importance of Orthodoxy and its new phase. The influence of the Vatican Oecumenic Council of Pope Pius IX.³ (My entire view of Orthodoxy as the fullest and most real self-expression of Russia, with definitive poignancy.) A future war because of two religions (France and Russia, Russia and Europe). Indirectly, they may be convinced that the war has nothing to do with religion, yet in reality it will be a religious war. The *spirit* of that war and its inevitability will emerge from a conflict of religions, as well as from the struggle for a new idea.

N.B. Miliukov, having listened to *some* of the things said at Nechaev's, asks him: "~~But~~ Tell me, when do you think the coup will take place?"

Nechaev answers resolutely: "~~I think that certainly~~ By spring. Judging by some indications I assume that it will start in February. By May ~~everything~~, of course, it will be all over."

Miliukov. "No," says Miliukov, stunned and startled by Nechaev's unsoundness, and ~~consequently~~ also by the very fact that he has become involved with him. "No, I don't think that it will be all over by May."

Nechaev: "Ah! Is that what you think? And what are your reasons for being of such opinion?"

Miliukov: (about the immensity of Russia). He is greatly surprised.

Nechaev: "~~Oh, these are all trifles. There's nothing to be afraid of.~~ This shows that you haven't understood what is most important about our plan. Believe me, that immense structure which frightens you is held together by phantoms. Didn't you recently, and most felicitously, develop the very same idea (in your lecture)? And now, when the time has come to act, you are afraid. Does this mean that you have no faith of your own convictions? To be sure, this is quite natural for those distrustful likes of you who are counted by the millions. That's why we are

around, to give encouragement and unity to the distrustful. It is boldness that strikes the imagination. One must begin by capturing the very strongest imaginations; one must see to it that what even the strongest imagination could not have surmised would actually happen. Then, this million of ~~wavering~~ convinced, but vacillating, people will be amazed at first, then join us en masse, and follow us. Besides, you know: locally, the peasants will be prepared by proclamations; then, with the help of the factory workers, we shall capture the city; and, through our members who are with the Regiment, get the whole Regiment over to our side; if not the whole Regiment, then certainly the greater part of it. I know that they've got arms at E-ts. We shall capture the plant, and the arms. Within a month, there will be uprisings in three or four provinces, in addition to ours. We'll shout that Stepan Timofeevich <Razin> has risen from the dead and is bringing his people new freedom. Then—then—well, why am I talking about this, you know it all anyway."

Miliukov: "Yes, but..."

Nechaev: "On the contrary, no *but's* at all. However, I suggest that you think it over. As for myself, I have no time for you right now; and altogether, I simply haven't got the time. Lots to do. Good-bye. Tonight, if I get the time, I may tell you about a certain detail." (N.B. He is alluding to Shatov's murder. This is already after the fire.)

Nechaev leaves, being perfectly convinced that he will be back in two and a half months.

N.B. Shatov (in his public lecture): "...these men, at least, have been paid for pledging to murder and to outrage their mother (Russia). They know full well what they are doing: they are pointing a knife at the throat of their victim, saying: 'That ought to bring us some money.' And their employers pay them with alacrity ~~for the murder~~ so they will finish off their victim. These men are obviously in the employ of Russia's enemies. But these others (the newspapers), those vile, silly little creatures, those academic adolescents, our herd of Panurge⁴ (Korsh), why are they ~~dancing~~ dancing to celebrate the matricide? They don't even have to be paid. They hate Russia from conviction, and at every word about Russia and the Slavs they break into a cannibalistic dance and violent abuse. Arse-displayers."

Nechaev and Miliukov. While discussing the possibility of the Governor being converted to their beliefs, Nechaev says:

"Of course, I could see that he was lying in order to keep up appearances and to pose as a liberal, and of course he didn't know ~~with~~ ~~who~~ he was talking about. But still, if one would make a real effort, I'm sure he could be brought around. However, that's not the point and there's no use talking about it. What difference does it make if one or the other is for or against us, especially if he is one of those who will all come and join us of their own accord, provided only we are successful. They'll be coming over to our side according to the rate of our success."

"It isn't a matter of propaganda, it's our scheme of action that matters. The unheard of boldness of our actions will stun them, and they'll be joining us by the thousands upon our very first success. Moreover, our teaching has already reached the masses. Everybody seems to be prepared, after a fashion. Look for yourself. Everybody is talking about family and children, about religion—but what kind of husbands and fathers are they, and do they have any kind of serious faith in God? Either indifference, or vacillation. Both of which serve us well... Look if the Government is firm. The very fact that it is so much afraid of us." Shatov.

- 143 Nechaev says, in his speech at the meeting: "They (i.e., the Government) have started a lot of reforms, and have only done us a favor by so doing. Absolutely nobody except the Government has worked for us so hard, because through the vagueness and weakness of these reforms, through their distrust of themselves and of society in carrying out these reforms, they have produced in our society that unsteadiness, that vagueness, that confusion, that debility of conviction and of faith, which Shatov has pointed out to us. By rejecting the old they have confounded the reactionaries; while by failing to give the necessary reassurance, they have discouraged the progressives. Any reform must be firm, clear, and as far as this is possible, definite, sincere, and irreversible. ~~For every reform has~~ Whereas what they've got is the perfect ideal of the golden mean, something made a little weaker and a little more indefinite, with an effort to conceal this and to hide that ~~and to remove the traces~~ and what's the purpose of it all? It's ridiculous, really; it is all so as not to irritate the reactionaries and to ~~pacify~~ keep down the progressives, thinking that in this fashion both will lay low or at least not make too much fuss "they'll get over it, they'll take it more calmly", while in reality it is all so much nonsense and confusion. For the sup-
142 porters of the reforms and of the Government, feeling weak and dis-

couraged, and realizing that it is they, in the first place, whom the Government distrusts, as it conceals things from them and converts the whole business into a bureaucratic secret, will either become indifferent, or even bitter enemies. The reactionaries, on the other hand, who were initially the enemies of the reforms, the landowners and government officials hurt by the reforms, will not only fail to acquiesce, but quite on the contrary, turn into ever so much more ~~bitter~~ potent enemies; for seeing the weakness and the vacillating of the Government, and sensing that it is afraid, afraid of them, they will regain their courage, take heart, and turn into an opposition, now in deed, as well as in word. A reform ought to be sincere and irreversible. Unsteadiness, confusion, the fall of the idol, the decline of our faith and of our morality which, though they may have been fantastic, yet had been standing firm and were supported by our entire social structure. This unsteadiness will penetrate into the lower classes and will leave the whole ocean of our common people agitated. It isn't easy to raise waves upon the ocean, but once you've got them it won't be easy to put them down again; and they have nothing to calm it down with, for they don't believe in their own strength. Do you know that sometimes, even recently, even now, as I take a close look at things, I've been struck by the idea of how strong the supreme power is in our country, and how it is supported by the people; and yet it is only a phantom—our people are both slaves, and 2) stupid. If there were a chance to hang half of them, I'd be glad to oblige, the rest will 3) act as raw material to form a new nation. Look (von Sohn, examples of morality, everything has come to the surface, everything has come to light). ~~Well~~ Who have they been working for, ultimately, but us? Why not fish in troubled waters? The Maksim Ivanovs will join us; the soldiers will join us. It is the boldness of our actions that will do it, the boldness of our propaganda. The rational, material law of morality. He who has a strong faith in himself is respected by everybody. One must stun the crowd by one's boldness. All Maksim Ivanovs will join us."

Uspensky: "Why, he's a scoundrel, a criminal."

"There are no scoundrels. There are those pressed by circumstances, all according to the laws of nature. In my opinion, Maksim Ivanov was fully in the right..."

Nechaev: "Remember, it is a dogma of our faith that there are no such things as scoundrels or criminals."

Uspensky: "Exactly as with the early Christians."

Nechaev: "Besides, all we need to do is destroy; anything will come handy for destruction, any material."

Explanation of why and in what sense he displays a complete ignorance of reality, whereas his theoretical part is good.

N.B. (Absolutely let the Chronicler comment on it.) On the part of the Chronicler, about Nechaev in connection with the question—is he a fool or isn't he? His theoretical side is strong, but he hasn't got the vaguest notion of reality.

N.B. At *Uspensky's*. His wife has taken a lover after all. Uspensky tells her: "Until now I have only loved you; but now I have begun to respect you." Yet he does cry a little. The lover actually moves in with them. The trio in the countryside nearby. Uspensky suddenly grabs him by the hair; later, he begs his wife on his knees not to let this fact become known. Later, they get used to each other. The lover suddenly decides to piss on everything and leaves town. Uspensky never does recover from this wound, but his wife keeps jabbering along, right by the book. Such is the condition of Uspensky's soul at the beginning of this story.

N.B. Shatov says (after having discussed the Slavophiles): "Now what is that, really? What kind of *narodnost* do we really have? We're still going to school."

143 N.B. After the Prince's death, the Chronicler should perform an analysis of his character (absolutely, a chapter entitled *Analysis*), in which he would say that he was a strong, predatory man, who got mixed up in his convictions and who, because of his immense pride, wanted and could arrive at only one conclusion, which *requires no explanation*, namely, he... etc.

"It is a curious fact that he had such a profound understanding of the essence of Russia, as when he explained it to ~~Nechaev~~ Shatov and aroused the latter's enthusiasm; but it is an even more curious and more incomprehensible fact that he did not himself believe in any of it after all."

N.B. Uspensky is a man seized by unrest, whereas Miliukov is a restless man.

Nechaev is terribly vain, but like a child (Livanov): "My name will live on for centuries, my proclamations are history, my brochure ~~will~~ *reach* will live as long as the world will."

N.B. After having already aroused Shatov's enthusiasm, and after their discussion about Orthodoxy, the Prince asks him: "By the way, do you believe in God?"

"And yourself?" "Absolutely not." On the next day Shatov asks: "Does this mean that you don't believe in what you told me about Russia either?" The Prince answers, maliciously: "Have you realized that only now?" "Have you been really deceiving me?" The Prince replies: "Oh, I was believing in it at the time; though, on second thought, perhaps I wasn't." "I'm feeling sorry for you." "Do feel sorry; *I'm so pitiable that I feel pity for you also.*"

More soberly. Simply, after three days of enthusiasm with Shatov, the Prince begins to turn cool toward him, and this to the point where he seriously and naïvely quits paying any attention to him. As regards his saying that he does not believe in God, he told that to someone else. Shatov happens to overhear it and asks: "Is it true that you do not believe?"

N.B. PUT DOWN A CLEAR NOTE EVERYWHERE: WHAT WAS IT THAT MADE SHATOV STATE HIS CONVICTIONS?—

The most important. N.B. The Prince was taking his discussions with Shatov so seriously that he would actually interpret the Book of Revelation for him. (He visited Shatov on 5 or 6 consecutive nights, then suddenly quit seeing him *in disgust*.)

N.B. Granovsky (is so petty) that, after having quarreled with his son, he actually rereads *What Is To Be Done?* for his lecture, trying to find some blunders in it. He was looking for them in a few other places also. The whole lecture was nothing but self-advertisement.

144 AUTHOR'S NARRATIVE

It must be done so that the Prince, *in spite of all the scandals which he has been involved in*, gains a great deal of authority after the murder of Shatov, and altogether after the conspiracy has been exposed. Up to that point the Prince has been taciturn, evasive, ironic (kind, with a tinge of lofty condescension), but here he suddenly seems to awaken from his apathy, and begins to talk. He gives an unusual display of energy (for a moment, he is suspected of the murder). A certain pudgy and poetic, grey-haired nobleman, an authority on literature and education, publicly denounces him for a predator, a wild beast,

Byron's Corsair, etc.: that to kill means nothing to him, that he had borne Shatov a secret grudge and killed him for revenge; so everybody begins to talk, and then everybody gets cold feet, and the pudgy (grumbler) beats an ignominious retreat. The Prince is the *only* man in town who does not lose his head and ~~everybody~~ it is he who straightens out the whole affair: he makes Miliukov and Uspensky confess; he captures Zaitsev; he delivers an inspired and formidable speech on the present unsettled condition of Russia and on how things really look in Russia today. "It isn't Russia's fault, or even ours." The response is a "hurrah!" People actually want to elect him their Marshal of Nobility. The Princess is about to leave. Here, Granovsky dies. (By this time, the Prince has already abandoned the Ward, after having disturbed her greatly.) Here, *suddenly*, he leaves for Petersburg. Everybody is scared: "Is he going to inform the authorities, is he going to tell? Who knows, maybe he actually came here already having high connections, or even as an inspector, to check on us." (His speeches, in addition to their formidable tone, also sounded a good deal like a superior's contemptuous tongue-lashing. The Governor rushes to seek his advice, but the Prince remains condescending and aloof.) But while about to leave for Petersburg and though in a great hurry, he arranges a solemn public prayer to be held, inviting everybody to attend, and the whole town joins in, as a sort of penance—"We have been debasing our faith..."). He also organizes a subscription for the victims of the fire. But while about to leave for Petersburg and though in a great hurry, the Prince pays a visit to the Ward and offers her his hand—he looks as if he meant business, and as if he were in a hurry, full of plans; also, <he presents certain> conditions (the complete, passionate and somewhat somber, energetic confidence of a future leader). She accepts, fearfully yet enthusiastically. But instead of Petersburg, he writes her two weeks later from some small railway station, asking her if she would like to join him in becoming an expatriate; for he has already become a citizen of the canton of Uri, he is presently on his way there and is asking her to come to Uri all by herself—becoming an expatriate for good. Alarmed, she shows the letter to the Princess. "He is out of his mind completely!" exclaims the Princess ("Write to me in Uri," the Prince has given his address) and gets ready to travel to Uri with the Ward, i.e., at first to Petersburg. But that takes a while, what with travel arrangements and packing, five days to be exact, and suddenly, on the fifth day, they are told that the Prince has returned, quietly, to his suburban estate. The Princess and the Ward rush there, but he has already hanged himself. His suicide note is brief, disorganized, it explains nothing, but it is not mad; it is ad-

ressed to the Ward; not so much forgiveness as higher understanding. His papers show that he was really a citizen of Uri.

Only later, people in town begin to talk: Imagine him, knowing about Shatov's murder, being Nechaev's associate, admitting it all himself, yet preaching to us; it's as if he had cast a spell on us, the lunatic! The Chronicler says that he doesn't know what to think of it, i.e., whether or not the Prince was mad—that there are many people who act a hundred times more mysteriously, yet are considered clever, whereas here, in the Prince's case, I see, on the contrary, a very strong logical consistency (i.e., being uprooted from the soil, with no place to go, he thought that he might find rebirth in love, though not very much so, even ~~Nechaev~~ tried out Nechaev, and then shot himself).

As for ~~Golubov~~ Shatov, he was laughing at him, though perhaps through bloody tears, as he was firing up his enthusiasm for the pan-Slavic doctrine.

He was not laughing at Shatov, but was sincere. If not so, one has no understanding whatsoever...

But perhaps he was laughing, too, being a predator by nature. He suddenly tells the Ward: "I assure you that I agree with Nechaev in many respects."

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Shatov and the Prince, first meeting.

Shatov: "Society is moved by an aesthetic principle." "Paris."

"The aesthetic principle depends on Religion, Religion on itself only, on the revelation and direct intervention of God. The mystery of Christ."

"Only Russia can preach Christ. Only the Russian people are a God-bearing people."

In the Zemstvo's opinion: "why give it away, no control."

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THE PRINCE—June 9

THE PRINCE HAS THE REPUTATION OF A GREAT DON JUAN.

Some more remarks on the Prince's character: The spoiled character of a young swell, yet a great mind, and great fits of passion. Much too passionate and too much in a hurry. He has succeeded in creating an ideal, yet feels at the same time that it is all only an invention of his

(though it isn't actually his own either). Being the young swell that he is, he lacks patience; he also lacks breadth and depth, and eventually it all turns into a malicious joke. It is like certain sinners ~~even~~ (it is also said about demons) who may become believers, and who consequently clearly understand and see what they have come to believe in. Impatient as he is, he cannot forgive ~~either~~ Russia her deviations from the ideal; ~~not~~ yet, due to his pride and narrow-mindedness, he does not see that he is himself guilty of an attitude toward reality which is incorrect, too exacting, and too impatient. However, it is most likely that his depraved nature has caused him to become more and more shallow, fit by fit, and eventually, toward the end, renders him completely insane.

AS A RESULT: A SPOILED YOUNG SWELL AND NOTHING ELSE. NOTHING BUT DISORDER.

N.B. Definitely insert a scene with the Ward at Skvoreshniki. The housekeeper has been bribed. The scene where the Prince insults her the Ward, and his terrible remorse. Shakespeare. They part as enemies. ("An ugly face.") First he rapes her, then begs her forgiveness. She also gets a letter from him about Uri—(a simple one, incidentally).

N.B. Definitely insert also the story about the government clerk and his wife.

?N.B. He has killed somebody. (Most doubtful.)

The Prince confesses his villainy involving the child (he raped her) to Shatov. He has written a confession, wants to have it printed, shows it to Shatov, asking him for advice. But after that, he begins to hate Shatov and is glad that he gets killed. He says that he would like people to spit in his face.

The Prince says: "It is stupid to blame people for one's own ugliness."

N.B. It is necessary that there be beforehand some instances of extraordinary unpleasantness between the Prince and his mother.

N.B. The Beauty has heard of him and is afraid of him. She makes fun of him. The Beauty hates him to some extent.

The Prince has been visiting with the Bishop. He has actually come to Russia in order to have his confession printed. But if he *can not make up his mind, then Uri*.

~~To the Bishop: "I don't believe in <God.>"~~

127 Marry the daughter of a minister of state.
The main thing. Prior to the Prince's arrival, rumors are heard in

town about his connections with the highest circles in Petersburg, with ministers (Griboedov). (That's why he goes to the Governor, and that's why his mother allows him to go.) That he has *managed to worm himself* into a very high spot and that he may be about to get an absolutely special appointment. People in our town did not believe it at first, figuring that his rank was too low for that, even if he had the connections. But then there was another rumor that it wasn't rank at all that mattered here, but that he had personally managed to elicit the displeasure of a certain person in an incredibly high position, and that this was what the story was all about. That's when they started to believe it. However, there really wasn't too much talk, the whole thing being much too remote from us. ("A charming man, he really knows how to worm himself into your confidence.")

But when the Prince began to make speeches about town (on the other page), and to hold services, like a man in power, everybody started talking again, and when he announced that he was going straight to Petersburg, they were all frightened (the Governor).

A private person, friendly relations with a private secretary and an aide, and that one won't need to have any rank under these circumstances.

N.B. They got a scare: wasn't he in town acting in the capacity of a secret government inspector? Didn't he arrive exactly at the time when these proclamations started, and actually on the same day when the villain arrived? In fact, the notion of such a secret, entirely unofficial inspector, who wasn't even in the government service, seemed clever and enticing. "God knows, they've got everything going according to new regulations up there..."

The Prince comes to see Shatov (for the first time, after the slap in the face): "I haven't come to talk about that thing. I've noticed one of your ideas: an atheist cannot love Russia, or be a Russian. And I was struck by it."

Shatov (with a smile): "Why should I explain to you, why to an atheist..."

The Prince: "You don't have to. I know myself that an atheist cannot love Russia. That is my idea. I haven't ever run across it anywhere. And suddenly you are saying the same thing. I would like to know in what direction you are leaning."

Orthodoxy, Lutheranism. HERE.

N.B. The Holy Ghost is an immediate comprehension of beauty, a prophetic awareness of harmony, and so a steadfast striving for it.

N.B. Germany is our natural and perennial enemy.

N.B. Our whole strength lies in the fact that they do not know Russia.

N.B. An exclamation about Shakespeare.

N.B. Most important, couldn't it have been the Prince who committed that act of sacrilege in the church?

N.B. In his effort to become a Russian, the Prince has posed excessively high demands to himself, while actually not believing in them; and so, unable to stand such a state of doubt, he hangs himself.

N.B. Justify this.

The Chronicler, toward the end: He went much too far in his demands on himself. It remains unknown why he hanged himself.

The Prince: "I'm afraid ~~to hate~~ that I may hate Russia."

129 Without a steady basis for the development of small capital, and without a wealth of it, there won't be any credit. And small capital rests solely with the national character and, of course, depends also on how much free rein is given to this character.

They are corrupting people through *drunkenness*.

It rests with the national character and depends on it solely. Do you know that?

I am not praising the Germans, but rather, I am recognizing the fact that, with them, things have grown organically from their national character.

N.B. *The Prince and Shatov*.

The Prince: "Up there, they are worried about credit, and about revaluating the ruble. A terrible problem. And yet they won't understand that there can be only one remedy: ~~they are looking for it on the outside, nor will they understand when told that (the remedy) the disease isn't located on the outside, but deep inside the organism. There is only one remedy—the firm idea of a national principle. They'll laugh for sure if told that this is indeed so.~~"

Shatov: "Why so? I haven't given any thought to this problem."

The Prince: "The remedy rests solely with the establishment of a firm national policy, and what is most important, with a steadfast, unwavering pursuit of that policy. It is important that this idea develop into a living organism and that everything be permeated by it. You are asking for proofs? I won't be pointing out any of the obvious, tangible facts which anybody can see for himself; but rather let's take,

for instance, the fact that, once we have reform and self-government, ~~the reform~~ they ought to be set up clearly, firmly, without vacillation, and with complete faith in the nation's strength. Any lack of stability is due solely to a lack of faith in Russia's strength, and because the German principle, viz. the administration, wants to suppress the ~~Russian~~ native Russian form, i.e., self-government. Neither will I bother to point out, for instance, that we have built 10,000 versts of railways, yet without having a single engineering plant in our whole country until very recently, as everything was being ordered from abroad, because we had no faith in ourselves, nor did we bother to start anything here at home. The same thing with armaments for our army. It is easy to find a hundred such facts, all showing how we vacillate while implementing an original national idea; which in turn has a most detrimental influence on the stability of the ruble, since you have brought up that topic. However, these are all only external considerations. The whole cause of it, I repeat, lies deep inside. The cause is a moral one. We Russians were derailed once and for all, and later kept under tutelage all the time. We have lost our moral self-assurance. (I am not speaking of the plain people.) We have lost our faith in everything, and are being blown about, like a leaf in a windstorm. What I want to say is that without that moral steadiness even the ruble won't become steady again. Why? Come on, look at our Russian capitalists and their capitals: it's as if they had all won it playing roulette. A father will make millions—and ~~is aiming at~~ he has made them not by accumulating capital, nor by labor, but rather by some ~~government contract~~ racket. Most of our fortunes have been made by racketeering. You can see that left and right. So no wonder that their heirs have all decided to become gentlemen, quit their business and joined the hussars, or simply squandered their fortunes. ~~That's not That is~~ Which means that it is all so much racketeering, and that these people have no idea how capital should really be accumulated. And actually there

128 can't be any large capital if small capital is nonexistent, no legitimate natural proportion of the vast majority of small fortunes, to the large. Large capital exists only ~~where there are many small~~ because there is small capital. The whole credit system and your falling ruble depend solely on the stability of small capital. Without the latter there will be no economic recovery and no economic readjustment, nor will tricks do any good here. Does our society have even the faintest notion regarding how a capital is formed? A notion, perhaps, but nothing ingrained, nothing in the moral fiber of the people. But to accumulate a capital you also need a firm moral foundation, capital; capital is built

only by labor and tenacious accumulation from generation to generation. The communist idea of the immorality of capital has had no success with us because all of our capitals were gained by racketeering, and not by stubborn work and labor. And even if not all of them were gained in this fashion, the notion of persistent labor and work has remained, over the centuries, unfamiliar to us, and we really do not believe in it either. I used to know a man in Germany who owned a house, ~~and meanwhile~~ a three-storey brick building which gave him an income, but meanwhile he continued to ply his shoemaker's trade, and kept working with his own hands, making shoes. ~~This man is thrifty and calculating,~~ he makes it by being so persistent. He saves, knowing ahead how much he is going to save. ~~I don't know if this is good in Russia no~~ $\longleftrightarrow$ He is calm and firm, he remains steady; even if he gets acquainted with ideas and acquires an education his shoemaker's mallet won't leave his hands. ~~Not that I am very much in favor of this.~~ You may approve of this or you may not, but there is one thing here that deserves credit, namely, that ~~all~~ this idea is firmly established, that it doesn't waver, that it has developed organically, that it believes in itself and in its own strength—and surely it must have taken centuries to build up such self-assurance in a nation, and certainly a firm foundation, and a firm, unwavering faith in its own strength—which is the very essence of nationality. ~~But we~~ We have nothing of the kind. We have no faith in ourselves and, truthfully, there really is nothing to believe in. A full two hundred years of unsteadiness. The entire reform begun by Peter has amounted to as much as taking ~~for instance, a solid~~ a rock which had been resting firmly on the ground and standing it up precariously on one end. And so we are standing there, trying to keep our balance. A wind will blow, and we'll be hurled down. And the further it goes, the worse it gets, because we have become so far removed from our national principle that we no longer feel a need to return to it, that we no longer understand what it means and why ~~to what purpose~~ one ought to be independent. Nor do we even understand the highest question: why should we love our soil? We understand nothing at all ~~we are vacillating all the time~~, to the point where we've begun to like it that way."

- 129 "Everybody in Russia is now raising questions; we've buried everything under an avalanche of questions, haven't we? ~~But I swear And isn't it. But the most important~~ But isn't it most significant that, what we actually like so much about posing this mania for new for questions,

is the fact that they are ~~still~~ unsolved? Solve them, and you will cause grave chagrin to these questioners."

- 128 "Our habit of pretending to be Europeans carries with it as a first consequence, laziness and idleness; it relieves us of our responsibilities and cares; it deprives us of our initiative, as it makes us copy, unthinkingly and slavishly, ideas which are alien to us. It's easier to be a bookbinder than an author. That's why it is so tempting. They don't know themselves what they are bowing to."

Shatov: "You know what? You have been mentioning Germany as an example, and you are praising the Germans for their national spirit. Things have reached a stage where we have to learn even how to have our own national spirit from the Germans."

The Prince: "It is true that it has come to that, and if we have not entirely forgotten the idea of a national spirit, this is so because it does exist in the West. There is only one thing that strikes me, and that is how people in Russia haven't noticed as yet that the whole West, and its civilization, has developed and come into existence solely because, over there, everything rests upon a firm national foundation. Each nation believes in itself, to the point where it almost assumes that it is destined to conquer the whole world for its particular nationality. We are taking over a lot of things from them, yet we are afraid to take over this one, ~~because~~ 1) I repeat, because this idea would impose upon us labors and responsibilities, and we have become accustomed, ever since Peter the Great, to be doing nothing; 2) and you know what, the system of serf-ownership was really the veritable golden heritage of Peter's reform; it corresponded entirely to its spirit, and was its principal fruit. 3) They point to Kotoshikhin.⁵ But read, for instance, the Book about the White and Black clergy, would you say that this is any better than Kotoshikhin? 4) You can see for yourself the progress we have made since Kotoshikhin. It is two hundred times worse, for two hundred years have passed since, if as much as one hundredth of it is true. 5) ~~And is this really the only thing~~ And don't forget, it is only too easy to write a book."

⁵ Grigory Kotoshikhin, (born about 1630). He betrayed Russia by giving Sweden some documents, fled from Russia, and served Sweden. He wrote a book about Russia, describing its mores and conditions. In 1667 he was condemned to death for killing a man in a quarrel.

The Prince to Shatov, after their last conversation: "I don't believe in God."

Shatov: "I know it."

The Bishop advises him to wait. Self-improvement. Becomes free (St. Paul) (all of Golubov)—and then, after several years of hard work, act according to your own best judgment. But all this impatience and haste—that's that same untidiness once over again.

"I was always bored" (mention once).

"I am simply a scoundrel."

"You are a spoiled young swell," says the Bishop.

N.B. He only has a bite for dinner, then eats a big meal for his dessert.

Granovsky and Nechaev: "But I am your father." "Quite possible, though I wouldn't be positive about it. Judging by the character of my mother—a man is inclined to be blind." ~~Legally~~

Age and age, and Lev Kambek.

Nechaev to Granovsky: "It was you yourself who used to wake me up twice a night, and embrace me, and tell me the story of my mother."

Nechaev (Granovsky: "Alas! I meant it in a higher sense...")

Nechaev to Granovsky: "You are talking about flunkies; why, you were a flunky more than anyone else."

Granovsky: "I? A flunky?"

Nechaev: "Worse than that, a hanger-on."

Nechaev to Granovsky: "Aren't you accepting money for marrying a girl who needs a husband?"

(He attacks him, mostly because of Varvara Petrovna.)*

Nechaev: "Because it is the most natural explanation. I was talking mostly about him. He has gambled away his estate, well, so he needs money. Incidentally, didn't you write yourself that you needed money,

that everything was mortgaged, and that you had decided to make a sacrifice? I am simply referring to your letter as I say this."

Varvara Petrovna: "What letter?"

Here it is revealed that Stepan Trofimovich had written a letter to his son, and Varvara Petrovna charges into Granovsky.

"I have shown all of your letters to Varvara Petrovna."

Nechaev to those present: "Allow me only 5 minutes, and you will all agree with me. As for the young lady, of course no one could have more respect for her than I. All that is required here is some courage to explain the whole thing."

Nechaev: "Well, good-bye, old man. Listen: don't feel hurt by what I am saying. In my opinion, which is of course the correct one, you are entirely in the right. You haven't got money, and you are being offered some for sacrificing yourself, and you're accepting it. Yet you're wrong in relation to the common cause. You're putting on a show and saying that you are a victim, yet you'd be very happy indeed to get married, wouldn't you? Well, and this is bad, if for no other reason than simply because marriage is based on a prejudice. So you are striking a pose, and shouting in a tragic voice, but isn't that stupid? And what's the most stupid part of it is that you are accusing me, ~~first of all~~ while from your very own viewpoint you've acted even more basely yourself. I'm going to speak from your point of view, not from mine. You're reproaching me for thinking ill of my mother, but who was it but you who suggested these thoughts to me, waking me up twice every night. That is baser still, to judge from your point of view. Don't worry about mine, I'm not passing judgment on you, for it is much better to spell out the truth, which you did. It isn't any of my fault that, with you, it came out so stupid; but could it be otherwise with the likes of you, what with your ideas of things? And tell me, please, what difference does it make if I am, or if I am not your son?"

124 "A mixture of Nozdriov and Byron. An opinion which, while both unfair and prompted by envy, is not entirely lacking in sense."

N.B. *Somewhere else*, Nechaev says to Granovsky: "Come on, why must you put on such an act? Tell me, what difference does it make if I am your son, or not your son, you my father, or not my father—nothing but trivialities, really. I'm telling you: what difference does it make if I am your son or not? Look at it from your own point of view: you put me away, with all kinds of aunts, ever since my childhood; you then saw me only twice in your life, which means that you

* The sentence might also mean: "It is mostly Varvara Petrovna who attacks him."

can't have been overly concerned about me. So tell me, please, what are you whimpering about now?"

N.B. After all that has happened and been said, Nechaev suddenly shows up at Granovsky's as if nothing had happened: "Well, we had a talk; I'm curious to get to know all sorts of people, so why should I turn away from you?"

N.B. Everybody in town takes Nechaev's side. "Surely if you want to have good children, you must be a good father and bring them up yourself."

And other such moral admonitions on the part of the public.

A mixture of Nozdriov and <—>

THE PRINCE AND SHATOV

The Prince: "They all (Renan,⁶ Gué⁷) think that Christ was an ordinary man, and criticize his teaching as unsound for our time. Whereas there isn't any teaching, really, only incidental sayings, and what really matters is the figure of Christ, from which any teaching must emerge (for a contrast, look at the vanity and moral condition of these critics and tell me: are they qualified to criticize Christ?). From Christ there emerges the idea ~~for which~~ that the principal accomplishment and goal of humanity is equivalent to the result of having acquired a morality. Imagine that everybody would be like Christ—well, would the vacillations, the perplexities, the pauperism of our age still be possible? He who cannot understand that has no understanding of Christ, nor is he a Christian. If people would not have the slightest idea of the state or of any of the sciences, yet they would be all like Christ, would it be possible for paradise not to be realized on Earth immediately? On the other hand, look at civilization: the first question to be asked is that of a definition of happiness; not only has civilization failed to solve it, but it has actually confused it even more. And as for our own age, the less said about it the better. One would think that the foremost task of civilization ought to be to give firmness to the moral principles once

acquired by mankind. But what do we see? The further ahead, the shakier these principles become, and Nechaev preaches that we really don't need any. Civilization has ultimately decided the question by using yardsticks, and by measuring the prosperity of the state by the number, size, and weight of the products manufactured by its people. An absurd definition, and a wretched and trivial one, whereas the only thing we really need are moral principles. And yardsticks, too, would come around, if there be need for any. The moral teaching of Christ can be expressed in a couple of words: it is the idea that an individual's happiness lies in his voluntary and self-desired renunciation of his individuality, if others would benefit from it. But the formula is not what really matters here. What matters is the fact that the individuality has been actually realized—try to refute the individuality of Christ, an ideal incarnate! You couldn't even think of it. That's where universal work (if everybody would be like Christ) would be realized, accompanied by joyous chanting, and not of Athenian nights."—Etc.*

N.B. Speaking of Russia, Shchapov⁸ has altogether forgotten that she was in the process of creating a huge state, under impossible circumstances; he has also forgotten that all of Europe was actually even worse, ideally, because it measures things by yards and by weights (note that the more industrialized they are becoming, the more calamities, pauperism, heinous crimes, and moral vacillation they have to show for it). Russia is asked to do the impossible, in the past and now again, what is naturally impossible: industry, agriculture, the need for industrialization, research, colonization, are perhaps possible only when the population density has reached a certain level. A development, also, with a certain density of population. Add to this the fact that Russia's regular development was forcibly interrupted by Peter the Great. It is being forcibly interfered with to this day, and it has come to where our publicists consider every spontaneous activity both a disgrace and ludicrous wishful thinking. These people are mad. There is actually only one thing that we do need, and Russia had it even as early as the 16th century, the fact notwithstanding that these people are screaming about Russian Byzantinism. But they are simply dullards who cannot grasp the heart of the matter. To have such understanding, one needs to have

* . . . , *no ne afinskikh vecherov*, "and not of Athenian nights," stands in no proper syntactic relationship to the preceding.

a sharp intellect, and ~~much~~ a refined sensibility. What we need is more morality. It takes organization of the highest order to understand that.

The Prince: "The main principles of our 'Europeans' are, 1) not to be themselves, 2) to have no morality whatever—etc."

Shatov: "That's simply from laziness." The Prince: "Maybe." "But that's precisely what they haven't got in Europe; everybody is independent there, and that is their cornerstone. So it turns out that our Westerners actually stand for Byzantinism more than do Europeans."

Granovsky: "That is a new journal; that is real progress."

Shatov took a look, frowned, and shook his head:

"Eh! IT WILL CRAWL ALONG FOR A SHORT WHILE AND THEN GO BANKRUPT."

Granovsky: "Crawl along? What a strange expression to use for (the tendency) the activities of this journal!"

145 HE TURNED AWAY, TOWARD THE WINDOW: "I CANNOT MARRY SOMEONE ELSE'S SINS; GO, AND YOU WILL SEE," WITH TIRED EYES.

Stepan Trofimovich during the sermon: "*Je ne suis pas pour les églises; vraiment, je suis pour le progrès.*"⁹ But if my Petrusha (Nechaev) were more clever, he would have thought up precisely this particular measure (consolidation of parishes) to deliver a fatal blow to Russia, and to cause her disintegration. But thank God, there is our wise administration which will correct Nechaev's error. It will nip the people in the bud, and Nechaev's cause will be on firm grounds. And what a fine and worthy goal: to increase the output of material goods, and hence moral and spiritual values, through self-interest."

L'enfer est pavé de bonnes intentions.

*Grattez le Russe vous trouverez un tartare.*¹⁰

Aliosha Teliatnikov.

Having come to see Shatov, the Prince, instead of explaining the reason for his visit, immediately begins to talk about the Antichrist.

⁹ French: "I do not support the church; I support progress."

¹⁰ French: "Hell is paved with good intentions. Scratch a Russian and you'll find a Tartar."

P.S. And from the letter which Shatov had sent him from America.

<Half a page of irrelevant arithmetic calculations.>

"If you've come to see me, the fool, you must have believed that I was wise."

"Come on, I can't challenge you to a duel, why should we ape the French?"

~~"But you should have~~ given him a good tongue-lashing but you got scared!"

"Meanwhile, a tongue-lashing—I understand."

"Yes, a coincidence."

"You keep insisting on your version, about that coincidence."

The Prince: "You said that duels were borrowed from the French."

"Isn't that a little too subtle for our local people?"

"You are judging things by the standards of our capitals: we have some most refined people here, Sir, we certainly do. People who'll grasp the subtlest things, Sir."

"The beating they'll give you won't be so subtle."

"Come on, Sir, I can't challenge him to a duel, can I?"

"You don't like duels, do you?"

"Not natural... and why should we be aping the French?"

Increase Kartuzov's role in the novel—and connect his part more with all the others.

Develop Liza.

The secret.

Schefel-Strasse No. 1.

I left being fully convinced that the man was mad. Perhaps he actually was.

18 June 13/1, 1870

MOST IMMEDIATE NOTES

Granovsky is a Slavophile. All this is a matter of schooling. "I assure you, my dear, we'll have to learn from the Germans even how to become nationalists."

About Belinsky:¹¹ "There was this incredibly young man who used to walk out to the railway tracks. But sometimes melancholy, too. I'll die—recalling they were playing cards. But how they loved Russia!"

~~On his own part~~ On his own part.

About the Slavophiles and about Russia he made bold to speak condescendingly, "school <boys> learn your nationality."

When the peasants,—nonsense—nonsense—axes, proclamations, nonsense, nonsense—

This "nonsense—nonsense" was heard more and more often. He moved to another flat—bedroom—and hysterics.

The explosion comes at the very end, but it actually coincides with the beginning of the chronicle.

Explanations about the other characters.

"As our malicious and very dear Shatov assures us."

"a gentleman's fancy."

"although, by the way, it is very funny."

"But listen to an old man, study your nationality."

"He loved us all, and we loved him too."

He moved to a home where he felt more at ease. What was bad was that he kept losing. Before the emancipation of the peasants he was so frightened that all of us were amazed. As regards the revolution, he was a fine raconteur, ~~too bad~~ his glass of wine, a different flat. Too bad he played cards, but he was a matchless raconteur, in his later years he was bilious, yet he recalled his friends Belinsky, Granovsky, and Hertsen with gratitude. I don't know whether he was an atheist or whether he did believe in something. Naturally he never went to church to avoid compromising himself.

Even without their heads they wouldn't have understood a thing, though it is true that their heads were blocking their ability to understand things more than anything else.

All about Uspensky
a shitty little song

an idea into the street
they copied it.

He used to make fun of Vera Pavlovna.¹²
the proclamations—"If you want fires, let's have some fires!"
nonsense—nonsense.

This "nonsense—nonsense" was heard more and more often, but the dream continued; ~~but~~ it was a long time to go until the explosion,—and suddenly everything broke loose.

Vera Pavlovna

a wretched little song

At Varvara Petrovna's.

~~Of course~~ The members of our circle held different views. Miliukov used to be in the opposition, but Stepan Trofimovich liked his caustic wit. All in all we loved him; there were many people who loved him. As for his convictions, excepting only a few so-to-speak sacred ~~beliefs~~ ones (rather in the department of saints), he used all the rest more or less to show off, or else kept changing his mind like a weathervane. I have already mentioned that he had acquired many bad habits, and actually to the point where Varvara Petrovna gave up on him, at least to some extent. All this, of course, from having grown fat and—to use a more delicate term—leading an idle life. Occasionally he would be in a mood to tell us God only knows what nonsense, as if he were laughing at us, and this would last for days and weeks. I've already mentioned his habit of speaking French.

pic-pic-pic-quedito <?>

Yes, he did have sensitivity!

Vera Pavlovna

He would often criticize an opponent from the point of view of reality, and occasionally even Russian reality, which was sometimes a little comical, for he had positively lost sight of Russia. However, this gave the old man a good deal of satisfaction, and we rarely contradicted him.

About this terrible wedding... But before I do, I must explain some of the other characters, even though I'll do it briefly and indirectly, so as not to lose the thread of my narrative.

Uspensky. Incidentally, we loved him and even respected him—for his purity, and we are now sorry about the misfortunes that have befallen him. I want to make it plain that there was a lot more substance to that man than the comical nature of the dénouement might suggest.

19 Concerning nationalism.

In this respect he had firm ideas, settled once and for all.

"Why am I called an atheist? I believe in the idea of a divine principle God, as does any decent person, in God as the being which, in me, becomes conscious of itself."

Everyday life. The Ward to the Prince: "I am your slave." (the Bible) She received a letter from him and, on his very birthday, told the Princess that she was not going to marry Stepan Trofimovich. The Princess, very angry with Stepan Trofimovich, went to see him right away.

The Governor's wife to the Prince about the fact that she hasn't paid anyone a visit here so far.

About Teliatnikov: "*C'est un jeune homme charmant...*"¹³

The Governor and Granovsky.

The Governor (annoyed): "That is some kind of nonsense."

The Governor: "That is, how do you mean it?"

Granovsky: "That's what and that's how, your Excellency."

Nechaev-Nechaev to the Prince, in our circle: "Look, of these people, only three are really active, the rest are just spying on each other. They can't be caught. Perhaps three, or six, will be caught—we'll escape abroad. One won't succeed, another will carry on for him. It smolders here and it smolders there, suddenly a wind, and—and—and you've got a general conflagration. Destruction, exactly what's needed."

20 1) Adding some administrative irritation to your private irritation—a mixture of private and administrative irritation.

2) "How can you let me marry another woman?"

"You aren't a woman."*

"*J'ai pris un mot pour un autre. Mais je suis...incapable.*"

"*Oh, vous pouvez.*"¹⁴

3) "Wouldn't you like a glass of vodka?" (Granovsky to the police sergeant).

4) *The ear*. And though this happened in private, so-to-speak in the family, and therefore couldn't be too bad a stain upon the honor of this exalted government official, the General (*Gov.*) got so angry that he decided to take this extraordinary measure and executed it himself.

5) The whole Slavophile movement does nothing but sing its own praises, which means that it has reached its very climax and, consequently, won't go any further.

6) *The Prince's ideas*. A new idea. This isn't Anglo-Saxon law, nor is it Democracy or the formal equality of the French (Romance) world. This is natural brotherhood. The Tsar is at the head. Slave and yet free (St. Paul).¹⁵ The Russian people will never rise against their Tsar (which some Tsars failed to realize, fearing an uprising). But they will come to realize it. The Tsar is for his people an incarnation of their soul, of their spirit. Uprisings could only occur as long as there existed a division of society into estates: the Moscow of December 14 (the people were always set against it). All this has come to an end with the emancipation of the peasants. Russia is not a republic, it is not Jacobinism, or communism. (Foreigners, as well as our Russian foreigners, will never understand this!) Russia is no more and no less than the embodiment of Orthodoxy (a slave, and yet free), and those Russians who have betrayed Christianity. In Russia, there live peasants. The Apocalypse. The millennium. The Roman Whore (for their Christ has accepted the earthly kingdom rejected in the desert). We have reached the last stage of our submission to Europe, to civilization, to the curse of Peter's reform. Intellectual irresponsibility—(socialism, communism, baseness)—but we shall eventually grasp this not only

* Russian *baba*, "woman," is pejorative. There is no exact equivalent in English.

¹⁴ French: "I took one word for another. But I am incapable..." "Oh, you can."

¹⁵ A free quotation from I Corinthians 7:22.

¹³ French: "He's a charming young man."

with our vigorous vitality (as we did finally grasp) <...> i.e., immediately and alive, but also with our intellect; we shall smash those European fetters which have been clinging to us for so long, and they will break like cobwebs; and we shall all realize, finally, that the world, the terrestrial globe, the Earth has never *seen such* a gigantic idea as the one which is now taking shape here, in the East, and moving to take up the place of the European masses <*sic*> ~~which~~ to regenerate the world. Europe will ~~either~~ flow into our waters as a living stream, ~~or~~ and the part of it which is dead and doomed to die will serve as ethnographic material for us. We are bringing the world the only thing we can give it, which is, however, the only thing it needs: Orthodoxy, the true and glorious, eternal creed of Christ and ~~regeneration~~ a full moral regeneration in his name. We are bringing the world the first paradise of the millennium.—And from amongst us, there will appear Elias (ENOCH AND ELIAS) and Enoch, who will give battle to the Antichrist, i.e., the spirit of the West which will become incarnate in the West. Hurray to the future.

This is the Prince's speech after Mass. Like a Samson with champagne. Leaves for Petersburg and hangs himself in Skvoreshniki.

THIS IS IMPORTANT.

June 18/6, 1870.

N.B. *Prepare* the reader so that he can understand this speech. For instance, in his conversations with Shatov there is mention of what "a slave, and yet free" (St. Paul) is to mean.

A Russian will be ashamed if he is told, in Europe, that he is independent, and not entirely a European!

- 21 N.B. *The Prince and Shatov*. The Prince assures Shatov that all the mysteries regarding how to reach perfection and universal brotherhood have been given us by Orthodoxy and its discipline:

SELF-PERFECTION

Let no one be disheartened by the fact that this may be hard to achieve. And not all are needed, but only a few, so the idea will not die, and the world will be reborn.

Do you actually know how strong "one man" is? Raphael, Shakespeare, Plato ~~or~~ Columbus, or Galileo? He stays alive for 1000 years and regenerates the world—he does not die.

Some people are reborn too quickly and too obviously; with others it goes unnoticed.

N.B. PRECIOUS REMINISCENCES OBSERVATIONS.

"I cannot wait," says the Prince,
and later: "I don't want to wait."

N.B. *Shatov* conducts himself with extraordinary tact when he is with the Prince. He would very much like to ask: "Why is the Prince always with Nechaev, and what does he need that man for?" But, from a delicate feeling of tact, he doesn't ask this question.

The Prince notices this and says to him, with exquisite, deeply cordial familiarity: "You would like to ask me a question, but you can't. How tactful of you!" (And then he proceeds to tell him about Nechaev quite freely, i.e., why he has become involved with him.)

N.B. *Having bitten his ear*. One thing amazes me: "The Prince always showed respect for Stepan Trofimovich."

*Chaque femme ne peut pas (ÊTRE COMME) s'appeller Marie. Mais plusieurs maris sont comme difformes.*¹⁶

N.B. General Drozdov is writing denunciations.

N.B. *Young* Nechaev brought a letter for the Governor's wife.

N.B. The Governor sees that atheism is spreading, and is afraid of the atheist movement in town; that's why he started these discussions with Nechaev—that it is too early ("I perfectly agree, but it is too early!").

The Prince: N.B. "A Russian abroad (or a civilizer, Stasiulevich)¹⁷ is just eagerly waiting for a chance to shine somebody's shoes. They, we are born flunkys."

Shatov: "Those flunkey journalists and those flunkey journals are

¹⁶ Dostoevsky is punning here on the sound similarity of Marie and *mari* ("husband"): "Every woman cannot be called Marie, but some husbands (*maris*) are like women."

¹⁷ Mikhail M. Stasiulevich (1826–1911), a professor at St. Petersburg University, taught courses on the history of the Middle Ages. In 1861 he resigned with a group of other professors in protest against the conservative policies of the Ministry of Education.

out to prove at every point that there is no such thing as Russian independence from the West. Europe does not know us—we Russians have nobody but ourselves to blame for not having earned such distinction. Europe knows us because there is nothing in Russia that might be difficult to learn about.

N.B. Westernism is servility, intellectual servility.

(Article on Dickson,¹⁸ *European Herald*, April, 1870.)

(The *European Herald* is mad at Pushkin for his ancient epigram.)

Convulsive hatred of Russia. If some fact comes up ~~positive~~ which speaks in favor of the Russian people, they are immediately peeved. Right away, they bring up some "but," and try to downgrade that fact, to reduce it to insignificance, and call to mind all of its flaws.

The Prince to Granovsky, at the Governor's: "Maman tells me that you were taken to the police station."

Granovsky: "No, not to the police station, for it wasn't a state case."*

Granovsky and Shatov: "Why, aren't you a Slavophile yourself, Shatov?"

Shatov: "Yes, a Slavophile, because I am not of the people—"

Shatov Granovsky: "Well, if you aren't, who is?"

Shatov (interrupting him): "You want to say that I am the son of a house serf, and so of the people, but—"

Granovsky: "Oh, mon Dieu, non."

Shatov: "My dearest, no hard feelings—but though I may come from among the people, I am not now of the people."

Granovsky: "And so you have become a Slavophile because you found it impossible to become something better."

Shatov: "That's right, I've become a Slavophile because I've found it impossible to become anything better."

N.B. *An appellative*: PAPER PEOPLE.

Our whole liberalism is exclusively a sort of higher classicism, which is the reason why it has veered in false conservative directions. It

watches with tender care that the German dominance be preserved. It keeps shouting that this is civilization and takes for granted that mankind can't possibly produce any other civilization but that which belongs to the Germano-Latin race. Exactly as if a German of the age of Arminius, instead of fighting the Romans, would keep shouting to his own people: "Let's submit! For there isn't and never is going to be anything but Roman civilization."

Our liberals are flunkys more than anything else, eagerly looking for a chance to shine somebody's shoes.

23 A page: A SOIRÉE AT GRANOVSKY'S.

The Prince to Granovsky's son: "I saw your boots the other day." (Granovsky:) "Why doesn't he stay at my place?" Granovsky says to his son that he has become involved with some socialists. Nechaev: "El, what's the difference!" "Less trouble for you."

"I've been suffering for you here, and you tell me 'less trouble!'" Nechaev: "~~I don't understand~~" "What is there for you to suffer?"

Granovsky to the Princess: "*Il n'est pas grand, mais il est bon, ne parle pas trop.*"¹⁹

(The Great Writer with Nechaev.)

~~I look~~ "Whenever I look at his face he reminds me of little Pisarev; why, we met many socialists in Petersburg."

The Governor's wife—"Socialism is a great idea," Shatov said quite suddenly and unexpectedly.

Everybody looked at him in consternation.

HERE "The idea is a great one, but its followers are not always giants, that's what you wanted to say, *et restons là mon cher*."²⁰ But as far as Pisarev is concerned, I find that he does look like him."

"Pisarev was a man of sense and of honor," Shatov suddenly cut in again unexpectedly, dropping his eyes.

Again, everybody looked in his direction Granovsky frowned.

"*Mais sans doute mon cher, sans doute et quelle mouche vous pique?*"²¹ I used to have some special words of praise for him. He dropped in on me several times, though he had nothing to say most of the time. It seems that at one time he was detained at a lunatic

* There is an untranslatable pun in the original: *chast'*, "police station"—*chastny sluchai*, "a particular case."

¹⁹ French: "He is not big, but he is good; don't talk so much."

²⁰ French: "Let it go at that, my good man."

²¹ French: "But assuredly, my good man, assuredly, but what's irritating you?"

asylum...or was it somewhere else? He has left in my mind the impression of something small."

"Why small?" Nechaev asked, "he was of average stature not at all not of particularly small, but rather of average, stature."

"I am not talking about his stature, or about his talents. I—I don't know why, but he seemed so small to me, in a word, I was left with an impression of something small and *restons là*."

~~Eh I said that you were like him~~ "Don't take it personally," he said, turning to his son.

Nechaev: "Well, you're a giant yourself, aren't you?"

Granovsky was peeved. "The sound, *mon cher*, you could have you COULD HAVE EXPRESSED said differently this differently. But let's say it is a case of being frank on your part, and commendable, and I agree with you that it is indeed so."

Nechaev: "Well, if it is, what are you getting excited about?"

At the Governor's wife's, after the arrest.

Granovsky: "They are all like that! Remember, Varvara Petrovna, how he was sprawling on your divan in his dirty boots. Incidentally, I had to suffer for these boots in more senses than one. Do they still talk about Pushkin and the boots?"²² he turned to his son.

Nechaev: "What Pushkin and what boots?"

Granovsky: "Soft-boiled, *mon ami*, as Pyotr our coachman likes to say. *Mais restons là* You people keep mistaking rudeness for noble simplicity and sincerity, forgetting that it may be insulting. God spare me of giving you lessons."

Nechaev: "Didn't you give lessons at one time?" ~~So you've gotten into the habit—the way a schoolmaster treats his pupils, nothing else~~

Granovsky (after a pause): "If you want that he <...> You are mistaking your rudeness for <...> I am shocked and hurt by what you just said. All of you are like that I feel sorry for you. You are all—(from Renan)."

He is accepting alms.

"You have given away a lot, 80 copecks" (a beautiful, forceful tirade).

("Try to remember honestly, when was the last time you gave alms to a beggar, and how much was it, truthfully?")

- 24 "You are smart, and you have caught me—it may be as much as 10 years ago when I last gave alms, I confess, *mais cela ne prouve rien*,²³ because <...> .

Nechaev: "On the contrary, that's exactly what proves it. ~~That is precisely the point the proof.~~"

"But the heart, the heart—" Nechaev: "I remember how you wouldn't let me sleep at night, you and your heart, waking me up at night."

"And you can bring back this memory in such a fashion?"

Nechaev: "It is all very well for you to say, you well-provided-for hanger-on."

Granovsky: "Hanger-on?"

Nechaev: "What else? Tell me, what are you doing? What are you drawing your salary for?"

Sound.

Granovsky: "But you have insulted me, and I won't suffer it."

Nechaev: ~~For God's sake~~ "I'm only repeating your own words. You wrote me ~~that this was so~~ yourself, here's your letter. You're writing me that you are being forced to marry a girl ~~and that you are forced to do it so as to cover up for someone else's sins~~ to cover up for someone else's sins."

(In the intervals the Great Writer talks to Pisarev.)

Granovsky: "I never wrote you anything of the kind."

Nechaev: "Here is your letter. To be sure, you haven't got anything here about sins, only that you are being forced to marry a girl, which is right here; and as for the sins, I found out about that from another source."

Sound. "Come to your senses! You don't realize what you are saying!"

Shatov and I after Granovsky's lecture,

I was teasing Shatov:

"...there are 100,000 of them (latent), yet they never get around to speaking their mind. But here, finally, there is one who decided to have his say, and spoke up. And how he did speak up!"

Shatov: "It would have been better if he hadn't."

²² A reference to Pisarev's excessively utilitarian view of art, expressed particularly in his essays "Pushkin and Belinsky" and "Realists."

²³ French: "But that doesn't prove anything."

I: "I'm not talking about the quality ~~of what~~ of what he said, I'm talking about the person who did." I regretted having teased him.

While visiting with the Governor's wife, Granovsky has an eloquent exchange of words with his son, etc. As if they had never quarreled.

The Prince and Shatov; the Prince: "These are only words—one must act."

Shatov: "What shall we do?"

The Prince: "Repent, keep building one's own character, keep building the kingdom of Christ. We are taking our religion from politics. Slavophiles and icons—Orthodox discipline and humility must prevail. No one is a slave, all are free. The lands of freedom, Christianity, the Pope-Antichrist comes forth blessing his flock. Our strength lies not in industry but in moral regeneration—one needs full strength to ~~say the boldest word~~ express the idea in its entirety.

We Russians are bringing to the world the regeneration of their lost ideal. The beast with one of his heads wounded,¹ the millennium. Imagine, will all Christians be poor? I used to know Hertsen—this is a vaudeville."

Shatov: "If this is so, mustn't you become a monk?"

The Prince: "Why? Proclaim Christ in the Russian lands, and proclaim it by your own deeds. Great feats are needed. Must one perform a great feat? It takes a great mind to go against common sense."

Shatov: "It is said that science gives power."

The Prince: "Science does not give one moral satisfaction, nor does it give an answer to the most important questions."

The Prince: "A moral feat is needed. Let Russian strength show that it can perform it. You will conquer the world through a moral feat."

Shatov became strangely pensive: "You know what, these are all mere fantasies," he said, "also taken from books or, or—religious madness. You go ahead and try to enlist everybody for your moral feat."

The Prince: "Why everybody? You won't believe how strong a single man can be. Let there be one, and everybody will follow him. What is needed is self-condemnation and moral feats; that's the idea which is needed; otherwise we won't find Orthodoxy, and nothing will come of it all."

The strength lies in the moral idea.

The moral idea lies in Christ.

In the West, Christ has become perverted and spent. The reign of the Antichrist. We have Orthodoxy.

¹ A free quotation from Revelation 13:3.

That means that we are the bearers of a clear understanding of Christ and of a new idea for the resurrection of the world.

"Do you believe in Christ's eternal stay on earth?"

So, in order to proclaim Orthodoxy, a moral feat is needed—

But factories and industry are needed also?

Why stop everything? Let things run their course. But when the world will have been regenerated by the moral feat, it will begin to see everything clearly, including the way it must proceed.

The most important: The main idea from which the Prince suffers and which keeps him preoccupied is this:

We have *Orthodoxy*; our nation is great and wonderful because it believes and because it has Orthodoxy. We Russians are strong, and stronger than everybody else, because ~~we have~~ we have immense masses of people who are believers in Orthodoxy. But if the faith in Orthodoxy were shaken among our people it would immediately begin to decay, as the nations of the West have already begun to decay (naturally, our own upper class is an import, actually borrowed from them, therefore it is just so much grass on fire, and so of no consequence), as their religion (Catholicism, Lutheranism, various heresies, a distortion of Christianity) has become lost and must remain lost. Now this question: who then can believe? Does anybody at all (among the Panslavists or even among the Slavophiles) believe? And finally, even this question:

- 28 Can one believe at all? And if not, why make so much fuss about how the Russian nation derives its strength from Orthodoxy? Which means that this is only a question of time. Over there, [decay] atheism appeared earlier, with us it has come somewhat later, but it will surely begin with the introduction of atheism. And if this is quite inevitable, one may actually hope ~~the sooner~~ the sooner the better.

(The Prince suddenly realizes that his position coincides with Nechaev's, that it is best to burn everything.)

The result is then:

1) That men of action, who consider these questions meaningless and are perfectly able to live without them are nothing but rabble and nonentities, so much grass on fire.

2) That it all boils down to one urgent question: can one believe while being civilized, i.e., a European? I.e., believe without a reservation in the divine nature of Jesus Christ, the Son of God? (For this is what faith amounts to.)

N.B. To this question, civilization gives a factual answer in the nega-

tive (Renan), also stating that society has failed to preserve a pure interpretation of Christ's teaching (Catholicism being the Antichrist, the Whore, and Lutheranism no better than the teaching of the *molokane*).²

3) If this is so, can society exist without faith (on the basis of science alone, for instance)? (Herzen.) The moral foundations of a society are given through revelation. Eliminate one thing from religion, and the moral foundation of Christianity will collapse entirely, for everything is mutually linked together.

So, then, is a different, scientific morality possible?

- 29 If it is not, this means that morality rests with the Russian people alone, since it possesses Orthodoxy.

But if it is impossible for an enlightened person to be Orthodox (and in a hundred years half of Russia will be enlightened), this is all nothing but hocus-pocus, and this whole Russian strength is a temporary phenomenon only. For in order to be eternal, a complete faith in everything is a must. But is it possible to believe?

So, then, the first thing is to settle this question, ~~and~~ to put one's mind at ease ~~regarding~~ this question: Is it possible to believe seriously and truly?

That's what it boils down to, that's the *whole* key to the life of the Russian nation and its mission, and to its existence in the future.

But if it is impossible, ~~doubtless~~ (even though nobody is asking for it now), it isn't quite so unforgivable at all if someone would demand that we rather burn everything. (Slow suffering and death, and quick suffering and death. The quick way, naturally, is even the more humane.)

So that's the quandary?

N.B. You might, of course, take exception to the logical correctness of this conclusion and of the entire preceding line of reasoning; you might also refuse to agree either with the learned right, which claims that Christianity is certainly not going to decline assuming the form of Lutheranism, i.e., when Christ is considered only an ordinary man, a beneficent philosopher (for this is the ultimate outcome of Lutheranism), or with the left, which denies altogether that mankind actually needs Christianity, or that Christianity is a *source of true life* (with the

² The *molokane* are a religious sect that arose in the eighteenth century. They rejected ritual, ceremony, and priestly hierarchy.

hotheads among them screaming that it actually does harm to it), and asserts that, for instance, science can give mankind the true life as well as the most perfect moral ideal. All these arguments are possible, the world is full of them, and will be for some time. But isn't it true, Shatov, that you and I know very well that this is all perfect nonsense, that Christ as man is not the Savior and the source of our life, and that science alone will never realize the whole human ideal, and that peace of mind is a source of life for every man, and that the salvation of all men from despair, and the condition *sine qua non*, and the guarantee for the existence of the whole world, are all contained in these words: *And the word was made flesh, and faith in these words*. With which we can immediately agree. Sooner or later everybody will come to agree with this. And so, the whole question rests right here: can one believe in everything that our Orthodox religion tells us to believe? If the answer is no, it is much better, and more humane, to burn everything and join Nechaev.

29 "It seems to me that I believe," says Shatov.

"Which means that you don't," the Prince replies.

"That's because I have severed my ties with the people!" Shatov exclaims, rapping the table with his fist.

The Prince explains to him that Christianity (Orthodoxy) contains in itself the solution of all problems, moral and social (a slave and yet a free man).

"Do you believe?" asks Shatov.

"Why are you so curious?" replies the Prince, "haven't the two of us understood each other even without words?"

(N.B. They agree with the entire preceding logical construction, as well as with the conclusion drawn from it, even that *idea* belonging to Shatov. That's precisely what fascinates the Prince, that's why he has come to see him. If Orthodoxy is everything, then Russia, too, is *everything*. But if not so, it is better to burn everything.) "And so this is all a phantasmagoria," exclaims Shatov in despair, "and we must burn—"

"Burn we must," laughs the Prince. "However, we might also vegetate for some five or ten years centuries and turn into savages and—start a new civilization by burning<...>."

"Why are you laughing," Shatov screams, "you young swell!"

"That won't help to solve the question," laughs the Prince.

Or, finally, the assertions of those numerous people for who say that Christianity is compatible with science and civilization, that it is used by many to assure their after-dinner rest, and to facilitate digestion,

30 who believe that one may very well fail to believe in the resurrection of Lazarus or *Immaculée Conception*, yet still remain a Christian.

"But Shatov, you and I know only too well that this is all nonsense, and that one follows from the other, and that one can't remain a Christian not believing in *Immaculée Conception*."

Shatov is clinging to him, as if he were seeking his salvation through him.

31 Shatov is lost in thought.

The Prince: "I want to warn you that these questions are by far more important than may appear, even though it is a very ancient matter. What is new about it is that you and I have recognized the immense importance of these questions and realized that it is absolutely imperative that they be solved."

"Eh! Why decide things beforehand," Shatov exclaimed, "a thousand years ahead of time! (i.e., slow decay)—let us live ~~and how we live!~~ in the present, do only what is to be done from day to day, confident that God will help us eventually!"

"Go ahead and try to get used to such a life!" the Prince said with a ripple of laughter, and left.

"The reason why Nechaev is so very much at ease," says the Prince, "is that he believes that Christianity not only isn't necessary at all for the true life of mankind, but that it ~~even~~ actually does harm to it, so that if it could be eradicated, mankind would immediately come to life and begin to live a new, *real* life. That's where their terrible power lies. The West won't be able to cope with them, you'll see; everything will perish through them."

"So what is going to happen?"

"A dead machine, which is of course impracticable, but...perhaps it is practicable after all, because in a few centuries one can deaden ~~the~~ ~~people~~ the world to such an extent that, in desperation, it will actually want to be dead. Fall on us, ye mountains, and crush us.³ And that's what is going to happen. (For instance, if science is unable to provide for people's subsistence, and there is a shortage of space, people are going to throw their babes into latrines, or eat them. I won't be surprised if they do both, especially if science suggests it to them.) (And

³ A free quotation from Luke 23:30.

the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride shall cease to be heard.)⁴

"Would you mind developing this?" says Shatov.

"When food becomes scarce and science proves unable to provide for food and fuel, whereas the world population continues to rise, it will become necessary to stop the further growth of the population. Science says that it isn't your fault nature has arranged things that way, and the instinct of self-preservation being first and foremost, it follows that babes must be burned. That is the morality of science. Malthus⁵ isn't so very wrong at all, for there hasn't been enough time to prove his theories. Wait and see if Europe is able to support so large a population without food or fuel. And will science come to the rescue in time, provided it is able to help at all? ~~Christian~~ The burning of babes will become habitual, for all moral principles in man are only relative, *if he must rely on nothing but his own strength*. The savages of North America scalp their enemies, while we, at least for the time being, consider this repulsive. (Although we are guilty of many abominations as bad as this, without being aware of it, and considering them rather to be virtues.) Now look: If you believe that Christianity is a necessity, and [a gift] to mankind by the grace of God, something which man could not have reached by himself; if you believe that man has been, from the cradle, in *immediate* communion with God, through revelation at first, and later through the miracle of Christ's appearance; if you believe, finally, that man, if left alone to rely on his own strength, would perish, and that it is therefore imperative that we believe God to be in immediate contact with man,—in that case, having surrendered yourself to Christianity, you will never become reconciled to the notion of burning babes. There you have, as you can see, an entirely different morality. Which means that Christianity alone contains in itself the water of life and that it alone can lead man to the living source of this water, ~~and that without it~~ saving him from decay. But without Christianity mankind will decay and perish."

"Christian religion teaches the contrary of this: i.e., it offers us its own morality, ordering us to believe that this morality is the normal, the only one, that there is no such thing as relative morality, and that

32 it was given to us by God, as an act of grace. Finally, that man does not have the strength to save himself, but that he has been saved by revelation, and later by Christ, i.e., by God's immediate intervention in human life—in other words: through a miracle both times."

"Consequently, one may believe one as well as the other. And so the question is: which is the surer way, and where are the living sources of the water of life? In my opinion, science by itself, as it reaches the point where it becomes insensitive to <the death of> babes, will deaden and brutalize mankind, and therefore ~~burn~~ it is better to burn everything than to die slowly. On the other hand, I firmly believe that Christianity ~~will save them~~ would save mankind."

Shatov: "How is that?"

The Prince: "(This includes all the conditions of salvation, a slave and yet a free man. If we imagine that everybody has become a Christ, how could there be such a thing as pauperism? With Christianity, even the shortage of food and fuel could be overcome—one can always choose to die oneself, for the sake of one's brother, rather than killing off babes.) This has been prophesied in Christian tradition; precisely the millennium, where there won't be either wives or husbands (in the millennium there will be no wives or husbands)."

Shatov: "If this is so, what's the problem?"

The Prince: "Always the same thing: can a civilized man believe?"

"It is sheer frivolity that prevents man from considering this question first and foremost. However, there are many who are concerned with it ~~We~~, who write and talk about it. Because of our frivolity and distractions we tend to be concerned only with our day-to-day existence, thinking that this is all that is needed. Then there are others who work out various philosophies for the benefit of their digestion, to the effect that Christianity is compatible even with an infinite progress of civilization, and not merely with the present. Yet you and I know perfectly well that all this is nonsense, and that there are only two alternatives: either to have faith, or to burn everything. Nechaev has chosen the latter, and is strong and calm. I am just taking a good look at him, as I want to find out how much of his strength is derived from his convictions, and how much is simply due to his character."

And the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride shall cease to be heard.

2)

"Are you interpreting the Apocalypse literally?"

"Listen, think for yourself: the wounded beast, the third part of the

Earth of all grass perished,⁶ the whore (. . .), the woman who is with child⁷—Russia—Come, seriously, don't you really see any correspondence?"

"Are you serious?" Shatov asks.

The Prince: "I don't matter here at all, you look at my idea, not at me. Only recently you were shouting that I was a young swell, now you are saying that I'm a madman. There are lots of people who say that I am mad. Look at my idea, not at me. Is the idea a correct one? Isn't there a frightening correspondence?"

"Religious fanaticism!" said Shatov.

"Ready made phrases for the benefit of better digestion."

They said nothing for a while.

"I can't get away from you now, said Shatov, "you are mine from now on."

Shatov: "If man is to change, how then is he going to live a life of reason? The possession of reason is a property of the human organism only as we now know it."

The Prince: "How do you know if man will even need what reason he now possesses?"

Shatov: "What else? Something higher, I presume?"

The Prince: "Much higher, no doubt."

Shatov: "How can there be anything higher than reason?"

33 The Prince: "That's what science teaches us, but look at that bedbug over there. Science knows that it is an organism, that it lives some kind of a life, and that it has impressions <sic>, even its own way of reasoning, and God knows what else. But can science ever learn and convey to me the essence of the life, of the reasoning process, and of the sensations of a bedbug? Never. In order to learn about that, one must for a moment become a bedbug oneself. If science can't do that, it follows that it is equally unable to convey to me the essence of another, higher organism or being. Which also goes for the condition of man upon having attained the millennium, even if reason were no longer around."

"You really make my head go round!" says Shatov, "however, I'm still going to hold on to you."

The Prince: "I don't know why you consider the possession of reason, i.e., of consciousness, the highest of all possible forms of being. In my opinion, this is no longer science, but faith, and if you don't mind, we are dealing here with a hocus-pocus of nature, to wit: it is necessary for the very preservation of mankind that ~~you~~ one (as a whole, i.e., man insofar as he is part of mankind) place a high value on oneself. Every creature must consider itself higher than anything else; the bedbug there surely considers itself higher than you, and even if it were possible it surely wouldn't want to become a man, but would rather remain a bedbug. The bedbug is a mystery, and there are mysteries everywhere. Why then are you denying the existence of other mysteries? Note further that unbelief may very well be congenial to man precisely because he puts reason above everything else and, inasmuch as reason is peculiar only to the human organism, fails to understand or even does not want life in any different form, such as life after death, refusing to believe that it could be higher. On the other hand, a certain feeling of despair and of damnation is peculiar to human nature, for it is inherent in the human mind to keep losing faith in itself every minute, to be never content with itself, so that man is inclined to consider his existence an unsatisfactory one. Hence then his tendency to believe in life beyond the grave. We are apparently transitional creatures, and our existence on Earth is apparently (A PROCESS) that of a chrysalis turning into a butterfly, made permanent. Remember the saying: an Angel never falls, a Devil has fallen so hard that he stays down for good, Man falls and gets up again. I believe that people become either devils or angels. You say that eternal punishment is an injustice, and that French philosophy which is so good for digestion has developed the notion that all will be forgiven. Yet ~~this~~ life on Earth is a process of regeneration. Whose fault is it that you may be regenerated to become a devil? Naturally, everything will be taken into account. But it still remains a fact, a result—exactly as everything on Earth comes of something else. Note also that devils have knowledge. Consequently, even ~~devilish~~ beings beyond the grave possess consciousness and memory, and not man alone; they may be, however, non-human. It is impossible to die. There is being, but no such thing as non-being."

SPECIAL AND IMPORTANT

N.B.

When Shatov comes to ask the Prince's forgiveness, the Prince does not resume that conversation at all, but asks directly:

"Shatov, I gather from your words on that particular occasion (at

⁶ Inexact quotation from Revelation 18:7: "... and the third part of trees was burnt up, and all green grass was burnt up."

⁷ Revelation 12:2.

Stephan Trofimovich's) that you have your own set of convictions, as well as some kind of faith. Why won't you tell me what you believe in?"

They get together. Shatov on Orthodoxy.

Shatov directly: "I believe in Orthodoxy, and that it is that very idea which Russia is bringing to the whole world in order to save it."

The Prince: "Alright, I'll come to see you."

Shatov: "There are innumerable conversations such as ours going on in Russia right now. Or are you really making fun of me?"

"What's wrong with that?" laughed the Prince.

Shatov: "I don't believe you. A man who has understood ~~such role~~ Orthodoxy ~~in essence~~ to be the essence of Russia, one who has understood it as you have, couldn't be joking."

The Prince: "Nor am I joking."

Shatov: "Aren't you really? I'm a bookish man. I wish I could change that. What am I to do about it?"

The Prince: "Believe."

Shatov: "In Orthodoxy and in Russia?"

The Prince: "Yes."

Shatov: "Yes, of course, this would bring salvation. It seems to me that I do believe. Why aren't you saying anything?"

The Prince: "This means, you don't believe."

Shatov: "What about you?"

The Prince: "Once again, what do I matter to you?"

Shatov: "Do we really understand each other with hardly a word said?"

The Prince: "Good-bye. ~~Incidentally~~ I shall never come to see you again. And let me tell you this beforehand, Shatov: you were just shouting 'I am going to hold on to you!' but I don't want you to follow me; on the contrary, I want you to leave me in peace, and perfectly so. I mean it. And I have my reasons for it. I'll never come back."—

June 23, 1870

The Prince is seeking a great moral feat, some true accomplishment, something by which Russia would manifest her strength to the whole world. His idea is true, genuine, active Orthodoxy (for who, in our days, actually believes?). Moral power before economic power.

(N.B. He does not believe in God, and what he has in mind is his moral feat at Tikhon's.) "Do you know ~~the strength~~ how strong a single man can be?"

Nechaev, on the other hand, is firmly convinced of everything beforehand. He cares for nothing but how to start burning things. By June, everybody will be making shoes.

<parallel> to these gentlemen, we have the half-baked Shatov, that complacent Korsh,⁸ Stepan Trofimovich, who fails to realize that the whole thing was started by him, and his like.

Abomination—the Great Writer, Varvara Petrovna, etc.

Two women—the Ward and the Beauty.

The Prince has told the Ward, in Switzerland, that there would be a time when he'd come to her; however, he could never marry her.

The Beauty keeps teasing him with Nechaev, and then suddenly offers herself to him completely (he either takes, or does not take her). She then flings herself at Nechaev.

??? After the pogrom, Stepan Trofimovich takes the Ward into his house.

Question: Think about the Prince's relations with women, and his reconciliation to Shatov.

?The Prince, to the Ward: "I've come to stop it. I didn't want you to marry Stepan Trofimovich. Wait for me, I'll tell you later." And she waits obediently.

She was going to marry Granovsky because he had told her himself that he couldn't marry her.

He violates the Ward: an end to all doubts (for now, after this has happened, he must really marry her, and so go on living like everybody else, without performing any feats).

N.B. He must be seductive.

(?The Beauty also submits to him once. But later she leaves the Prince, cursing him; for she sees that he does not love her, and that she

actually had to entice him. Still later, she becomes decidedly furious, and goes through the hands of Nechaev and Kartuzov. Has a hysterical fit of laughter. Brain fever. A passport from her parents. The murder of Shatov shocks and fascinates her. All this takes only a minute. Only when already in the railway carriage does she finally recognize her own unnaturalness.

N.B. *This is so. Can't be any better.*

He violates the Beauty after he has already violated the Ward. He completely deserts her.

35 2)

Her mother sends her to Skvoreshniki. Stepan Trofimovich has come there to die.

A *tender*, terrible letter about Uri. The Ward immediately decides to sacrifice herself and joins him, leaving everything behind.

She loves him even more since she knows how unhappy he is; and she realizes that he is unhappy.

OR THIS WAY: Everything about Russia, about the Antichrist, and about the feat is said by Shatov (that is better, that is marvelous).

The Prince listens avidly, but remains silent. Although he says nothing it is clear that he is in command during the discussion. He listens and observes. He is somber and grave.

On one occasion he makes a speech: this is when Shatov has been killed. A wild speech.

Sometimes he is curious in a taciturn way, and caustic, like Mephistopheles. Asks questions like one who is in command, and appears everywhere like one who is in charge.

AUTHOR'S NOTA BENE:

AND SO, THINGS ARE SETTLED AS FAR AS THE WOMEN ARE CONCERNED, AND OUR DIFFICULTIES HAVE BEEN OVERCOME.

BUT HOW TO GET THE PRINCE TOGETHER WITH SHATOV?

? N.B. (I think, just as before, i.e., the Prince comes to see him. He conquers him, too, *with his charm*.)

And in general, keep in mind that the Prince is charming as a demon, and that terrible passions are struggling with . . . the feat. Moreover, unbelief and—torments—from faith. The feat breaks through, faith

⁸ Valentin F. Korsh (1828–93), journalist and literary historian.

prevails, but the devils, too, believe and tremble. "Too late," says the Prince, and flees to Uri. Later he hangs himself.

36 3)

Occasionally, the Prince appears to be moved, so that the reader is shocked (he was sitting there with the children). The book-hawker, etc.

Among those present is *Liputin* (a liberal without a goal, like every Russian liberal).

Liputin says to *Nechaev*: "I used to be a plain Fourierist, but now I've come to think that it is actually better to burn down everything first."

Here. *Liputin* says this without actually believing what he says. He does not believe in what he is saying, and yet he is drawn into following *Nechaev* as into a machine. He is a type which is representative of that unaccountable restlessness, coupled with a dull feeling of superiority, which tends to be present in a Russian liberal. A restless and aggressive man, without brains and without a heart. However, he is witty at times.

N.B. Shouldn't one rather let *Shatov* come to see the Prince first, to beg his forgiveness?

The Prince initially gives him a cold reception. But three days later he comes to see *Shatov*:

"I appreciate your moral feat," he says. "It suggests that you are an extraordinary person." That is the whole conversation. The Prince comes two more times, then quits coming.

During the fire, the Prince is with the Beauty.

After the fire, "new ideas" score a signal triumph, and *Nechaev* is now definitely in fashion.

The Prince has cast his spell even on *Nechaev*.

N.B. Where shall we put *Stepan Trofimovich*? *Varvara Petrovna* for a moment veers into *new ideas*; but in the end she changes sides again, back to *Stepan Trofimovich*.

ABOUT STEPAN TROFIMOVICH, AN IMPORTANT QUESTION?

37 4)

Details aside, the essence of *Stepan Trofimovich* lies in the fact that, though ready at first to compromise with the new ideas, he breaks with

them in the end, and indignantly so (preferring to go begging), and ALONE refuses to succumb to these new ideas, remaining true to his old idealistic muddle (to Europe, *The European Herald*, Korsh).

Express through *Stepan Petrovich* that it is impossible to return to *Belinsky*, or to keep playing the European without going any further. "Accept the full consequences, for Europeanism, unnatural as it is for Russia, leads to that."—But this he fails to comprehend, and whimpers.

N.B. (Devote one chapter to him—after the lecture—where he says an eloquent farewell to everybody and talks brilliantly about God, Beauty, and Poetry.) N.B. ~~he act~~ ^{ually} God ~~therefore~~ and I am worse than you, I've made a mess of the world, but you are better than I, and I am happy. He takes his knapsack and actually leaves during the night. The elderly book-hawker woman, choleric. A poetic chapter about how *Stepan Trofimovich*, on the one hand, weakly clings to the book-hawker woman, yet on the other, indulges in liberal platitudes at her expense, and how he is afraid of everything, while she considers him a babe. Recital of the Sermon of the Mount—he reads it himself—and takes up selling. He is taken back to *Skvoreshniki* (or comes running back himself).

N.B. *Varvara Petrovna's* reproaches at *Skvoreshniki* (nothing but *Kapfig* and *Kapfig*).⁹ That is in the beginning, after she has chased him out on account of the Ward (N.B. when *Shatov* gave the slap in the face.) Then she wants to restore peace, and *Stepan Trofimovich* disgraces himself. Later, the public lecture and the farewell, a letter to *Varvara Petrovna*, a visit to the Ward, he leaves. He is returned to *Skvoreshniki* as a runaway (it is *Varvara Petrovna* herself who intercepts him) ~~in time~~ immediately after *Shatov* has been murdered, and a rumor about *Nechaev* is first heard. At this point, a last meeting with his son, whom he curses. Arrival of *Varvara Petrovna*, and his death.

A poetic promenade. An entirely new world which has a strange impact on the childlike *Stepan Trofimovich*.

38

CONTINUATION OF FANTASTIC PAGES

The Prince has just arrived at *Shatov's*, and taken a seat, when he says:

"Well, what about Orthodoxy? How is it you believe?"

Shatov presents the above given logical deduction, while the Prince stops him now and then, adding some explanatory comments.

⁹ Baptiste Honoré R. Capéfigue (1802–72), French man of letters and historian, who wrote many works with a monarchist slant.

"This means that you also believe in this, doesn't it?" Shatov exclaims.

"Of course," replies the Prince.

Shatov: "But that is remarkable! I'm amazed! How could the two of us hit upon the very same idea?"

The Prince: ~~Don't bother to find out why~~ "I haven't run across such an idea before, and you think that you're the first to discover it. That's where you are wrong: this is a Slavophile idea and you naturally know that yourself."

Shatov: "Yes." (Then hotly:) "Yes, but it doesn't appear as strongly with them. They do not believe (Kireevsky,¹⁰ the icon)."

The Prince: "Well, if this is so, how can you believe? Do you really believe?"

Shatov: "Of course I do."

The Prince (more coolly all the time): "Do you realize what the main point of the question is: Christianity saves the world, and it alone can save it—that's the conclusion we have come to and that's what we believe. That is one thing. Next: Christianity exists only in Russia, in the form of Orthodoxy. That's two."

Shatov (interrupting him): "And so Russia will save and regenerate the world through Orthodoxy."

The Prince (coolly): "If she will believe. But is it possible to believe? (The philosophy of digestion.) But you and I know that it is all nonsense. And so everything boils down to this: can one believe?"

The scheme of faith: Orthodoxy contains in itself the image of Jesus Christ.

Christ is the foundation of a great moral principle.

Develop further and carry it to wherever this principle might take you. (To the concept of happiness, to begin with; happiness anchored in law, so that others may be happy, too. This is not the gregarious organization based on rights which the Western socialists proclaim, for no rights whatever emerge as such from Christ's definition of happiness. My happiness lies not in the accumulation of material things, according to a ~~right~~ jealous right of the individual, but rather a voluntary surrender of all my rights. This is not slavery, for I), the surrender is

voluntary, and consequently a higher manifestation of individuality, and secondly, the others, in turn, give me everything that is theirs.

We are seeking in vain, if this cannot be realized; if but every thousandth should be arrayed in white linen (The Apocalypse),¹¹ that would be quite enough.

From the awareness of what happiness really means there will follow, also, the organization of society.

But in order to keep Jesus, i.e., Orthodoxy intact, one must first of all keep oneself intact, and be oneself. ~~Then~~ Only then will the tree bear fruit when it has gathered and developed its strength. Therefore, what Russia needs is this: having become imbued with the idea, the precious treasure of which she is now the only remaining bearer, she must free herself from the German and Westernizing yoke, and become herself, in clear awareness of her goal.

39 Or thus: He comes to see Shatov: "What about Orthodoxy?" Shatov begins to expound it.

The Prince nods his agreement ~~even (from the Apocalypse)~~.

The Apocalypse:

Try to realize that the beast means nothing but a world which has deserted its faith, reason reduced to its own resources, after it has rejected, on the basis of science, any chance of immediate communion with God, any possibility of revelation, as well as the miracle of God's appearance on Earth.

Shatov sees that their convictions are the same.

"How could this happen?" he says.

The Prince says: "Why, this is all ancient Slavophile stuff."

A Slavophile thinks that he can succeed through the virtues of the Russian people alone; but there is no succeeding without Orthodoxy, for all these virtues will be no help whatever, if the world loses faith.

Shatov explains the difference: "Slavophilism is a gentleman's fancy. The icon (Kireevsky). They could never believe spontaneously."

The Prince nods his agreement: "Yes, if they don't believe spontaneously, this is as if they didn't believe at all, and it's better to burn everything, as Nechaev suggests."

"How do you mean, burn?"

The Prince explains: (THE PHILOSOPHY OF DIGESTION) "A question of time, gradual dying out. You see: if Christianity that's precisely the

difference between the Slavophiles and ourselves, that we consider this problem so important and that we posit it as a *sine qua non*. Orthodoxy and Russia. We believe that in Orthodoxy alone, and nowhere else, the image of Christ has been preserved intact, and that Russia is the bearer of Orthodoxy. On the other hand, I believe that Christianity contains in itself the solution of all the world's problems. The child, the millennium, the Apocalypse, the wounded beast."

The novelty of our conception lies entirely in the severity with which we have posited the problem.

Shatov is astonished: "Are you serious?"

"Effect a rapprochement."

"I won't lag behind you."

~~And so there is Orthodoxy~~ Shatov: "And so, everything rests upon Orthodoxy!"

"No, that's not the real point of the problem at all. The point is if one can believe in Orthodoxy."

The Prince: "The whole question is then: can or can't one believe?"

Shatov: ~~How's that~~ "So you don't believe after all?"

"You see: Either it is all a question of faith, or it isn't! We realize the importance of saving the world through Orthodoxy. And so the whole question is: can one believe in Orthodoxy, rejecting any philosophy of digestion. If so, everything is safe; if not, it's better to burn everything."

"Is it really true that you do not believe?"

"What do I matter to you—I am asking you; I have only come to ask you: do you believe? ~~do you really believe?~~ I was just curious."

"I... it seems to me that I do believe."

"That means that you don't."

Shatov: "It all comes from having lost touch with the people."

The Prince: "But this again is only a question of time. All the same, in a hundred years or so you'd lose your faith anyway, even if you haven't lost touch now."

"Tell me directly: is it really true, is it really true that you do not believe?"

The Prince: "I'll be civil and give you this reply: No, I do not believe. And listen, Shatov: let's try not to see each other again. You are saying 'I won't lag behind you.' But I do mean what I'm saying. I'm not talking about the slap in the face you gave me."

The Prince (incidentally): "Many people think that it is enough to believe in Christ's moral teaching, in order to be a Christian. It isn't

Christ's morality, or his teaching, that will save the world, but faith, and nothing else, faith in the fact that the word was made flesh. This faith is not only an intellectual acknowledgement of the superiority of his teaching, but rather an immediate striving for a goal. What one must believe in is precisely the notion that this is the ultimate ideal of man, the word all incarnate, God incarnate. Only if we have such faith do we attain the right worship, that ecstasy which, more than anything else, ties us to him immediately and which has the power to keep man from going astray. With anything short of such ecstasy, mankind would have perhaps inevitably gone astray, falling into heresy to begin with, and later into godlessness, then into amorality, and finally into atheism and troglodytism; and it would have vanished, and decayed.

40 Note that human nature absolutely demands worship. Morality and faith are one and the same thing, morality arises from faith, ~~worship is the inalienable~~ the need for worship is an inalienable property of human nature. This is a lofty quality, not a lowly one—a recognition of the infinite—a striving for an overflow into the infinity of the universe, a knowledge that one has arisen from it. But in order that there be worship, there must be God. Atheism, being precisely a corollary of the notion that worship is not a natural property of human nature, expects man to be regenerated solely from his own resources. It makes an effort to represent his moral aspect in the form it is going to take when man has become altogether free of religion. But they have actually represented nothing—a tree should be judged by its fruits—on the contrary, they have represented nothing but deformity and a philosophy of digestion. As for morality left to its own devices, or to those of science, it may easily degenerate and turn into the foulest abomination—such as the rehabilitation of the flesh, or even the burning of babes."

"How is that?"

"They have written that, if there should be a shortage of material goods, babes should be killed or burned, etc."

Shatov: "Can't this also happen under Christianity?"

The Prince: "Christianity is actually competent to save the whole world, and every question is contained in it. (If everybody were like Christ...)

Millennium.

The Apocalypse.

The Prince: "Oh no, the question does not rest there at all, but rather it is whether one can believe what is taught by Orthodoxy."

Shatov: "How is this? Didn't you just say..."

The Prince: "We merely concluded that one must believe; yet the question is whether one can believe in what one believes."

The Prince: * "You are a gentleman; you don't believe—"

"I've only come to satisfy my curiosity: do you believe?"

The world will become the beauty of Christ.

Man absolutely needs faith: if I am imperfect, vile, and wicked ~~and if at the same time~~, I still know that there exists another ideal of myself, which is beautiful, holy, and blissful. If there is just a spark of magnanimity and generosity in me, even this idea alone must give me joy.

From the image of the one whom I worship I also derive his spirit, and consequently my entire moral being.

..... And this is why it is absolutely necessary to worship.

I was curious to know—and that's why I came.

Shatov: "Are there very few believers besides me?"

The Prince: "Yes, but no believers at all at our stage of intellectual development. At least I haven't met one. As for the rest, even if they are believers now, you know yourself that it's only a question of time, as civilization advances. So what's the use talking about them?"

"Really, not a single one?"

The Prince: "Not one. The majority, as you know, is indifferent. But that is not the point, for it means nothing. Others, tormented by faith, gain their peace of mind from the philosophy of digestion. There are genuine believers even among the well educated, but it has appeared to me that they were fools ~~so that~~, whereas among clever people with well developed minds I haven't met any who were complete believers, not a single one."

Shatov: "But you yourself, you, you believe, don't you?..." etc.

"If I find one, this will be for me a fact."

Shatov and the Prince. Shatov: "Do you at least know why you did it?" (He has married the Lame Woman.)

The Prince: "Yours is a wise question. And you know what, I have a surprise for you: I know why I did it."

* Should be "Shatov."

July 25 <1870>

LIPUTIN-ROZHDESTVENSKY¹⁴

N.B. *The fire* leaves a shocking impact upon the Beauty. It is after the fire that she apparently goes out of her mind and goes to Kartuzov.

This is Lermontov in a skirt.

Even before her flight and Shatov's death she complains to the Prince that Nechaev is stupid.

She wants to surrender herself to the Prince, but he scorns her.

She wants to go to Ivan Iakovlevich.

She comes running to Stepan Trofimovich for advice.

The Prince still remains a mystery to her: "What is he?" She also tries to find out what he stands for.

She suspects that it may be that of philistine happiness with the Ward.

(A showdown with the Ward.)

She goes on a wild spree.

She feels like rubbing herself with vitriol, or cutting off her finger.

She is shocked by the Prince's contempt, by how he has failed to understand her, and by how he has abandoned her. He gives her his own sincere view of women and says that the Ward is better than any great emancipated woman.

She equally despises vulgar women such as Mme. Virginsky.

She hates the Ward for the petite bourgeoisie she is.

She is also right in asserting that she is misunderstood.

The Prince takes possession of her for nothing: "For nothing, for nothing!" After it has happened, they part cursing each other.

¹² M. A. Antonovich (1835–1918), philosopher and critic. He was on the staff of *The Contemporary* and a co-worker of Chernyshevsky and Dobroliubov. A champion of the natural scientific outlook in humanistic matters, and a follower of Darwin, he engaged in polemics with the Dostoevsky brothers.

¹³ Iulii G. Zhukovsky (1822–1907), economist. He was on the staff of *The Contemporary*. He wrote an article, "Karl Marx and his Book on Capital," in 1877 in *The European Herald*. Zhukovsky was anti-Marx.

¹⁴ I. A. Rozhdestvensky, author of a pamphlet entitled "The Literary Decline of Antonovich and Zhukovsky" (1868) in which he defends Nekrasov against Antonovich and Zhukovsky.

A. HERE.

The Beauty says: "Nechaev is stupid. You know, I've been expecting it to happen all along, because I've become convinced that it would take a stupid one to do it. The clever ones wander around aimlessly, whereas in order to be a man of action one must absolutely be, at least in some respect, a fool."

He who is very clever will never be a man of action.

10 THE PRINCE AND THE WARD.

N.B. It is possible to create these characters in the flesh, not only as ideas. N.B. July 24 <, 1870>.

The Ward, fascinated by the words uttered by him on a certain occasion in Switzerland, fully surrendered herself to the Prince, totally submitting to him, without a will of her own. "*Because I love*, why do I love? That I do not know."

Here A. N.B. *She has lost the capability of judging him.* His actions do not frighten her. No matter what he will do, she knows she will follow him.

It isn't judgment over him, but boundless, unappeasable pity for him.

She tells him so herself.

Yet she is jealous of the Beauty.

The Prince tells her outright: "I consider you *the best* of all angels in the world, I know that *from here on* I shall always be coming to you, especially when I am unhappy, yet I cannot say that I love you."

However, he does take it upon himself to dispose of her fate. During his absence, knowing that she would never marry him, she was actually glad that, if she was to get married at all, it would be to Stepan Trofimovich.

But, immediately upon his arrival, he forbids her to go through with it.

When she conveys her refusal to Varvara Petrovna, *the latter*, who only the day before had been saying, "that's all nonsense, that talk about Daria," and who had been saying it all along, suddenly says to herself: "I have always expected this to happen!"

N.B. Develop and expand this.

14 The doctor, a family. Shatov is with the doctor; he has run away.
The university, an affair at the university, he fled abroad.

He has returned from abroad, the doctor dies, work, half a year, and finally a position with Varvara Petrovna.

Varvara Petrovna and Stepan Trofimovich,
Liputin, Virginsky, and the Kartuzovs.

Shatov is hated by the family,

Varvara Petrovna's son.

Shatov's marriage. He hides his wife.

Stepan Trofimovich's relatives appear. Captain Kartuzov.

The Drozdovs. Liza and the Shatov woman are friends. They are expecting the Prince. Stepan Trofimovich is expecting his son. The proclamations.

The Governor. (Varvara Petrovna suspects Shatov.) The book of verse.¹ Emancipation. The poetaster² makes slanderous statements about Shatov. The Great Writer³ is in town.

A lecture in honor of the Polish priest.⁴

The Story of a Proletarian (Shatov)

Or: Shatov has brought back his wife, but the Prince makes her leave with him the first time he is back. She is now somewhere in Paris.

Shatov quits his job at Varvara Petrovna's (<and is now working> for one of the local merchants).

Meanwhile the poetaster is fawning on Varvara Petrovna (he would like to marry her Ward and 15,000).

—Varvara Petrovna wants her Ward to marry Stepan Trofimovich. The latter confides his secrets to Shatov.

Anonymous letters. Liputin. Concerning how, for 8,000—

Proclamations.

Rhymes. Emancipation.

N.B. Shatov's wife willingly submitted to the Prince and left with him for Paris, where the Prince left her (for he never made any advances to her, nor did he ever promise her anything) and where Shatov, as her husband, kept supporting her.

Shatov's wife returns from Paris at the very beginning of the novel (they have been exchanging letters).

Shatov's wife suspects that he is in love with the Ward—(she tells him what, according to her conjectures, happened abroad between the Ward and the Prince).

The Prince. The Ward refuses to marry Stepan Trofimovich. Shatov slaps the Prince's face.

Stepan Trofimovich's son.

Shatov's wife has arrived from Paris as an aide in the conspiracy.

The Alfonsky's were abusing Shatov, even while being supported by him.

But if there's a book of rhymes, there should also be a carriage and gloves.

15 *August 12 (across the Vösges)⁵*

The Kartuzov family. They were dependent on Shatov.

Shatov returns.

Married or not?

Rhymes dedicated to Varvara Petrovna.

The poet has gained her favor and has everything in his claws.

N.B. (Through him, Shatov loses his job near to his wife. The poet is angry at Shatov's wife because he has courted her without success.)

They are expecting the Prince.

A subscription lecture in honor of the Polish priest.

The Great Writer is in town. (This worries the poet.)

Arrival of the Prince. Shatov's wife or fiancée.

Idea: Somebody has stolen Shatov's wife. He returns from a journey and does not find her at home. And later, rather toward the end of the novel, frightened by their rules and doctrines, she seeks refuge with Shatov.—(The day before he is murdered.)—

29 August 13. A pretty woman. Secretly, a happy marriage. Everybody considers him a monster. Two years of married life. She is wasting away. She is extremely frank with him.

The same setting. The family. The poetaster.

Varvara Petrovna, Stepan Trofimovich—

The dissipated Prince. Shatov is employed by Varvara Petrovna.

The Prince has sworn that he will steal her from the other man.

N.B. *An idea.* The effect of a desperate passion—it drives one to the point of delirium, of madness.

N.B. The setting all around. Change of governors. Stepan Trofimovich as a minor comic character. The arrival of Stepan Trofimovich's son. He kills Shatov.

Or: N.B. The arrival of Stepan Trofimovich's son (in the style of Khlestakov—some kind of nasty, petty, and ridiculous stories about town. ~~Finally~~ He is thought to be a nonentity. Finally he reveals his true self—in their eyes he is king). Yet, in the first part he is a worthless and idiotic creature.

N.B. Liza is the Prince's formal fiancée—

Or:

⁴ A reference to Lebiadkin.

⁵ A reference to Karmazinov, a caricatured figure of Turgenev.

The Beauty has been disgraced by the Prince. She wants to get even with him.

She realizes that Shatov is in love with her.

It gets to the point where she orders Shatov to kill the Prince. Yet she knows that it is dangerous to play tricks on Shatov.

Shatov is married. He is trying to erase her from his life.

Varvara Petrovna. Stepan Trofimovich.

Kartuzov.

Or, the Prince has seduced his wife—

Shatov steals Liza from him (having promised her to kill him).

Kartuzov, etc.

(N.B. Stepan Trofimovich is married, and he <the Prince> also seduces his wife—)? Stepan Trofimovich in a comic situation.

N.B. (A clash of two strong characters: Shatov and the Prince.)

31 August 14 (Metz-Nancy)⁶

FINAL VERSION

Shatov is not married, he is living by himself, at a merchant's. He shuns Varvara Petrovna. His sister is Varvara Petrovna's ward. It is she whom Varvara Petrovna seeks to marry off to Stepan Trofimovich.

N.B. The circumstances regarding the change of governors to remain the same. However, the Governor suspects Shatov, especially after the proclamations. He dislikes him even before. It is Teliatnikov who has denounced him. Shatov is a friend of Stepan Trofimovich's, and during the matchmaking Stepan Trofimovich confides in Shatov, asks his advice, etc.

Varvara Petrovna would be awfully glad if she could get Liza married to the Prince.

Liza is bored. *Meanwhile*

N.B. Display Liza in a series of scenes.

Kartuzov as before.

Shatov has hardly talked to his sister.

Shatov writes Liza a letter in which he declares his passionate love for her.

Liza reads the letter thoughtfully, keeps it a secret, and after several days has a frank talk with him.

"They are *all* so very much lacking in originality that I actually

might marry you," she says. And finally, she lets him know positively, in a letter, that she will marry him. She asks him for a rendezvous.

Rendezvous at Shatov's place. Shatov's definitive decision *not to marry* her after all; so he discourages her (she blurts out: "I couldn't possibly marry Kartuzov"). She wants to marry him and says: "I want to get married; *it couldn't be any worse*." She hints at 200,000. He says that 200,000 are no *obstacle*, "though I won't take them; I want *the whole* thing, that is, a wife." She tells him, reproachfully, that he has no passion. He says: "I've got more of it <than you>. You are not going to love me, are you?" "No, I am not." "Yours is a preposterous idea; you couldn't do any worse than get married on the spur of your eccentricity—you are doing it to spite somebody, or to distinguish yourself, I don't know which. Why, you wouldn't be talking to me that way if you considered me to be a human being." "Yes, but I'm still going to marry you." "Either those people who say that you're mad are right, or you have *the inordinately devious idea* to provoke his rage."

She: "I swear that I actually do not love him. He is much too ordinary a person, without any originality, entirely the same character as myself (he is very much like myself, this is why I hate him so)."

Later, *she* writes him: "Consider it *as not having happened*. I feel, *now I have begun to feel* that I can love you, and that this will really happen; and that's why I am not getting married (*not going to marry*) you."

30

2)

Meanwhile in town, Stepan Trofimovich's son makes a showing, rather in the style of Khlestakov. Wretched, banal, and vile. Nechaev's quarrel with Teliatnikov, in a tavern, or something of this sort.

He breaks up Stepan Trofimovich's marriage, spreads slanderous gossip; petty, comical little scandals (he is staying with Kartuzov); all as before, only his entrance is Khlestakovian.

The Beauty views him with contempt (though barely noticing him).

Meanwhile, his mysterious dealings with Shatov, with Kulishov, with the Prince, with the Governor's wife, with the Great Writer. N.B. The fire and Liza; for a certain reason she has become convinced that Nechaev and Liputin set the fire.

Liza takes notice of Nechaev.

He kills Shatov.

Liza is convinced that *he* has killed him. Rushes with him to Kartuzov.

⁶ French cities which figured in the Prussian advance into France.

(Meanwhile, the Prince and Tikhon, and prior to that, the Prince and Shatov, all as before.)

Liza flees with Nechaev. Stepan Trofimovich with the book-hawker.⁷ He dies.

Liza has a fit of delirium tremens at the station. The Prince hangs himself.

All as before.

N.B. SOMETHING NEW:

A showdown between Liza and Shatov.

and Nechaev's Khlestakovian appearance on the scene, and the dramatic form.

AND THE BEGINNING THROUGH VARIOUS SCENES, ALL OF WHICH ARE TIED TOGETHER INTO ONE KNOT.

N.B. One might begin with Liza, and even with a rumor that she has been taking treatments,

<or> with Kartuzov, Shatov,

and that she has a fiancé,

and that she took notice of Shatov all by herself, and invited him, having heard that he hates the Prince.

Shatov is working for her, doing a chronicle, but turns her down—he comes and turns down the job ("You know very well yourself that this is charity")—she tells him that he ought to be ashamed of himself—she won't let him go and starts to ask him various questions: does he hate the Prince?

Begin with Liza,

with Liza's character—her relationship with Shatov—(their conversations, Liza is quite frank with him, her proud character both fascinates and amuses Shatov).

There is no reason to kill the Prince.

I know, I'd accept charity, but I have brought a letter.

(Khlestakov, on the other hand, grows from a comic figure into a *personage*.)

THINK

Getting to the spot where Varvara Petrovna comes running to Stepan

Trofimovich, the Ward sends for Shatov, and Stepan Trofimovich for Shatov. Then, Shatov to Kartuzov (Shatov also discusses Kartuzov with Stepan Trofimovich). Then the Governor, the proclamation, anonymous letters. *Meanwhile* Stepan Trofimovich's son arrives earlier; he is staying with Kartuzov.

Shatov's letter to the Beauty, inadvertently (as if before the shooting).

N.B. Nechaev, having had several *arguments* with Teliatnikov (his appearance on the scene), makes people take notice of himself with a stand against the proclamation. He appears at the lecture in honor of the Polish priest. Here, a scene with Stepan Trofimovich. Then, on the following day, he becomes involved in the affair.

32 August 15

Nechaev's appearance on the scene begins with a comical and paltry scandal, during which he is incognito, though he has a letter to the Governor's wife. "I wanted to see how this affair would be settled." Stepan Trofimovich is embarrassed at first, and doesn't know which way to turn, seeing what a wretched figure his son is cutting; but when the latter gains a position of importance, he greets him proudly and with pathetic tears—whereas his son keeps insulting him and destroys his marriage. (N.B. But it has not as yet become apparent who he is, so that Liputin, Virginsky, and the poetaster don't know.)

Shatov, a friend. She gives birth at Shatov's place.

But Shatov declares his love, and she goes to Kartuzov—because now she sees Shatov with different eyes and feels that she could love him.

But she hates the Prince.

Whereas he is despondent and wants to shoot himself.

Tikhon—

She has learned that the Prince is married and this is why she has begun to hate him.

(Who is he married to? *Could it be the Ward?*)

(N.B. No.)

Rather, in a Petersburg slum tenement. His wife is in town, somewhere.

(?He is married to the Kartuzov woman? or to a nihilist?)

Or: she is pregnant with the Prince's child.

Yet she has come to hate him,

and has fallen in love with Shatov.

But, struggling with the enormity of Shatov's passion, and after a

⁷ The prototype of Sofia Matveevna, the bookseller in whose company Stepan Trofimovich spends his last hours.

psychological turnabout, she is seriously thinking of marrying Kartuzov.

(As for the Prince, she rejects his proposal immediately after his arrival, even though she is pregnant from him.)

Yet, at the last moment, realizing how monstrous a marriage to Kartuzov would be,

she comes running to Shatov, to bear her child (she used to be his enemy).

And so that he would accept her, not as his wife, but as a slave, for pity.

Or perhaps she is not pregnant?

But she hates the Ward and is spreading slanderous gossip about her.

- 33 Or: The Lame Woman, secretly, a relationship, the Lieutenant who begs for charity.

Thoughts about the murder,
and about the monastery. The rape.

N.B. In doubt about Nechaev?

August 16

The Prince is a somber, passionate, demoniac, and dissolute character who knows no moderation; facing the ultimate question he has reached "to be or not to be?" Should he go on living, or should he destroy himself? He cannot, in good conscience and judgment, go on living as before, yet he goes on doing the same things as before and commits the rape.

The Beauty, who had surrendered to him (abroad), now pretends that she hates him. All his sufferings and problems notwithstanding, the Prince, while not in love with her, still derives a secret and *extreme* pleasure from waiting until her patience will be worn out and she will come to him on her own accord, so that then, he may have the satisfaction of rejecting her.

He is amazed at her having fallen in love with Shatov, but he pretends that he is glad about it and encourages her in her love for Shatov.

She pretends that she is in love with Kartuzov, and for a while she actually finds it gratifying that everybody is wondering about her passion for Kartuzov. (For a while she quite seriously means to marry him. But then she throws <herself> at Shatov and begs him to kill the Prince.)

It is only then that the Prince quite frankly announces his <marital> status and tells her about the Lame Woman.

Relations with the Ward: To the Ward *alone* he has revealed, while they were abroad, the position he is in. This is to show to what an extent the Ward has impressed him. The Ward senses that herself, and from the fact that this somber and proud man has confided *such a* secret to her, she realizes how great an influence she has on him. She has fallen in love with him. But *he* thinks that *she* has no idea that he loves her. As for the slanderous talk about her relationship with him, she reacts to it with contempt, suspecting that it stems from the Beauty. She knows that the Beauty loves him and *lets him know* about it. But she knows that the Prince, having used her for his pleasure, now hates her. (For a while, she was actually jealous of him.) She lets him know about the Lame Woman, who has moved to their town (she has developed a liking for the Lame Woman). At first, out of desperation, she was willing to get married to Stepan Trofimovich, but later, after he suddenly arrived following Stepan Trofimovich's letter, she followed his command and rejected Stepan Trofimovich. He begged her *to wait* and revealed to her that he needed her. She was amazed by his words, but suddenly became afraid that he might kill the Lame Woman.

- 34 But when she gets jealous of the Beauty, she lets *him* know that she won't let him deceive the latter.

The Ward is Shatov's sister.	}	?
Retires to Shatov's flat,		
Breaks with Varvara Petrovna.		

The Prince, realizing what a tremendous impression his confession will make, tells the Beauty about the Lame Woman. (He understands that this confession will humiliate ~~him~~ her.)

Then the Beauty has a fit of hysterical laughter and wants to marry Kartuzov, but at the last moment she rushes to Shatov: "Kill him, take me for your slave," etc. Hysterics. (Or, she tells Shatov that she does not want his love.) Or she stays with Shatov. But at the critical moment she flees with him to Switzerland; leaves him en route. He returns and hangs himself.

The estate is ostensibly *sold*, but actually given to the Lame Woman.

It is the condition under which she and her brother are willing to keep silence.

Her brother is an officer of irregular behavior; he gets the money,

goes around bragging that he has got 4,000, and Kulishov is stalking him, planning to murder him for his money.

Brother and sister are killed one night.

The Beauty fears that he has done it, and so does the Ward.

Or: The Beauty has found out about his being married from the Lame Woman herself, who warned her.

The Beauty is to marry Kartuzov (hatred for the Prince).

Suddenly, the Lame Woman is murdered.

The Beauty, seeing that he wants to go to Switzerland with the Ward, informs the police.

Or: The Prince *orders* the Ward not to marry Stepan Trofimovich, asking her to wait. When the Lame Woman is murdered, he wants to take her to Switzerland, but she is in despair.

The Beauty wants to inform the police and flees to Switzerland with them (?); she abandons this plan and informs the police. He hangs himself.

Or: The Prince returns to marry the Beauty, but keeps putting it off and fails to make a forthright proposal.

~~But the Prince~~ The Lame Woman warns her—and

Suddenly the Lame Woman is murdered.

After the Lame Woman has been murdered, he suddenly abandons the Beauty, takes the Ward, and leaves for Switzerland.

35 Or:—He arrives, being in love with the Beauty, even though she already belongs to him. But she pretends that she hates him (perhaps it is actually true).

She gives thought to her feelings for Shatov.

With Kartuzov,

With him, however, an altercation, and in the end she runs away to Shatov.

Meanwhile the Lame Woman is murdered.

The Beauty abandons Shatov and flees with him.

But he takes the Ward and goes to Switzerland with her.

Or: He arrives with the ultimate idea of putting an end to everything, and to stop the Ward from marrying Stepan Trofimovich. He also wants to go to Switzerland with her.

To Tikhon. (But she is still marrying Stepan Trofimovich, i.e., she is willing to marry him.)

Meanwhile he is captivated by the Beauty's coquetry. They quarrel. He has gotten wind of her love for Shatov.

The Ward is jealous and fearful, for she knows that he can't marry the Beauty.

Suddenly the Lame Woman is murdered.

The Ward, like a madwoman, is ready to flee with him.

(While the Beauty clearly prefers Shatov.)

Yet, after the murder, she is ready to flee with him.

~~She~~

Theme: The Beauty's pride is wounded, for he has taken her virginity.

The Beauty, in the course of the novel, is at first attracted by Shatov; then, she abandons Shatov and, in a frenzy, offers herself to the Captain.

At this point, the Lame Woman is murdered (prior to which event he has broken up her marriage to Stepan Trofimovich).

He wants to leave with the Ward, but she leaves him (or else, she takes his word that *it wasn't he—and leaves*). He abandons the Beauty—the Beauty abandons Shatov and goes with him, etc. (?)

Or: The Beauty rejects him, as the novel proceeds, and goes to Shatov.

The latter despises her and loves the Ward (for which reason he spoils her plan to marry Stepan Trofimovich), yet he flirts with the Beauty.

But the Beauty, who is jealous of the Ward who has joined her brother's side, leaves Shatov and Kartuzov and comes running to him. From this the Beauty concludes that he will marry ~~her~~ the Ward; the Prince calmly explains to the Beauty, who is offering herself to him, that he is married (he does *not* take her virginity).

(Suddenly the Lame Woman is murdered.)

The Beauty is beside herself, and so is the Ward. And he hangs himself.

N.B. The Prince about the Beauty: "I don't like that creature; she is too full of life."

He thinks that she has fallen in love with Shatov purposely, in order to entice him (the Prince).

The Prince is punishing himself and is testing his strength. He is wavering whether he ought to punish himself with the Lame Woman.

N.B. Everything is contained in Stavrogin's character.

Stavrogin is EVERYTHING.

He has cast his spell upon Shatov, then drops him contemptuously and, among other things, makes him believe that the Beauty is enticing him simply because she is jealous of himself.

But he is wrong; the Beauty actually yields to Shatov's influence, though only to a certain point. But when she learns that he is married to another woman (the Lame Woman; she finds out from the Ward), she comes running and offers herself to him, simply and for nothing. She is convinced that he loves her and that he has been keeping away from her only because he is married to the Lame Woman, and suffers greatly from this, so that he actually wanted her to hate him. She gave it a magnanimous interpretation. Magnanimity!

? Stavrogin, who has had ~~her~~ the Beauty (he is in love with her) suddenly experiences a flare-up of passion. The murder of the Lame Woman and her brother (the killer is unknown).

The Beauty cannot stand this. She seeks the help of the chivalrous Kartuzov and, at his flat, while he is defending her against a general onslaught, she goes out of her mind.

Stavrogin suggests to the Ward that she leave Stepan Trofimovich and flee with him to Switzerland, to Uri.⁸ This is even earlier. On this first occasion he offers to flee with her to Switzerland, *but* says nothing about his citizenship in the canton of Uri. N.B. At this point there occurs as misunderstanding with Stepan Trofimovich who shows his resentment at having been (so he alleges!) cuckolded, and the Ward goes over to the side of her brother, Shatov. At this very moment (the Beauty has shown her jealousy), suspecting that the Prince may not spare the Beauty, she warns her that Stavrogin is married to the Lame Woman. The Beauty, in desperation, for all her hopes have been shattered (she had thought that the Prince was in love with her, and she loves him madly, too), laughs at the Ward, goes running to the Prince, and offers herself to him. Immediately thereafter, the murder of the Lame Woman.

(He went to see Tikhon.)

The Prince buries the Lame Woman, while Kulishov confesses that he killed her all by himself. *A trick of fate*, as it were. It appears that the Beauty went out of her mind much too hastily.

The Prince leaves. He sends the Ward a letter from the station. About the canton of Uri (*for the first time*). Regarding the Beauty he writes that she went out of her mind much too hastily. He asks the Ward to join him. He hangs himself.

N.B. (What to do with Shatov in the end?)

Or: It is he who has killed the Lame Woman, through Kulishov, and a day later Kulishov is himself killed accidentally.

Nobody knows the secret of his marriage, except the Ward and the Beauty.

No pursuit and no suspicion.

About how Stavrogin makes fun of his brother-in-law and wife, ~~wanting~~ announcing to them that he will himself make the marriage public, and <give them> only 300 rubles.

He declares to the Ward: "There is something incredibly funny in connection with the Lame Woman," etc.

(Only Tikhon knows about the little girl.)

In the letter written to the Ward from the railway station: "You know all, can you share my life with me? I am in need of such a heart as yours. I more than love you (Christian love). Will you come, or won't you? However, as you wish."

If there will be a Nechaev, it will be he who incites Nechaev to murder Shatov.

N.B. Couldn't he incite Kulishov to kill <the Lame Woman>, not telling him directly, but merely mentioning casually that he has given 4,000.

SUMMARY—*Stavrogin as a character*:

Every noble impulse in a monstrously extreme form (Tikhon), as well as every passion (*certainly when he is bored*). He attacks both the Ward and the Beauty. He explains the secret to the Ward, but to the very last, critical moment, even in the letter written at the railway station, he does not tell her about the little girl. Yet the Ward thinks that she knows *all* about him. He egoistically demands that the Ward join him, with contempt and *without faith* in human compassion. He

enjoys making the Beauty the butt of his mockery, also Stepan Trofimovich, the Lame Woman's brother, his mother, and even Tikhon.

As for the Beauty, he actually never loved her, but rather despised her when she submitted to him, but then, suddenly, he experiences a flare-up of passion (delusive and momentary, but immensely powerful), and commits a crime. Then, the disenchantment. He escapes punishment, but hangs himself. He has a talk with the Ward before leaving. The letter from the railway station. In the letter written at the railway station he does not ask the Ward to join him, but only tells her about Uri. N.B. (Makes fun of Stepan Trofimovich, etc.)

- 38 His pride is expressed in "I won't be afraid to tell everybody about the Lame Woman," yet he is afraid. He realizes that he is not ready for a moral feat, and that he'll never be ready.

He admits to Tikhon that he has fun mocking the Beauty.

Shatov has an extraordinary and real influence on the Beauty.

N.B. Perhaps Nechaev would be all right, but in a different form (incidentally, it is the Prince who brings him along, and it is he who encourages him)—

N.B. Nechaev's principal idea is—to raze everything to the ground, and that this is first and foremost.

He tells the Prince: "I admit, it isn't really any of my concern whether there will be general well-being or not; in any case, it will be better than it is now; and, what would have happened of itself centuries later, will be brought about much sooner by a blow of the axe. Everything will be aimed at eliminating differentiation and ignorance. Actually, everybody will be happy, because this is inherent in the system as such, whether they want it or not. They are going to have: a peaceful life—for everything will be aimed at establishing a beehive; 2) a common effort and a common goal; 3) the dissemination of common knowledge regarding certain facts through incessant research in the natural sciences; 4) general meetings, marriages in the evening, perhaps music and balls.

(N.B. He is asked a question.)

His answer:

"You are asking a lot of questions and want to know things beforehand. Let me tell you that this is precisely what has so far defeated men of action."

"But how is it possible not to know for sure what one is after, and

am I not guilty of a crime when I cause a terrible upheaval without having previously made palpably clear to myself what the goal might be toward which I am driving?"

Nechaev: "Empty words ~~mere phrases, just so much idle talk and heckling~~. Aren't you satisfied to know that, first, all that is evil will be destroyed; and secondly, that from here on, social differentiation will be eliminated and mankind will be working together? This alone is enough reason to destroy everything, just to gain this advantage. ~~But what about the abolition of God, marriage, and family?~~ You see, I don't know what is going to happen later on, but I know this much: that God, marriage, family, and private property are the foundations of life as it exists now, and that such a foundation is the greatest poison. I don't know what is going to happen later on, but I know that, having all at once abolished God, marriage, family, and private property, i.e., society as a whole, I have got rid of the poison. Regardless of what may happen later, the poison has been eliminated at least for the time being—which is why I am abolishing society, for it is impossible to get rid of the poison in any different way."

"You know, I'm not the talkative type: my mission is of an entirely different nature. I know, once and for all, that others do talk a lot of nonsense, and that I've had enough of it."

"How do you know that?"

"Why, they can't help talking nonsense; even if they wanted to talk sense, they couldn't. This much I know. Resting upon erroneous premises, their argument must of course be false. Take a man who believes in God—it is quite natural for him to support all kinds of nonsense; or another, who may not himself believe, but who considers the eradication <of this belief> to be inevitable and imminent—again, he is talking nonsense; he has taken nonsense for his premise and is obliged to support it, etc. These people may have good minds, but they are using them in a way which creates falsehoods, and consequently nonsense. Incidentally, even their minds can't be all that good: bend a straight tree toward one side for a length of time, and it will wind up growing crooked. We intend to change all this, and it is all much simpler than is commonly believed."

- 44 Gradual rise of Nechaev's fortunes. He arranges for a reconciliation between the Governor's wife and Varvara Petrovna.

Nechaev has been almost flattering to Varvara Petrovna, and she wants to reconcile him with Stepan Trofimovich.

A soirée at Varvara Petrovna's, arranged to bring about a reconcili-

ation between Stepan Trofimovich and Nechaev. Instead of a reconciliation, a complete break, and a scandal with the Ward. Stepan Trofimovich's marriage broken up. (Reckonings between Varvara Petrovna and Stepan Trofimovich at Skvoreshniki.) "I won't give up."

The Prince, a few words to the Ward. Liza is jealous; or vice versa.

Problem. DEVELOP THE LOVE AFFAIR BETWEEN THE PRINCE, LIZA, AND THE WARD, BUT THE SCANDAL AND EXPOSÉ THROUGH NECHAEV.

THE LAST, THINK.

Could it be that my difficulties stem from the style of the narrative? Shouldn't the transition from "get ready for your birthday party" to the Drozdovs and Liza be *dramatic*?

What is needed is more coherence, it is a terrible mess.

Drozdov is angry about the proclamations.

Anonymous letters.

The Shatovs, the Kartuzovs, the secrets of the Lame Woman.

A new mystery every day, that's what makes it comical.

And the requirement that Stepan Trofimovich be destroyed.

Drozdov talks to Shatov.

Enter the cavalier.

The Polish Priest—Drozdov gave him.

Fedka—Kulishov.

Stepan Trofimovich fears that he may kill him.

Rumors about Kulishov roaming the area.

"This is a town full of intrigues" (Drozdov complains).

But he got to like the club; he was so well received there.

The Lame Woman falls on her knees before Varvara Petrovna when the latter is returning from Mass.

The Prince, after having paid a visit to the Lame Woman, goes to see Shatov, who has just slapped his face, and tells him that he is married, and what happened in Switzerland, also that the Ward is the only person to know about it, and that he intends to make the marriage public. Then he asks him about Liza.

About Liza,

and transition to ideas, the Apocalypse.

(Ideas in narrative form and not in scenes, from the point of view of the author, and not in the form of scenes.)

Shatov says: "Why did you reveal your secret? You wanted me to see how guilty I am. This is noble, but it is also a terrible vengeance."

The Prince: "Oh no, actually I didn't want to dissuade you; I merely wanted to find out what you're thinking. I had a notion yesterday, during our conversation, that you believe in something. I am very fond of listening to Russians who believe in something."

Shatov: "And you really do not believe...in what you said?"

"N-no. Why, I don't believe in God."

The Prince, to Liza: "I am married."

"That's a joke, isn't it?"

The Prince pretends that it is a joke.

45 From part 3. Preparations for the Ward's wedding continue with the same urgency. Nechaev has driven Stepan Trofimovich to despair. Playing the atheist in a comical way. Stepan Trofimovich and Varvara Petrovna part tearfully.

On the eve of the wedding the Prince suddenly is passionate with the Ward: "I need you."

~~Liza~~ The Ward suddenly turns down Stepan Trofimovich—(scandal, and the Prince is compromised). The Ward, fearing for Liza, lets her know that he is married. Liza ~~to Shatov and to Kartuzov~~ submits to him, and then goes to Shatov, and to the chivalrous Kartuzov.

After the Ward has broken her engagement, Liza suddenly becomes quite furious (from jealousy, for she thinks that the Prince has encouraged her to break the engagement). Whereas she has not been in contact with the Ward up to this time (to the point of being contemptuous of her), she now comes running to her in a fit of rage, *strikes her* (?). She is informed by her that the Prince is married.

Liza is shocked, almost frightened (by the news that the Lame Woman <is Stavrogin's wife>). She is almost out of her mind and surrenders herself to the Prince in a fit of enthusiasm, with passionate naïveté and in a state of oblivion, also telling him, down to the most minute details, how she has loved him all the time. Naïveté (Princess Katia). The Prince's raging passion. He takes possession of her. (The Prince is also very charming.)

?She runs off to Kartuzov right after the murder of Shatov.

Meanwhile the Prince, who had talked to Kulishov earlier, proceeds to that part of town to look for him.

The Prince had been warning Shatov even before, while the latter had been trying to prove to him that he was just another spoiled young gentleman, that he had no roots, that he had more honor than the rest

of them, that he couldn't stand it, and that he must become a naturalized citizen (of Switzerland). *He guesses it.*

Drozdov: "I am convinced that she's not simply another Lame Woman, and that something is being concealed here."

Later: *Rien de plus*,⁹ about the Prince; and after the Prince, about Varvara Petrovna, management of the estate, worries, she's lost her acquaintances, Stepan Trofimovich—inert superiority, a handsome man, that's how it happened. Our Prince spent 4 years traveling—~~about Shatov~~ About Shatov, "it isn't your fault."

("Mr. Shatov, will you kindly leave."—"Why, I've actually come to take care of this.")

(On the same occasion they also talked about the Great Writer and about the Lame Woman.)

Liza inquires about the Lame Woman.

On a holiday. At the Drozdovs' ("settle down, have a bite!") (The proclamation, Stepan Trofimovich is at fault), Kartuzov. He is complaining about Kartuzov. "I insist that Shatov must not be around, or I'll leave the house. I also insist that Kartuzov is not to be around." They quarrel. Varvara Petrovna, very angry, comes flying to Stepan Trofimovich. "See to it that your relative gets calmed down." Kartuzov, and then right away about Liza.

About Liza and about Shatov.

The insult on the stairs.

Drozdov is in a rage over the insult and over the visit paid to Shatov. A certain cavalier comes to see him, puts in a word about Varvara Petrovna's patronage in Liza's presence (he also drops a hint about Liza), and also mentions that the Ward has sent a letter to the Prince. It almost comes to a quarrel about the Cavalier between Drozdov and Varvara Petrovna (reproaches regarding the anonymous letter). The situation at home has turned as sour as vinegar. (The news about the Ward's letter to the Prince and that the Cavalier is the buyer <of the Prince's estate>.)

~~Passed it on. Stepan Trofimovich and Liputin.~~ It was the Cavalier who passed on to Drozdov the news about the letter.

About the Great Writer.

News about the Great Writer.

Stepan Trofimovich about the subscription to the public lecture. "Eh, what do I care about your birthday."

They have a friendly heart-to-heart talk, that scene to be done more gracefully, "but where is your wife?"

There was a good deal of mystery about it all, ~~the Governor~~ about that relationship with the Drozdovs—she wanted the wedding, but the influence of the Governor's wife—the Drozdovs themselves—*Rejected*, but not entirely, and Liza's character—(she was in an agitated state of mind, so that for a long time Stepan Trofimovich had no hope).

Problem: Create the personality of the Lame Woman.

On distant terms with his sister.

The wedding of Stepan Trofimovich.

He was asked. He grinned.

"Why are you grinning? Your sister is being insulted. You're an idiot. A real idiot."

"Never mind."

Stepan Trofimovich tried to talk to him:

"I don't care."

However, it wasn't he who composed the anonymous letters, but someone else. However, Varvara Petrovna was much too irritated, especially by the fact that Shatov had done so well with the Drozdovs.

1st part:

- 46 Varvara Petrovna and Stepan Trofimovich. A lull. A handsome man. The Prince, matchmaking. Stepan Trofimovich's son. Assent to the marriage and a letter to the Prince. "Be ready for your birthday party." And straight on to the Drozdovs and Liza. But the match isn't meeting with the Drozdovs' approval. Varvara Petrovna goes excitedly straight to the Governor, a relative of the Drozdovs. The Governor's wife, in the meantime, has received an anonymous letter (about the wife). Relationships with the Drozdovs. She is being excluded. The proclamation and the intrigue against Stepan Trofimovich (the denunciation). The Governor as a relative of the Drozdovs. The Great Writer. But in spite of the fact that she has been *excluded* and that attempts obviously are made to annoy her (by all except the old woman: make this more typical and more anecdotal), she still hopes to overcome all this, and ~~combines~~ combine her upcoming labors and her struggle to succeed in the matter of this marriage with her planned humiliation of the Governor's wife. Putting her trust in Liza. Liza as a character. Traits. But

⁹ French: "nothing more."

with Shatov and Kartuzov. About Kartuzov; later, Shatov's relationship and successes with Liza arouse an indescribable feeling of indignation in Varvara Petrovna. (N.B. It might be that Varvara Petrovna has developed a liking for the telltale *Lame Woman*. Moreover, her brother is a cavalier. The *Lame Woman* lives in the same house as Shatov.) Liza with Shatov, and the Cavalier insults Liza.

A digression, and begin to tell about Shatov, and about Liza. It wasn't he who wrote the anonymous letter. Relations with Liza, Liza went to see Shatov on her own. The old woman told Varvara Petrovna about it with tears, and complained that Kartuzov, too, had through them <...>.

~~Liza as a character~~ Sells a village. Vinegar: "Should we call the Prince?" Liza as a character. Liza and Shatov. Varvara Petrovna is more furious about Liza's relationship with Shatov than about anything else. Liza was a most extraordinary girl, twice married (with Kartuzov and with Shatov). * With Shatov (about his sister and the Prince, and everything), about Kartuzov. ~~Kartuzov told~~ The Drozdov woman also told Varvara Petrovna about Kartuzov. ~~Kartuzov told~~ The Drozdov woman told Varvara Petrovna that *she*, for her part, preferred the Prince. And it is at this point that the estate is sold. This is also where the *Lame Woman* enters the picture. (Regarding Liza's relations with Shatov) an air of mystery.

The birthday party, the situation is getting tense, Stepan Trofimovich gets angry. The Polish priest. The recital. Aliosha Teliatnikov, the arrest.

The Prince arrives. By means of description and dialogue (with his mother and with Liza). In these two conversations his character is revealed.

At the Governor's.

Kartuzov and the boots.

Evening. The son of Stepan Trofimovich, and a spontaneous marriage proposal. Rejected (perhaps not). ~~A quarrel~~ A scandal caused by Nechaev; Shatov strikes the Prince.

N.B. (The Ward is very sad that the Prince doesn't pay any attention to her; throughout the novel, he doesn't pay any attention to her, or to her marriage to Stepan Trofimovich.)

The Cavalier frequently visits Shatov.

N.B. Early in the 2d part, after the slap in the face, the Prince tells Liza straight out that he is married, but does not say to whom. She won't believe it (but keeps it to herself). But later, alone with the Ward and in a state of frenzy, she asks the latter: "Could it be true?"—

Or: Liza submitted to him in Switzerland. Later he told her that he was married. Liza returns to Russia and behaves foolishly. He owes her the money for her estate, yet in her excessive pride she refuses to charge it to him. Proudly, she releases him from all his obligations. He seems to be teasing her by remaining insensitive to her magnanimity and even politely derisive. "Why, you are one of those *new women*, aren't you, and isn't this what your convictions ought to be like?" Yet she won't believe that he is married. Even before his arrival, while in a state of frenzy, she went to see the Ward and asked her. The latter assured her that she wasn't his wife and that she seriously meant to marry Stepan Trofimovich; but that he probably was married, only she didn't know to whom.

A few lines in the same chapter, where <Varvara Petrovna says> "get ready," and then ~~directly~~, leaving Varvara Petrovna, turn directly to Liza.

The Cavalier: "A certain disorder in my affairs as a result of injustice, as a result of many...Amazones."

The *Lame Woman*, wearing a hat,* goes down on her knees before Varvara Petrovna in the Cathedral, and the Cavalier, rushing to the scene, explains that she kneels not from poverty, but from a different emotion. Varvara Petrovna takes her for a madwoman and, from here on, begins to visit her at Shatov's house. This is what the Ward had reported to the Prince in her letter.

The Prince, having arrived on the following day, makes a clean breast about the *Lame Woman* before the Ward, and then suddenly asks her: "Are you getting married to Stepan Trofimovich? What's the reason?" And not a word more. The Ward, overcome with pride, says nothing either.

* "Married" is an obvious euphemism in this phrase, as proven by the preposition following: "with" instead of "to."

* Meaning "dressed like a lady."

The Lame Woman's brother. A visit to Drozdov

~~Put down~~

Conclude the 1st part with Varvara Petrovna's troubles with the Drozdovs, the Governor's wife, rumors about the sale of the estate, and "shouldn't I call him back?" Vinegar. Yet she has hopes.

N.B. ~~Put down. 1st) Vinegar—the little spy shows up: "I'm not a spy, I'm doing it out of respect." He sends his poems: to tell of two things.~~

But she (Varvara Petrovna) puts her trust in Liza:

Switch directly to Liza—a little chapter on generalities (a few little anecdotes)—Shatov—~~she gave a horsewhipping~~ she gave a horsewhipping, entered into a relationship.

About Shatov in general, and all his relations with Liza (i.e., he returns the work). A final talk about his sister (i.e., his sister has told him to let Liza know that she is actually getting married, etc.) Liza is furious, but he has guessed her thoughts. She suddenly pays him a visit—Liza's fiery proposal, rejected by Shatov. The scene with the Lame Woman on the stairs. The Cavalier at Drozdov's—the insult. Kartuzov. A reproach to Varvara Petrovna: "You've made Kartuzov and the Lame Woman your protégés."

The Little Spy appears on the scene—The Ward has written to the Prince telling him that it was the Cavalier who bought the estate, and that Liza is with Shatov.

"That Lame Woman who was here on her knees," a visit by Varvara Petrovna, a good deed, the Lame Woman kisses her hands. And suddenly Varvara Petrovna learns that it is they who have bought the estate.

The Ward is sent for: "Yes, I did write; no, I can't say, but there is nothing to it ~~2.~~"

Secrets. Vinegar.

~~The Ward comes upstairs and tears up the rough copy.~~

She calls the Ward: "Yes, I did write." Then about Stepan Trofimovich. Then about the strained emotional state. "I have put my trust in you."

The Ward returns to her room. She gets out the rough copy of her letter and gets to thinking about Switzerland (everything that happened in Switzerland), and reads the letter.

The Polish priest. 2d part.

Begin the 2d part with Liza (a few traits of her character; why not bring in Kartuzov and the Officer), Shatov, the Lame Woman, Kartuzov, etc. The Cavalier at Drozdov's, Drozdov is angry and complains to Varvara Petrovna, even about Kartuzov. About Kartuzov. Through letting him meet the Ward at Shatov's—who is the Ward's brother—(or at Varvara Petrovna's). Meanwhile the incident with the Polish priest. The lecture and the scandal. The arrest. The Prince arrives. Scenes with his mother and with Liza (invitation to the club for dinner). At the Governor's. Kartuzov—the boots. ~~The nameday party, evening~~

3d part. ~~The nameday party~~ The nameday party, evening. ~~Liza~~ The Ward refuses. Scandal. Nechaev. Shatov slaps <the Prince's> face. On the next day the Prince reveals to Liza that he is married. (Majestically, proudly, and derisively.) He speaks with Liza about Nechaev. He offers the ~~Lame Woman~~ Ward an explanation regarding the Lame Woman. Thanks her for having written him about the Lame Woman, (speaks of Liza in a bored and condescending tone and appears to be strangely interested in Kartuzov); it appears to the Ward as if he were talking of something that was of minor importance, and in passing. She sits there facing him with trepidation. Continue about the Ward and about their relationship in Switzerland. He declares to the Ward that he is about to make public his marriage to the Lame Woman. "A propos, are you going to marry Stepan Trofimovich?" Here, a funny idea. He goes to the club to have dinner. Insult, challenge; he goes to see the Lame Woman. To Liputin's house. The Officer acts as second to his opponent, also Kartuzov. How subsequently opinion about the Prince is firmly established.

After having seen Kartuzov, the Prince spends some time with Nechaev. Then he pays a visit to the Lame Woman and drops in to see Shatov also. Conversation with Shatov and the Cavalier. On the following day, the duel—and after that, the 3d part, and directly on to Nechaev.

Then, the 3d part. Nechaev and Liza. In her ~~despair~~ disappointment she acts foolishly ~~for she has been told that he is married~~. The rise of Nechaev, the fall of Stepan Trofimovich. The Prince trying to match up Liza with Nechaev, etc. Relations with Liza. The Ward lets Liza know that he is married.

The wedding of the Ward and Stepan Trofimovich is called off that day.

The little spy.

The Poetaster.

N.B. No rendezvous with the Ward is necessary, for he didn't tell Liza in Switzerland that he was married.

(For Liza is convinced that the Ward has broken her engagement because of the Prince.)

48 August 19 (leave it).

The Drozdovs are related to the wife of the new Governor. The Great Writer and their social set are *à part*. Varvara Petrovna feels that she is different in this particular society, and that she is being purposely excluded from it. However, Liza is friendly to her, though even she keeps somewhat aloof.

Varvara Petrovna is a stern woman, set in her ways; she isn't easily shaken, but she has a native talent for intrigue. Incidentally, she has convinced herself that she must absolutely be an enemy of the Governor's wife. The latter has not paid her a visit as yet. The Great Writer.

She has the feeling that the whole business of a match between the Prince and Liza is about to fall through. She is convinced that the Governor's wife has played a major role in this intrigue, and that it was she who put forward the Officer. (The Officer is a good man, of a good family and with a fortune—he is more closely related to the Governor's wife than to General Drozdov himself.) Yet Varvara Petrovna does not want to give up her hopes for a match. She would like to call the Prince home—but hesitates to do it until Stepan Trofimovich has sent his own plea to him. Regarding the Ward, she has acted too hastily.

New motives, which change the earlier form:

1) The Drozdovs are related to the Governor's wife. The Governor's wife is actually pulling strings for a marriage between the Officer and Liza. This is why the enmity between her and Varvara Petrovna becomes more pronounced.

2) Shatov as a person. Shatov's love for Liza. Sometimes, Liza also imagines that she loves Shatov. In the further course of the novel, she confesses her love to him and wants to visit him at his flat: N.B. For a while she is interested in Nechaev; but soon enough she is critical of him when he says: "You'll be given satisfaction." The Prince has succeeded in convincing Nechaev that Liza loves him. Proclamations, boots, under interrogation.

3) Liza is bored. She keeps saying that she is bored. Hence her crazy

ideas. (Shatov's wife. What do I care for my wife! Liza is interested in her and is asking questions about her.)

4) The Lame Woman: a mysterious air; already in the first part, a mystery. The Lame Woman's brother insults Liza during a visit at the Shatov woman's, and suddenly pays a visit to ~~the Captain~~ Drozdov.

5) The Ward is Shatov's sister. Introduce Shatov along these lines, as early as in the 1st part. The Ward alone knows the secret and fears for Liza. Already in the 1st part, Liza speaks with Shatov about his sister.

6) When Nechaev makes his appearance, neither Miliukov nor Shatov know anything about him. (He later reveals his identity.) Nechaev knows the Prince, and the latter knows him. Liza is an acquaintance from abroad. And what is more important, he had at one time been a protégé of the Great Writer's.

7) *The most important thing.* The Prince, after his arrival, not a single word with the Ward. From Stepan Trofimovich's letter he had guessed (*without telling anybody*) that she had fallen in love, and upon his arrival he refuses purposely, in a Pechorinian¹⁰ manner, to start a conversation with her. He even fails to advise her against her proposed marriage to Stepan Trofimovich. She is hurt by this. In the further course of the novel she finally asks him to come and talk things over with her. Having received her letter, he says: "Aha, she couldn't resist after all." But when they meet, she immediately brings up her fears regarding Liza, and he can see right away that her fears are serious.

50 The Ward is not a serf girl, but from the Poetaster's family.

The Poetaster had warmly supported the idea of her marrying Stepan Trofimovich. The Poetaster is in love with Lizaveta Nikolaevna.

If the Ward is from the Poetaster's family, then what should be the reason for the beginning of a relationship between Liza and Shatov? *The slap in the face.*

Varvara Petrovna, the family of the Doctor with the growing poet. The late Doctor had insulted Varvara Petrovna and Stepan Trofimovich; Varvara Petrovna had been helping out on occasion. Then, Shatov appeared (she had been supporting him at the university, too). Shatov started to help them. (?) A poet: an image of the bosom of a family; the Poetaster slanders Shatov with Stepan Trofimovich; he

would like very much to gain favor with Varvara Petrovna; he reads his verses to Shatov. Captain 2d grade Kurmyzhnikov,¹¹ Liputin, Virginsky. The story of Varvara Petrovna and Stepan Trofimovich. The Prince is still abroad, appearance of the Amazon. (Varvara Petrovna suspects that Shatov may love the Ward.) Stepan Trofimovich's wedding, and meanwhile, suddenly, some of the Poetaster's poems have appeared in *The Contemporary*. The wedding doesn't come off, because something goes wrong at the Drozdovs'—Shatov and Liza, Kartuzov, Stepan Trofimovich sends a letter to the Prince—the Lane Woman and the Captain 2d grade are also among those present. Anonymous letters (the Poetaster and Liputin).

Start from the first moment, then, in the course of the narrative, relate what has happened in the past.

The Prince arrives on Stepan Trofimovich's nameday. Stepan Trofimovich, all of a sudden, spontaneously proposes, receives a categoric "no!" from ~~Liza~~ the Ward. Shatov slaps the Prince's face.

(Change of governors, and the lecture in honor of the Polish priest, and everything, only without Nechaev.)

~~65-45-33~~

(Give the Prince a bigger role, make him more important; the Drozdovs are related to the wife of the new Governor) which is why they have returned; also, the Great poet—

The Governor and the Drozdovs are afraid that Liza may marry Shatov, and also of Kartuzov's unseemly escapades.

Still, they would like it very much to see her marry the Prince. That's why they are expecting him. That is also why they supported the match between the Ward and Stepan Trofimovich. The Poetaster, too, is fidgeting around, seemingly pleased with the way things are going. The mysterious appearance of the Prince. The Prince tells the Ward outright: "An awful lot of things are funny around here."

The Prince is received at the Poetaster's house, as they hope that kinship ties with him may be in store for them as a result of his relationship with the Ward.

If Nechaev arrives (that is together with the Prince) and the Prince assures him of Liza's love for him, and provokes the cold jealousy of Nechaev's vanity against Shatov.

The Beauty teases Shatov with Kartuzov, i.e., Kartuzov's love.

She shows him an anonymous letter.

51 ~~The Kartuzovs~~

Everything is clear about Nechaev, to the point of being comical and repulsive.

As for the Prince, everything about him is a question mark.

August 18 <1870>. Attempt at a program.

Change of governors, and the proclamations. An altercation with Varvara Petrovna, and the denunciation against Stepan Trofimovich. Stepan Trofimovich at the time when he was getting married, and his relations with the Drozdovs. In a word, gossip and moral decay in town. The Drozdovs had not been socializing with anybody.

It is necessary to tell about Varvara Petrovna. Then, about Varvara Petrovna and Stepan Trofimovich before the lull. This, then, is the Stepan Trofimovich who was very nearly accused of spreading proclamations; but meanwhile there came the reform, Anton Petrov, faith in God, etc. (N.B. Shatov, Liputin much too casually)—there's one thing he firmly believes in, namely the effect he has as a handsome man, and there, suddenly, this marriage. This must be told in more detail.

Initially, about the Prince. Abroad. The Drozdovs. They went abroad. They returned after a genuine quarrel. N.B. The Drozdov woman has a discussion of some length with Varvara Petrovna (among other things, about Stepan Trofimovich's son). Finally, also about the Ward.

Varvara Petrovna wants the Ward married. Goes to see Stepan Trofimovich. He agrees, nor can he help agreeing. Varvara Petrovna has got things pretty well under control on her side, but over at the Drozdovs they are certainly heading toward a violent break. About the Beauty, mostly Shatov and her relationship with Shatov before the break, and about the visit she paid him. Asks him about his sister: "Is it true that she is getting married?" And this is a victory and a triumph for Kartuzov.

N.B. Yet ostensibly it is still the Shatov girl and Stepan Trofimovich, even in front of Varvara Petrovna. Shatov has a talk with his sister.

Varvara Petrovna seeks to steer clear of trouble by arranging this marriage. Later, she is angry at 1) the anonymous letter (to a lesser degree), 2) at the Great Writer, 3) at the letter sent to the Prince, and

at Kartuzov. THE NEW GOVERNOR, for whose appointment *she* is being blamed. Varvara Petrovna's hatred for Shatov.

Nevertheless, the match with Stepan Trofimovich wasn't coming off. Necktie, Shatov, etc.

N.B. In a word, there has been so much distressingly wrong with everything, and everybody has become so angry with everybody else that even Stepan Trofimovich loses his patience.

This is what Kartuzov has to say, in passing: "There's this bit of news that the Prince has sold a village."

A public lecture in honor of the Polish priest. Varvara Petrovna advises against it. "Couldn't it lead to trouble?" "You know what, there's this bit of news that the Prince has sold a village (to the Lame Woman)." She had a vinegar compress tied around her head. Stepan Trofimovich about the Polish priest and about the birthday party.—

"Oh, you and your birthday party!"

This birthday party is due tomorrow.

~~Shatov goes and returns his work to the Beauty, refusing to continue it. She comes to see him herself.~~

There is a commotion at the Drozdovs' house. "Did the Beauty go and see Shatov? Find out about Shatov."

N.B. (Tell how Shatov met the Beauty, and beforehand, tell about Shatov. Some things remain unsaid between the Beauty and Shatov. Yet *two* things are hinted at: 1) that Shatov is already infected with either a serious love or a serious hatred for the Beauty, and that she has noticed it; ~~Shatov~~ she says to Shatov: "You are in love with me." Shatov replies: "I certainly won't take you; what I need is a wife." Shatov: "Please leave me alone!" (getting his hand on the lintel). And, 2) that the Beauty entered this relationship with Shatov with a purpose, and Shatov quite bluntly tells her what purpose—"Because I am the Prince's enemy, and you hate him for some reason.")

BRING OUT THE LOVE.

N.B. In a word, this is *the last word* between the Beauty and Shatov, a word which has left much unsaid, which was spoken hastily, which was misunderstood and said in anger. It happened at Shatov's flat. She drove in together with the Officer (à propos the Lame Woman).

(N.B. During this very encounter, Shatov inadvertently reveals a thing or two about the anonymous letters, also about Liputin and Stepan Trofimovich's son.)

She lets out some secrets.

Thereupon, a public lecture with the Polish priest, a scandal—ar-

rested and taken away under escort. The Prince arrives. The tryst. At the Governor's. Boots and Kartuzov. The soirée.

- 52 At Stepan Trofimovich's. The Great Writer. Nechaev. The Beauty shows Nechaev her favor, but she is only making fun of him. It turns out that she is involved in the proclamations without herself knowing it. Nechaev speaks disparagingly of Stepan Trofimovich's marriage. Shatov slaps the Prince's face.

2d part. The Prince and ~~Shatov, Nechaev~~. Nechaev is constantly cutting a ridiculous figure (yet he is successful everywhere, having been well recommended). And suddenly, Nechaev begins to grow.

N.B. *The most important*. The writer himself says that, here, Nechaev has made a kind of mysterious self-discovery, but that the author is not aware of it.

N.B. THE MOST IMPORTANT ABOUT NECHAEV.

Nechaev reconciliates Varvara Petrovna with the Governor's wife. He manages to gain control over Varvara Petrovna, since the Great Writer, and everybody, is for *Nechaev*. The sudden downfall of Stepan Trofimovich. There is a persistent rumor about Nechaev that he was originally among those guilty and was also active in Switzerland, but that now he has not only been forgiven, but is actually in the employ of certain personages (because everybody seeks his company, and everybody is for him). Varvara Petrovna even becomes an atheist. (Everybody goes to see Tikhon and Ivan Iakovlevich.) Sacrilege. The fire. Liputin. The Polish priest. (All this, in a *fragmentary*, mysterious manner.)

Even Shatov with the printing press. And the Beauty herself is involved in the conspiracy and has been distributing proclamations. Kartuzov and his projects, etc. A temporary trance.

Nechaev has been inadvertently teasing Stepan Trofimovich about the latter's naïveté, suggesting to him that he has been cuckolded.

Stepan Trofimovich's flight—a showdown, and death.

The murder of the Lame Woman.

The murder of Shatov.

Kulishov's death and Nechaev's flight.

The Prince's departure and words—(the authority <claims> that he is with the Count).

Letter from the railway station about the canton of Uri—

He hangs himself.

After the Beauty has gone out of her mind, Kartuzov's death.

The Lame Woman's brother has also been distributing proclamations. The Poetaster and the Correspondent (instead of Virginsky), to whom Shatov had done a good turn in the beginning.

Shatov, in his last conversation with the Prince, concerning his intention to inform the police, says this about all of them: "Buffoons!"

? What is most important, Nechaev arrives *mainly* with the plan to stir up riots in the area, and to prepare it for a June uprising.¹²

ABOUT NECHAEV: NECHAEV IS ACTING TWO ROLES, the 2d of which I, the Chronicler, don't know at all, so that I'm not trying to present it (I do not know, for instance, what was going on between him and Liputin, and Shatov, so I'm not presenting it; but I know about the meeting, and this I do present).

AUGUST 21

14

I am doing each thing in its proper turn.

1ST PART. Up to *Rien de plus* (with alterations).

After *rien de plus*, about the Prince. (In the Prince's presence, about the rule of Varvara Petrovna, about her being stingy, and a good manager. Her son has come to mean everything to her, and in many respects *she is disappointed* with him. Also, about Liputin.)

Our Prince has been traveling for 4 years. A lull. A letter from the Drozdov woman. Varvara Petrovna went abroad, returned, and is now eagerly expecting the return of the Drozdovs, getting the house touched up.

Her hopes were fulfilled. ~~She has become a competent manager.~~ The new Governor (she was afraid of the influence of the Governor's wife) about the Drozdovs. (The General on atheism.)

The Drozdovs have arrived. Liza is offended. About the Ward and about how she <missing verb> Shatov—she gets to talk with the Ward.

She rushes to see Stepan Trofimovich (here, about bad habits and about how he is a handsome man).

Rushes in, and a proposal.

He couldn't but accept, Nechaev. He accepts.

And nevertheless the wedding was slow in coming off (Varvara Petrovna is worried). Stepan Trofimovich can't stand it and goes to pay a visit. A scene because of the letter: "Still you aren't so very guilty yet."

Notre (...) Chatoff, discussion about the marriage agreement. Yet the letters were written by a different party.

Still, the marriage wasn't coming off, and here then, about the proclamations AT THE DROZDOV PLACE. ~~He expressed himself~~ Stepan Trofimovich has been very critical. "I am surprised." "It isn't us, not us," and still, Drozdov did write it. Varvara Petrovna handed it over to him. He hid the manuscripts. "I am surprised: *a birthday*. You and your birthday!" But he had gotten in her way at an inopportune moment: Varvara Petrovna had just received word that the anonymous letter was in the hands of the Governor's wife, so that the Great Writer could be laughing with her about it right now. The Great Writer arrives—a letter to Stepan Trofimovich about the Great Writer. At the end of the last letter about Shatov, Shatov didn't let sleep; she found out about his sister, about Shatov. (She has gotten the idea that the Governor's wife, Shatov, and others.) Success with Liza. She decides to investigate the matter.

She went to see the Drozdovs (she loved Liza). "I don't want Shatov, or Kartuzov." The Lame Woman. This is a proud type (the nervous and wry General). Sells the estate.

~~Gets it for Kartuzov~~ About Virginsky. ~~Sells the estate.~~

As for Kartuzov—he sells the estate <...>.

Home. Stepan Trofimovich gets it. Vinegar. Virginsky—Kartuzov. Here, the insult on the stairs takes place.

Liza (Varvara Petrovna used to love her) and Shatov—she refuses until that insult on the stairs.

Lebiadkin and Drozdov, the Ward's letter to the Prince. The news that Lebiadkin is about to buy.

This Lebiadkin is a socialist, yet he goes begging from Stepan Trofimovich. Virginsky.

Lebiadkin and the Lame Woman.

Where to insert about Captain Lebiadkin?

Compare with the first program.

Note (in the 2d part). 1) The Prince asks the Ward: "So you are

¹² Dostoevsky was more or less historically correct here: Nechaev arrived in Russia in August, 1869, in order to cause an uprising on February 19, 1870.

getting married? How did you get this idea? Congratulations." (She turns pale, returns, and falls on her bed.)

2) After the boots, about the Ward, who is getting ready to leave, and about the Prince in Switzerland; the Lame Woman.

3) Also in the 2d part, before the duel the Prince goes to see Shatov: "A secret—your sister let me know."

Note 2. ~~In the chapter "Bad Habits"~~ Varvara Petrovna says to Stepan Trofimovich: "You are getting old frightfully early."

15 A man before going out of his mind.

The Great Writer. The new Governor.

Kartuzov.

The proclamation.

Reproaches for the letter written to the Prince.

Ce Chatoff.¹³

Advance notice on Shatov.

I've quit going there, but he invited me in and started giving me all the ins and outs about the Governor. The Great Writer, Kartuzov.

Meanwhile strange rumors are heard about town.

The new Governor, a family feud, the proclamations.

A quarrel with the Drozdovs (she has created her own image of Liza, as Stepan Trofimovich emphatically observes. "The affair with Liza will come to an end, and I'll be relieved.")

~~Anonymous.~~

The Great Writer, Kartuzov—(Stepan Trofimovich calls for me: "Find out what Kartuzov has come up with.")

Varvara Petrovna comes rushing and reproaches him for Kartuzov. A quarrel. The letter.

She comes and reproaches <Stepan Trofimovich> for having written that letter to the Prince. The mystery of the anonymous letters.

It is Shatov.

Warn the Drozdovs about Shatov.

1) Varvara Petrovna resents the Drozdov woman's letter and decides to have a formal showdown. She lets Stepan Trofimovich know, and he hides the books. He asks: "What about the birthday party?" "You

and your birthday party. There will be nothing. This is all nonsense." He has come at a bad time: anonymous letters all over (?). Visiting with the Governor's wife. The Great Writer. The Kartuzov woman has paid a visit and has begged to save her from Captain Kartuzov. And, while *she* is glad about it, Drozdov himself is annoyed. "I've arranged everything: A Teniers¹⁴ for you.

Society.

2) Varvara Petrovna notices that Shatov is among those present. "Why yes, Shatov." "So he is an acquaintance of yours?" "Liza's"

Society, anonymous letters. The Great Writer, about Shatov. "In the postscript, imagine, about Shatov!"

~~At this time, suddenly, Mme. Drozdov's visit, the lecture of the Polish priest.~~

This mysterious note about Shatov related to the fact that the Drozdov woman was, on that particular day, out of humor, and greatly so, and about Shatov.

~~And as luck would have it, Captain Kartuzov had been on another binge at about the same time, which annoyed her so much that everything almost collapsed.~~ Thereupon she decided to clear the air drastically.

4. This Captain Kartuzov.

After mass, at the Drozdovs', the proclamation, Lebiadkin, the Lame Woman, secrets, Shatov.

Firstly, Captain Kartuzov had been on another binge, and everything came down on Stepan Trofimovich.

Society.

Anonymous letters and the Great Writer.

The proclamation.

The letter, getting ready for the trip, but just then, Kartuzov.

"Liza, who has fascinated Kartuzov, has not, I think, fascinated Shatov."

¹³ French: "This Shatov."

¹⁴ The Teniers were a family of Flemish artists who flourished in the seventeenth century. The most famous of them was David Teniers the Younger (1610–90). His favorite subjects were scenes of peasant life and historical scenes. Barbara Stavrogin sends Stepan Trofimovich her Teniers to hang under the portrait of Goethe. Part I, chapter 3:3.

1st Part—(I'm telling one thing after another.)

—Till *rien de plus* (with an alteration),

after *rien de plus*, about the Prince. In the chapter about the Prince, about the reign of Varvara Petrovna, about her boredom, stingy, a good manager, how Stepan Trofimovich was beginning to lose ground (?), actually moving to a different house; but then there is Varvara Petrovna's need to love and to give herself up to something or to somebody (at one time it was the Ward, then Shatov, if only he hadn't responded with black ingratitude, but more of that later); and so she threw herself at her son. Stepan Trofimovich, too, had advised her to go abroad.

A conversation is more characteristic:

"He has got knowledge, culture; he'll mellow." "Let him have a good time abroad, and in the meantime I'll save some money for him," thinks Varvara Petrovna.

Our Prince spent 4 years traveling (about his travels). Varvara Petrovna at first avidly received his letters, but later she didn't even ask him to write. Description of his travels. Many things worried Varvara Petrovna. "It isn't any of my business," she thought. "We'll see each other in 4 years, and in the meantime I'll save some money for him." Everything is quiet over here, Stepan Trofimovich definitely is being pushed into the background. He was actually glad to be left alone—which she promptly took to heart; everything about her was now focused on her son. Meanwhile we had a circle of sorts, consisting of Liputin, Shatov, and Virginsky. We used to discuss this and that. He possessed a strange, inert calmness; he believed in God. I made a point of observing him. ~~Still earlier, at the time of the reform~~ I can recall that 19th of February, a year after her return from abroad, but before the Prince was back. He was getting into the habit of forgetting what he would be talking about. *Bad habits*, "Without sputtering!" Of late, Varvara Petrovna had been casting strange glances. *Elle a changé ses idées voilà tout*.¹⁵ A handsome man. And suddenly he disappoints her.*

A letter from the Drozdov woman. She has made a trip, and returned

from it, energy, "get the house finished." To Stepan Trofimovich about certain secrets, and about Liza. "She is such a child." Varvara Petrovna: "Why a child, on the contrary, she's got character, and I approve of that." She couldn't get along with them: "Drozdov is a worthless character." He remembered about Liza and the Ward. Incidentally: children used to love him. Varvara Petrovna's dreams were becoming real. Yet we are having a revolution. The Governor and his wife. The secret amounted to this—the Governor's wife. Conversation between Varvara Petrovna and Stepan Trofimovich about the Governor and his wife: "She was sitting there in my drawing room, with that fly on her forehead." Stepan Trofimovich observed that women tend to sense the attitudes of others beforehand; for instance, she would say "she is my enemy," and then everything would eventually bear out that notion. He wanted to make her a compliment, but got entangled in his words, and Varvara Petrovna tore into him: "You are sputtering when you talk."

N.B. *That's when*: "You are aging awfully early!" And to the mirror.

*"Elle a changé ses idées."*¹⁶

*qui boivent en zapoy*¹⁷

A handsome man. But how this opinion was destined to crumble!

The Drozdovs have arrived. Liza acts hurt. About the Ward, a superficial description of the Ward. ~~Conversation and marriage proposal~~ (Some sort of vain jealousy on the part of Liza.) Three days have passed. "Liza is right, and Drozdov is a worthless character. She has not been getting along with them, and swears to me that it is *Nikolas'* <*sic*> fault." She is convinced that she has been turned down by the Drozdovs, although not quite. The General on atheism. The officer. "It's all the Governor's wife's doing!" Inspiration: a conversation and a marriage proposal. She comes running to Stepan Trofimovich. The proposal, which he accepts.

He couldn't help accepting. Nechaev, 8,000. Yet the wedding won't come off. ~~Varvara Petrovna is annoyed (society has turned its back on Varvara Petrovna), but what is most important, <she is worried> about her son: "Can it be true?" She won't dare to ask him in a letter and decided to expect him home for Christmas.~~ Stepan Trofimovich could not contain himself and paid her a visit. A scene on account of the letter. "You aren't as guilty." Busy days. The proclamation, and she

¹⁵ French: "She has changed her ideas, that's all."

* The editor has changed the original text to read: "And suddenly he has become disappointed," which seems unwarranted (*razocharovaniya* emended to read *razocharovalsia*).

¹⁶ French: "She has changed her ideas."

¹⁷ French: "who drinks hard" (*zapoi* is Russian for "hard drinking").

falls in love with Liza. *Chatoff*. His sister. Yet the wedding wasn't coming off. A falling-out with Drozdov about the proclamations, which almost leads to a complete break. He has written about Stepan Trofimovich.

Kartuzov.

- 57 She has returned from abroad, energy, the Drozdov house. She summons Stepan Trofimovich (he has been living a distance away). He was flattered by the fire of her avowals: with Liza, the child! But here the Governor's wife enters the picture and the intrigue is under way, "the fly!" ~~I did force her to~~ "You must imagine, Mme. Drozdov was most surprised by my arrival, yet I did force her to state her position." "Oh you Bismarck!" "Though no Bismarck, I still realized that an intrigue was brewing there; Drozdov, then there's that officer—they're complaining about Liza's being self-willed, yet there is no way to get along with that man, he is simply an old woman. I remember him, there's her <...> afraid of atheism; and so, around the day-after-tomorrow." But most important, these intrigues, the Governor, "the fly."

Stepan Trofimovich: "The Governor has arrived; she is expected any moment now, as you know; and imagine, she is coming with the Great Writer."

At this point, about "the fly."

Stepan Trofimovich: "How typical of you. I can virtually see that fly—but aren't you exaggerating? A woman will always be a woman," he laughed, spluttering. "You are aging awfully." The mirror. "Gone to seed."

Mme. Drozdov: "Lizaveta Fiodorovna's favorite phrase is 'either you or I must leave the house.'"

Varvara Petrovna arrives. Her carriage almost runs into that of the Governor's wife. The Tragic Mother, Liza, makes her angry; doesn't seem to mind Kartuzov's verses. Steps straight up to Varvara Petrovna: "You are bearing a grudge." To Shatov: "How do you believe?"

But the trait that is characteristic of Varvara Petrovna is *the assurance with which she carries on an intrigue*.*

Shatov, an odious character. He is the one responsible for the proclamations.

"What do you think of the proclamations?" (a question which she incidentally addresses to Stepan Trofimovich).

"Lebiadkin the purchaser?" Varvara Petrovna laughs out loud.

Lebiadkin plies Kondraty, Varvara Petrovna's valet, with drinks and assures him that he is the purchaser. Varvara Petrovna is laughing aloud; which means that this is all nonsense and the first report <...>: "We aren't concerned about either Kondraty or Lebiadkin (I don't want to hear any servants' gossip), but about Shatov. De-fi-nitely, and would you imagine, I'm being told that he actually shares a stairway with that Lebiadkin!"

Kartuzov's verses.

Split up Kartuzov into two parts:

1st part, before the visit and before the officer, that's what Drozdov had been complaining about to Varvara Petrovna. Shocked by all these mysterious goings-on, Varvara Petrovna comes rushing to Stepan Trofimovich: "Why won't you stop that relative of yours?" For the first time, *Stepan Trofimovich* is rude to her: "I'm having a headache (please allow me to have a word with the Ward)," etc.

Varvara Petrovna returns and says: "If that's the kind you are." And she ties a vinegar compress round his head.

Stepan Trofimovich derives some comfort from the fact that he has actually been rude to her, and naïvely summons Kartuzov. Kartuzov then ends up writing the letter which causes the cup to overflow.

"It must be Shatov, it must be Shatov," said Varvara Petrovna.

N.B. (Couldn't the Great Writer be brought in here?)

Liza and Shatov.

After the Ward's letter to the Prince: Varvara Petrovna interrogating the Ward ~~she wants to~~. "But would you marry Stepan Trofimovich?" The Ward replies: "Yes, I will; but allow me to ask you: what is this all about?" "It's too early for you to know, that's what." "If it is to be Stepan Trofimovich, believe me, Varvara Petrovna, if I tell you that I doubt whether he has any desire to marry me. He has written me a strange letter. (A rapturous and tender letter.) It is as if he wanted to forgive me something. No matter how great my humility, it still affects me; I have the greatest respect for this, and I understand that it is his character that causes him to act that way."

"His character? Eh, why, you're even smarter than I thought you were, if you've understood that it's his character. So why don't you take him into your hands, you'll be better off for it. He absolutely wants—a Polinka Saks."

* Unclear; might also mean: "her firm conviction that an intrigue is going on."

"Oh, what a funny man. I've been struggling with him all my life, haven't I!"

Letter to him: "*Get ready for your nameday party (BIRTHDAY PARTY), invite your friends.*"

"(How is it between you and Liza?)"

"We never meet and never see each other."

"How was it between you and her in Switzerland?"

"Very much at a distance. I was having a sad time there..." etc.

"Kempen, I'm a Russian, I'm more than a Russian."

"I'm surprised how Slavophilism is, in his case, compatible with Nihilism of the extreme, active, émigré variety. He is actually serving as an adjutant, and considers it an honor. And now, after we have told each other so many nice things, shouldn't we two make up, Shatov? Why are you grabbing your hat? ~~Sit down.~~ Sit around for a while with an old man."

Lebiadkin—Kempen.

1) As I begin my chronicle of ~~our~~ some extraordinary recent events in our town, I affirm, firstly, that this is a particular case. However, nonetheless ~~it is incomprehensible~~ it would be incomprehensible if this weren't so. I'm warning you beforehand that we shall be striving for clarity, accuracy, and if so, that I must make use, I must make use of a good deal of space to explain the details of the friendship between Varvara Petrovna and Stepan Trofimovich. Up to *Rien de plus*.

About the Prince and a few *special* words about Varvara Petrovna (N.B. 101).

Our principle—I'll save some—quiet, our circle, a lazy calm, a red nose, bad habits, Liputin, Shatov, Virginsky. His wife walked around wearing glasses and was serving the cause of her modern convictions. Capt. Kartuzov (a few words will have to be said, unfortunately, about that most trivial personage).

We used to discuss (still before the Prince's return) the reform, and to tease Shatov.

"If he had to be Mme Högg's adjutant, he would do it, whereas you are only a windbag, and nothing else."

"All we want, you and I, is to have a nice chat, that's all."

I'm amazed at how well Slavophilism is doing.

The Drozdovs have arrived from Paris after almost 4 years of absence. They have returned with a lot of energy left in them. A conversation with Stepan Trofimovich, who feels flattered, the Governor's wife, "you are spluttering when you talk, you've aged," he looks into the mirror, "you have really gone to seed." Her conviction, that he was a handsome man, was destined to meet with disappointment!

The Drozdovs have arrived. Liza seems offended (the officer ~~Drozdov~~ himself). For the Ward, the portrait, "that's all nonsense" Marriage.

She comes rushing to Stepan Trofimovich; he agrees, he couldn't help agreeing.

Nechaev, 8,000 rubles—he agrees, no marriage. Stepan Trofimovich's excitement. He tells me: "She's all excited about the Governor's wife; society has turned away from her." Paid her a visit. A scene on account of the letter. "You aren't quite as guilty as some others. (I'm surrounded by intrigues.)"

It was not Shatov who was spreading that anonymous letter about; nor was it Shatov who had written it, and it is to Stepan Trofimovich's credit that he did not think "*Ce Chatoff...*" etc. before his involvement with Shatov's sister. ("It does not surprise me at all that his wife has deserted him...")

Yet the wedding wasn't coming off; there is a near break with the Drozdovs. Drozdov, the General, is being caustic. Varvara Petrovna was maneuvering, but it was quite impossible to come to terms with the General. She went to see him, listened to his reproaches. But what was most important, a number of accusations were being leveled at her. It all started with Kartuzov. You couldn't imagine a more ridiculous or trifling affair, yet I'll have to say a word or two about that Kartuzov, even at the risk of dragging out my narrative, for he does play a certain role in our chronicle. *Kartuzov* ("I have served my Sovereign, such people, Stepan Trofimovich..." etc.) The accusation.

But at least one could not have any argument on account of Kartuzov, but one could on account of the proclamations. "The proclamation, it's not of our doing." Drozdov: "It's you, a letter to Petersburg." Varvara Petrovna let Stepan Trofimovich know about it, being herself offended. He mentions his birthday party. "What do I care about your birthday

party, there won't be any." But he ~~was in a terrible~~ got across her way while she was terribly out of sorts. It happened to be precisely at the time she learned about that anonymous letter to the Governor's wife. And the Great Writer has just sent her a note concerning Shatov. "Imagine, I've learned that he has designs on Liza—he is her favorite right now."*

This bit of news about Shatov caused the cup to flow over. If there was anybody at all she had counted on, it had to be Liza (and there, Shatov). She was anxious to find out all about it and if necessary force a showdown. "Daria, maybe nothing will come of it all."

At the Drozdovs—a showdown about the proclamations and Stepan Trofimovich. "He has told me that there is no God, and gives me a story about the Club. Shatov shouldn't be around." ~~And why is he selling the estate~~ She's not just another lame girl; enter Shatov; a discussion; he refused to leave. "Why are you refusing?" "Why are you selling the estate?" (This is a city of many secrets.)

She returns and ties a vinegar compress round his head. "If he would only come home now!" "He is selling the estate to the Captain. Shall I write him or not? Who am I afraid of, not Daria?"

Liza and Shatov. A visit to him, the insult on the steps, the horse-whip. Everything is in a turmoil. Lebiadkin pays a visit to Drozdov; the Ward has written to the Prince. "I am the one who is buying the estate."

Drozdov to Varvara Petrovna. In a towering rage, she interrogates the Ward regarding the letter. ("But she is going to marry Stepan Trofimovich anyway. *I am ready*. He is ready. The day after tomorrow is your nameday, get yourself ready!")

And so Stepan Trofimovich's fate had been decided once and for all. The Ward blushed. "I'll marry him. But... suppose Stepan Trofimovich? And I don't know how one does these things. What does one write? What are people saying?"

No matter how superfluous and inane, and verbose this might appear, its essence is closely linked to the very heart of the matter. So it always happens in real life. An item you would never suspect, a mere trifle, suddenly becomes the thing that really matters, with all the rest revolving around it as mere secondary or subordinate items.

Nicolas treated him with justifiable contempt.

But Stepan Trofimovich's fate could not be decided so soon—it was destined to go through several more phases. It all started from some trifles, Kartuzov.

These anonymous letters were being spread around. Little does she care. She noticed very quickly that over at the Drozdovs' they were simply trying to provoke her (an intrigue). The General is being caustic, his wife is saying whatever she pleases. It was necessary to act more energetically, to call Nicolas, get a showdown, but definitely, with the Drozdovs.

About Kartuzov.

Later, they were talking about this event all over town, and it did a good deal of harm to that extravagant Lizaveta Fiodorovna. But Drozdov wanted to leave.

"I will be given a hard time at the Club."

Liza also wanted to leave, she almost had to take to her bed. I'll pass over all of these scenes, mentioning only that which is relevant to the main events of my narrative: Lebiadkin paid a visit to Drozdov, about the Ward, etc.

* The feminine ending of the predicate suggests that these words belong to Varvara Petrovna.

The Prince and Nechaev are tied to each other by mutual secrets which they accidentally share.

Yet Nechaev is concealing a good many things from him (though he is tempted to initiate him, seeing his colossal stature. He is studying him).

The Prince reveals his thoughts to no one, and is a mystery to everybody. There aren't many love scenes between him and Liza.

One should note finally that Kirilov makes his first appearance in these notes, under the name of "The Engineer." As in the final version, he is to take the blame for Shatov's death, although here for it is for "the common cause" and not because of his indifference. He is actively involved in the conspiracy here, running errands, carrying messages, and apparently believing in the cause. There is no hint of his colossal metaphysical significance, and he comes into being apparently because someone other than the Prince is needed to take the blame for Shatov's death.

59 September 12 <1870> GREAT IDEAS

Shatov enthralled by the Prince to the point of idolatry.

Shatov *receives* guests at Mme. Virginsky's (or at his wife's).

The Beauty is indignant that Shatov is so enthralled and suddenly reveals her whole passionate love (he is in a frenzy of passion and *suddenly the Prince takes all* (?)).

(Or, she won't submit to the Prince until the end, *la haine dans l'amour*,¹ but when she learns that he is married, she does submit? Reasoning thus: "He spared me because of his being married, for he did know that I would submit to him.")

The Prince, seeing her tenderness, and her readiness to submit to him, *takes her*; and the murder of the *Lame Woman* and the Captain on the following day. Shatov keeps aloof, while the Beauty is down with brain fever.

¹ French: "Hate in love."

Then, Shatov's wife returns to him ~~and the murder of the Lame Woman~~ to give birth to her child ~~the murder of Shatov~~; Nechaev and Kulishov. The murder of Kulishov, the murder of Shatov.

A passionate and swift love scene between the Prince and the Beauty; the Prince is full of new life, he is tender and passionate. He isn't the man he was before—he also mentions the *Lame Woman*—she runs off to Kartuzov, virtually in a frenzy, barricades, *Nechaev*: "you shall receive satisfaction," and serves as a mediator with Drozdov, proclaiming the rights of the Beauty.

In the meantime, her frenzied condition leads to an inflammation of the brain. She dies.

N.B. Nechaev, Kartuzov, and the Prince were all convinced that she loved them, even Shatov.

They burned down the town just to show off their *bravado*. Liputin and Virginsky were too trustful. The sacrilege—and meanwhile Stepan Trofimovich with the book-hawker.

The visit to Tikhon, and the insult to him.

The visit to Ivan Iakovlevich.

(The social teaching of the *complete* dependence of man upon his circumstances.)

A children's party!

60 The Engineer² smuggled the proclamations across the border, spread them in the South and, together with Fedka, at the factory, etc. The *Enforcer* is with Nechaev, reasoning in this fashion: "If they find out, they'll grab me alone. But I will sign a written confession and then shoot myself, for it is all the same to me."

An important note: The factory hands with Shatov. The possibility of Tveretinov. Some are freethinkers and reject everything, *after their own fashion*; these are with Nechaev (though not all of them). Others are more cautious; at Shatov's flat, they listen to objections, and are willing to be enlightened. Nechaev quarrels with the Raskolnik. These popular characters and types are sort of like those in the House of the Dead.

² This is the first reference to Kirilov.

N.B. Important: The Engineer has paved the way for Nechaev; he was the first to establish contacts with the factory hands.

2d Important Note: The personality of the Governor's wife. The Governor's wife represents the bad type of the party of the *European Messenger*.³ A conservative, the principle of large land ownership. One of those conservatives who do not mind getting together with the nihilists, just to stir up a lot of trouble.

(N.B. Find out about the actions of the Kholm town council. She is trying to influence her husband so he'd be disposed to take a similar course of action. Don't mention it in detail, but accurately, and make the point clear by means of an example. Find an example for what the Kholm Zemstvo was doing.

"Governor von-Lembke, the fool, is stupid as a mule."

Nechaev accommodates himself to the Governor's wife and her ideas. She is glad that he is saying "yes" to her and consciously forgives him his nihilism. Besides, there are some points about his nihilism which she believes in anyway.

Some people, Liputin for instance, think that Nechaev is simply playing politics as he simulates full agreement with the Governor's wife. But much to the surprise of Liputin and everybody else (the Prince had guessed, and actually observed it before), Nechaev quite sincerely sympathizes with the conservatives—to be more precise, with their principle of displaying a cynical nihilism regarding everything heretofore considered good and honorable, i.e., their contempt for the public interest, their people, their country, anything that won't directly affect their own aristocratic interests.

63 N.B. The Governor, having inspected the Captain's project, says to his aide: "God knows what he was talking about! However, the project does have some sense."

(He hears arguments against this view.)

"I'm not saying that, but you must agree that it isn't any worse than the other."

"You may be right there."

"No worse and no better. One may even keep it in mind, i.e., that one leading idea. As regards the project itself, it is of course complete nonsense."

N.B. Shatov says: "Germany is Russia's natural enemy; he who does not want to see that, sees nothing at all. What have they to boast about? What have they done for us? They are inferior to us in everything. They have a coalition working for them in Russia, one is promoting the other. A conspiracy that has existed for 150 years. Due to special circumstances they have been always on top. All of their mediocrities have been holding high-ranking posts, and treated Russians with stupid contempt. They've been sapping Russia's strength all along. They have had a veritable coalition," etc.

The most important thing. N.B. naïvely and directly.

The Ward and the Prince, tête-à-tête during evenings in the village:

The Prince: "And you were thinking seriously that I was in love with the Beauty?"

The Ward: "Yes."

The Prince: "How boring that was. I am bored."

The Ward: "What is this boredom like? I've heard about it, but I can't understand it."

The Prince explains it to her, sincerely, as best he can.

"And you, after all I have told you, after my *attentat* on you, you still love me?" "Ahem. I'll think about you." (She hadn't the strength to tell him that she would never become his wife, but her mind was set on that score. She began to feel sorry for him.)

The Prince: "You know what, perhaps I actually love you" (proudly and condescendingly).

The Princess assures her that he is a madman. (She is sorry for him.)

(The Ward.) She tells the Prince directly: "I feel sorry for you, terribly sorry."

Shatov says: "You'll see, the moment we'll become concerned with our truly urgent needs, science and the arts will appear in Russia. Had we only stayed what we were, we would have become ourselves. We are paralyzed ever since Peter's reform. Yes, all we've gotten out of it is a copper penny. That's true, a copper penny. A copper penny is a lot, you can't make one from nothing. A copper penny is incomparably more than nothing, but the trouble is that for this most useful penny we had to pay 5 rubles of our own. Genuine, silver rubles of the kind you won't find today, and besides, it was the last thing we owned; we gave away everything we had."

N.B. *Most important.* During his last meeting with Nechaev, at the village, Granovsky suddenly exclaims, in despair:

³ A liberal journal edited by Stasiulevich.

"Oh God! If you have really decreed that the whole world should perish, if you are really so determined, and if it pleases you to overthrow and to destroy everything, isn't there really a single tear, isn't there a drop of pity and compassion left in you for all the things you are about to destroy? Why are you so calm, why are you so heartless, and so inhuman? Why won't you shed a tear? ~~A stone~~ Are you a stone, or are you a man, or is it that I no longer understand anything at all?"

"We are a special breed of people; we are the new people; so don't shout, please! All this is nothing but old, sick nerves, old wives' tears, and besides, not without danger for you."

"If this is so, I curse you in my own name!"

"Now look what nonsense you've come up to! E-eh! ~~When Good-bye, old man!~~ How stupid you are, in my mind. By the way, au revoir—I haven't got time, and even so I have, because of you <...>"
and then about

64

1) THE NOVEL

November 1, 1870

(CONSEQUENTLY, STEPAN TROFIMOVICH IS OF THE ESSENCE.)

It was necessary that the Prince knew for sure that Fedka would commit murder, *but did not say a word*, even though he did not personally participate in the killing.

He had the intention to hire a killer, but he merely let him see that he was taking 1,000 rubles there.

Upon his arrival, the Prince actually didn't know whether he would announce his marriage or not.

Where (characters, and the main, direct idea aside) is the intrigue of the novel?

It consists of this:

1) Liza is passionately, extraordinarily in love with *Nicolas*, with all the manifestations and peculiarities of her eccentric nature.

2) *Nicolas* is, in a certain sense (with regard to the idea which fascinates him and which has taken possession of him), a lost man; yet at times his nature (its live, immediate side) is fascinated by Liza. This happened in Switzerland when he suddenly came to his senses and fled. It also happened later, in our town.

3) Liza has used every means to enthrall him, lacerate him, insult him, excite his jealousy (through Shatov, Nechaev), anything to attract

him. Sometimes he is disgusted by it; but on one occasion he let himself be carried away.

4) Liputin has told him about Liza and Shatov. He has seen Nechaev himself.

5) And really, *Nicolas* was in a terrible and mysterious frame of mind when he arrived: there were two ideas struggling within him: 1) Liza—take possession of her—a cruel and rapacious idea, 2) the moral feat, a surge against evil, the magnanimous idea to overcome. Therefore he seeks the company, first of Shatov, and then of Tikhon. He also wants to confess before everybody and to punish himself through the shame of the *Lame Woman*.

At the same time he amuses himself by bringing together Liza and Nechaev.

At the same time he also picks out Fedka.

Regeneration and resurrection—they are closed to him solely for the reason that he has lost his roots in the soil, and therefore does not believe in, nor recognize the morality of the Russian people. For instance, he considers feats of faith to be a fraud. Yet the abstract concept of a universal human conscience is empirically unsound. Point that out. He suddenly breaks down, though he has, for instance, already made arrangements regarding Uri. But he does not tell anybody about it, except Dasha, toward the very end.

6) He knows that Dasha loves him, but for a time he finds it merely repulsive, nor does he want to help her; on the contrary, he maliciously brings her all the closer together with Stepan Trofimovich.

7) Here. The plans for Dasha's wedding continue through the entire course of the novel, but it is Nechaev who more than anyone else distorts her image and has a strong influence on him <Stepan Trofimovich>. He tells his father outright that he is a fool. He frankly assures him that he is about to marry someone else's sins, which (as could be expected) disturbs him. Varvara Petrovna says that the marriage will be pro forma only. Even so, Stepan Trofimovich feels offended and complains that everybody has deserted him and that his erudition and his talents are held in contempt; he gets excited and writes to Daria, has a heart-to-heart talk with her, and hurts her with his questions. Nechaev proves to him and to Varvara Petrovna that his father (Stepan Trofimovich), selfish and vain as he is (and hoping to be rewarded for his feat), is trying to move Dasha to tears, repentance, and admission <of her guilt>, but that he simply *does not know how to go about it*, "because you certainly are not a new man, and because you'd like to play the role

of Saks, and be rewarded for it, but you simply don't know how to go about it." Nechaev cruelly makes fun of him. Yet Stepan Trofimovich ultimately insists on her admitting <her guilt>. Nechaev, on his own part, is absolutely convinced that Dasha has had an illicit relationship with the Prince. ~~Here suddenly~~ Stepan Trofimovich has a frank talk with the Prince also.

8) But the Prince suddenly takes recourse to a new maneuver. He proves that nothing has happened between him and Daria, makes a whole story of it, accusing Liza, Praskovia, and questioning Nechaev. Nechaev shows that he has been merely quoting the words and the letters of his father and quite clearly proves to his father that he has acted like a cad. Here now, at Skvoreshniki, Varvara Petrovna reveals everything, and promises Stepan Trofimovich a pension. Stepan Trofimovich flees after the lecture. The Prince talks to Daria, a scene, asks her if she would accept him if he came to her all smeared with dirt and blood—in a word, a few mysterious words.

9) But Dasha has observed that the Prince is inflamed with a bestial fire for Liza. (Though her rival,) she runs to Liza and warns her that he is *married*, and that this is why he is avoiding her. Then Liza forgives him everything and, seeing only his unhappiness, passionately surrenders to him. Death through a Jesuitical scheme involving Fedka, and Dasha tells him so directly. (Nechaev feels that this is how it is to be done.) At first, Liza wants to flee with him, but later she goes out of her mind. Shatov's wife gives birth to a child (with the Virginsky woman helping her). The Prince makes an apparent gesture to warn Shatov, but then leaves with a sneer. The murder of Shatov. The death of Stepan Trofimovich. The Prince, in a frenzied state, makes certain statements. Mocking and haughty words addressed to the public. Reveals everything that he has secretly observed about everybody. Wants to hand over ~~to the Polish priest~~ to the Pastor <...>. Lembke is trembling. Leaves—at the railway station—Death.

65 November 1, 1870

A MOST IMPORTANT NOTE

...I must, however, once and for all make this reservation:

Let the reader, from the very beginning, accept this apology, and excuse me:

I am not describing a town, a local setting, a daily routine, people, offices; nor the relationships—or the curious vacillations of these relationships—which exist in the essentially private, provincial life of our

town, as a result of both an ancient, perennial order of day-to-day life under which the town has grown to become what it is, as well as of recent perturbations of this order ~~by new forms~~ caused by the reforms of these past years. Nor have I the time to draw a picture of our little town. I consider myself the chronicler of a certain curious event of private character which took place in our town suddenly, unexpectedly, quite recently, and much to the surprise of all of us. Inasmuch as this event took place, not in the sky but, after all, in our town, it goes without saying that I shall have to touch upon the day-to-day aspect of our provincial life in a purely descriptive way, yet I would like to warn my reader that I will be doing this only if and when it will be of the utmost and unavoidable necessity. I shall not be going into the particulars of the descriptive aspect of contemporary daily life in our town.

Is this necessary or isn't it <...>

66 A NEW PERSONAGE: the brother of Virginsky's wife,

ZAITSEV.

With a dull sort of indignation. Zaitsev.

~~With indignation~~ He has arrived together with Nechaev. He follows the debates at Stepan Trofimovich's with indignation. He represents the opposition against Nechaev.

With Virginsky's wife against Virginsky.

With Shatov (with indignation).

Brings about a reconciliation between Shatov and Nechaev.

Indignantly about the fact that the Engineer has shot himself. Against Tikhon.

In the end Shatov winds him around his little finger.

He protests against the murder of Shatov.

He leaves—

Thinks a lot of himself, and is stupid.

As they were killing Shatov, he had already left the scene of the murder because of some principle of his.

N.B. Or: "No, you haven't got the right to exploit the Engineer's life."

Always in the opposition—including when it comes to murdering Shatov.

‡ "You are a fool."

"Me, a fool? As a matter of principle you did not have the right to say that to me."

volunteers to shoot himself for the common cause—AND, WHAT IS OF THE UTMOST ESSENCE:

The Engineer's role is a factual one.

Nechaev knew about Shatov's *betrayal* while still in Switzerland, through Mme. Virginsky's sickly little brother (Zaitsev).

N.B. That sickly little Zaitsev showed up in our town (might as well be together with the Polish priest, a month and a half before Nechaev's arrival). He immediately got into some arguments with Shatov and had started an intrigue against him, but the moment ~~with Shatov~~ Nechaev arrived, he was found standing with Shatov, against Nechaev. Mme. Virginsky knows all about Shatov and his crimes, but this is being concealed from Virginsky. Liputin, all the more, knows nothing at all at this stage; he merely knows that Nechaev is expected to arrive and has an inkling, which he keeps to himself, that he will become involved in the conspiracy.

That means that *Nechaev* has detached the Engineer (leaving aside the spreading of proclamations, and the hope that he might be of some use if he would shoot himself), 1) to find out, through him, what the score is; 2) to look into the disagreement between Zaitsev and Shatov and, since Shatov is apparently the guilty party, prepare to shoot him; also, inasmuch as the Engineer will also shoot himself, in order to take on himself.

This is why the Engineer must, upon his arrival, pretend to have quarreled with Shatov and show himself hostile to him.

The reason why the Engineer stops at Lebiadkin's is, first, that he is one of them (recommended by the Virginsky woman and Zaitsev), having already been spreading proclamations in the area and being ready to continue this work (which is what the Engineer has been asked to verify, i.e., "is Lebiadkin reliable, and is he on our side?")—and, second, that the Engineer used to know Lebiadkin well in the past. Knowing him for a frivolous and disorganized person, the Engineer has given Nechaev misgivings regarding Mme. Virginsky's and Zaitsev's wisdom in trusting Lebiadkin with such an important matter. And what is most important, the Engineer knows Lebiadkin since he had been an usher at the Prince's wedding to Mlle Lebiadkin, and thus a witness of this event of the *obscure* past of the Prince's Petersburg period. The Prince has confided this secret to Dasha, because she is worthy of such trust (the Prince is most sensitive and susceptible to beautiful characters such as Dasha). He has trusted her with handing the money over to Lebiadkin, because he would confide in no one else, and besides, Dasha

just happened to be around. N.B. ~~Here, a *qui pro quo* develops: the Engineer~~ He also asked the Engineer to quiet down Lebiadkin and put some sense into his head. While the Prince was abroad, Lebiadkin had been writing him rather too insistent letters demanding money, and threatening to expose him. The Engineer was to tell Lebiadkin that the Prince would soon come home and take care of the matter, that he had already sent *three hundred* rubles, and that if he would be sensible, he would get another 1,000; also the Prince would then turn over the estate to him. The Prince entrusts the Engineer with this mission precisely because he had been an usher at his wedding. Incidentally, the Prince is unaware of that other message, delivered to Lebiadkin by the Engineer on behalf of Nechaev.

N.B. The Prince is ~~a great~~ a friend of Nechaev's. Nechaev, incidentally, does not trust him with all his secrets, even though he is very frank with him, respects him greatly, and knows that the Prince would not report on him. He is almost ready (and actually would like) to reveal all his secrets to him, but stops short of it every time (and so to the end) because there is always something that holds him back, something which tells him in a most convincing manner that the Prince is *not the right man*. The Prince, though, actually guesses almost all of Nechaev's secrets and schemes anyway, and Nechaev knows that he does, and even seeks his advice in a number of instances.

N.B. The Prince never is completely frank *with anybody*, not even Tikhon. With Dasha more than with anyone else. He tells her almost everything (in his suicide note).

But when the Engineer (who is very glad he can deliver the Prince's message to Lebiadkin, for that gives him a pretext to *approach* Lebiadkin) brings up the matter of money, he mistakenly tells Lebiadkin that Dasha was to hand him 1,000 rubles. Lebiadkin thinks that Dasha has stolen the money and starts bombarding her with letters.

(N.B. One letter was intercepted by Varvara Petrovna. It was also sent to Stepan Trofimovich. *This also comes up during Stepan Trofimovich's nameday party, at which occasion the Prince's secret is bared.*)

And so, Dasha, the Engineer, Nechaev, and Lebiadkin know the secret of the Prince's marriage. They all keep silent about it. But Liputin, who has been plying Lebiadkin with drinks, strongly *suspects* something, and he would very much like to know more. That's why he seeks the Engineer's company and introduces him to Stepan Trofimovich. Liputin would also like to learn *a lot* about Nechaev from the Engineer.

N.B. While with Stepan Trofimovich, the Engineer cleverly simu-

lates hostility toward Shatov, thus preparing himself for the role of his murderer.

N.B. The Engineer has been detached to watch Shatov, but not as an emissary and, besides, he himself does not know about the printing press. Zaitsev does not know anything either; Nechaev has concealed this information even from them.

71 Virginsky is a serious socialist.

He says: "I would die for it."

He moves away from Nechaev and the Engineer: "*That is not it.*"

Nechaev, who has great erudition about socialism, never enters a debate with anybody, always agrees with everything—what matters to him is *the conspiracy*.

The Prince has more serious opinions regarding socialism than all the others.

Virginsky, a new generation of people.

Virginsky conveys his "*this is not it*" to the Prince, who immediately comes to see him. They get to talk about the new generation of people (much as in France, however without the classicism of the Germano-Romance race). He talks to him for a while, and *leaves for good*.

Virginsky, even as he is doing the killing, at the scene of the murder in the grove, keeps saying to himself: "*This is not it, not it.*"

72 2D HALF OF PART 2, November 29 <1870>

Preface.

About how we are sitting here.

Liputin's visit; he becomes acquainted with the Engineer. About Lebiadkin. An obvious hint directed at Dasha. Stepan Trofimovich's despair.

In the morning, my meeting with the Great Writer. A note. Stepan Trofimovich full of remorse. A letter sent to Varvara Petrovna. ~~Three letters to Varvara Petrovna.~~ His intention to send three letters. He orally tells the content of his letter to the Prince, and reads his letter to Dasha. "Oh, how I am ashamed of you!" He is very nervous, I quiet him down. He leaves.

Meanwhile, Varvara Petrovna's adventure in church. The Lebiadkin woman pays her a visit alone.* ~~They meet~~ Varvara Petrovna is

* Might also mean: "Varvara Petrovna, alone, pays a visit to the Lebiadkin woman."

quite beside herself when she returns home. Stepan Trofimovich is already waiting. "So you are here," she says indifferently, "what about that Lebiadkin woman?" "There is a certain Engineer here," Stepan Trofimovich tells her. "Am I to marry her?" "If you'll be found worthy of her ~~but that is not the point, or is it? I have received terrible news. Nicolas is selling the estate, and who is he selling it to?~~" Lebiadkin's visit. He is nervous, declares: "~~I am buying the estate.~~" 15 rubles. Leaves. Varvara Petrovna is beside herself. Arrival of the Governor's wife. "This is Stepan Trofimovich." A spilled cup of coffee. The Governor's wife about ~~Varvara Petrovna~~ the Great Writer. "Nicolas is selling the estate, I've heard it from the Drozdovs—to a certain Lebiadkin." Varvara Petrovna is desperate. "I'll let you know, stay at home."

I was waiting for Stepan Trofimovich at his house. He came. He quickly muttered: "I've just met an angel" (about Liza). Liza has left—"What about Lebiadkin?"

Liputin reaches this conclusion while at Stepan Trofimovich's: "What do I care? ~~Why~~ I can make enough noise for the whole town to hear, if necessary. However, in the meantime Lebiadkin is already raising his voice in every tavern in town. He certainly isn't fussy. He is telling Shatov to his face: 'what's so wrong with my passing it on to you?'"

The Engineer: "Sorry, I'm in a hurry."

"For heaven's sake, I'll come with you."

"I...I...I can't—there's some nonsense here."

With indescribable naïveté.

"How do you mean, nonsense? Haven't you told Lebiadkin yourself, in the name of Nikolai Vsevolodovich, that a whole ~~1,000~~ one thousand rubles were sent to him? Why, Lebiadkin has told me himself that Daria Pavlovna has kept 700 ~~+~~ rubles of his money. It seems that Nikolai Vsevolodovich asked her—and no one else to deliver 1,000 rubles to Captain Lebiadkin, and it seems that she handed him only 300 and kept 700."

"Liputin, I am warning you!"

~~That's the engineer~~ "The Engineer has made a turnabout, and you <...>."

~~After Liza's visit:~~

"Oh, I believe, she is divine <...>."

73

WORDS AND ESSENTIALS

~~I'm waiting~~ Stepan Trofimovich in the 1st part:

"I am waiting for Petrusha! Will he come, my boy, my good, my dear boy? Oh, how I have wronged him, and... and—how I am suffering for it..." etc.

"Forgive me, I... haven't seen Petrusha in a long time. I have heard almost nothing about him..."

Lebiadkin is shouting about *Dashka*: "I am a gentleman, while she is a servant girl; *she* is a peasant slave; I'll teach her a lesson"... Stepan Trofimovich hears about it, takes offense, and demands an explanation.

A cup of coffee.

She did not become angry.

And later: "You know what, she was actually very kind to me."

"Yes, maybe precisely because you poured coffee all over her."

"You know what, I think so myself, I was only afraid to say so..."

"Ah, why are you doing it? Why this *wedding?*.. Why is it that I know nothing?... Now, as I am happy once more, how do I wish that nothing of this had ever happened..."

And suddenly: "But I do love her!.. What this woman has meant to me! Why, I would have rotted without her," etc.

He enters: "I'm dead, I'm dead, dead forever! But I've come across an angel..." (about Liza, and only after he is through with Liza, an account of his wanderings).

"I have ordered myself a dress coat."

"I need a *poem*, look (...).

"Here you are, singing a hymn, and he won't open the door. Shatov, Shatov, how good it is to be alive!"

"Don't you understand, you ass, I'm in love!"

"And I am dispatching to her, and to her ailing mother, a tear of mine."

Earlier, they almost had a fight:

"I've come to you with greetings

To tell you that the Sun has risen,

That its warm rays

Are trembling upon the leaves."*

Shatov is listening, bewildered.

"To tell you that the forest has awakened,

All awakened... in"

"To tell you that my song is ripening,

Song is ripening..." "how's that?"

I don't know and I'm afraid what I'm going to sing.

Better let the devil take it;

well, never mind. But... still, I've come to you with greetings!"

"You are drunk, get out."

"And yet there are things higher than petty quarrels."

~~"But for such a fool"~~ Silence.

~~"I'm in love."~~

Silence.

"S-s-son of a bitch." (He leaves.)

A piece of paper.

A grenade.

"Shatov, Shatov! I'm in love."

"Shatov, Shatov, open up before I put you to shame."

"Shatov, I love an amazon, an aristocratic, divine gal. To hell with proclamations!"

"You are a fool, you drunken scoundrel." (1)

(2) "I was nothing, but now, as I have gotten some money for my sister from that villain <...>."

"You have taken money for your sister and spend it on drink."

"And your sister, and yourself, you are a peasant slave. You ought to be ashamed of your sister. Your sister (IS PREGNANT) is a slave girl (...). She has stolen my 700 rubles. But my sister, do you know who she is? You don't know, do you?"

"Who?" asked Shatov.

Lebiadkin said nothing. "You scoundrel!"

"Do you think I'm afraid to tell you?"

"Precisely."

"So I'm afraid?"

"You sure are."
 "Don't say I'm afraid; I'll tell you!"
 "You scoundrel! Go ahead, spell it out!"

"Lebiadkin, my dear, aren't you, too, a Lebiadkin?"

"They'll disgrace the Ward, his mother will (I'm not talking about *Nicolas*)."

The Lame Woman to Shatov: "Why don't you ever ask me what it is he keeps beating me for?"

"Well, what is it?"

"I'm not going to tell you, no I won't—you can cut my throat, and I still won't. Let me suffer whatever may come, and I still won't tell." They began to laugh. "Offer me tables of gold—of velvet, and I still won't tell. But if you asked me, I just might tell you. ~~Oh~~ And how I would like to tell ~~to tell~~! Even if (...) I could tell this man here. I've had a dream: he comes to me, my Prince. Or it may have been for real, too. For real it was—no, it was not. ~~What I mean~~ At least to somebody (what I mean is to find a friend)."

"Is it true that your wife has run away? Etc."

Shatov to Lebiadkin: "If things are going to continue in this way, I'll pull your nose off."

Lebiadkin: "I'll go, I'll go."

Lebiadkin: "I came to you with the greeting,

To tell you that the sun has come up."

"I am cunning!"

"Do you know the song (...)"

The Engineer to Liputin: "If you want to know why I visited Lebiadkin, well, that doesn't concern you."

The Engineer about the madness, about civilization, the sooner the better.

I do not stand whatsoever for universal destruction. I try with all my might not to have an opinion.

The Engineer was laughing and Stepan Trofimovich was amusing him. But as soon as they go.

Oh, how all that.

After some vacillating.
 That is not a treatise at all.
 I wrote it myself.
 And you, Liputin, invent a great deal.

We were standing on the threshold.
 Varvara Petrovna was being amusing.
 How she did make us laugh.

He even trembled. He felt that Liputin had come precisely for this, and that the important thing was about to begin.

Liza: "I came to invite you personally, proud man."
 "I know, I know; you are unhappy, unhappy, right?"
 "I am happy."
 "Take off your hat, take it off"; she kissed him.
 "I'll come to you forthwith."

Stepan Trofimovich returned, threw himself on the divan and broke into tears.

Liza about her aunt, making fun of her.
 "It's my aunt's fault."
 "To give him some books for a present, and some tea."

I won't be describing her beauty, I'll only say that she was a blonde—a very tall blonde, and besides, that she may not have been such a raving beauty after all. There was an air of inconsistency and anxiety about her, and affectation, too, a good deal of affectation, but also a certain childlike quality. She was meandering along like the water of a brook, seeking its own level.

Liza to me: "I thank you for your visit, and most of all, for Shatov. ~~Yesterday~~ Let's be friends. Yesterday, the impression you gave me of yourself was a comical one."

"If you are a confidant..."

"But if you are speaking ill of him..."

"All right, I am stupid, let's be friends."

"But I'll leave you here, so you can talk to Shatov. You are very clever."

Liza to Stepan Trofimovich, about the officer: "This is my friend, a wonderful person, you must get to love him." You can actually read

something to him, and he will listen to you. You can cry on his shoulder, or even embrace him."

- 75 "Having sacrificed my health, my very life to a study of my poor Russia, I have all the facts about her at my fingertips, and I can tell you."

But then again she got angry with him because he had asked this question quite seriously, and because he had declared that he would oblige, and actually had expressed his consent by getting all dressed up for the occasion.

The tryst?

"I swear, if I hadn't agreed she would have been terribly angry, but still not quite as angry as she is now, after I have given my consent."

—2d chapter: One morning I came to see him; I had met with a small adventure on my way (the Great Writer), and *I used to tell him everything* <...>.

In the 1st chapter, only about ideas.

SHORTER. SHORTER.

He told me many things about her, and altogether, I got the impression that he was sentimentally involved with her. "She (...) has taken to new ideas." Stepan Trofimovich's main supposition, and indeed a very shrewd one, was that she had been quite serious about arranging that match for him.

On one occasion he broke into a positively lyrical tirade.

"She has taken to new ideas."

"She is having her ideas, and I must suffer for it and—that she is not in love with him. My time has passed."

Liza in a mood of hysterical gaiety.

"I'd be willing to marry your brother—I'll marry nobody, ever!"

Lebiadkin's letter to her: "About Sevastopol, the armless."

She is going to marry her fiancé (the officer). She beckons to him and comes out. "There's an excellent, rare, wonderful person."

"Call Daria." Varvara Petrovna cross-examines her, and defends her.

Liza kisses her, and cries hysterically. Stepan Trofimovich vows rapturously. Shatov laughs. She invites everybody to the nameday party. "I love her."

The proclamations. The arrest.
"Would you like some vodka?"
The Prince arrives.

How to solve this: an anonymous writer?
And the sale of the estate to Lebiadkin?
N.B. (The Governor's wife said so.)

And Liza, alone, went to see the *Lame Woman* and returned very nervous.

Lebiadkin to Liza: "Beauty, do not hope for marriage as you are facing Lebiadkin."

The anonymous letter.

The Governor's wife: "They are quite <...>."

"We are sitting around here. She can't get along with the Drozdovs, and I am to suffer for it," etc.

~~The Engineer~~ The Great Writer. Varvara Petrovna: "*I am coming!*"
"I've come." Little notes. "Stay home." "She's having trouble with the Drozdovs."

Liputin (just before 11 o'clock) and the Engineer. About Lebiadkin.

~~They are gone~~ Lebiadkin is in love with Liza. A man who has never seen an amazon (news from Liputin). The Engineer and Liputin apparently had come for the sole purpose of exchanging nasty remarks.

They are gone. "Let's go. Why won't you come with me?" Along the way, meeting with Liza who is on horseback. "I'll be with you in a moment." They've returned.

I am being introduced. Shatov. ~~Verses~~ What about Lebiadkin? "Get me Shatov!" (everything in passing). Stepan Trofimovich gets invited to tea.

I went to see Shatov, but I found him at home only when it was already getting dark. The Engineer and Zaitsev. Liputin and Lebiadkin. The Engineer's opinion: "He has received some money." The Engineer's question about suicide. Lebiadkin tells me about "Dashka."

Later that night, I am with Stepan Trofimovich. He comes

home at 10 o'clock. He is downcast, remorseful. (Embarrassed about "Dashka"). Liza loves Dasha and speaks well of her. I've sent her a letter. Also one to the Prince. *I love her*. Varvara Petrovna's reply: "Come the day after tomorrow, Sunday, at 12 o'clock. Bring your friend along. Invite Shatov." ~~He~~ A very friendly letter. "Oh, my dear boy!"

Half-and-half with the narrative.

But I have received an anonymous letter—that thief!"*

The next day, Shatov at Liza's. What about Lebiadkin? The printing press. Shatov turns down her offer, after having enthusiastically approved <her project>.

He returns home. The visit. The scene with the *Lame Woman*.

"I've come to you with greetings." He forces his verses on him. The *Lame Woman* gets dressed and leaves. In the morning, the scene in church. Liza insists on accompanying her. They arrive at Varvara Petrovna's. The Governor's wife, finally. (Dasha is ill.) Lebiadkin. The Governor's wife leaves. Lebiadkin stumbles. "I'm shrewd. I'm a nihilist. I'll take care of Dashka. She is a slave girl." (Exit.)

"I've had breakfast—"***

"I'll keep the secret."

"I have character."

No. 1.

76 2d chapter: "If she has been concealing such trifles as those little notes, she has probably concealed more important things, too."

The answer is simply: "Stay at home."

"I'm coming, I'm coming—you won't leave me—otherwise I'll have to go in and see Varvara Petrovna." (I was acquainted with her to some extent. I can go in.)

"I bet you think I am a scoundrel—"

At Varvara Petrovna's: Lebiadkin! (The officer: "He shouldn't be received.")

Another variant: Lebiadkin is not drunk at all, and behaves with dignity, white gloves, a dress coat, a carriage, and all.

* The Russian noun is in the feminine gender, so the thief is a woman (apparently Daria Pavlovna).

** The ending suggests that the subject is a woman.

N.B. Stepan Trofimovich, *rapturously*, when Dasha emerges: "Why these questions, why this examination?"

Last night, I insulted *her*, I love her, I'm thankless," etc.

"You haven't insulted her at all."

"I love her." "Whom?" "Her, her."

"Oh, how unhappy I am! Oh my dear boy! Come soon!"

N.B. VARVARA PETROVNA HAD NEVER HEARD OF THE LEBIADKIN WOMAN BEFORE UNTIL SHE MET HER IN CHURCH. Here now, everything became clear to her in one day. Due to her forceful character, she wished to finish the whole business all at once, and therefore admitted Lebiadkin into her presence so that she could then and there find out about his secret, expose the calumny, and utterly wipe out all libelous talk. Yet the facts about the Lebiadkin woman (i.e., that she was a victim of *Nicolas*) were inexorably coming to light. And to top it all, that anonymous letter. *And this is why she was so depressed* and made the sign of the cross over Liza when the latter, in front of everybody, said "Yes!" to Drozdov. (Liza, incidentally, is laughing at Lebiadkin's verses.) Also, right then and there, she exonerates Dasha and *insists* on her marriage to Stepan Trofimovich (i.e., to show everybody that she never meant to marry Dasha to Stepan Trofimovich because of *Nicolas* to begin with).

Stepan Trofimovich was delighted, yet back home again, he showed even more despair than earlier, and less faith in Dasha: "And now these Liputins, Lebiadkins! Nobody will believe it!" And—he seemed *repulsive* to me.

77 Bons-mots. (N.B. He has listened to too many nihilisticisms.)

The Prince visits Lebiadkin for the first time. The latter addresses him swaggeringly:

The Prince: "First of all, I warned you not to get drunk."

Lebiadkin, with dignity: "*What strange demands.*"

IMPORTANT

Stepan Trofimovich has written his son that he is marrying *someone else's sins*, which were committed in Switzerland.

Nechaev: "Why do you have to?" "When are you going to Switzerland?"

Stepan Trofimovich: "To Switzerland? Why?"

"Well, to marry someone else's sins. Do you actually want to get married, or is the word *marriage* only an allegory here?"

After they've got it straight: *Nechaev*: "Well, I wasn't aware of that."

This misunderstanding is your own fault. And it seems that there has been an important misunderstanding. Why write long poems, instead of a simple letter?"

IMPORTANT

Stepan Trofimovich, after returning from his visit to Liza in the evening, first of all, kept assuring us:

"Oh, I believe in *her* (Dasha). You are quite wrong if you think that I don't."

And finally, I to him: "To cut a long story short, you want me to find out about those 1,000 rubles?"

Stepan Trofimovich blushed:

"Oh, no!"

"Oh, yes!" I exclaimed, indignantly. "All right, I'll make inquiries as best I can, but you—you aren't worthy of that girl."

"I'll prove to you that I am."

N.B. As a result of which I started to make inquiries, got to see a few things, made up a few more, etc.

1) "She doesn't say much—and it seems that she is none too clever, but I can use her (in the household)," he whispered, "in my declining years, in the evening of my tempestuous life, and we'll get along together. Her angelic and calm gentleness will help me to face the impending afflictions of old age with equanimity."

2) "I can see that you seek to justify yourself by claiming that you are pursuing a useful economic goal, but you still want to find out about those 1,000 rubles."

78

THE LAST WORD ON PART ONE

(most important)

With Liza hysterical, Stepan Trofimovich full of matrimonial enthusiasm, and Varvara Petrovna ~~dropping~~ *dropping a last hint* to Liza, suggesting to her that her son ought to be forgiven his affair with the Lebiadkin woman, it being very much a thing of the past, Praskovia Drozdov, most irritated and full of spite against Varvara Petrovna, as she has been all along, suddenly says:

"*But what if she is the wife daughter of your son?*"

Liza turns pale, and Varvara Petrovna starts, but responds with calm contempt—though later she *falls ill* (N.B. N.B. N.B.—)

Praskovia: "Never mind what I said. I just mentioned it *à propos*." Varvara Petrovna turned pale, and Liza said: "But *maman*, you can't say such things *à propos*!"

"Well, forgive me if I said something stupid."

Liza: "Dasha, do you see that man? He is the best of them all, our Pavel—come here, let us shake hands."

"Ah, Liza," exclaimed Praskovia.

Liza: "*Maman*, if you please, if you please."

Pavel: "Lizaveta, calm down."

Liza: "I am giving him everything, and he says 'calm down,' you have fallen in love with a foolish woman, a senseless, foolish woman."

Varvara Petrovna: gets up without saying a word, makes the sign of the cross over Liza, and kisses her.

"So make me like you, you must make me like you."

Liza: "Isn't it so, auntie, isn't it really?"

Varvara Petrovna: "If you want it that way. Each according to his own nature. There are people who can forgive and forget the past. Suit yourself."

(She had to force herself to say that.)

Praskovia Petrovna: "Varvara Petrovna, ~~my dear~~, never mind that, but don't you see that we could take offence at that?"

Varvara Petrovna: "What has there been for you to take offence at (even if there has been something, certainly nothing has come to light so far)?"

N.B. Praskovia: "Well, how could a married man seek a girl's hand?"

Varvara Petrovna: "A married man? Who is a married man?"

Praskovia Petrovna: "Suppose Mlle Lebiadkin <is his wife>?"

79 The half-witted* Lebiadkin woman to Shatov:

"I am sitting in the monastery. The song about Eudocia."

N.B. She is unable to distinguish her *phantasies* from *reality*; other than that she is in no way demented. She loves rapturously: "He would come to me, begging me, saying, 'come, my little kitten.' It's his calling me his little kitten that made me happier than anything else. 'He loves me,' I thought, 'he still loves me.'"

* The adjective *iurodivy*, *iurodivaia*, is often, though not necessarily, used with special reference to foolishness-in-Christ.

HERE: "Take this golden ringlet," he says, and always look at it at sunset, before you go to your little bed. If you will, I shall come to see you in your dreams."

"Where is your ringlet?"

"That villain, my footman has sold it for drink. He also beats me, being the footman he is."

"I had a child with him."

"Where is the child?"

"I threw it into the pond."

"Mother of Eustigneus."

"Is it true that your wife has left you, Shatushka?"

"It is true, Maria Timofeevna, she's left me."

N.B. Stepan Trofimovich says: "They all have such narrow, such *very short* ideas."

N.B. Praskovia Petrovna: "What professor?" Artificial minds. The little dog—etc.

Mme. Drozdov: "What Prince Harry?"

N.B. Stepan Trofimovich: "People with very short ideas, as I call them."

80 *The Engineer* develops a strange relationship with the Lebiadkin woman and defends her from the Prince, *claiming his right of best man, and also* (compassion) (only one minute, incidentally).

Liza to Dasha, during the last scene at Varvara Petrovna's:

"Never get married to anybody."

To Stepan Trofimovich: "Why would you get married? Aren't you satisfied with enjoying the fruits of your learned pursuits?"

To the officer: ~~Here's~~ "I just might marry somebody: ask me—perhaps I even might. Hey, ask me now, hey, don't waste any time!"

Mme. Drozdov: "And I'd give you my blessings."

Liza: "Well, that's where you lost your chance—now I'm not going to get married." ~~It wasn't you I~~

Mme. Drozdov: "Why then?"

"I wasn't asking you to hurry up, but him."

STEPAN TROFIMOVICH AFTER HIS VISIT TO THE DROZDOVS.

The Drozdov woman got her first notion of *Nikolas* <sic> being out of his mind only after his escapades (the one where he pulled somebody's nose) became known here. "Well," she said, "he was acting strange even in Switzerland." Stepan Trofimovich about Prince Harry. Mme. Drozdov: "No, he is mad, and everybody in town says so." N.B. And yet she was the one who suggested the match and wrote a letter to Varvara Petrovna from Paris. Now she is trying to back out of it as best she can. The Drozdov woman has made a hint to Varvara Petrovna about her son's madness. An argument. Stepan Trofimovich was questioned regarding the incidents of the nose <pulling> and the <bitten> ear. The Governor's wife got involved also. Liza acts very independently. "I doubt if she loves *Nicolas*," thought Stepan Trofimovich. "What do they need Shatov for?" They were asking about Lebiadkin. Stepan Trofimovich assumes that he was invited for the purpose of being questioned.

81 Lebiadkin is buying the estate.

"Do you really believe that Liza was so overjoyed only because she could call on you? What a sceptic you are." "Oh, no! I, about Liza... no, she is an angel, while I have fallen low indeed." About Daria Pavlovna. Liza has hardly seen her *at all*. Liza stands up for her indignantly. "She asked me all about my would-be marriage. I told them a great deal. Liza was listening with great curiosity. And do you really believe that I have no faith in Daria Petrovna's <sic> honor? You are sitting there thinking just that." "Oh, no! (or rather, yes indeed.)" ~~You want me to investigate~~ (Here's a letter from Varvara Petrovna; she has set the date for the day after tomorrow.) Perhaps I am guilty in that I have written to *Nicolas*, Daria, and...and..." ~~You want me to <--->~~ "She'll come in handy." "(Economically?) Do you want me to find out exactly about those 1000 rubles? I'll do what I can." N.B. "As I see it, we are simply facing an intrigue. He actually did dishonor her, and is paying now."

Stepan Trofimovich: "This much money?"

"Oh, my poor boy!"

FUNDAMENTALS

Nechaev is active in a certain educational institution.

"Wouldn't it be something to start some activity among secondary school teachers!"

When the Drozdov woman said: "Perhaps he is married."

"Are you going out of your mind? What are you raving about?"
Liza has a fit of hysterics.

N.B. "He used to be Falstaff with Prince Harry," said Shatov, having read the verses.

LIZA, WHILE AT LEBIADKIN'S PLACE, DOESN'T KNOW YET THAT SHE IS AT LEBIADKIN'S, AND WHEN SHE DOES FIND OUT, CRIES: "SO THAT'S LEBIADKIN!"

82 Stepan Trofimovich: "When God created woman he knew only too well the chance he was taking.

"So enjoying the fruits of your learning is not enough for you,"—that's during Stepan Trofimovich's first visit to Liza.

LAST ADJUSTMENT OF PROGRAM

DECEMBER 25

WITHOUT THE ARRIVAL OF *NIKOLAS* <sic>

II. At the Engineer's, a discussion about suicide, a meeting with Lebiadkin. At Stepan Trofimovich's—"I love her"—drunk. "You aren't worthy!"

III. At Liza's. Shatov has left. Liza to me, energetically: "I want to see that Lebiadkin woman. Today, immediately." I took off.

I talked her into waiting until the next day, and went to see Shatov. He wasn't in. At night—the lop-eared man and the Engineer.

About Liza, about America. "Let's go and see the Lebiadkin woman."

(To explain why Liza wants to see the Lebiadkin woman. "Once you have seen the Lebiadkin woman you may guess why.")

She actually did guess it. Yet she didn't say a word.

Noise. He's home. Verses.

~~Went to see Stepan Trofimovich. Confiscation of his papers. Cleared up. In the morning. Varvara Petrovna makes the sign of the cross over him and sends him off to the Governor. She is off to the Cathedral herself. Kneeling before her <--->~~

In the morning, at the Cathedral. She has brought with her the Lebiadkin woman and Liza. Turmoil. The Drozdov woman with anonymous letters. Lebiadkin, not drunk. His sister is giving orders:

"Lebiadkin, let me have something to drink." Lebiadkin recants, and is almost chased from the house. Perusal of the anonymous letter. Dasha questioned. "Perhaps she is his lawful wife." Calls her a fool. Blesses Liza. "Well, and meanwhile we must finish this matter," and suddenly a question to Stepan Trofimovich: "Is it agreeable to you?" He is delighted, supports Dasha. (Dasha about the letter.) Varvara Petrovna, suddenly: "Nonsense, never mind, he isn't worth it."

2) 2d part. The nameday—arrest. And later, arrival of the Prince and Nechaev.

"Except that I've already refused Stepan Trofimovich."

"On what grounds?"

"Well, he wrote a letter to Nikolai Vsevolodovich."

83 ~~Lebiadkin: "One must instil respect in a woman."~~

~~Nikolai <sic> respectfully offered his arm to the Lebiadkin woman: "Don't be afraid, he (your brother) won't touch you now."~~

~~The madwoman: "Why, I'm not afraid of him at all; he is my footman. Lebiadkin, get me my burnous, and let the coachman drive the carriage up to the door."~~

~~PART ONE ENDS WITH THE ARREST OF STEPAN TROFIMOVICH.~~

~~—December 25~~

~~In part two~~

~~The entire morning scene;~~

~~The arrest.~~

~~The half-witted woman in church.~~

~~At home.~~

~~Arrival of the Prince (he has been intimate with Liza).*~~

~~Lebiadkin and the half-witted woman.~~

~~Mme. Drozdov: "His lawful wife."~~

~~Appearance of Nicolas and Pyotr Verkhovensky.~~

~~Nicolas offers an explanation ("the half-witted woman is in love").~~

~~Lebiadkin nods his approval.~~

~~The young Verkhovensky about somebody else's sins in Switzerland.~~

~~Scandal. Dasha can't marry Stepan Trofimovich. Dasha says: "Why not, I'll marry him."~~

~~Shatov slaps the Prince's face.~~

~~Stepan Trofimovich moves out (rather than flees) from Varvara Petrovna's house. Negotiations with Varvara Petrovna. With the son. A public lecture on Shakespeare. For money.~~

~~The meaning of the finale of the last part lies in the fact that Varvara Petrovna is totally convinced of Nicolas' guilt, and is thunderstruck by Mme. Drozdov's assertion that he is a married man.~~

~~The Prince to Lebiadkin: "I shall have yet to ask this gentleman to render an account of the money."~~

~~Lebiadkin obsequiously agrees with him: "You must absolutely ask him."~~

84 ~~Nechaev arranges a reconciliation between Varvara Petrovna and Stepan Trofimovich, inviting her to the old man's nameday party. The latter acts as if he were out of his mind.~~

~~"Let them expound their convictions, and I shall expound mine." He is looking for a quarrel. He is left with no one but Dasha.~~

~~Nechaev finally manages to embroil him even with Dasha, having told him about a meeting between Dasha and the Prince.~~

~~THE ARRIVAL OF NIKOLAI VSEVOLODOVICH.~~

~~Varvara Petrovna suddenly says: "My son Nikolai Vsevolodovich is here. He will presently give us an explanation (regarding Mme. Drozdov's statement about "his lawful wife")."~~

~~THIS MAKES A STRONG IMPRESSION UPON EVERYBODY.~~

~~HERE THEN, FOR THE FIRST TIME, LIZA LEARNS OF NIKOLAS' ARRIVAL.~~

~~N.B. LIZA AND HER MOTHER HAVE ARRIVED (IN THE MORNING) INADVERTENTLY, BY LIZA'S WISH.~~

~~Nicolas, in the meantime, made several visits.~~

~~Varvara Petrovna herself, very shrewdly, had kept her son's arrival a secret, so that she might then refute all slanderous allegations and completely crush Mme. Drozdov's suspicions.~~

~~In the meantime, Stepan Trofimovich, who has withdrawn and is sulking on account of Varvara Petrovna, with terrible ardor prepares to challenge the nihilists to battle. Also, there is his romance with Dasha, broken by Nechaev.~~

* Literally, "He has seen the soles of her feet" (obscene).

N.B. But the nihilists do not accept his challenge, but rather, rout him part by part, yet savagely. Stepan Trofimovich turns into a ludicrous figure. Varvara Petrovna joins the camp of the Governor's wife and the young generation. Meanwhile the nihilists set fire to the city, spread proclamations, commit acts of sacrilege, kill Shatov and Lebiadkin.

Stepan Trofimovich finds out about all this and flees in despair.

In the beginning of the 2d part:

Here's the whole dénouement:

Stepan Trofimovich's fate is decided.

Varvara Petrovna's doubts are dispelled.

Mme. Drozdov makes herself clear.

The Prince shows his true nature.

Nechaev takes the stage.

A face is slapped.

Later, the Lame Woman's romantic love for the Prince is explained.

Lebiadkin confirms this.

WHAT IS MOST IMPORTANT: Varvara Petrovna gets even with the Drozdov woman in a big way. She forces her to make herself clear ("his lawful wife"). "I have been suspecting that myself. I've been getting anonymous letters myself. Here is my son Nikolai Vsevolodovich," he enters: "Are you married, or aren't you?"

- 85 Stepan Trofimovich to his son: "You people are the last, and that's precisely why you consider yourselves to be the first."

"In your complacency, there rests your judgment."

"Such people in love cannot develop further."

1st part. Finale, *December 27*. Scene with the Lebiadkin woman at Varvara Petrovna's who is thunderstruck, as everything suddenly becomes clear to her (Mme. Drozdov: "his lawful wife"). Varvara Petrovna says:

"Let there be a wedding anyway, they aren't worth it." She makes the sign of the cross over Liza. A vinegar compress round his head for four days. Stepan Trofimovich announced the night before* that he was officially engaged to be married. Dasha begs him not to visit her, nor does she receive him. Lebiadkin has suddenly quieted down and

* *vechera*—probably a misspelling of *vechera*.

doesn't leave his house. He nearly takes a stab at writing a letter to Lizaveta Nikolaevna, a letter in which he'd have written God knows what. Lizaveta Nikolaevna is sick.

Four days later: It starts with the nameday and the arrest of Stepan Trofimovich. Later in the day, arrival of *Nicolas* and Stepan Trofimovich's son, and finally at the soirée, the scandal and the slap in the face.

???—ISN'T IT BETTER THAT WAY?

Stepan Trofimovich declares his love for Varvara Petrovna only after he has insisted on getting officially engaged to be married earlier in the day, after mass.

December 27. Shouldn't the first part end in his arrest, after the poetry recital?

N.B. HOLD IT HERE. Shouldn't we do away with his arrest altogether?

86

BONS-MOTS

Varvara Petrovna to Mme. Drozdov: "Why did you have to blurt it out?"

"I don't know myself why."

Mme. Drozdov: "My dear, why won't you take the pressure off us a little?"

Varvara Petrovna: "All right, forget about it." And she makes the sign of the cross over Liza.

Such was Liputin's character.

Liza: "You will forgive mother; when her feet swell up, she gets very capricious."

Nechaev: "Is this you, old man? ~~I see, I see~~ Please, no nonsense, no nonsense, and no gestures!"

"Please, would you mind acting a little more soberly, I beg you—control yourself if you can! I knew that you were going to cry. How can one be such a child at your age? And here is Nikolai Vsevolodovich."

"Nikolai Vsevolodovich, ~~tell me, without approaching me~~, is it true that this unfortunate woman is your lawfully wedded wife? Stay where you are and tell me this without approaching me."

He did stop for a moment, smiled, but then walked up to her.

Most important. "Say something to us, do say something," Liputin, Shigalyov, et al. are constantly entreating Nechaev, who keeps spouting words, yet never to their satisfaction, even though he gets them more and more deeply involved in the conspiracy.

HERE the Great Writer: "There was actually a war going on there and ~~of course~~ miasma, and ~~temporarily~~ of course I have come to Russia, on which occasion I shall also sell my estate and have done with it all."

88 Nechaev and the Prince, without any comments, rather through their actions, while the narrative about Stepan Trofimovich should *always* be accompanied by COMMENTS—

MOST IMPORTANT:

The Prince and Nechaev are tied to each other by mutual secrets which they accidentally share.

Yet Nechaev is concealing a good many things from him (though he is tempted to initiate him, seeing his colossal stature. He is studying him).

The Prince reveals his thoughts to no one, and is a mystery to everybody. There aren't many love scenes between him and Liza.

Nechaev is actually trying to get Mavriky Nikolaevich married to Liza. He studies the Prince through Liza, thus clearing the way for the murder.

THE PRINCE WITH NECHAEV. Nechaev clarifies things for the Prince (he is one of two witnesses), as Lebiadkin shamefacedly voices his agreement and clears out. Nechaev exposes his father—"those sins of another man in Switzerland." ~~Varvara Petrovna disdainfully turns down Stepan Trofimovich~~, Dasha faints—Nechaev apologizes and volunteers to clear up the whole affair. Shatov spits.

This is how these two new characters appear on the scene.

Then, a description of how Nechaev cleared up the whole affair.

But the Prince wants to fight—then, putting both characters on stage. A new intrigue. Nechaev makes Varvara Petrovna come to terms with the Governor's wife. He reconciles her to his father. He seeks the Prince's advice in everything. The latter seems to be nodding his approval, and finally goes to see Shatov.

Then, a new intrigue begins.

When Nechaev is seeking to reconcile Varvara Petrovna to his father (Granovsky's arrest), Granovsky obeys, as he wants to come to terms with Varvara Petrovna as soon as possible ~~with V.~~, mostly because he would like to complain to her about his son.

Here, a duel of convictions. Nechaev cuts down his father, and then the scene in the garden (Varvara Petrovna and Granovsky).

The flight of Stepan Trofimovich and Shatov's death.

Special tone of the narrative.

Most important, the special tone of the narrative will save everything.

The tone consists in not explaining Nechaev or the Prince.

Nechaev starts out with gossip and trivialities, and the Prince reveals himself gradually ~~through the narrative~~ through the action, and without any comments.

Only about Stepan Trofimovich, always ~~through the narrative~~ with comments, as if he were the hero.

89 Exactly so. December 28 <1870>

December 28, 2:00 A.M. <1870>

DEFINITIVE PLAN.

The entire first part ends with the Lebiadkin woman getting dressed up, riding to the Cathedral, and getting down on her knees before Varvara Petrovna.

PART 2. The Lebiadkin woman was taken to Varvara Petrovna's house. ~~Lebiadkin himself is following her.~~ The Drozdov woman had *blurted out* even before Lebiadkin's arrival on the scene. ~~Lebiadkin explains~~ She seeks to justify herself by the anonymous letter, calls in Dasha: "Did you write a letter?" "I did." "Did you hand over the money?" "I did." At this point Lebiadkin shows up. He makes a brief, yet ambiguous statement. He is stupid, plays *the role of a flunky*, doesn't answer some of the questions? Liza laughs loudly, then cries over the Lebiadkin woman. Enter Mavriky Nikolaevich; *Nicolas* has arrived.

More briefly.

The unexpectedness of his arrival. Varvara Petrovna's joy. He escorts the Lebiadkin woman out most chivalrously. ~~He refuses to give a full explanation.~~ He says that a certain impression may have been produced; Lebiadkin then offers an explanation in his stead, agreeing

to everything he has said; finally, he turns him out with ignominy, and Lebiadkin leaves meekly.

Varvara Petrovna, immediately: "Stepan Trofimovich wouldn't be worth it, but Liza Dasha, would you like to?" "I would." Nicolas offers his congratulations. (Dasha suddenly faints. Never happened before.) Mme. Drozdov excuses herself, Liza is secretly delighted, yet she lets everybody know that Mavriky Nikolaevich is number one. Suddenly, Shatov spits in his face. ~~The latter~~

Liza and Mme. Drozdov leave. Varvara Petrovna hugs him: "Don't I know that you lived with Shatov's wife. But what's more important, that Drozdov woman has suffered a defeat, and God knows what's best, and we haven't any use for them anyway, so it's all to the good."

Then a quick confession of mother to son. "What has been going on here?" He listens respectfully, but says nothing most of the time. Varvara Petrovna is still mad at Shatov.

However, this scene was not without consequences, as it was the cause of a particular turn of events. He hadn't paid anybody a visit yet, and on the following day, there came this challenge. ~~A fight, broken up. A son of the landowner Istom <the rest of the name is illegible>.~~

After having been home, he went to see Shatov, then Lebiadkin—(the Engineer acted as his second, Mavriky Nikolaevich was second to the other party). There was going to be a fight the next day, and there was. The whole town talked about the results of the fight. With respect, too, for it is such a romantic story.

Make the narrative shorter—a special tone and a special manner. A brief, narrative, special tone, without comments.

1
Information on Stepan Trofimovich.
Prince Harry and matchmaking.

He kissed her before everyone's eyes, took her in his arms, and carried her off.

Piotr Stepanovich yells after him: "Shall I give the fifteen hundred to Lebiadkin?"

"Are you making fun of me?"

"No, I am not making fun of you." He cast a glance at her not looking her in the eyes. "What else? It is simply the truth."

From abroad. About the Drozdovs, about the Governor—Arrival of the Drozdovs.

She has made the match.

"That's where I was needed."

Nearly going out of his mind.

(Explain the story of the arrest and Alyosha on the part of the narrator, in a brief narrative, and just let the scene stand out.)

Beginning of the 2d part.

Now it is time to explain how all this has come about, i.e., the wedding.

The Governor's wife, ~~the Great Writer~~

Anonymous letters.

He went there and complained: "That's Shatov."

Vinaigre de toilette.⁴

Shatov is summoned. About Shatov; his sister is about to get married.

Stepan Trofimovich is annoyed.

The Great Writer. "She simply isn't received at the Drozdovs."

Quarrel because of Kartuzov.

Stepan Trofimovich has been rude—"Ungrateful! I'm glad!")

Letter about the Prince.

"You aren't all as guilty as that: It's Shatov and Liza. He is working for Liza."

They rushed to warn them of Shatov. He carries out the proclamations (also, about Lebiadkin, prospective buyer of the village). Shatov is shown the proclamations.

The books were being dragged from one place to the other, while she was getting some vinegar ready.

Liza at Shatov's. Lebiadkin has given a beating.

Lebiadkin has informed the authorities.

The wedding (feverishly). The public lecture, because he is now a bridegroom, must express himself.

The Drozdovs knew about Lebiadkin even before they returned from abroad, but they did not actually believe the story.

Kondraty⁵ is not there.

That's why the Drozdov woman exhibits a mocking expression on her face, and interrupts Varvara Petrovna when the latter approaches

the subject of the wedding. She won't listen to her and interrupts her with a mocking remark.

At Liputin's. The lecture about Słońcewski.

Stepan Trofimovich had to be talked into agreeing to give a lecture.

P.S. Concerning Section IV, January 3, 1871.

A PRECIOUS OBSERVATION

N.B. *About the proclamations.*

Varvara Petrovna: "...since I am an ignorant woman compared with you, yet I have become convinced," etc.

Stepan Trofimovich: "Convinced of what?"

Varvara Petrovna: "That we ~~you and I~~ aren't the only clever people in the world, Stepan Trofimovich, at least not you and I, but that there are some who are more clever than we are."

Stepan Trofimovich: "What you've just said was witty, and elegantly phrased, but..."

"...why won't you talk to Liputin..."

Later, Varvara Petrovna is interested in hearing her son's views on that subject, as she sees that he is on close terms with Nechaev. What bothers her most is this: is it really all that simple (as it says in the proclamation, N.B. write it out)? It just couldn't be that stupid. It must be that something else is implied.

Her son answers drily that nothing is implied and that it is all that simple.

Varvara Petrovna: "I asked Stepan Trofimovich, and this is how he explained it."

Her son: "Does he, too, explain it *that way*? I'd have never thought. Most interesting."

Her son: "That's one of the reasons why these affairs progress as well as they do, everybody thinking that it can't be all as plain and simple as that, and that there must be a deeper meaning somewhere."

Varvara Petrovna: "And you think that this isn't clever?"

The Prince: "Terribly stupid!"

October 22.

I've come to grief, usually,

(...) a cruel fate,

⁴ Toilet-Vinegar.

⁵ A valet in the employ of Barbara Stavrogin.

at three o'clock, everything most definitely
Olga Nikolaevna (. . .)

Unnecessary cruelties, he has driven the girl to desperation. She knows that he is persecuting her without a good reason. An unsuccessful declaration of love. He dies in jealousy and contempt.

Laziness and limpness, apathy.

I was a universal man, and I have ended up becoming a misanthrope.⁶
I loathe my land.

87 N.B. Liza's engagement to Mavriky Nikolaevich.

(*Nota-bene*, February 3—that's definitely how it should be. *Nicolas* abducts her on her way to the altar.

That's how it happens:

First of all, *after the finale of the first part*, Liza is engaged to be married to Mavriky Nikolaevich. *Nicolas* greatly supports this match. (He also spurs on Nechaev).

Liza, meanwhile, has become convinced (early in the 2d part) that the Lebiadkin woman is just mad, and not Nikolai Vsevolodovich's wife. And though she does insist on marrying Mavriky Nikolaevich, she does it only out of frustration.

Practically on the eve of the wedding she has a heart-to-heart talk with the Prince. Everything is up in flames again. And suddenly Liza learns by accident that the Prince is really *married*, and that this is why he had withdrawn from her. (She learns it either from Lebiadkin or from Dasha.)

She elopes with him, in order to show him that she loves him boundlessly, and willingly submits to him, even though ~~he can't marry~~ he is married.

Here, immediately, the murder of the Lebiadkins.

Liza in a fever.

Etc.

shevsky believed in rational self-interest as the highest goal of man, and in the collective will as the highest goal of society; and he believed that the two could be reconciled, because the truly rational man would see that his highest self-interest lay in the service to the collective.

The Engineer, now called Kirilov for the first time, appears in these notes, and brief mention is made of his idea that the belief in God must be changed if society is to be changed, and of his belief that man will actually undergo a physical change if he stops believing in God. These ideas are our first hint of the immense metaphysical stature that Kirilov is to assume in the final version of the novel.

Finally, Dostoevsky seems to see more and more clearly that the most essential relationship in the novel must be between Nechaev and the Prince. Earlier in the notes for *The Possessed* Dostoevsky had discovered that everything was to be centered in the Prince, and now he tells us: "N.B. And so, *everything is concentrated in the person of Nechaev.*" And on the same notebook page: "Therefore, the most important thing about the novel is: The relationship between Nechaev and the Prince."

1) *Bons-mots*. Nechaev: "There are things which not only can't be discussed in any clever way, but which it isn't very clever to discuss in the first place."

Von Lembke: "That was a well-turned phrase (clever and not very clever)."

The Lebiadkin woman, during her meeting with the Prince:

"Allow me to go down on my knees before you."

"Aren't you ever going to kiss me?"

"Say 'my little kitten' to me!"

Flattery.

Nechaev has put Varvara Petrovna under his spell through flattery:

Nechaev: "I'm an awkward person. I don't see how ~~everybody~~ one can be agreeable to everybody, how one can please everybody—I just don't know."

Varvara Petrovna: "Never speak about yourself to anybody, but quite the contrary, listen to everybody when they are speaking about

themselves—and they'll find you adorable. Do ask them to talk about themselves—and they will all be on your side."

Nechaev: "What a subtle observation."

"And yet you've never done me justice before."

Shatov: "We have a long way to go, learning to be ourselves."

Nechaev actually hadn't meant to flatter her at all, but here the thought suddenly struck him: "Well, it might not be such a bad idea to flatter her a little. I ought to do that more often."

N.B.—... "Well, I'll tell him the whole truth directly, that is, of course, not the whole truth."

N.B. Stepan Trofimovich inadvertently says this to his son: "But, my dear boy, you don't seem to be so very clever at all, tell me, how do you manage so well?"

Nechaev to the Prince: "I am not putting on an act for them; I'm just using my wits in dealing with them" (that is, with Lembke).

He imagines that he is using his wits.

The whole setting and the whole plot involving Nechaev amounts to the circumstance that, in the beginning, the reader sees nothing at all about him, except some character traits suggesting buffoonery and a certain oddness.

Don't do as other novelists do, i.e., blow your horn at the very beginning, announcing that "here is an extraordinary personage." On the contrary, conceal it, and reveal his true character only gradually, by means of strong artistic strokes of the brush (for instance, the contrast between his cleverness and cunning on the one hand, and his absolute ignorance of reality on the other).

MARCH 1 <1871>

Nechaev talks with the Prince about the Engineer: His idea is that all attempts to reorganize society are doomed to failure until the cornerstone has been removed from the structure upon which society rests. He believes that God and man's faith in him are such a cornerstone.

"I don't know if he is right, ~~but~~ I think that the mistake lies precisely in making God alone <the cornerstone of society>. Too bad I haven't the time to think about it, though it is a rather forceful idea. There is of course some reason to assume that, inasmuch as every so

ciety in the world so far has believed in God, all the societies that will quit believing will undergo some changes. He says that man will actually undergo a physical change. There's an idea in that, eh?"

The Prince: "Really a great one. Reverse his arguments a bit and here's what you get: if man ~~changes~~ will undergo even physical change once he has lost God, couldn't one also put it this way: without a physical change ~~the faith in God among mankind~~ he won't lose his faith in God either."

"Come on, that's only a play of words," said *Nechaev*, "and today it's no longer words that count, as it used to be before."

Having heard that literacy is about to spread among the people as a result of soldiers being taught how to read and write, *Nechaev* observes right away:

"That's an idea... That's a good idea. This literacy of theirs can be taken advantage of. There's nothing better than such rudimentary education. It creates a most receptive type of people. Literacy will make them excitable, irritable. What fun it will be to get to work on them! Some material!"

47 May 13, 1871

After the fire, *Tikhon* sends a note to the Prince: "Was it you, or wasn't it, who caused the fire? Are you the murderer of the Lebiadkins and of Shatov? Don't worry about my messenger, he is reliable."

Tikhon: "I am terrified."

"Don't you see that nobody will ever forgive you?"

The Prince: "Why?"

"You lack a sense of the beautiful (your feat is great, but the beautiful is lacking in it). This lack of beauty is going to kill you; you won't be able to stand it."

"There are many who don't believe in God, but do believe in devils."

"(Unto the angel of the church in Sardis write—)"¹

"(More than one crucifixion took place on that cross.)"

"Who am I to pass judgment; as you wish, you have my blessings."

¹ Revelation 3:1.

"Yet I am afraid."

"There is nothing beyond these torments. There can't be anything higher than this moral feat of yours."

Tikhon: "There are many who love, but very few who believe. What is one who loves? One who wishes and would like to believe."

"Yet only perfect love coincides with perfect faith. Only the indifferent do not believe at all. The most complete atheism is perhaps closest to faith."

—THE MOST IMPORTANT

AT *TIKHON'S*

THE PRINCE CONFESSES TO HIM HIS VIOLENTLY PASSIONATE LOVE FOR A CERTAIN WOMAN.

I HAVE RECEIVED WORD THAT SHE WILL COME TO SEE ME. I WON'T BE ABLE TO RESIST, THE VERY THOUGHT PLUNGES ME INTO THE MADNESS OF PASSION.

That he is violently passionate.

45

BONS-MOTS

The Great Writer: "Eh, for goodness's sake, Moscow could be destroyed in a fire, and with it my article. We can't allow this to happen—for it has happened, you know."

Varvara Petrovna about *Stepan Trofimovich*: "You can't yield your position with dignity."

Stepan Trofimovich at Lembke's: "The study of Russian history obscures human common sense nearly for centuries."

The Prince after the speech at the meeting.

This is irony.

This is vanity.

The Prince: "Leave me in peace, I was laughing."

While *Nechaev* says to himself: "No, there's something else here. There's still some hope here."

Tikhon, taking leave: "I am afraid—"

The Prince: "Leave that to me."

Tikhon: "I am afraid because right now you are terribly close to committing a crime—"

The Prince (theme): "I've come to you <asking you to> prove God to me."

"Why do you need Him so suddenly? Aren't you an educated man?"

The Prince: "Yes, I do know, more or less, all the *pro* and *contra*; also that there is no proof, and rather many more facts suggesting His superfluity. But that is not the point. I have been told that you are one of those who really do believe. Well, you must have something to tell me why you believe, if you actually do believe. I have never met a man who actually believed. Tell me anything. Forgive my rude, feverish impatience."

The Prince: "All this would be very naïve if I'd come to you without a serious reason.—But there ... there is one thing—"

91

1)

ABOUT

WHAT NECHAEV WANTED

On the part of the Writer

Everything in connection with Liputin.

How it all appeared to Liputin as he was trying to read Nechaev.

The author describes all of these products of Liputin's *imagination* as he addresses his public.

N.B. N.B. N.B.:

Liputin had imagined that an extensive conspiracy existed. Imagination is corroborated by facts. Also, Nechaev seconds his opinion (i.e., does not contradict him) that Fourierism will be established immediately.

And yet all this is founded on the *naïveté* of these people and on their *ignorance* of Russia.

What's most important is this: that through the entire novel nobody actually establishes quite clearly why Nechaev came to this town in the first place.

On the other hand, it is made emphatically clear that at the bottom of all this *breathless* bustle, all this fussing around, and all these crimes, there was really:

90

2)

a false conception, worked out somewhere in Switzerland, about the actual condition of Russia (her being ready for mutiny and insurrection, etc.).

As a result of which a shrewd and self-assured man (Nechaev) is sent

out to give it a try. Uprooted fool that he is, he goes with high hopes of actually achieving his goal, and with ridiculous ease:

And therefore:

He decides to base his activities upon the following:

1) Organizing local cells. These cells would derive their strength from their members being compromised, for good, by some drastic action which they had been drawn into and which he would keep threatening them with.

N.B. To this end, Nechaev carefully looks over, examines, and sorts out people. Some of his activities are presented in the novel.

His tactics with the Prince: he drops a hint, much too naïvely. The Prince to him: "Are you trying to scare me, too?" Nechaev: "Why, even without my doing anything you are..."

"Scared?" asks the Prince.

"Oh, no; I want to say that you are with us without my doing anything about it."

"Don't you know that I am not bound by anything?"

"Yes, but in your thoughts, in your thoughts..."

N.B. (Nechaev, aside: "No, you're wrong there, and you're afraid to admit it; you have tied yourself up, and I've tied you up, too.")

Nechaev to the Engineer: "There is one captain here in town, a company commander, who is a malcontent. I got to know him, and seeing right away that he has a fancy for such things, I began to prove to him that there was no God. Would you imagine, he got to think about it, and here's what he said: 'If there's no God, what kind of a Captain am I then?'"

The Engineer, incidentally, asks Nechaev to, please, not bother him with politics.

2) Through these cells, he spreads proclamations and actually prints some in Russia, for Switzerland is none too active. (Nechaev talks to Shatov about that, and that's why there is a clash between them.)

3) Distributing proclamations and acting upon factory workers and soldiers—Nechaev has come to get it started and show how it is done; and later, let the cell carry on by itself.

4) Get all this organized in two-three provinces. Acting upon the Raskolniki, and upon the nihilists in the capitals. (An investigation to determine what the latter are capable of. Nechaev's criticism.) ~~Upon the peasants~~

5) Act upon the peasants, not with "Golden Bills" anymore, but by causing riots, disturbances, fires, *by troubling their minds*, and by making them expect something.

6) Teachers, secondary school and divinity school teachers.

7) By organizing an imminent uprising: when everything is ready and in a troubled state, let the factory or the country side stage an uprising (any reason will do, just think up anything, and get them ready: fires, acts of sacrilege, etc.) It would be a good idea to arouse *the Jews*.

8) They'll send soldiers to quell the uprising. The soldiers must be prepared, and their commanding officers as well. If just one officer were prepared, that would do. If it might be impossible to get them prepared properly—kill ~~the soldiers and~~ the officers. Let the soldiers fraternize with the peasants, or at least part of the soldiers. Just for the sake of *making an example*, for this has never happened before, and the whole province is on fire. (This is Liputin's project who, in part, proposes it ~~to Shatov~~ to Nechaev. His idea is to precipitate a civil war. Nechaev takes cognizance of everything, but remains silent.) Nechaev reports to the Prince that this is Liputin's idea.

9) Toward the beginning of the affair, a colossal local exposé (of the Governor). Issue a bulletin about every civil servant in the province, revealing their past, bribes taken by them, and all kinds of slander. Spread it among the people. This leads to the following:

The absolute need of our own printing press. *The clash with Shatov*.

A bulletin about private individuals. That's where Liputin will be a valuable man, and it ought to go well. Nechaev's report.

10) Increasing the incidence of villainies, crimes, and suicides, so as to shake the morale of the people, to undermine faith in the stability of the existing order, and to get the criminal element among the people stirred up. * Increase sin and debauchery, liquor. Distribute money.

About the conversation with Kotzebue.

11) Inciting the capitals to rebellion.

12) A cattle plague, for instance. Rumors that they are *mixing in* <poison> and *setting fires*. The murder of a governor, somewhere, etc. A cut-throat and a poisoner.

Generally, a few apt turns of speech about "those who are mixing in <poison>," and those who are setting fires."

~~A year of such~~ Finally, the beginning

A year or less of such conditions, and you've got the elements of a

* *Stenka-Razinovskaia chast' narodonaseleniia*, literally, "the Stenka-Razinite part of the populace," after the notorious seventeenth-century bandit and insurgent.

huge Russian insurrection. Three provinces will go up in fire simultaneously. Everybody will start killing off each other, *traditions will not remain intact*. Capitals and private fortunes

will be ruined, and then, with the people crazed after a year of insurrection, establish at once a social republic, communism and socialism. Liputin insists on Fourierism. If the people won't accept it—kill some more of them, and *so much the better*.

Nechaev's principle, *his new word*, lies in aiming everything at an insurrection, "but let it be a live one," and "the more rioting, disorders, bloodshed and ~~general~~ collapse, fire, and destruction of traditions, the better." "I don't care what will be later: what's most important is that the existing order be shaken, ~~shattered~~ shattered, and exploded."

13) ~~In~~ Finally, if this is actually possible, let's have Karakozov—~~(Sometimes~~. He counts on the Engineer. "I admit that I had set my hopes on Kirilov." Inasmuch as the Engineer refuses to accept responsibility for *the fire* and *Shatov* <'s murder> (the fire and the acts of sacrilege took care of themselves; the Engineer was held responsible for Shatov).

"Russia won't stand up under this onslaught, there's nothing that could stand up," says Nechaev.

The Prince: "The people are strong."

Nechaev: "Make them drunk, we must make them drunk, we can make them drunk."

Of course, it all turned out to be a mere soap bubble. But such were Nechaev's plans.

Nechaev is not a socialist, but a rebel. His ideals are insurrection and destruction, after which "*let happen what will*" on the basis of the social principle according to which whatever might come would still be better than the present, and that the time has come to act, rather than to preach.

94 FROM ALL THIS THERE FOLLOWS THE MOST IMPORTANT, NOTA BENE:

That Nechaev, as such, is still a *fortuitous and isolated* individual. He only thinks that everybody who resembles him is like him—which *is where he is wrong*, to the point of vile naïveté ("let me talk to them from my window for a quarter of an hour").

But as such, this entire group, detached as it is from society, is weak

and insignificant—it is half dead, and badly lagging behind times, for it is unable to register not only what is going on in Russia, but even the day-to-day, superficial mental attitudes within its own, uprooted party.

This is to be stated by the author.

And don't forget, in this connection, the project, contemplated by Nechaev, concerning an alliance between the nihilists and the large landowners.

N.B. And so, *everything is concentrated in the person of Nechaev, Nechaev as a person:*

As already stated above, an abstract shrewdness, and an absolute ignorance of reality.

But whenever he does understand reality, he either takes advantage of it shrewdly, almost brilliantly,

or,

or, as a result of his one-sided understanding of the facts, an interpretation which directs him toward the most foolish objectives. He is the last Russian conspirator.

Nechaev says to the Prince: "I am the last Russian conspirator."

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6)

Therefore, the most important thing about the novel is:

The relationship between Nechaev and the Prince.

It all started with Nechaev's blunder, for he let himself be guided, to some extent, by his heart—if such a tarantula has a heart.

Nechaev, from the very beginning, even while still in Switzerland, is fascinated by the Prince and actually falls in love with his intellect and his character. ("I am telling you, you would really be the man *our cause needs*.") The Prince enthralls everybody, and Nechaev is greatly impressed by it.

He is fascinated by his ideas, and by his capacity for crime.

For a while he actually suspects that he may be acting as the head of his *own* conspiracy.

"How can you let such a man stay inactive, let him sit around twiddling his thumbs?"

And therefore:

He is around the Prince all the time, he analyzes and *studies* him, even little-by-little reveals things to him.

Finally—oh joy!—he has maneuvered the Prince into a situation where he is compromised by the murder of the Lebiadkin woman (which, incidentally, has been done so well that there isn't a trace lead-

ing to him; nor has the Prince admitted his guilt to Nechaev, which the latter doesn't like a bit).

Here, Nechaev reveals to him *his entire plan, which he has been pursuing up to this point and about*. The Prince listens with utmost attention, but does not reveal any of his own secrets and says nothing at all when Nechaev announces that he is making him his successor, but quite the contrary: proceeds to let Shatov know. Then Nechaev is suddenly stricken by doubts, and he decides to kill the Prince—but he runs out of time and flees, leaving Liputin, or more correctly, *no one* to act in his stead.

2d part. The Prince is at Lebiadkin's. They bring in his wife. He looks, looks again.

The Prince: "Get out!" (to Lebiadkin) "Out into the yard?" "All right, into the yard." He is left alone with his wife.

The Lebiadkin woman to the Prince: "Can I go down on my knees?" "Yes, you can."

96

Nechaev

1

NECHAEV'S VIEWS ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF INTERNAL POLICIES

1) "An attempt to introduce retrograde policies, an attempt to strengthen the power of the governors, for instance, all this means as much as *playing into our hands* (disturbances). All the reforms of the present reign have produced precisely the thing we need—disturbances."

N.B.₁ But the point is that Nechaev assumes that the government has acted by design—that it has been creating disturbances and lawlessness on purpose (following the example of Napoleon <III> in France), in order to seize power.

N.B.₂ Shatov's idea about the Russian Tsar and about how the Russian Tsar has nothing to fear.

(Read the *Moscow News* on the happenings in Perm,² and about the proposed strengthening of gubernatorial powers. Nechaev expounds this at a meeting, or to the Prince. He tells him: "I wonder who that

clever man may be (in the government); I'd like to go and embrace him for it!")

Look Here. (No. of the *Moscow News*, Saturday, January 16 (or Friday, the 15th) Feuilleton signed "Voice of A Transient," Saturday the 16th, or Sunday the 17th of January.)

Von Lembke, in a conversation with Nechaev, when the latter tells him about certain recent events (in Perm province) is at first naïvely shocked by the untidiness of it all, but later comes around and is greatly impressed by the *higher reasons*, presented to him by Nechaev, regarding this being conducive to a strengthening of gubernatorial powers and a *paralyzing effect* upon every reform of the Tsar—(feuilleton signed by "A Transient"). He is deeply moved (he also expresses his opinion on the subject of birch rods, namely that they are indispensable) and declares to Nechaev that he has already *sent the Minister a memorandum regarding two sentries to be posted at the gate of the Governor's mansion—for* which he considered most essential to a strengthening of gubernatorial power.

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2)

Nechaev replies: "Essential not only to strengthen gubernatorial power, but simply so people would know that you are the Governor."

Nechaev gets von Lembke confused right off the bat by telling him that in 200 years there won't be any fuel left in Europe. Because of this it will be inevitable to reorganize society on a new economic basis, namely in workers' communes, in connection with which the family will also ~~suffer~~ disintegrate. And if so, the sooner the better. The fuel reserves will last so much longer.

Lembke is very much impressed. "But maybe they will invent some new fuel?"

"But allow me," he suddenly strikes his forehead, "haven't we got our vast forests and a vast amount of land? Shouldn't we be able to retain the family longer than everyone else?"

"Hungry Europe is going to take it all away from us, seeing we've got so much of it."

"And how soon will that be?" asked von Lembke most worriedly.

Nechaev: "Well, not in your lifetime anyway. However, one must get ready for it."

Lembke was relieved.

Nechaev (answering the Governor's questions about the Engineer) ~~says~~ *apparently* defends him, yet also insinuates that he is a mysterious

character and that, quite likely, he may be linked with those proclamations. He speaks about the Engineer's madness, and about his atheism, about *America*, etc. He even gives the Governor a scare; *though he did reassure him temporarily.*

N.B. "I've been at the Engineer's: his *Essay on Suicides*. We talked a lot."

Nechaev, while discussing Shatov and Slavophilism with the Prince: "Is he a Slavophile? Isn't he a Slavophile, pure and unadulterated?" (Nechaev actually does not know what exactly a Slavophile is.)

"I wouldn't say that he is a pure Slavophile," the Prince replies casually, "rather, he is one of those who are seeking to regenerate Russia through her own resources."

"You know what," says Nechaev, "I've heard that they've been very much on the increase lately. It might be a good idea to let the government know about them, perhaps through certain generals. What do you think, oughtn't we do it?"

"Look there now," says the Prince, "there you are, being indignant about Shatov's informing, and you yourself want to inform on him."

"Come on now, that's not the same thing! We are doing it for the common cause, and that is honorable. ~~Decided~~. I'll talk to Lembke about Shatov. We must point him out to Lembke as a troublemaker, just in case."

98 May 13, 1871

At Virginsky's

Nechaev's principles. Every man's goal is to strive for maximum protection of his own interests. This is the whole goal of man as a whole. There is no such thing as national, (or moral), or social purposes, for the principle just mentioned covers everything. Satisfying one's own interests is higher than the state, higher than morality, higher than religion, higher than society. If you satisfy your own interests, you have by so doing satisfied those of society and the state as well. Society is higher than the state. Society has been formed only in order to give <each individual> more strength, only to satisfy the interests of each single member. Each member of society has immediate control over it. An association may act by means of violence, falsehood, fraud, murder, slander, and larceny, as long as it hasn't conquered its opponents, but is still struggling. By the way, it may act in this fashion even thereafter.

Each member of society jealously watches every other member, and thus each controls the other. ~~Each member must~~ All each for each and each for all—there's your best guarantee. If all are asking services from each, without reciprocating in kind, we get despotism. If each single individual, while receiving services from all, which have no other purpose but his well-being, does not wholly surrender himself to all, he is an aristocrat, a despot, and an enemy of society. Social control every hour and every minute. Everyone must spy on everyone else, and inform on him. That isn't spying, for it serves a higher goal. In the last resort, slander and murder are the best way: everything is permissible, for it serves a higher goal.

- 99 But what is especially important is to take great pains to ensure absolute equality. To this end, one must first of all lower the level of education, of the sciences, and of talent in every field. Nothing has served despotism more than science and talent. A high level, in the sciences and in intellectual accomplishment, is accessible only to the highly gifted. The highly gifted have always seized power and become despots. And this is why we have no use for the highly gifted—a highly gifted person is incapable of love. It might be argued that a high level of achievement is open to everybody. Let it be so, yet the majority has only mediocre natural gifts (...) and never has achieved (OR COULD ACHIEVE) that which has been achieved by the highly gifted. And this is why education ought to be well within the range of all, and there should be no attempt made to look for anything higher. Any time a person shows any special or higher gifts, or knowledge, he must be ~~executed~~ expelled from society, or executed, if there is no place to drive him out to. Cicero is to have his tongue cut out, Copernicus is to have his eyes put out, Shakespeares are to be stoned. In my opinion, there shouldn't even be allowed men or women with very handsome faces, nor individuals who are too strong physically, or anyone who excels too much in any way. The same with those who are too stupid, for they might give the others occasion to feel superior, i.e., a temptation to despotism.

Level the mountains—etc.

But, one might argue that this is harmful (IT MAY BRING HARM TO SOCIETY ITSELF, THEY SAY,) even from the viewpoint of your very own economic and social principles. A talented individual may make discoveries which may be of some use to society.—Nonsense. According to today's principles, YES, but not according to those of the future. The mean is the highest of all goals. Also, there have been enough inven-

tions, enough science. "We've learned a trade and we want to be honest people: what good is any more science to us? That's what,"

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At Virginsky's

answered the English workingmen.

"That's not what you find in the novel *What Is To Be Done?* That's not the picture you get from it. They've got halls built of aluminum, and concerts which would put Beethoven to shame."

Nechaev: "I haven't read that novel. Its author hasn't gotten to the main point yet. If he'd live and see for himself, he'd wind up realizing that there can't be any concerts. Luther rejected the authority of the Church and founded a free Church. ~~Alas~~ But of course he failed to realize that his religion would, in the process of its organic development, arrive at a negation of itself, i.e., at a negation of all religion. That's exactly what will happen here. Even if certain accommodations for general use could be built of aluminum, one ought to reject them as a matter of principle, so that there wouldn't be any aluminum, and no colonnades, no art, no music, for all these things only corrupt people. Only the absolutely essential is of the essence. That's the motto of this world, and the absolutely essential is always attainable. And if, ultimately, there would be a shortage of even the most essential, nature will take care of that."

"Yet 'the absolutely essential' is also a relative concept."

"Society, at any given moment, decides for itself what the level of the 'absolutely essential' should be. It will go down, of course, but nature draws its own protective limit."

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At Virginsky's

"With the abolition of the family, there will be fewer children also, down to a level of absolute necessity."

"They will be wolves."

"They will be honest people. Each will know his trade, and his obligation to watch one another."

"But they will devour each other."

"All the better! That's the highest goal of all. For they'll be devouring each other, once again, only up to a certain point—for as a consequence of it all, they'll change altogether, human nature will change, and man, as a result of long practice, will become organically assimilated in by society, and they will become so that *each is for all, and all*

for each. What's most important here is to induce a physical change in human nature. It is absolutely necessary here that individuality be changed into herd instinct, quite spontaneously, though man may have long since forgotten the original formula."

"But in this case you see man's whole interest in securing food and drink for himself?"

"Yes, and equal rights, and organic regeneration of equality."

"It's going to be very dull."

"That is an aristocratic idea. And why should it be dull? People who have unsatisfied strivings and desires are bored. But man will be satisfied, and in our new society there won't be any desires. Desire is something aristocratic..."

"Enough, enough." *Shatov*.

N.B. *The most important*. *Nechaev concludes*: "Generally speaking, you are going too much into details. I for myself have mastered only the idea. It isn't any of my business either. There are others who write books and who willy-nilly do some occasional daydreaming, and who talk nonsense. Experience will show, the future that is. One thing is sure: a radical reorganization of society and its very nature. And therefore, destruction. And that is my specialty."

102 *Nechaev to the Prince and Miliukov*: "I know very little, guide me."

"But how can you, not knowing reality, want to make a revolution?"

"Oh, knowledge—that's so trivial. Always one and the same thing. The same everywhere. I'd only like to find out about those who have been bribed."

N.B. That *niveau* which it won't be possible to transcend in the society of the future. Give a man just a little bit of education and understanding—and already you have to deal with aristocratic desires, to the detriment of the commune. Give him just a little bit of a family, or of love—and already you face the desire to own private property. And, excessive desires will, in a dissatisfied individual, lead (in the absence of guidance and education) directly to crimes on the part of those who desire. He will kill. But even this is better than education. (WE SHALL KILL DESIRE, WE SHALL LET <...>) Drunkenness is quite useful also, and pederasty, masturbation, as in Rousseau. All this tends to bring things down to a median level. But Best of all, destroy literacy and all books. We shall extinguish every genius even in his ~~see~~ *adolescence* infancy. Everything down to a common denominator, complete equality—but there must be a leader. There must be despotism—there has never been such thing as equality without despotism.

"Then everybody is going to enjoy most complete equality, i.e., despotism; ~~but such~~"

"But such equality is despotism."

"Oh, no! Such despotism is equality. There is nothing else. Fools who are dreaming of aluminum colonnades are lagging behind times."

"Call on the Jesuits and Catholicism, and let them guide us."

"An excellent idea! ~~Neither is it~~ yours. The Jesuits have known for a long time that they are going to be called on. But at this stage, certain words are still presenting an obstacle—republic, equality, Christianity. Some ideas, too, are still in our way: for instance, the Jesuits make everybody a slave, and equal, so they could themselves rule and live in luxury. They will never become the equals of everybody else."

"Yes, but things will get to that, too."

"No doubt this lofty idea will be realized one day! Despotism is of the essence, as are privileges to the few, so that all the rest could live in equality. To achieve this, one might even resurrect the papacy and turn the world over to it. I've been thinking that this is what Catholicism has been after all along. And all the rest of the people will be their slaves, yet equal among themselves, and free, and each spying on the other, and each informing on the other."

Nechaev: "We'll let the West daydream about aluminum, but we Russians have a much higher goal. Unlike the West, we aren't tied down by anything. The West finds it too hard to part with its heritage, though it be an evil one, because it is *their own*, developed by themselves. Whereas we are a vacant nation. Peter the Great relieved us of participation in our affairs, and so we can proceed directly to our bright idea of destroying everything."

"We are a consequence of Peter the Great."

103 *Nikolas <sic>*

Nikolas to Shatov: "Oh, no; I'm healthy, I'm not an epileptic, nor does a legion of demons dwell in me. †Our kind looks after our health; even in debauchery, we are careful. I lack the ability to go to any excesses, no matter what I'm doing."

"Did you say that you lack the ability to go to any excesses?" says *Shatov* (almost immediately after the Prince has admitted his marriage to the Lame Woman).

Nikolas to Nechaev, in *Fedka's* presence: "Lebiadkin has just received 2,000 rubles."

Nechaev takes the cue: "They don't even keep their doors locked."
(Nechaev shows Fedka a revolver and promises to give him one.
Fedka shows his knife.)

Fedka has left. Nechaev tells the Prince (with deliberate naïveté):
"Come to think of it, he was standing there and listening as we were
talking about how they've got 2,000 rubles, with their doors unlocked:
I'm afraid something might happen to them."

"It's all in God's hands," the Prince answers with a sneer, and both
fall silent. (Nechaev knows perfectly well that the Prince deliberately
said these things in Fedka's presence, and actually helped him to seal it,
by mentioning that the door wasn't locked.)

Fedka later says to the Prince: "I ought to get a thousand or two
from you for my services. I didn't find the 1,000 rubles at Lebiadkin's;
in fact, I knew that I wasn't going to find them."

(The Prince kills him under a fence; nobody finds out about it.)

I.e., Fedka means to say: "You'll have to give me the money, or I'll
inform the police" (even though he does not say that he will).

The Prince makes him believe that the money is hidden at such-and-
such spot, under a fence.

N.B. Shatov says to Nechaev: "I know that you've caused the fire."

Nechaev, as he is about to leave Shatov, says: "I know that you know
too much" (i.e., "you must be killed").

Shatov's formula: Salvation lies in Christ, and only we have Christ.
If this is so, salvation must come from us.

All social doctrines are, at this stage, mere self-delusion. Nothing but
bright patches. We must become completely regenerated, and there-
fore destruction—destruction for the sake of destruction! etc.

N.B. Shigalyov has developed his own system. Virginsky is rather
more interested in aluminum. Shigalyov reaches a certain point and—
stops. He quotes examples—the commune. Nechaev corrects him—*de-*
struction for the sake of destruction, and then let happen what will.

The Prince later asks Nechaev: "Are you making fun of them?"

Nechaev: "No, I am serious. Did you think that I was joking?"

The Prince: "No, I actually thought that you were serious: for this
thing is as ridiculous as it is serious."

Here, Shatov: "Who then, can show us the way out? Christ!"

He gets up and leaves.

After the first meeting. THE CONSPIRATOR Uspensky is not quite
satisfied with Nechaev. He had been waiting for Nechaev as one waits
for Heaven; ~~he~~ he won't dare to stand up openly against him, and for
that matter, is afraid to admit his dissatisfaction to himself. Neverthe-
less, he wants to advertise himself, as well as to satisfy his own self-
esteem, and so he is expounding his dreams of a Golden Age become
real both to the Society (at the meeting) and to Nechaev himself, whom
he manages to corner in private. A moral concept of happiness; happi-
ness lies entirely in sacrificing everything to your neighbor; my own
happiness rests with my neighbor's happiness; and so everybody will
be happy in the society of the future (Florovsky, the Golden Age,
Dawn, January).¹

Miliukov who has been sniggering at these ideas even before, says
that happiness lies in a rehabilitation of the flesh, that the rich should
all be forced to work, that everybody should be rewarded according
to his talents, and talent according to its proficiency, and that Uspen-
sky's happiness is Christian religion all over again.

Nechaev, having listened initially to Uspensky only, says that all this

is of course very good and may be realized later, but that for the time being this is not their principal object, which is to destroy everything. They immediately start to *battre la campagne*,² i.e., a torrent of verbiage to this effect. Altogether, they all speak very little, but rather each of them, after only a few words, mounts his own hobby-horse and stays there.

But when Nechaev hears Miliukov say that this is nothing but Christian religion (Uspensky's theory), he retorts: "If this is indeed Christian religion, let's pay no attention to it at all, because Christian religion must be totally eradicated, so that one could start a new life, and this one without any kind of God."

Miliukov and Uspensky get into an argument regarding the concept of happiness. Miliukov makes fun of the clergy, while Uspensky asserts that the formula *à chacun selon sa capacité*³ is wrong, as is the rehabilitation of the flesh, but the important point is to sacrifice and sacrifice; then everybody will be mutually happy, for one need only assume that everybody will become like Christ (Shatov).

Shatov on the need to develop Orthodoxy. Miliukov points out Shatov to Uspensky and says: "There is your theory, everybody should become a monk and be humble." But Uspensky says: "No, enough of being humble."

Nechaev listens to them dully—he asks the most trivial details to be explained, and "what really matters is destruction." He hasn't come to argue, but to get things done, and, most important, to destroy. He's got an arsenal in our town and he is organizing.

Nechaev is in part Petrashevsky.⁴

(Here) 1.

Nechaev has only a few ideas which he uses to the hilt. He does not take into consideration locale, time, nationality, diversity. Whoever disagrees with him "has been bribed." Uspensky and Miliukov actually think sometimes that he is simply a nonentity, and stupid. He doesn't

care much for debating, is rarely interested, and usually indifferent. He has only one idea: *organize destruction*. Miliukov actually goes so far as to make fun of him, but sees to his surprise that the other man is so dense that he doesn't even understand it, and in fact doesn't seem to have time to try to understand it. But invariably, Miliukov and Uspensky end up viewing him once more with respect. ~~Every time~~ More and more, they become convinced that he is a man of action, who has no reason to become involved in debates like them, that he actually has no time for this. What then, is he doing? This always remains a mystery to them. However, the proclamations are being scattered all over. Kulikov gets killed. He has powerful friends everywhere; he goes to all kinds of places and is really setting himself up all around; and they begin to revere him. The notion that they have been sitting around, arguing and getting nothing done, while he is not ~~doing anything~~ arguing at all, but just doing everything, inspires them with awe. Little by little they begin to feel that they, too, have been sucked in, as if by a machine. He cleverly gets them involved in the murder of Shatov, so that they didn't have a chance to refuse.

As a type, he is pretty close to Petrashevsky.

Virginsky says: "How many mistakes, but then, how much fire!..."

Stepan Trofimovich: "And how many Yids?"

"There have always been Yids."

N.B. The difference between Nechaev and the rest of them. None of them would have used his *tone* in telling the story about those 80 copecks for the poor, or the story of how Fedka was sent away to be a soldier; but he does, and in the end everybody is convinced that this is how one must talk; in fact, everybody feels ashamed not having talked like that before.

(This is how Miliukov explains to Uspensky the difference between them and Nechaev.)

Shatov says to Uspensky: "The kingdom of heaven is at hand."⁵

Nechaev joins in: "Yes, in June."

The most important thing: Nechaev's denseness is simply outrageous, the denseness of a practical man.

² French: "scour the country."

³ French: "everyone according to his capacity."

Somebody has brought Ivan Iakovlevich some tea. Nechaev says that one should not encourage <such things>, for the price of this pound of tea could be used for the common cause... (The lop-eared man and the girls.)

Liputin: "Why, hasn't it been used for the common cause?"

From among those present, several wits raise their voices asking: "What is the common cause?" "Aren't these the same good-for-nothings?" One of whom is indignantly ejected; whereupon a protest note, signed by everybody, is submitted.—

N.B. "So you think that the common cause is nothing but a bunch of good-for-nothings?"

"I think that they are, the way things are shaping up."

The Great Writer says to Nechaev: "I have made everybody here believe that you are an extraordinarily clever man, and they are quite crazy about you (the Governor's wife)." (N.B. While Varvara Petrovna, acting against the Governor's wife, started having her own soirées to lure Nechaev away. The rivalry contributes to Nechaev's fame, and explains his success. Nechaev then reconciles the two, in his own interest.)

Nechaev failed to grasp the caustic wit in the words of the Great Writer, who is thinking to himself: "Not only did he not understand my witticism, he actually couldn't care less if he did."

N.B. And so the Great Writer helps to spread Nechaev's fame, becoming the cornerstone of his fame.

The *Chronicler* describes this as simply as possible, *precisely the way it is written down here*.

Then the *Chronicler* adds, as a comment of his own: "It is amazing how ideas can spread: the Governor's wife and Varvara Petrovna were the first to be converted; then a lady comes home with the news of the reconciliation between Varvara Petrovna and the Governor's wife—and cuffs off her children ('Eh, you ought to be sent to reform school!'). Another one stops going to church (invent appropriate anecdotes for that), the third quarrels with her husband about the idea of free love. Finally, everybody joins in a pleasure ride to Ivan Iakovlevich's. (During the outing, The Prince and the Beauty, and the fire.)

The Governor talks to Nechaev and tells him that he is in perfect agreement with him. Alyosha Teliatnikov.

Some were sober.

Sacrilege in the Cathedral, an insult to the Bishop, and finally, leading to the two little merchants shedding tears for the Lord, to Captain Kartuzov, the lady who keeps discussing Finland, and the elderly couple.

1) Ivan Iakovlevich:

"Good-for-nothing stuff. He's got some good-for-nothing stuff and makes no bones about it, while you've got the same good-for-nothing stuff but think that it is the greatest wisdom."

Nechaev thinks that Ivan Iakovlevich has been bribed. Miliukov assures him that he is simply an imbecile.

2) Nechaev has this idea:

"Too bad! In his place, with the influence he's got, a lot could be done." (And he makes plans to convert him to his own beliefs.)

Baretails.

Blockheads.

Dearviews! Dearviews!

Newthoughts, newthoughts.

Highbreasts, highbreasts.

53 *The Great Writer* to Nechaev: "I've been always struck by the *absence of genuine knowledge* in our writers."

Nechaev has this to say about novelists: "Tell me, what good are they?"

The Great Writer: "Aren't you insulting me, saying this?" And later: "You are right, though, of course they are good for nothing."

Nechaev: "It is up to you to improve your activities, so that they would be of some use."

Nechaev tells Shatov, in part I (after the blow of the fist, in the street): "If they are clever, they can be talked to, and they will be ours in a quarter of an hour. If they are stupid, or if they have been bribed, they'll serve as kindling wood."

N.B. In these first brief words to Shatov, Nechaev appears sharp, self-assured, triumphant, expecting to meet no obstacles.

It has a sickening effect on Shatov, who feels a wave of cold and hatred surging inside himself. What he has been expecting for a long time, with fear and with anger, has come true.

Shatov: "I'll turn (the printing press) over to you."

Nechaev: "That's one of the reasons I've come here—where have you got it?"

"I've got everything buried.

"Underground?" "That's right." "That's good."

"Also, to talk to some people and to take certain measures."

"Try to talk."

N.B. Initially, Nechaev has the notion that Shatov, though a Slavophile, is an embittered man and could therefore be of some use, and work with them. He actually tries to persuade him in this sense, displaying an unwavering moral superiority.

"This is incompatible," says Shatov.

"If this is so, you've been bribed," Nechaev decides, and informs Liputin accordingly. The latter seeks to convince Nechaev that one can have different convictions without having been bribed, but Nechaev would not accept that.

Nechaev is stupid as the *elder Princess*, Bezukhov's relation.⁶ But his whole strength lies in the fact that he is a man of action.

⁶ A reference to *War and Peace*; a relative of Pierre's natural father, one of the Mamontov sisters.

21 *A page on THE BISHOP AND THE PRINCE.*

The Prince is about to leave (after the question "Do you believe in God?") when the Bishop calls him back:

"Tell me, I adjure you, were you telling me the truth, or did you make it all up?"

The Prince, looking at him: "Did I make it all up?"

The Bishop looks at him, thinks for a moment, and blesses him: "Go in peace."

Whereupon, on the following day, a note from the Prince: "I made it all up myself, and rest assured that ~~as I say this~~ I am not lying now. If for no other reason, though I am not afraid of it becoming public ~~this now~~, as I am writing this, for you are not going to tell it to anybody, then ~~only~~ because of desire my ~~desire~~ to mitigate somewhat my unworthy conduct toward you. I was not quite myself; it is an affliction of mine; forgive me then, and pray for me,

your son Stavrogin.

The Bishop responded on the very same day:

"And I beseech you to postpone your great moral feat for the time being, as I advised you, for I can see that you won't be able to cope with it. Fortify yourself first, ~~find the strength in yourself~~ gain mastery over yourself, acquire the power of persistence, get prepared, and then, if you ~~have the strength~~ can, do it. For the feat it too great ~~strong~~.

N.B. *Later*, the Prince must absolutely, once more in the novel, drop a hint (he actually says it in his note about Uri written at the railway station) which would make it quite clear to the reader that he actually did commit the sin, and that he did not lie to Tikhon. "Let Tikhon pray for me," he writes.

N.B. Shatov reads an article entitled "The Russian Liberal" at the public lecture.

N.B. The Prince tells Shatov about the happiness of being in contact with nature (a surge prior to an epileptic seizure), *Götter Griechenlands*,* and that God speaks to man.

The Prince tells Shatov about the Apocalypse, about the mark of the name of the beast, whose head was wounded.¹ The whole difference between the Prince's and Shatov's convictions lies in the fact that Shatov is still standing before a locked door, while the Prince has already accepted all the consequences as well as *the main idea*, namely that *Orthodoxy* is the main foundation of a new civilization out of the East. The Bishop then deals the Prince the final blow by imposing on him the obligation of self-regeneration, self-improvement, i.e., the necessity of the practical duties of Orthodoxy as one conceives of Orthodoxy.

26

2)

It then develops that the Prince fascinates Shatov with his idea of Orthodoxy, i.e., with the catechism of a new religion which must be accepted, at any cost, by every new man.

The Bishop says that a catechism of the *new religion* is fine, but that faith is dead without deeds, and demands not a superior feat (superior classicism), but something even more difficult—Orthodox *work*, i.e., "*well, you fine gentleman you, do you think you can do it?*" And the Prince must admit that he is still a gentleman, assures the Bishop that he has been lying, and disavows his own words; as a result: *Uri*.

The meaning: The Bishop proves to him that one must not make a leap, but that one must rather regenerate the image of man in oneself (through long-lasting work, and only then vault ahead).

"So one can't do it all at once?"

* German: "The Gods of Greece," a poem by Schiller (1788).

¹ Revelation 13:3, 16.

"No, one can't. It would only turn the work of angels into a work of the devil."

The Prince: "Alas, I knew that myself."

THE PRINCE AND THE BISHOP.

In the Prince's note on the rape there is this spot:

..."I did all this as a gentleman would, as an idle man, uprooted from the soil. Even though I can see that most of the fault lay with my own evil will, and not with the environment alone, ~~but you~~. Of course, ~~few~~ nobody commits crimes such as mine; yet all of them (those uprooted from the soil) are doing the same, though on a smaller scale, and not quite as strong. Many of them don't even notice their own dirty game and consider themselves to be honest men"... etc.

My future judges.

The Bishop says that it might be better to omit this section. The Prince seems offended.

"I am no man of letters," he says.

THE PRINCE'S CENTRAL IDEA, WHICH FASCINATED HIM AND WHICH HE HAD FULLY AND PASSIONATELY ADOPTED, WAS THE FOLLOWING:

WHAT REALLY MATTERS IS NOT INDUSTRY, BUT MORALITY, not the industrial-economic, but the moral rebirth of Russia.

"You go ahead and tell them, and you'll see what they'll tell you!" says Shatov.

"If they won't understand me now, they're bound to understand me eventually."

"Of course, everything will come about in due course, but we will fall far back in our development if we won't be aware of our goal. Whereas if the contrary were true and we would achieve moral self-awareness, we would not only increase our economic power tenfold, but would also allow its development to assume an independent character."

(—"Words, nothing but words.")

"Yes, but I wish this idea would spread at least in words."

Nechaev guffaws at Granovsky's having gotten so high a price for his estate.

kept some of the money that was due him, and Nechaev picked up that matter.

At this point we do not need socialism yet, and it is with us merely a result of excessive sentimentality, one might say, and... and... also a kind of gentleman's fancy.

Socialism. (Stepan Trofimovich:) "I suppose it may actually come from sentimentality (yet how many houses, Yids feathering their own nests, etc.)."

N.B. This is said during his argument with his son, as they are exchanging caustic remarks.

THE STOCK-EXCHANGE ASPECT OF SOCIALISM.

1) *Tikhon.*

Tikhon: "I am a *daydreamer*."

"I imagine it to be like this: a soul, while wandering about, will suddenly see its whole sinfulness, but not the way it does now, but the *whole* of it, and at the same time see that God is opening his arms to receive it in his embrace—then, having realized the whole truth, it will become most exasperated and will itself ask to be punished, and will seek punishment; but it will get love in return—and thus it will find its hell. To be conscious of an unfulfilled love must be the most terrible thing of all, and so that's what hell really is.

"What did I give you?—Eternal happiness. And what did you make of it?—Eternal unhappiness."

"This is quite clear to me, quite clear!"

The soul will learn that ~~there is~~ each and every one is responsible for everything.

"It was as close as possible to you; it was in your hands; man will realize with the utmost clarity that everything, absolutely *everything* in the world, during his earthly existence, depends on Him alone! Everything that did happen, and even things he wasn't even aware of ~~I thought to hear~~ could have followed the example of Christ, could have been full of His love, and His love alone."

The notion to surrender ~~to one's own I~~ has been confirmed to the point where there exists an urge to surrender it.

There is a higher being and, in return for it, happiness.

There is a spider creeping there.

A small one.

There is so little time in the world that one is surprised that we are still devout people; that we still remember God; somehow or other; that we haven't forgotten Him despite all our business. Frivolity devours us.

The Prince: "I do not believe in God, while you do believe. How can you say that God will forgive?"

"Oh, I really don't understand it myself. Sin is infinite ~~yet~~ yet God in His wisdom is infinite also."

The end in sight.

46

1)

THE PRINCE AND TIKHON

1) "How can we have such high understanding?" says Tikhon.

"Say 'how can I?', please do!" says the Prince.

"Why do you want me to say that?"

"When one says *we*, it is as if one were hiding behind everybody else, so say it simply for yourself: 'How can I?'"

"How can I have such understanding?" Tikhon repeated.

"That's it. *I love you very much*," said the Prince. "You must be a great prelate," he adds with a mocking smile.

Tikhon looked around: "*Fever*."

The Prince: "Tell me, what good are all these moral feats, if there is no God."

2) Tikhon: "Why do you absolutely need God? Doesn't your conscience speak to you through your suffering? Later you will also come to believe in God."

The Prince: "Yes, of course, my question is an inane one."

Tikhon: "Perhaps not quite so."

The Prince: "The Woman question—that is my sore spot. Women and the Woman question. A lack of originality. They are foolish enough to think that they have solved all the problems by establishing a new order. How can you accomplish anything but trivialities if you lack individuality, if you lack originality. You'll be unfaithful to your husband in a trivial way, you'll go to work in the same trivial book-binder's shop, and you won't ever come up with anything better. Look at your needlewomen: they're all doing the same kerchief or embroidery, and that's why it is so hard to sell the stuff and make a living. You become midwives in droves, one after the other. There just aren't

enough babies born. You simply can't do things without having your own initiative and your own individuality. And that's what you haven't got, an individuality. And how could you get one, never having had one! An individuality must be developed, it must grow according to laws. An individuality must be *earned through long service...* and where are you going to serve? You have no originality, no individuality, *no manhood—how vile!*"

"I get down on my knees barefoot and pray, but the next morning my faith is gone again."

"Because everything I say comes naturally, while you are only putting on a show."

"They are telling you that there is no God, and you believe them, not knowing yourself why, because you've let a seminarian talk you into it."

THE PRINCE AND TIKHON. "Mine is an idle mind, and I am bored. I know that one can (and must) be happy on Earth and that there really is something that makes for happiness, but which I am not aware of, ~~and therefore~~ and that's why I am so sad, because I don't know what that thing might be."

"No, I am not one of those disenchanted people. I think that I am one of those depraved and idle ~~minds~~."

Tikhon gives him the advice to conquer himself, and says exactly what *Nicolas* has been telling Shatov only recently. *Nicolas* listens in wonder and says to Tikhon: "Go on, go on, tell me more, continue." And later:

"I said myself exactly the same things only recently, and while you were speaking I was wondering all the time how our minds could have met so exactly."

Tikhon says: "So then, there's the solution, and you believe in it."

"No, I don't."

"No, you do, but you lack the strength."

The Prince to him: "I want to try my strength." And he tells him about the little girl.

Tikhon advises against it and suggests that <he should reform> gradually.

As a result, he goes to Dasha and suggests Switzerland to her—to repent. She agrees—and suddenly—the murder.

Tikhon says: "One must be happy on earth."

104 The Prince says: "Do you know that there is such thing as a passion for the pangs of conscience?"

That's what Tikhon says.

The Prince realizes that he could be saved by enthusiasm (for instance, monkhood, or self-sacrifice through a confession). But to have enthusiasm, he lacks *moral* feeling (partly from lack of faith). *And unto the angel of the church in Sardis write.*² In part, from vehement bodily instincts. *He got married out of proud irony at his own lack of control over himself.* From his passion for torture, he violated a child. *A passion for the pangs of conscience.* Sensuality—Liza, HERE after having taken possession of her, he kills the Lame Woman. After the murder of Shatov, a fit of madness (words of supplication), and he hangs himself. Melancholy. But the most important thing is still—his lack of faith. Horror at himself: for instance, at his realization that he derives pleasure from inflicting suffering.

The Prince says to Shatov: "It was then that I got the idea of killing myself; but that wasn't enough for me. Why not ruin other peoples' lives? I had a desire to play some awful joke on myself and on I-don't-know-what."

"A passion for the pangs of conscience. What a case of overstrained nerves!" says Shatov.

The Prince tells Tikhon outright that he sometimes deeply suffers from the pangs of conscience, but that sometimes these very same pangs of conscience turn into a pleasure for him. (Pins under the fingernails of a child.)

Moral feeling has nothing to lean upon.

Tikhon tells him directly: "You have no soil <to take roots in>. A foreign education. Learn to love the people, their sacred faith. Learn to love to the point of exaltation."

The Prince to him: "I also love the foreign, I love science, art."

Tikhon: "Like a visitor, and not like a master in his own house. You love science—why haven't you become a man of science? You love all mankind—but do you believe in it? Do you believe in God and in Christ?"

105 Tikhon: "Strong sensations, never guided by anything. Millions get

away with that. Some have their fun with various toys (being decorated, having their calling cards, carriages, accumulating money)—but *strong characters* are not so easily pleased with themselves, and they are looking for a solid rock upon which to rest. You haven't found that rock. For there is only one, and you don't believe in Him.

"You know of nothing sacred!"

"Try to hold something sacred, no matter what it be."

"What for?"

~~"If you say 'what for?' this means that you are utterly unprepared."~~

"This isn't done 'for something,' it is done 'just so.' ~~It carries its own reward.~~ It has irresistible attraction—for it is harmony. If you do not feel a need, and if you love nothing, you're obviously incapable of it. But woe to him who is the cause of temptation."

Nikolai Vsevolodovich: explains how there can be beauty even in the scalded little hand of a child.

(Because he hasn't got any soil.)

THE SLAP IN THE FACE

A Moment:

The Prince: "Why won't you tell me what you wanted to say? Maybe you wanted to say something?"

Shatov: "I've said everything." (And he leaves.)

The Prince does not love Liza: he acts from boredom.

N.B. Perhaps he does love her, but only sensuously, for a moment, and even that from boredom. Before *Shatov*, for instance, and before *Dasha*, he denies that he loves Liza only a few days before he takes possession of her.

106 The Prince hands *Nikon* a handwritten note after their first conversation.

Then, the handwritten note.

Then, the second conversation, and finally, "at *Tikhon's*" (ONE CHAPTER).

Stepan Trofimovich's wandering—also one chapter.

The Prince's relations with Liza and *Dasha*:

Having taken possession of Liza—and having put the *Lame Woman*

out of his way—the Prince tells Liza that he apparently never did love her at all, but that it was simply one of those things.

(N.B. Better make it so that Liza, after having submitted, falls ill and keeps repeating to him: "Don't or didn't I know that you were incapable of love"—she falls into a delirium, and dies.)

As for *Dasha*, not a word about her throughout the entire novel. The Prince is treating her as if she were a stranger. It was she herself who wanted to get married to *Stepan Trofimovich*, right until his running away.

And here, suddenly, the Prince proposes to her (before *Uri*).

The Prince fully believes both in the Antichrist and in salvation through Orthodoxy. But inasmuch as he, in his own conscience, has *insufficient* faith, he proposes this formula:

"If I believe insufficiently, I believe in nothing at all."

Incidentally, *Tikhon* has this to say on this score:

"Yes, this is true in the cases of some *strong* people who take a strong stand, who *INSIST*, and who are asking for much. But there are others who are content with a small faith, and who get accustomed to living on trembling soil, as long as the tremors aren't too strong."

110 *Tikhon*: "I am making my suggestions according to your own wishes. I don't mind if 10 years hence it will turn out to have been all nonsense, i.e., you didn't become a believer after all. But then at least you've done all you could, for your conscience."

Tikhon's main idea:

"The only freedom is to conquer oneself."

"A slave and yet a free man."

- 2 After a day had passed he began to look for the reason why they were trying to get him married. The locomotive was puffing and pattering along the tracks as if it were repeating over and over again: *Vek i vek i Lev Kambek*¹ <"Age and age, and Lev Kambek.">.

33 minutes past 11, page 1

20 minutes past 12

Half past 2

<A page of arithmetic calculations and book-keeping entries.>

He A moment later, it seemed, he had already forgotten what had happened and was viewing the events that had taken place as if from a distance. Having looked all around, and having realized what had happened, he smiled in a way that seemed both malicious and gay. Another moment later he was pale and shaking all over. There was a most frightful noise—nobody was understanding a thing, yet no one dared to take action. Finally, right then and there, Nikolai Vsevolodovich was ~~unanimously expelled from the Society~~. He began to laugh and left.

Pale and trembling. Having cast a glance at them, he left, seemingly downcast.

"You aren't angry, of course, are you?"

"The ear—why shouldn't I be pulling it?" he burst out laughing. "Liputin, my coat."²

Varvara Petrovna: "Don't be afraid, he won't dare in front of the Great Writer."

On Shakespeare:

This is non-tendentious, and eternal, and it has survived.

This is not a simple reproduction of everyday life, in which, as many scholars assert, exhausts the whole of reality.

The whole of reality is not exhausted by everyday life, for a great huge part of it is present in it in the form of a still latent, unexpressed, future Word. From time to time there appear prophets who divine and express this integral word. Shakespeare is a prophet, sent by God, so as to reveal to us secrets about man, about the human soul.

"A prophet and anointed, you can't say that, Sir."

"Do you know what the word 'anointed' means?"

Thou shalt not be saved unless thou hast sinned.

- 3 We have two kinds of gentlemen. There is something half-baked about the first kind, while the other is almost absurdly ~~firm and defined~~ sharply outlined. Then there is naturally also the golden mean, those who are just having a good time of it.

Granovsky: "And we are the half-baked ones, while the well-defined ones are all those seminarians of ours. And here they are. There is something frightfully precocious about them."

Cheap self-satisfaction.

That's where he was simply showing off. Any influential person has a tendency to show off in the circle of his friends, if he is their acknowledged leader and if these friends ~~to him~~ are beginning to bore him

somewhat. ~~However, he said~~ He was doing it all to make Shatov furious. He dearly liked it to drive Shatov mad on occasion.

But Shatov "Before you start talking to him you must always tie him up first," Stepan Trofimovich concluded. He was laughing very hard.

While it was possible, indeed, to get Liputin involved in a frenzied debate, nobody could ever tease him with impunity, for he had his own malicious way of killing an argument with a joke. Yet Liputin—a gossip and a scandalmonger, and ~~perhaps~~ an unscrupulous man—was not a young man. He enjoyed Stepan Trofimovich's hospitality because of an old acquaintanceship. He was the oldest of us all and, moreover, a proven liberal. Shatov and Virginsky, on the contrary, were still young men and, on occasion, the hapless victims of Stepan Trofimovich's wit.

Shatov, even though Shatov later <...> "One must tie Shatov's hands." Yet he used to make fun of Shatov, while Liputin <...>

As for Virginsky, he was not very different from some seminarians whom I have <...>

"We are all half-baked, there aren't any well-defined characters among us."

"And who am I?" asked Liputin.

"Why, you are the golden mean, he who has a good time of it."

He liked to tease Shatov.

To make them furious, Virginsky, Shatov

"I was talking about Liputin."

(...) so

you must talk with Shatov only after having tied his hands first.

Believed in God.

Later. It may really turn out later that this is even more than necessary. "In any case, you shouldn't believe me," which is true of all of us,* and as Herzen said of them.

He would insist, much too strongly, on never giving in to Stepan

Trofimovich, and would actually go into a frenzy during his debates with him. "One must tie Shatov's hands," etc.

Return to me, Paul,

I'd straighten you out myself.*

4 <Calendar entries for 1870>

The idea of panslavism. The help of the committees must be extended not only to the Slavs, but even to Russians, in order to prepare them for the idea of panslavism and to confirm it in their minds.

And to this end:

Set up courses in the history of Russia and of panslavism aimed at demonstrating the organic ties linking all Slavs.

Classical education is mandatory, in order that the new Panslav might completely understand the West and consciously realize what he is about to give ~~in~~ to the world, something that is so different from what the West has given it, and why he has a right to hope that the Slavic idea will regenerate the world.

It is impossible to get to know the West without a classical education.

And so, help the Slavs, while preparing the material in Russia <...>

Pascal

"I'm sure you didn't say that: that must be somebody else's."

.....

"Occasionally, I succeeded even in Russian, not often, but occasionally, yes."

"Aren't you a Slavophile?"

"*Oh que non!*"³ I leave that to Shatov."

"What about him?"

"He has fallen into Pietism—keeps preaching."

The day after tomorrow.

"What about Liputin?"

"A member of your family? This was a most unexpected surprise for me."

Did he really consider him capable of such a trick ~~in his~~ while in full possession of his faculties?"

* Or, "... which, *entre nous*, is true of everybody. . ."

* Trochaic tetrameter, with rhyme.

³ French: "Ah, but no!"

In Moscow, across the post office. School of Painting. Vasily Grigorievich Perov.⁴

5 <Arithmetic calculations and calendar and book-keeping entries.>

6 *Shatov*, the day before his death, tells his wife (about *Uspensky*). While on earth, love everybody more than oneself, do good deeds, pass on regretted, receive even from others the good that comes with the torments of happiness, a happiness which for them, etc. A rapturous tirade.

Shatov to the Prince (rapturously): "We are the new Russia, independent Russia, we are looking for and we are pointing toward her independence. We are a hard rock in a weathered stratum."

Shatov says: "Russian freethinking (ATHEISM) never went much beyond a pun."

Stepan Trofimovich: "The destruction of our forests, that's an idea. Already after rods. This idea is more serious than you think."

Shatov speaks with his wife about the ideals of the holy elders and the impotence of nihilism and all new ideas, about their petit-bourgeois lack of talent, about envious equality, about the leveling effect of mediocrity.

13

PRINCIPAL IDEAS

"That can't be us, not us," says Stepan Trofimovich, looking at his son.

"It is you!" *Shatov* says to him, "only you aren't recognizing yourself; you were godless while wallowing in your humanitarian sentiments; you considered it a crime to be like your people; nor did you understand that a man cannot live without God, but will ask for a new morality; that he can't lose his independence without surrendering to spiritual sloth; that he can't despise his native country."

The Ward, seeing Stepan Trofimovich's humiliation, tells him about her love (she makes a confession).

⁴ Vasily G. Perov (1833-82), a painter. One of the famous portraits of Dostoevsky was done by him.

She fears for Liza, comes running to her: "Take care, he is married, he is capable of anything."

The Prince does not believe in God and yet fears: "What will happen to me in the other world? (There absolutely must be something there.)"

3d part. Had *Nechaev* wanted to attain his objective (TO BEGIN) through cunning, and through knowledge of human nature (to reconcile the Governor's wife), he could not have invented anything more suitable. "A smart man," people say, yet he acted quite naïvely.

16

BON-MOTS IN GENERAL

He spluttered.

Pascal.

The half-baked and the overcooked.

"I'm telling you, it will turn out that this is a most unusual *Lame Woman*."

We pray to God that he may save ~~beloved~~ our beloved Russia from any trials. But if she is destined to experience such in this most difficult age of ours, we pray to God that he may save her Monarch, the Emancipator, and that his ministers might be such as you are.

Shatov pawns his revolver when his wife comes home to give birth to her child.

THE PRINCE SAYS TO *NECHAEV*: "YOU AREN'T AN AGENT OF THE HIGHER SECRET POLICE, ARE YOU, SENT HERE TO EXTRACT FROM US THE FINAL REMNANTS OF THIS ABOMINATION?"

At the literary matinee (after Stepan Trofimovich, in a frenzy, lectures on the Madonna and develops his idea on the abolition of history; the fires at the Tuileries). *Nechaev* says to his father: "You did, however, didn't you, lose Fedka in a game of cards? How do you mean, it isn't the environment? But for you, he would not have become a murderer and a convict."

All: "Yes! yes!" etc.

Stepan Trofimovich, after having met *the book-hawker*: "I didn't know that *here* (among the people) things are so solid. *C'est presque beau c'est beau tout à fait*,⁵ if I hadn't been afraid of being a retrograde."

⁵ French: "It's almost beautiful, it's completely beautiful."

"A kingdom of lumber as opposed to a kingdom of stone; plenty of birch trees, and therefore a Spanish grandee has developed one notion of honor, and we another, precisely because we had so many birch trees. The abolition of corporal punishment will coincide with the annihilation of our forests."

(This, at the time of his arrest.)

*plus de moines que de raison.*⁶

"Why, it's his nameday."

"*Mais il a tant d'esprit.*"

"*Madame je ne suis pas si bête que j'en ai l'air en votre présence.*"⁷

A particular case.

It was uttered in so loud a voice that I had no choice but not to hear it. Naturally I didn't hear a thing.

So that I didn't hear it, of course.

17 "Yes, I do feel that I am going somewhere."

Stepan Trofimovich, after his arrest and after having returned from his visit to the Governor: "Somehow, I have just budged from a place I had occupied for twenty years, and I have gone... or flown somewhere. I don't know where to, but I have taken off."

Tikhon: "He who will come at the twelfth hour." Song of the angels. The word is infinitely generous.

"And I shall bury him, like a neighbor."

"He says that a cockroach <...>"

"My dear."

There is no greater freedom than that of conquering oneself.

Stepan Trofimovich: "The recipient of a good deed invariably experiences, aside from the natural feeling of gratitude toward his benefactor, also a certain feeling of hatred—I don't know why, but it is always that way."

⁶ French: "more monks than reason."

⁷ French: "But he has so much spirit." "Madame, I'm not as foolish as I may seem to be in your presence."

Nechaev: "There must be a constant rumor abroad, about some sort of a conspiracy against the people."

"A rumor that the land will be taken away from the peasants is most useful."

"Every cattle plague, every fire, they must all be exploited by us. But most of all, disorder."

The idea of man's irresponsibility.

Support the enthusiasm generated by shattered nerves, along with the crookedness of a Stellovsky—and the resulting clash will create desperation.

Question: "Who is it they'll rebel against? Now it is good."

Answer: "Even if it were good, that would mean things are very bad. The more delay in the further course of progress. The better the worse, and the worse the better. It's only a pity that we don't have any proletarians."

"We've got some."

"If so, then only as an exception. There will be some in the future, no doubt, but still it's a long time to wait for them. Might be a good idea to make some, like say, by spreading literacy."

Karmazinov: "I can't understand why you people are so much against me."

Kartuzov: "As for God, I don't recognize him at all."

Nechaev and Karmazinov: "There is no great guiding idea. There's *au jour le jour*,⁸ it has always been that way. We conservatives are the greatest (EVEN GREATER) nihilists, I've always felt so. You people at least have enthusiasm. So he has killed a coachman—*Enthusiasm of shattered nerves*. It has always been that way. I've taken a close look at our conservatives in general, and here's the result: they only pretend that they believe in something and that they stand for something in Russia, whereas in reality we conservatives are even greater nihilists. The boy and Château d'Yquem, Smolny monastery, the Crusades. A good cook, an estate. I'm hastening to sell my estate and get out of here. When is it going to happen (i.e., the revolution)?"

⁸ French: "from day to day."

Who: Speransky⁹ or Karamzin? The question ought to be put that way—who is progressive: Speransky or Karamzin? Yet he takes exactly the same view, and only asks that one be a trifle more respectful toward Karamzin. Why, that's worse than nihilism. Exactly the same thing with religion.

The lectures are marvel<the rest of the word is illegible> of the sun, the moon.

116

CURRENT INCIDENTALS FOR PART 2.

After the slap in the face. I must shorten my narrative. This slap, a difficulty, in a week <her> marriage to Mavriky.

A beneficent genius had arranged everything—Nechaev. A description of him, his row with his father, etc., his role in the incident with the slap in the face ~~etc.~~, at the Governor's, at Liza's, etc.—

The Prince says to Nechaev: "I do, however, owe you a debt of gratitude for the service you have done me in clearing up ~~the matter involving~~ the Lame Woman. N.B. He is saying this with a sneer, seeing that Nechaev is seeking to ingratiate himself with him, trying to make himself useful: however, he does take advantage of his services.

Toward the very end of the novel, when the footman announces that the Prince has suddenly arrived at Skvoreshniki, the Prince orders a *rabbit*,¹⁰ inspects the gallery in the ballroom, "the old musicians, they've lost their mouthpiece."

"All because I don't know which is better, pins under the fingernails, or Christ" (in his letter).

121

IDEAS FOR NEW NOVELS

Nastasia is a tall house serf, actually with a pock-marked face, quiet. The master arrives, lives with her, gets her with child, Grigory and Fedosia, he marries, she dies in childbirth.

⁹ Mikhail M. Speransky (1772–1839), a government official who came to have great influence on Alexander I, especially in regard to domestic affairs. He drew up many reforms and envisaged a constitutional monarchy. He is satirized in *War and Peace*.

28

THE PRINCE AND THE BEAUTY

The Beauty is in love with the Prince. She is afraid of him, and angry at herself for being afraid. She conceals her feelings from the Prince, because of her pride. ~~Very glad~~ She won't admit to herself that she loves the Prince and is very glad that she can become involved with Nechaev. She happily lets herself be carried away by the moment. She is shocked by the murder, but is still struggling with herself. Finally, loathing overcomes <her love for> him; she leaves Nechaev, but it is already too late.

What is needed here is an ambiguous (AND BEAUTIFUL) scene where she, for once, reveals her feelings to the Prince, wanting to entice him, where she gives herself to him, where she *calls him*. But he won't follow her. "My life is not destined for happiness!" Then she leaves him with *bloody revenge* in her heart, and surrenders herself to Nechaev.

The Prince tells her outright: "*I never loved you, I can't love you.*"

His mother to the Prince, playing with his hair: "You are melancholy and bored, it becomes you well."

The door closed: the Beauty blushed and began to stamp her feet. She is in love with him.

Though the door was closed, the Prince saw everything, knew it as if by heart, that's what is strange.

30

BONS-MOTS

Our liberals are flunkies by their very nature; all they are looking for is a chance to shine some German's shoes.

All this is long gone and forgotten.

It really takes a great man to resist common sense, if necessary. It may also take a fool, or a scoundrel.

Kartuzov: "Your Excellency, Russia is a *freak of nature* (and enough)."

The Governor: ~~That is how~~ "A freak of nature?"

Kartuzov: "Russia is a misunderstanding, a tremendous misunderstanding, and therefore a caprice of nature, and not of the intellect."

The Governor: "So you are a philosopher?"

Kartuzov: "Of the Cynic sect, your Excellency."

Granovsky: "The whole of Russia is a tremendous misunderstanding."

ing, and one is inclined to believe the Captain when he says that Russia is a freak of nature."

Lizaveta asks: "If I were to break my leg, Captain, would you lose your affection for me?"

"Even if you broke both legs."

"Can you love a woman who is on crutches?"

He takes out a poem: "Only to you,

"In the event *she* might break her leg."

"Allow me, do allow me to read it, Captain."

Reading. She blushes, gives it back to him, and nods.

A puny little captain, from a little sheet of paper—*

She leaves. Nechaev says that if he weren't so stupid he could very well be a socialist and—what's the use of being clever? When everything is cut down to the same size? (Granovsky on the attack) (This, in reply to Lizaveta's question: "Do you know him? He reared you.")

The Great Writer's *bons-mots*.

Granovsky: "Every time I look at his face he reminds me of little Pisarev."

"Why little?"

"And you, you are so great, aren't you?"

Granovsky: "Ivan Turgenev, Bazarov, puppies in the sun."

"Leave me the initiative of the good."

"He has given the poor 80 copecks."

"Himself marrying a dowry of 8,000."

32

CURRENT PAGE

"*Je suis un* man with his back to the wall."

42

In a word, he raised so much fuss that they preferred not to put him on trial.

Current Notes for Chapter 5.

Varvara Petrovna's education

He was in America for three months—in the East.

She expected her son back for Christmas (rumors about him in Petersburg, with the Minister), and that's why she was in a hurry to get the Ward married before he was back.

Varvara Petrovna, in a brief note to Stepan Trofimovich. He has changed in many respects, but is full of joy as ever, and still suffering from his old boredom, though he is not complaining.

Our former governor, the kindly Ivan Osipovich, was relieved because of important instances of dereliction of duty. It was rumored that, to some extent, it happened on account of Varvara Petrovna, that is, because of her running the province. The Chief of Police displayed his patent disrespect for her by arresting her personal valet for creating a disturbance in the street.

"Well, he's really got himself in a pickle! One thinks of a man, while he..." "Why, isn't that, too, ~~isn't it~~ a translation from the French; what do you think?" exclaimed the Prince, pointing at the book.

"No, Sir, not from the French. This, Sir, is a translation from the universally-human, from the language, Sir, of the universally-human republic, that's what it is, Sir."

"Fie, the devil take it, why, there isn't such nation!" remarked Stavrogin.

He was walking along and thinking to himself, how propaganda, ~~in~~ a government official, in a far away town, of the judiciary, taking bribes, living by intrigue, keeping his wife locked up, counting short, keeping her in the fear of God. Nobody within a hundred versts has even heard of Fourier, and yet there he is, a Fourierist, and thinking. Propaganda. That's how it works. He will take you for a walk, then wipe his feet clean, and who could figure out how all this was brought on, or how it is going to be taken out again.*

The Princess to Granovsky: "I am convinced that it was Shatov who wrote (the anonymous letters)."

Granovsky: "Exactly, I think so too, but I don't want to get mixed up in this, and I suggest that even you, my dear Varvara Petrovna, hint to no one. Besides, I like the boy. He is in love *sans que cela paraître, sans que cela paraître*."¹¹

("It may well be that you are actually glad about that letter," thinks the Princess.)

* The meaning is not quite clear in the original. There is also an untranslatable pun in this sentence: *provesti* means "to accompany, to take for a walk," but also "to cheat, to fool."

¹¹ French: "without seeming to be, without seeming to be."

* This rhymes in Russian: *Kapitashka iz bumazhki* (which sounds like a ditty).

The Princess: "You insisted on presenting a scene from *Polinka Saks*."

Granovsky: "But for goodness's sake, there isn't any similarity at all."

The Princess: "Forget about your erudition for the time being. You've understood me, and that's that."

Liputin had arranged the lecture at a local landowner's house. But somehow a *police officer* got in. He was incessantly mentioning the name of a certain Podvysotsky,¹² perhaps a former patron of his, or simply a person who had somehow captured his imagination, and whom he kept assiduously advertising all the time.

C'est un chenapan,¹³ but there's a principle involved here.

Stepan Trofimovich, though a *bit fearful*, was finding the notion of being accused a most intriguing one. Perhaps, Varvara Petrovna, too, will show up with the daughter. Shatov gave him a ruble, expecting to meet Varvara Petrovna. As for Liputin, he actually had some relatives on the police force. Stepan Trofimovich always used to call him "a provident man."

44 The Prince and the Beauty. He left (their house, on the first day), kissing her hand.

There follows an analysis: The Prince knew what was going on here, he could guess it. He saw clearly that she was in love with him, whereas her love for *the other man* was just a fancy. She wanted to cut him to the quick by the kiss of the hand. He rather ~~liked it~~ liked it. "That cat has scratched me up, but is suffering herself, as if this meant good-bye forever! *What use is that to me?*"

He entered the Governor's mansion, lost in thought. He caught up with the coachman, and drove up to the entrance.

Chatoff

While his wife is resting, Shatov keeps walking up and down the tiny room, saying to himself: "How good it is to live quietly, to love, to have children," etc.

WHEN IT BECAME KNOWN THAT SHATOV HAS BEEN KILLED, VARVARA PETROVNA IS THE FIRST TO SCREAM OUT LOUD AND TO BURST INTO TEARS.

Shatov pawned his revolver when his wife returned to him to give birth to her child.

They used a trick to lure him to the place where the printing press had been buried. For Shatov thought that they had already removed everything.

45 *Nechaev* does not recognize any differences between nationalities and asserts that everything happens according to one and the same law. He sees nothing about Russia that might be different from Europe. He displays an utter lack of attention to the individual traits of the Russian national character, and hardly bothers to answer. As for the opinion that, before anything else, one must become an individual, he hardly listens to it at all, apparently finding it unnecessary to even consider it, and directly moves on to other matters.

Stepan Trofimovich. He says about God: "Give me God! If nothing else, knowing that there is a being superior to myself reconciles me to life and won't let me fall into despair (and, a small-minded person, into depravity and savagery)."

When told that this isn't the way he used to talk about God (but rather, like Hertsen, Belinsky, et al.) he admits that he had only been making jokes—for what wouldn't a man do for a *bon-mot* or for a well-turned French phrase.

STEPAN TROFIMOVICH ANNOUNCES THAT SHAKESPEARE AND RAPHAEL ARE HIGHER THAN THE RUSSIAN MUZHİK, HIGHER THAN NARODNOST',¹⁴ HIGHER THAN SOCIALISM, HIGHER THAN THE PEOPLE, HIGHER THAN THE NEED TO SATISFY ITS NEEDS, HIGHER THAN MOST ANYTHING HUMAN—FOR IT IS THE FRUIT OF ALL HUMAN LIFE, ALL THAT WE MUST LIVE FOR, "AND WITHOUT WHICH I DON'T WANT TO LIVE."

"Mankind can survive without the Russian, without the Englishman; but without Shakespeare mankind should not exist at all, nor could it, it seems to me."

"Without America, without railroads, mankind can stay alive, even without bread."

¹⁴ An abstract noun derived from *narod* ("people"). It is probably best translated as "national identity," with the qualification that it is the "spiritual" or inner identity that is in question, and not simply the legal and historically empirical identity.

¹³ French: He's a scoundrel."

“Beauty is more important than bread, beauty is more useful than bread!”

“Not only that it can't, it must not live, ~~because~~ it must reject life, for that leaves it with nothing to do. Railroads corrupt man. They couldn't fill your life with that; beauty alone is the goal of man's life; and the young generation will perish though it be wrong only as regards the forms of beauty.”

1 <Irrelevant arithmetic calculations.>

<...> and a vague, though most serious, urge of the heart.

An old, leaky boat, ready to be scrapped.

"Really? I'll strangle him."

But let us retrace our steps a little. Even before the conference at Erkel's, Shatov had to lie down with a bad headache.

The dead Christ.

"Could anybody stand this thought, where the world seems to be mocking itself? I don't want to live."

"Just because of that?"

"Scoundrel! You worthless creature, you don't understand (YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND) that this can be enough to kill a man!"

Kirilov about Stavrogin:

"Stavrogin doesn't believe that he believes when he believes, and doesn't believe that he doesn't believe when he doesn't."

Stepan Trofimovich, dying: "Long live Russia, for she is the bearer of an idea."

"They, I mean the nihilists, are the bearers of an idea."

"We, too, were the bearers of an idea."

"Their ideas are in a concealed state."

"That perennial Russian urge to be the bearer of an idea, that's what is so wonderful. *Je ne parle pas* that everything that they've got is opportune and proper: poor flock of God!"

"Et puis toujours des idées et rien dans les faits."¹

"However, it suits us well enough."—

2

LIPUTIN AND NECHAEV

After having had his face slapped by Fedka, Pyotr Stepanovich drops a hint to Liputin: "Tomorrow he is going to have his throat cut." Had he not dropped that hint, perhaps Liputin wouldn't even have participated in the murder of Shatov. But Fedka's death, which became known on the next morning, suggested to him that Nechaev had in fact great power. But in the meantime he was walking along with him, arguing that there won't be any uprising in the summer...

Liputin

Fedka and Pyotr Stepanovich.

Fedka: "If you weren't my lawful master, I'd do you in right here."

"Do you know that the holy man has taken off his chasuble?"

About Kirilov: "He is a philosopher."

"I only stole the ~~stones~~ pearls, but you put a mouse in there, and that's why I'm going to dishonor you!" (he slaps his face).

"For you, two (...) drink no milk."

"You've dared to stand up against me!"

Upon his return, Liputin says to Nechaev:

"Well, it seems they aren't expecting our 'student' so very impatiently, 'all the way from Smolensk to Tashkent.'"

Pyotr Stepanovich: "You don't like this poem?"

Nechaev: "I submit to instructions from above."

Liputin: "I wish I knew what these instructions are like."

"If he weren't such a buffoon, and just a mite smarter, I'd..."

PSYCHOLOGY

Pyotr Stepanovich and Kirilov. ¶ On the eve, when ~~initiated~~ informed, Kirilov gets mad and chases him out.

But the next day, during his last minutes, he is spontaneously expansive.

Whereas Pyotr Stepanovich has lost everything, i.e., he has lost sight

of Stavrogin. As he comes after the murder of Shatov he is in a nasty mood. He feels like venting his anger on somebody.

And that's where Kirilov refuses to sign the paper. This makes him twice as mad. ~~He signs that I and~~

"I don't want to leave. What's the difference if you do it in my presence. I'll watch."

"Look out, I might chase you out of here."

Pyotr Stepanovich: "If you really mean to do it, what difference does it make to you?"

Kirilov: "I really mean to do it. Only I'd like to do it ~~differently~~ not in this way."

Something, a fantastic question.

(About self-will. But what if there is God? What if there is?)

"Chicken, won't you care to eat?"

"No."

Contempt.

Kirilov: "The world is wicked. Let me sign it. What's the difference. The fouler, the better."

He signs.

"Tell me when."

"In a quarter of an hour."

(Takes a look into the hall, he's still walking up and down.) "Right away, leave!"

4 o'clock. "You're disturbing me." He takes another look. He's hidden himself. He bites his finger.

Liberté, égalité, fraternité.

3 Lembke: "It's all arson, that's what nihilism is. If there's anything on fire, it's nihilism. Believe me, believe me!"

"The unfortunate will be consoled, the guilty will be put on trial before the whole people."

Here ~~→~~, even the regretted <...>

~~Tears~~ "Your Excellency, would you deign to remove yourself from this place?"

"They will dry these tears, but burn down the city. This is the plot of a single villain. Arrest the villain! He invades the honor of our families. The family is inviolable. ~~Orthodoxy, autocracy~~ Autoeracy

¹ French: "And always ideas, and never facts."

and narodnost' But still it is too early, too early for us! In Russia, ~~tories,~~ but it is still too early for whigs. ~~The Governors~~ We shall gobble up the whigs. Gubernatorial power feeds on whigs, and proclamations mean nothing, though there is a lot of fire. Put out the fire, put it out. Where are the water barrels? There aren't enough barrels, and they're getting as fat as barrels themselves. ~~In At the next fire use all of your fat merchants instead of barrels, also the Arch Priest, and the members of the Club.~~ Get him down, get him down, he is lost, the poor wretch! What is he doing there? Put him out, put him out—why, why has he climbed up there?"

"To put out the fire, Your Excellency."

"Rubbish, don't put out the fire! The fire is deeper, ~~the fire is in the hearts it is time~~ the fire is in the minds, and there aren't enough barrels. Barrels, barrels! ~~A whole Or you'll have a whole barrel full of tears.~~ Where are the governesses? Forward, use governesses to set fire to these houses! Oh! ~~Isn't that~~ That old woman, that old woman, drag out that old woman."

"To put out fires, gubernatorial powers must absolutely be increased."

Both whigs and tories.

Kirilov and Pyotr Stepanovich. "If there is no God, a new era."

"But more likely, people will devour one another."

"In that case, God is indispensable."

"And since He doesn't exist, He is indispensable to deceive people."

"In that case I don't want to be alive."

("I don't want happiness with deceit; better blow up everything.")

Pyotr Stepanovich: "Go ahead, blow up everybody... It can be done. I'll teach you how."

Kirilov: "No, better just myself, only me."

4 June 26 <1871 or 1872>.

Pyotr Stepanovich at Stavrogin's in Skvoreshniki, on the morning of the fire:

~~But not~~ "They were killed, but not burned. But don't worry, I have taken the necessary steps: Kirilov will take the whole blame. If anyone is dangerous, it is Shatov and Shatov alone. ~~He will~~ If he hasn't already told the police, he certainly will now. I really shouldn't have told you that ahead of time. But I want you to know everything."

N.B. *In its own place.*

In the morning fog, Stepan Trofimovich and Liza. "How did you arrive at this decision?" "I've been analyzing things for some time: amazing how clear a man's head becomes ~~without~~ when he is awaiting his execution. I wouldn't have expected it. I want you to know that my undertaking is not a symbolic gesture, but rather like an algebraic formula according to Taine.² I'm full of fear, but my mind is set. I was actually afraid of the darkness of night, and when dawn came I was frightened and trembling. The light of day is returning me my courage. I've been told that story about the major who, a believer at night, turns atheist at dawn, as the light of the day revives his courage and he no longer needs God. In 1793, Rohan³ was full of fear, but there, the blood of sacred royalty, of Charlotte,⁴ of his friends the marquises—and he *went* to the guillotine. And had he been told: 'Ask forgiveness, recant, and you'll live!'—he wouldn't have recanted, though he was trembling. Neither shall I recant. I, too, am trembling like he, but like he, I shall not recant."

"I have a presentiment of what has happened to you, my dear, I can guess it, don't tell me about it. This town is accursed—I'm shaking its dust off my feet. Accept my blessings—a midge's blessings."

Kirilov and Pyotr Stepanovich, before Kirilov's death: "Why kill <oneself>?" "You won't understand." "Yes, of course, I'm busy with other things, but I'll be listening to you with pleasure, especially since it appears that you have a strong urge to talk." Kirilov: "If there is no God, I have a right to put an end to my life, and I want to prove that I have that right." "But who will know, tell me?" "That doesn't matter. Everything will be revealed one day." "All right, and what if there is a God?" "In that case one can't be master of one's own fate." "All right, what if there is?" "~~No~~ I wish there were one." "Really?" "Certainly!" "So you'll be punished?" "I hope not." "But still, you can't be quite sure?" "The point is that there really is no God. That's why I'm

² Hippolyte Taine (1828–93), historian and critic. He devised a theory of literature based on the triple influences of race, milieu, and times. His important works were *Histoire de la littérature anglaise* and *Origines de la France contemporaine*.

³ Louis Constantin Rohan, (1730–94), an enemy of the republic established by the revolution; he was arrested in 1794 and guillotined July 24, 1794. Dostoevsky is wrong about the year.

⁴ Marie-Anne-Charlotte Corday d'Armont (1768–93) murdered Marat on July 13, 1793.

going to shoot myself. If there is no God, I don't care to stay in this world. Christ died on the cross, thinking of God, a victim of this world of ours." "Well, go ahead now, I'll be watching."

N.B. (He was watching, but for the sole purpose of being able to tell himself: "What a man I am, looking on, as this other man is shooting himself.") Vanity, thinking about himself.

"So what? All right, what if he doesn't shoot himself? That would be worst of all."

1) "If there is no God—I am God."

"But if there is God?"

"There isn't."

"Come on, what do you care, why are you so much interested in this?"

"Because I am not you and because I can't stand the idea that I am God without making it manifest."

"~~God~~ You mean, your divinity?"

"That's right, my divinity. If I am God, then the highest self-will. I must, I can't help manifesting my self-will, if I feel that I am God. I owe it to humanity, to the world. While God existed, I wouldn't dare dispose of my own life."

2) "If he does not exist, I am obliged, by my conscience, before myself and everybody (even if I am all alone), to make it manifest that my will is the very highest phenomenon that exists."

"Why not kill someone else?"

"That is the very lowest form in which my will can manifest itself. That's the whole difference between you and me."

"A crawling creature can reason in this fashion, but not supreme man. There exists no higher idea for me than that there is no God."

This is so high it will regenerate mankind. I cannot remain indifferent. I must state my atheism in full before all mankind."

"But nobody will know about it."

"Everybody will. It was he who said, 'for there is nothing hid...'⁵ (pointing at the icon).

5 Pyotr Stepanovich argues with Liza at Stavrogin's that she can still marry Mavriky Nikolaevich.

Pyotr Stepanovich with a revolver. Stavrogin: "You might as well kill. No, later."

"Of course you will kill me."

"Won't it be degrading for you to get killed by me?"

~~Stavrogin~~: "No."

Pyotr Stepanovich: "What suffering a man won't bring upon himself! So, to the devil with all of it, and the sooner the better! Let's shake up Russia, but good! What if out of spite, yes, out of spite? What do you care now, if you've gotten to where you're asking me to put a bullet through your head?"

Silence.

Pyotr Stepanovich: "Once more, I shall wait for a while. Stavrogin, listen. Three more days, a week, and then I'll come for the last time, to get your answer. But in the meantime I'll butter up and smooth over everything."

"Well, as for that ~~2~~, how would you like me to handle it? She ought to be married off as fast as possible, right? I'll see to that. Kirilov will write a note on the fire, and everything will be all right as far as the Lebiadkins are concerned."

"We'll manage to do it all today."

Stepan Trofimovich. He lies to the book-hawker woman, making up a whole romance between himself and Varvara Petrovna.

A teacher who makes an attempt to stop the distribution of gospel texts. A taciturn one. Stepan Trofimovich confounds him.

Liputin catches Pyotr Stepanovich at the railway station as he is about to leave on the 5 o'clock special.

"Liamshin is going to tell the police."

Verkhovensky: "No, he'll be sick in bed. He is badly scared, but what can he tell the police? Even if they'd reduce his sentence by two degrees for his confession, he'll still be sentenced to hard labor plus deportation."

Liputin: "I understand, and also that your remark was addressed to me really."

Verkhovensky: "Do you intend to tell the police?"

Liputin: "Tell me, are we the only quintet, or are there thousands?"

Verkhovensky: "What if there is only one?"

"Socialism was invented for fools. Where, then, is the truth, and what cause should one serve?" **In order to**

⁵ Mark 4:22.

Verkhovensky: "So that everything would collapse, and we could take their place."

Liputin: "That's not what I've been thinking about. What, then, are you leaving us to find comfort in?"

"I'll come back in the summer; there'll be an uprising for sure. Stick to Stavrogin, who'll be in Petersburg. Stavrogin is working on our behalf in Petersburg."

Virginsky protested, but did not tell the police.

"I have received a prearranged cable message from Stavrogin, from Petersburg."

6 Liputin and Nechaev. Liputin criticizes the "Noble Soul," which offends Nechaev.

Liputin is angry and contradicts him on every step.

Nechaev looks to him like a punk.

The distortion of a man, and of reality.

"You are a fantastic person." Upon which the other man only laughs.

Nechaev—absolutely make him go to a restaurant and eat a beef-steak.

Liputin is contradicting him biliously all the time, and says this to Nechaev at the meeting: "All right, granted that in Europe the collapse of everything is a desirable contingency, but why should we in Russia ape what they're doing? ~~their wishes~~ For no special reason? *For love of the game?* Just raising dust."

He contradicts Verkhovensky with bitterness, and yet goes ahead and helps him to kill Shatov.

Shatov: "Yes, since we have become so corrupted that we can't be Russians anymore, I have become a Slavophile."

"For want of anything better?"

Liputin and Nechaev. About the sedition (about how everything has collapsed);* even without us, they ~~will~~ are working at it. 2

Liputin: "Who?"

Nechaev: "Everybody, absolutely everybody."

Liputin: "Come on, not really everybody?"

Nechaev: "Everybody to the last man." (He is absent-minded and taciturn.)

Liputin: "Well, if everybody is working at it, even without us, why should we bother?"

Nechaev: "To gain control over the movement, that's why. (That's why we must get organized.) Get organized—work. You won't get a thing without working for it. Gone are the times of idle talk."

Liputin: "What shall we do then?"

Nechaev: "Get organized, and support ~~sedition~~ the general sedition movement, while waiting for the key move."

"What key move?"

Nechaev: "You are asking more questions than I can answer."*

Liputin: "*We're just raising dust!*"

7 N.B. Those characteristic little sayings were also showing up here and there.

For instance, in answer to the question of one man who had just come in: "Well, brother? ARE YOU WORKING HARD? Are you getting ready?"

"Well, in a way: *just raising dust, Sir.*"

Up to: "We can't afford to lose the printing press, can we?"

The murder of Shatov.

"He has shown us where he buried it; well, that's enough, time to do away with him."

(Author's note: All his clever cynicism notwithstanding, Verkhovensky was terribly stupid in believing that it would be possible to make everything collapse. With regard to this point, he was as much of a theoretician as Liputin.)

Liputin and Verkhovensky, at the last moment before Verkhovensky's departure.

Liputin asks: "What shall we do? Tell me, what can be more serious than that?" Verkhovensky replies, now seriously, though with some

* The gender of the verb form suggests that it is not the sedition that has collapsed.

* The Russian version is a proverbial saying, literally, "he who asks too many questions ages early."

bitterness, that it all boils down to making sure everything will collapse.

Liputin is astonished and says that it is of course necessary that there be no private property, no God, no family, etc. Having achieved this, socialism would achieve everything else as well.

To this:

Verkhovensky looks at him as if he were some nitwit, and says, in a light and condescending vein, that this has been made up for fools only, though it might be a good idea to use it as bait, among other things, but that it is really even more stupid than the present order of things. "This Fourier, for instance, is some kind of Christianity without Christ."

"But what then is our goal? We must have some goal if we're doing what we're doing."

Verkhovensky views him with derisive astonishment: "*Chacun pour soi*,"⁶ and catch your fish."

Liputin: "You never speak in that tone."

Verkhovensky: "A clever man must wear a mask."

("What good are those quintets then?")

"The earlier one gets organized, the more surely one will seize power later.")

8 *Shatov and his wife.*

"We are living together and, suddenly, a third person. A mystery." Almost pleadingly: ("It's a mystery, isn't it?")

"It isn't yours, it's Stavrogin's."

She: "There is no mystery: simply an organism and its development."

The midwife: without reverence, or joy, she handles the child with distaste.

Shatov runs to the midwife: at first, curses, but later "I'll be there."

Shatov, with *Kirilov*: "We used to lie <on that floor> together." "You have *Kirilov*: "You've got a wife, that's good." "You'll leave, and I'll be thinking of you."

Shatov: "Ah, *Kirilov*, forget about your terrible ideas, and then, then what a man you'd be!"

Kirilov: "Come again if you need some tea. Money: a ruble."

Shatov to *Liamshin*: ~~No~~ *Liamshin*: "No, I simply can't; no, better leave me alone; no, I simply can't; and do you realize that it is the middle of the night..."

Shatov: "You took 25."

Liamshin: "I can give you 15, but only the day after tomorrow."

Shatov: "No, right now."

Liamshin: "5 rubles now, and 10 the day after tomorrow."

Shatov: "No, 10 rubles now, and 5 the day after tomorrow."

He thought it over for a moment, then gave him 7 rubles. "Take it or leave it, I can't give you more."

Shatov's wife, handsome, brunette; she has put on some weight; she has been ailing and is capricious and capriciously excited. She is capricious and condescendingly disgusted with everything: 85 copecks of money. She makes an imperious entry. A tiny room.

"I haven't the slightest intention of taking up living with you, so please don't think that you are doing me a favor."

"What has been happening in these parts?"

He tells her about the death of Stavrogin's wife (seeking to find excuses), and about Liza.

"Aren't you doing famously!"

They get to talking about Stavrogin: "I beg you, not a word, not a single word."

Shatov immediately proceeds to prove the existence of God.

They keep interrupting each other.

And the next day, after she has given birth to her child, with her eyes flashing: "Stavrogin is a scoundrel."

Shatov, to his wife, as he leaves to hand over the printing press: "Perhaps I am acting basely."

N.B. *Kirilov* didn't know that they were going to kill *Shatov*.

9 *Marie* has come back hoping to find work as a bookbinder.

"Eh, *Marie*! People here even don't have books, (PEOPLE HERE DON'T READ BOOKS) much less books to be bound."

"People here won't ever think of having their books bound."

A witty remark: "Having a book bound means as much as having respect for books. Mind you, this stands for an entire period of development."

⁶ French: "Everyone for himself."

Marie: "You are just showing off your wit. I know your manner of being witty" (while, at the same time, her hand is stroking his hair), "what bristly hair you've got, though."*

Kirilov: "I don't know how to bear a child. I mean, not to bear a child, but make somebody bear one... Or ~~the devil~~ or, the devil take it, I don't know how to say it."

"You can't help, ~~that's all~~."

"Yes, yes, help, personally, but... if necessary..."

"No, no, I'll get a samovar by morning, and... and a woman, some sort of a woman, to take care, an experienced one, by morning, while I—I'll run along to get a midwife."

Shatov and his wife. "And suddenly, a new *I*. Say what you want, that's a terribly important fact."

"Simply the fact of a further development of an organism."

"And you could! Ivan, Ivan!"

The midwife: "Come on, you'll need a funeral, and all you've got is eighty kopeks. It's cheaper to have a baby. First thing tomorrow, I'll take the baby down to the village and find someone to nurse it ~~and that's all there is to it~~. That's all as far as he is concerned. Later, when you get well, you'll pay him for all the expenses in a few months."

10

AN IDEA

A government clerk: "I'm so bored, oughtn't I set a fire?"
Somebody slapped his face. He set a fire (in his imagination).
He killed. Terrible impressions. He got busy.
Daydreams about an island in the Baltic.
(The Pruzhansky woman.)

The emptiness in the soul of today's suicide.

The murder of Shatov.
Liamshin doesn't show up.
The Lop-eared one leaves before it happens.

* Literally, "what a hedgehog you are, though."

Virginsky protests after the murder (also, prior to the murder, he demands that Shatov be heard and tried).

Erkel, Tolkochenko <sic>, and Pyotr Verkhovensky do the actual work. Liputin.

In the morning, Virginsky comes running to tell the others that Shatov isn't going to tell the police—knowing the human heart—that a child was born to him, and that his wife was back. But he finds no one at home. He is the first to arrive at the scene of the murder. He states his reasons.

Pyotr Verkhovensky: "If you suddenly became happy, ~~and~~ would you delay, not your giving information to the police, but some risky feat of civic virtue which you had planned even before you became happy and which you are considering a duty and an obligation?"

"No... I wouldn't delay it, I most certainly wouldn't..."

"Would you rather become unhappy once more, than a scoundrel?"

"Yes. In fact, quite the contrary, I would very much like to be a scoundrel... that is, not at all a scoundrel, but on the contrary, unhappy rather than a scoundrel."

"All right then, are you aware of the fact that Shatov considers reporting us to the police his feat of civic virtue? Such convictions are the most dangerous of all. Another day, and he'll regain his senses and go to the police. ~~He Certainly~~ Note that he is himself taking a risk, in fact more so ~~than anyone else~~. That's precisely what makes him think of his action as of a feat of courage. He is the type who'll never lay off, he'll go ahead and do what he feels is his duty. If he were but an ordinary sentimental lump, no good..."

Liputin: "But has there actually been a report to the police?"

"I haven't the right to reveal all of my channels. There has been such a report."

"I've come... if this is so, I've come to put a question to Shatov... a trial, and then, if it turns out <that he is guilty>, make him give his word (if otherwise, I protest, I protest, I protest!)..."

Pyotr Verkhovensky: "That can be done, we shall see."

11 *Kirilov's suicide.** Pyotr Stepanovich checks his pistol, which he had loaded already in the morning, and suddenly he is struck by this thought: "I've got to watch out that he doesn't shoot me." So he imme-

* The text actually reads "Kirilov's murder," obviously a *lapsus calami*.

diately takes out his revolver and lets the other man see that it is fully loaded.

Kirilov: "You just thought that maybe I'll get the idea to shoot you instead of myself, and so you want to warn me that you've got something to defend yourself with."

AND, AT THIS POINT:

Kirilov: "What made you think that I won't shoot myself?"

Pyotr Stepanovich: "That is so natural."

Kirilov: "For a scoundrel such as yourself."

Pyotr Stepanovich: "Precisely, precisely—but I never knew the reasons" (and here then, their conversation).

Nechaev and Liputin. "I don't see any so-called differences between Russia and the other nations. But even if there were any, it still wouldn't mean a thing, and only an idle person who can't see or know what he's got to do, will actually bother to discuss it in his idle mind. All this Russian history, all these Slavophiles and Liberals, or whatever they are called, that's all nothing but tightrope walking, a pastime for frivolous people. That a man can become passionately devoted to the most ridiculous kind of tightrope walking, is proven by such people as Kirilov who, incidentally, was simply a fool."

"Do you really mean all this seriously?"

"Get everybody saddled, and let's ride along!"

"Well, what are you taking people for?" ~~after all this~~

12 "For a bunch of crooks, of course."

"And yourself?"

"That is, in what sense? He who was the most clever of them all was always thought to be holy. However, let's quit all this nonsense."

"You are saying then, that all of us who have let you get to the top are stupid, and you are openly admitting that you want to 'saddle us'?"

"On the contrary, I'm suggesting that you participate in beginning to saddle others, since I've found you to be more capable and more clever than the others."

About Fourier: "That is, I actually don't want to argue against this; however, the principal task we're facing right now lies not here, but in making everything collapse."

Liputin: "Well, there are some sincere socialists around, too."

"That is, bribed?"

"How do you mean, bribed?"

"What a fool you are. What the devil, let's talk of something else."

The murder of Shatov.

Shigalyov protests and leaves, because this murder is only a loss of time, which could be used to immeasurably greater advantage in listening to his system.

N.B. ("This murder is at odds with my system.")

"I am not talking of those causes which are anchored in religion."

Pyotr Verkhovensky yells at him: "Do you know at all, Mr. Fourier, that you may have to pay for this?"

Shigalyov answers: "So what, you'll kill me, but you'll still end up using my system."

~~And besides, I~~ "Allow me to remark that I am not Fourier. I beg you not to get me mixed up with that sugary and abstract milksop."

Pyotr Stepanovich: "That is not the point."

Shigalyov: "I understand, Sir; ~~that~~ are you threatening to kill me? Is that so? ~~All right, you will kill me.~~ All right, and still you will sooner or later adopt my system."

15 Liputin: "The kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

Nechaev: "Yes, about June, or so."

Liputin: "And you think that everybody will follow you?"

"Whoever is wise enough will join us within a quarter of an hour. Those who are stupid, or who have been bribed, will have to burn."

N.B. (Nechaev's mediocrity and narrow-mindedness leave a painful impression on Liputin. He sees quite clearly that, all his self-assurance notwithstanding, he is inferior to them as an ideologist and visionary.)

Before the murder, Nechaev on Shatov: "I knew that he was a Slavophile, that is, one of the most stupid people there are. But I also knew that he was embittered and, insofar as he did, after all, whether he wanted or not, belong to our organization, I kept alive my hope that he could still be employed in the common cause, being, as I said, an embittered man; moreover, having already once changed his convictions, he might well have another change of heart, and rejoin our ranks. But now this has become impossible. He is about to inform the police, believing this to be his sacred duty. As far as your personal relations with him are concerned, I don't care if you kiss him, but you don't have the right to betray the common cause. And that's why he

must be destroyed. I believe I've just told you the same thing for the thirtieth time."

Liputin: "Isn't socialism taking the place of Christianity? Isn't it the new Christianity ~~only without God~~ which will lead the way to a regeneration of the whole world? It is precisely that same Christianity, only without God."

Nechaev: "Well, if it is indeed Christianity, why even talk about such nonsense ~~for Christianity must be destroyed and an end put to it.~~"

"But Christianity without God, doesn't that make a whole lot of difference?"

"As far as I am concerned, God isn't even quite so bad. God could actually be retained, if necessary."

16 About Liputin.

(N.B. What about him? As he was leaving, he was still talking about socialism!)

Virginsky's exclamation after the murder:

"That isn't it, that isn't it!"

(N.B. See the enclosure to T. Filipov's letter.)

N.B. ~~In~~ A Russian ~~is something~~ gets worn out very fast. He must be used while he is still good for raising some dust.

N.B. ~~After chapter~~ October 24. General plan.

After Kirilov's suicide. Pyotr Stepanovich enters the railway carriage. Forget about Liputin. Erkel is the only one he sees.

A Chapter on *Stepan Trofimovich*

Chapter. Meanwhile strange things had happened in town:

In a rapid narrative, the instructions left by Pyotr Stepanovich.

His sharp mind and his failure to understand reality.

However, he did make his escape. Instructions left—pass on to Liputin. He firmly believed in the cell.

Yet the crowd of people, forsaken by him...

How everything came to light suddenly. Kirilov's letter. Suspicions on the part of the authorities. Shatov's wife comes running. Liputin's flight. Carousing in Petersburg.

Meanwhile, suspicions.

Virginsky is overwhelmed by the sight of Mrs. Shatov. He confesses.

Shigalyov will be acquitted. Erkel arrested.

Tol<ka>chenko flees. Liamshin arrested, squealing.

17 News from Petersburg. A cable with orders to arrest Pyotr Stepanovich. The local authorities in trepidation.

A senator is due to arrive. Stavrogin's mysterious appearance. Public prayers.

The return of Varvara Petrovna. The citizen of the canton of Uri.

Erkel and Pyotr Stepanovich, the railway carriage.

"I'm positive they're not going to tell the police!" (annoyed; he knows himself that they're going to).

18 "You're the last to be with me. I wouldn't like to leave you with something between us."

"Be assured that I never had anything against you personally."

"You are a scoundrel, but I am no better myself."

"God is necessary, and that's why he must be."

"Yet I know that there is no God and that there can't be one. That's enough reason to shoot oneself."

"Don't you understand that a pure man cannot go on living with this double-faced idea."

He was eyeing the other man timidly, afraid he might accidentally drop a wrong word: "Did I hear you say something about God?" ~~I'm~~ ~~sad~~

"I'm sad <because> you are lying—"

A maniac and a child, but—

Stavrogin is also ailing with that very same idea.

"Did he admit this to you?"

"No, I guessed it. Stavrogin (a phrase)."

"Stavrogin's got some other things, more clever than this one."

Stavrogin (a phrase).

"Well, enough, what the devil, don't talk about him."

If he <...>

"An extraordinarily clever man, but with a certain frivolity, continuous blundering even where he could have known better. A certain touchiness and lack of self-control."

"If he had literary talent, he would be second to none among our great critics-and-leaders of the early 1860's. Of course he would have been writing something different, but it would have had much the same effect. It goes without saying that I'm leaving morality out of the picture entirely. I'm not appealing to morality at all, nor am I, at this point, passing judgment on anybody. I am talking only about his intellect and his talents."

"He is active abroad even today, and is a fascinating speaker."

He understands, for instance, that Kirilov is having a terribly hard time shooting himself, and that he is perhaps more of a believer "than many a priest."

He very cleverly outlines his plan to Stavrogin, and takes an intelligent view of Russia. Still, it is all very strange: he actually does believe, quite seriously, that "it will start in May, and be all over by October."

How then should one call this? An abstract intelligence? An intelligence which is groundless and rootless—without nationality and without a truly necessary cause? Let my readers decide for themselves.

Kirilov embodies an idea which belongs to the people: to sacrifice oneself, without a moment's hesitation, for the truth. Even the wretched, blind suicide of April 4 did, at the time in question, believe in his truth (it is said that he later repented, thank God!), nor did he hide himself, like Orsini,⁷ but was ready to take what was coming to him.

To sacrifice oneself, to sacrifice everything for truth—that is the national trait of this generation. May God bless it, and may He give it a true understanding of truth. For the whole problem amounts to no more than the question as to what ought to be considered "truth." That is what this novel is all about.

"I've been looking at ~~our~~ negators, our own and those in Europe. Oh, if I only could be with them, at least."

"I used to be so full of spite I actually got involved with ours, and wanted to join them."

⁷ Felice Orsini (1819–38), Italian revolutionary who was guillotined on March 13, 1858, for an attempt on the life of Napoleon III. He was particularly brave at the trial and at the time of punishment. Dostoevsky's remark about his fear is not accurate.

"Yes, I am capable of wishing to do a good deed. But besides, I also like what is evil, terrible, cruel."

"But this is a small love, and nothing will come of it. One can cross a river on a plank, but not on a sliver."

"I've tried debauchery. I ~~rather~~ spent my strength on it. But I got nowhere. I've tried love."

"Most importantly, I didn't want debauchery, nor did I like it, too much for me."

"I am looking for some sort of peace."

"The consolations of religion are for me impossible, because I can't believe." ~~I've lost God a long time ago.~~

"I hate my neighbor—(I DON'T LOVE HIM) (. . .) ~~Probably~~ I shall probably get to hate you, too, if you'll be around me all the time."

"I've tried out my powers. A few trial demonstrations have proven them to be boundless."

"I was able to bear having my face slapped by Shatov, I—"

"But where should I apply these powers? I haven't found my main goal."

22 "I am not out to deny anything, yet I am also indifferent to everything."

"I am a walking mummy."

"I have been always aware of my baseness."

"There's nothing that makes me belong to Russia."

STAVROGIN'S LETTER

Unlike all of our young generation, I cannot welcome the reign of mediocrity, envious equality, stupidity coupled with a lack of individuality, the rejection of any kind of duty, or honor, of any obligations. I can't welcome the rejection of my country, just as I can't welcome those whose only goal is destruction, and who cynically reject any principle that might reunite them after their goal of total destruction has been realized, when the ~~total~~ profanation and plunder of everything will have brought about the moment when it will no longer be possible to continue life even with the small supply of products and things left

intact in the general destruction of the old order. They say that they want to work—they won't. They say that they want to create a new society. They haven't got the bonds ~~to create one~~ for a new society, but they give no thought to these things. They do not think! But their doctrines have all become so complex as to divert them from thinking altogether. The golden mean. No, I am not a democrat.

But the senseless and ancient idea, developed by a society of land-owners, of an imitative socialism, sentimental, yet with a new strain (. . .) of hatred and greed ~~has, with them, changed into some higher form of generosity, some higher sort of liberalism.~~ I felt nauseated. I am an honest man, I can't come to such a stupid end. Yet (I fear nothing, not even ridicule, ~~but~~ I fear only myself). Strange creature, he ² is actually himself seeking to persuade me that I should destroy him. The magnanimous Kirilov could not bear the idea; I could bear it, I can bear anything. 2) What has come from me is nothing but fearless negation without any sublimity.

... Despite my vanity and posing, I was at all times aware of my baseness.

I know that I ought to kill myself, wipe myself off the face of the earth, like a loathsome insect, yet I ~~basely~~ fear suicide ~~not believing in,~~ for I'm afraid to make a display of magnanimity. ~~My cynicism stops me from doing it~~ Besides, there is nothing in the world that I respect enough to make me consider myself a loathsome insect. In my mind, there could never be room for indignation. The tedium of these past years.

Better if you don't come. And yet I am expecting you, and calling you. What could be more shameful?

Here I am, writing: "What could be more shameful?" But do you know that I am not ashamed, because I never knew any shame in anything?

Don't look for love; I am not going to love you, I am a stranger everywhere. Now I am getting verbose. At times I am rather ill; ill with a terrible disease. I would like to lock myself in, all by myself. Underground, if this were only possible. I have a frightful hatred of everything in Russia.

The officer who shoots himself is an average man.

That is to say, society as such, statistically. That is an important fact.

Prospectus

"Lick the floor."

"What about China. The marriage of the Chinese Emperor. Look, if I were living in China, I'd know what to say. But here in Russia; what a boring life. Not quite; habit, gotten used to. But certainly an ant-heap."

"How much superior to *fraternité, égalité*... etc."

"The Chinaman sees it differently. You'll get there, you'll get there. (Haven't you got many principles, while you go on living?)"

"In China I'd know what to say. Ask for a phrase and I give it. But here, it is difficult. People don't understand you. Hertsen. But I'm not afraid of them."

"Boredom! What is boredom?" "A sensation of unfreedom, unnaturalness."

On suicides, a sore spot. How they die. By his own hand, or an executioner's. Tropman, the officer. Château-d'Yquem (from trifles, no struggle whatever). No mystic terror. ~~It is said~~ From education? Hardly. How much of an education did he have anyway? Mysteries. Nothing but mysteries.

Boredom and chinoiserie, the lady and Meshchersky,⁸ the perfect image of Tatiana.⁹ "Not boring at all." "Certainly, ~~she~~ Tatiana is bored." "It is gratifying that this will never happen."

The General who sings Alexis, Man of God. Pushkin. The ideal of womanhood is found among the people. King Athenio—*

"For me, this is higher than everything, everything!" "Do you believe that this, too, was created by the people?" "Not what is trashy about it, but its ideals." Incidentally, they misunderstand each other frequently.

—Fools
—Dialogues

A pity that I can't turn to Molière, but have to turn to Ostrovsky.

⁸ Vladimir Petrovich Meshchersky (1839–1914), editor of *The Citizen* for which Dostoevsky wrote in 1873–74 and in 1876–77. His column in 1876–77 appeared as a separate supplement. These articles have been collected under the title *The Diary of a Writer*.

* Afinion.

Hertsen commended them both to him as clever men.

A and B.

Anecdote about Hertsen. He used to have fits of melancholy.

Belinsky wouldn't have been melancholy. Anecdote about Christ.

"Nobody ever gets to be thoughtful any more, and perhaps nobody even gets to think at all, except about money. I have nothing against money, I'm only against disorder. Practically speaking, we aren't in the least different from China, except that there isn't any kind of order in our country. I'm so fascinated by China, because I've read an article on the marriage of the Chinese Emperor."

"That is marvelous."

Each suspects the other of mutual stupidity, without giving the matter any real thought, or asking the inverse question, i.e., if he's perhaps stupid himself. A terribly comical phenomenon.

N.B. Jurors.

The runaway boy.

"You can't demand of a hireling <...>

Yet, an established *modus*. Abroad.

We, the nobles, are really flunkies. We shall never become marquesses.

Be what you wish to be, but stick to the ceremonial. As for ceremonies, they are essentially the result of a thousand years of past historical life, the result of realism and experience. Be what you wish to be, it is your business; be a murderer, scoundrel, beggar, fanatic, but stick to the ceremonial. Ceremonies are the bond which keeps the ant-heap from falling apart. What good are those freedoms to you? Oh, of course, *liberté* and *fraternité* are still alive.

THEMES:

One lady wrote:

About Tatiana (from a lady's letter to Meshchersky).

About suicides (life is boring, and why).

Belinsky and Christ (half true).

Conversations with a fool. Hertsen and Belinsky (conversation between Mr. A and Mr. B).¹⁰

I heard this anecdote from Hertsen, in Naples (description, the daughter, high-class people).

Simply *la Mort*¹¹ is even higher, but surely a Chinaman sees these things differently.

In China, I'd be a good writer.

The lady in a railway carriage and the man who is about to take his vows.

The scene with the fool who is en route to his wedding:

10 rubles lost.

Socialism in Europe and socialism in our country.

The type of a pure nihilist. (*Nihil*. Chernyshevsky.) Here's my orchard, come. Takes an axe and hacks it all to pieces. Without feeling any pangs of conscience. Later, he will shoot himself. Château d'Yquem, grapes.

The runaway high school boy (treat his thirteen years with respect).

Heard of a boy who was said to have been expelled from a certain institution.

Children. Develop a certain attitude toward them. A foundling. A government clerk who used to adopt foundlings.

There is no such thing as crime. The coldbloodedness of the shooting. The idea about the jurors. Have they a right to acquit? One or two examples of *circonstances atténuantes*.¹² The coachmen-killers.

Chinoiserie, ant-heap. Lick the floor and eat rice.

Alexis, Man of God, the General, a woman superior to Tatiana.

29 What is a lie? Every bite of communion bread has been counted.

How do, at certain times, liberal views come into existence?

A Voltairian view. In St. Theodosius.

A nihilist who had had commerce with the devil.

Confrontation of photographs, Katkov, Krasovsky.¹³

THEMES FOR A PAINTER.

Belinsky, after a rapturous <harangue?>, so boring <...>

But how can you make merry, if there's Château d'Yquem awaiting you?

¹¹ French: "Death."

¹² French: "attenuating circumstances."

(On how death must not be boring.)
But (...) even in a rapture. She is not bored, but how must Tatiana feel?

Confrontation.

For orphanages or for scholarships.

I don't understand a thing about Shakespeare, and suddenly you become a great man.

32 Notes.

Every bite of communion bread has been counted } review.
Tolstoi's ABC-Book }

41 Reminiscing is for me equal to suffering ~~and actually, the happier the memory, the more so~~; happy for a moment, while yesterday was an unhappy day.

48 *Bons-Mots*

He who is not aware of his calling most often lacks a sense of dignity. Happiness is to my disadvantage: I can't bear happiness and immediately forgive my enemies.

He who lacks the ability to appreciate a joke ~~is~~ will never be truly happy.

He has stuffed his pockets with twenty thousand or so.

I have looked through (GLANCED THROUGH) ~~your entire~~ this marvelous album of yours, and I became envious ~~of it as~~; I got to regret not having started one myself ~~early in my life~~ some thirty years ago. How many friends and associates of yours have entered ~~their thoughts on these beautiful pages, at least upon~~ their thoughts in this splendid memorial volume, or how many fine ~~moments~~, or rather, living moments of our past life do these ~~sheets names~~ sheets recall. I have ~~possess~~ left with me several photographs of people whom I loved most in my lifetime and who are no longer with us. I am very glad to have ~~these photographs~~ their likenesses, yet I hardly ever look at them: I ~~fear~~ the more touching, the more beautiful these memories, the more ~~from it~~ suffering they cause. And ~~simultaneously~~ at the same time, all these losses notwithstanding, I ~~myself~~ love life dearly. I love life for life's own sake, and I am always *getting ready to start my life*. I'll be fifty soon,

and I still don't know if I am completing my life, or just starting it. This is the principal trait of my character; perhaps of my life's work.
F. D.

69 *Addresses.*

Pleshcheev, 2 Vladimirskaia Street, Apt. 17.

Vasily Grigorievich Perov,¹⁴ Moscow, across from the post office, School of Painting.

70

1872

DIARY

September 10. A letter from Vladislavlev,¹⁵ and an invitation to a christening. Strakhov¹⁶ had dinner with us. Yesterday my brothers Andrei and Kolia had dinner with us. The children are healthy and sweet. Anna Grigorievna looks tired. The weather is damp, rainy, on the windy side, but warm.

Yesterday, my brother Andrei told me that Askochensky (!) had been looking up my address at the address bureau. I told Strakhov about my idea for an almanach.

120 Putsykovich¹⁷—10 years of reforms.¹⁸

Meshchersky—Aleksei Slobodin.¹⁹

Myself—The Monasteries.²⁰

ABC-Book.

P.—don't know what.

126 FITS—

September 3, in the morning, while asleep, of the more serious type. October 10, while asleep, in Moscow, of the more serious type.

¹⁵ Mikhail I. Vladislavlev (born 1840), a conservative philosopher and fellow worker in Dostoevsky's journals, *Time and Epoch*.

¹⁷ Vladimir F. Putsykovich, a journalist; from 1874 to 1879 the editor of *The Citizen*.

¹⁸ *Ten Years of Reform, 1861–1871*, a book by Aleksey A. Golovachev (1819–1903), published in 1872. Golovachev wrote for *The Russian Messenger*, *The Russian Thought*, and other journals. He also published *The History of Railroads in Russia* in 1881.

¹⁹ Aleksei Slobodin, a novel by A. I. Palm published in *The European Herald* (1872).

²⁰ "I and the Monasteries" is a review by Dostoevsky of a group of articles entitled "Our Monasteries," which appeared in *Conversation* in 1872.

- 131 Feodosy
- ²¹
- And that was all, that was how long his anger lasted, all of that and no more—

About Feodosy in an earlier passage.

About how there is no time to think.

He returned, his face pale.

A fitful, shocking diatribe about how one ought to blow up—

"I hate everything."

"They are plotting to blow up things. What they've got going is stupid, but if I get involved in it, it won't be stupid anymore. All they've got going along these lines can be turned into something not so stupid."

Tikhon: "If I'd dare to do it; it ought to be regulated, and order established."

Find God.

Stavrogin: "A toy, that is? The crucified and the malefactor. A sordid lot."

He leaves (immediately after his fit of temper, as if he were ashamed).

"And I thought you might stay for a while. Wouldn't you like to have a cup of coffee? Why won't you? I'd be very happy." ~~He is trying to make him talk: "Didn't you say you liked my coffee?" He admits it.~~

Tikhon: "What a fine person you are—you are a superior man, the superior ones cannot <...>"

He is trying to make him talk: "You are saying that you intend to make your marriage public" (about Stavrogin's mother).

"Don't do it."

"Either you will take revenge for it later, or you will commit a terrible crime before."

"And here, the more terrible the more to your advantage, for the thing is so ludicrous. So, to divert people's attention from the ludicrous, on to the terrible."

"~~Yes~~ Fie, how many different passions you suspect in me! Why, in such case it might be better indeed not to make it public."

"That would be best, yet you are going to make it public. Because you are ashamed of people thinking that you might be afraid."

"You want me to end up by becoming a member of the Club."

"Regulating your life."

Feodosy—find God.

The crucified: you know what, Kirilov was once struck by this thought.

About Feodosy.

"What a healer, what a Christian you are, as you are pulling me away and rescuing me from my demon, saving me from going mad."

"Enough, enough, I've done nothing!"

He is undoubtedly an ideal for socialists and even for nihilists, except the most stupid ones among them.

And, yet, this ideal, who had believed in his resurrection and in his divinity, as one believes that twice two makes four, quite naturally dies, and of course without any resurrection.

This is strongest of all, and the last word art has contributed to this idea, is really Don Quixote.

"Come on, don't I know instead, that even if I should become a believer 15 years hence, it would still be a lie, for there is no God. ~~Better~~ For I do know that there isn't. ~~Better~~ No, better let me remain unhappy, but with the truth, rather than happy with a lie."

- 132 "But if there is no God, how will your world, and you in it, stand up, even for a single minute? Why do good deeds, if this is so? Why sacrifice oneself?"

"Come on now: you have thought up some sort of humanitarian ideal, ~~as if it weren't~~ exactly the same kind of a contrived toy, ~~so that~~ guided by the instinct of self-preservation."

"Yet it is more natural for anyone who is strong to think that he is sustained by his own strength, rather than by some contrived toy, and he'll suppress any turmoil <...>"

"That's what every strong man has been doing so far, since times immemorial."

"Oh, if only they had something more clever going for them!"

"More clever what?"

²¹ Variant name for Tikhon.

"Oh, nothing. A pretender."

"Wha-at?"

"A pretender—ha, ha, ha. Are you satisfied? By the way, this isn't stupid at all. But nevertheless, to hell with it, good-bye."

"Don't make your marriage public."

"You are going to commit a crime."

"The urge for self-inflicted punishment, yet at the same time you can't stand even being with me."

"I assert that an improvement in the condition of our agriculture will lead to the disappearance of atheism in Russia."

"This is a confession. It tells of an injury to a child (I don't have to read it)."

Tikhon: "I know, it is just too shameful."

N.B. "Conquer the whole world, conquer oneself, conquer disorder."

"I don't want order, I want disorder."

"Better use your own strength—coffee, please?"

"I never have coffee at this hour, but I'll have some with you, for you are a most venerable man."

"Regulate yourself, get to know yourself, there's hardly time to think. I'd give my whole life for equality. I heard about equality only a few days ago, whereas a man's personal dignity stands above equality. Get to know yourself, and if you are lower than very many others, position yourself in the highest row, and you'll be equal to anybody, and higher than many. A slave is free, and truly free, and truly, by this very fact, he abolishes slavery."—To the Hermit—Diatribes on the Club—St. Theodosius.

"Be, I see strength in you."

"Give me a hare," he came out laughing out loud. Then he got pale, and spread out the sheets for distribution.

"And this is your whole story."

"No, all there is here is an injury to a child."

Self-inflicted punishment.

2) A spiteful fit of temper, blow up—"I shall most definitely make it public." "And will you also announce your marriage? You are going to commit a crime."

Final

"Won't you read it? Will you start reading it or not?"

"No, under no circumstances, for if I read it, your pride will not stand it, and you would commit a crime."

"I do not love evil, but right now I want it with all my might, purposely, every day, every hour."

"Your common sense will save you from crime, but not from despair."